



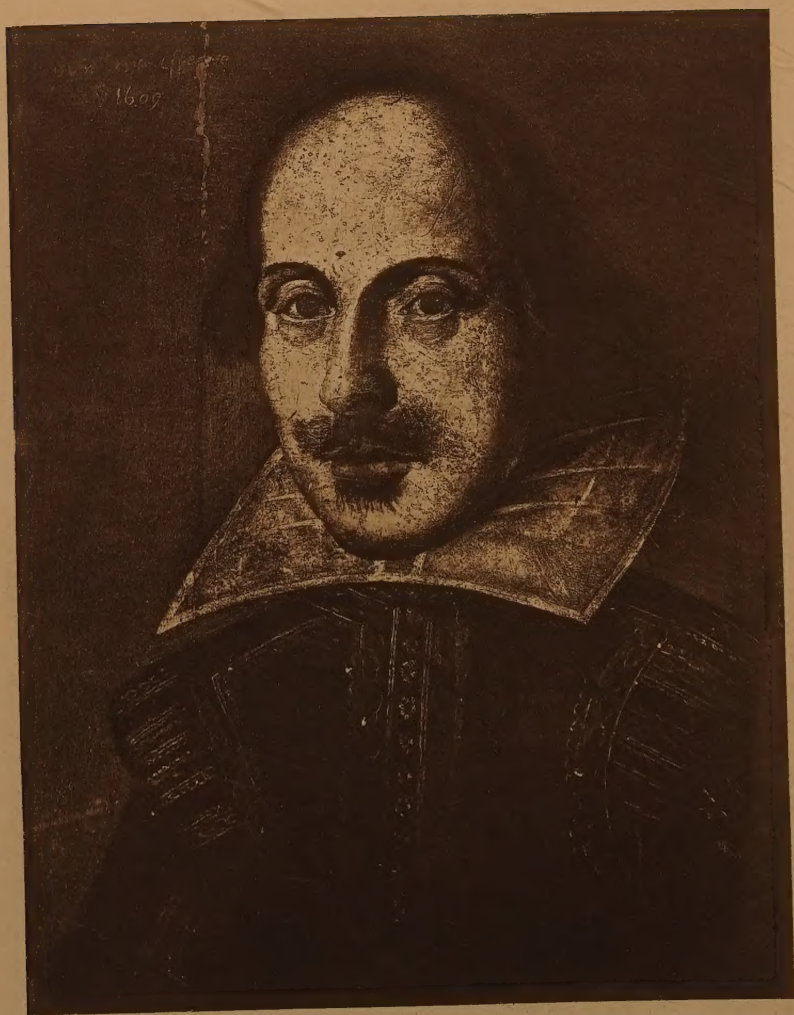
THE CAMBRIDGE POETS

Student's Edition

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON



William Shakespeare

*From the "Droeshout Original" portrait of Shakespeare.
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Student's Cambridge Edition



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

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The Riverside Press Cambridge

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

STANDARD EDITION

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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text of the present volume is the result of an independent examination of the early Quarto and the First Folio editions of Shakespeare's works. The version used as a basis has been chosen after a separate investigation of the state of the case for each play; and the grounds for the choice have been indicated in the special introductions. In the consideration of the emendations of previous editors, much use has been made of the collations in the monumental works of Messrs. Clark and Wright and of Dr. H. H. Furness, as well as of more recent editions of single plays and of the poems. The text will be found to be, in its adherence to the readings of the early editions, slightly more conservative than those in current use. This is especially the case in the matter of stage directions, entrances, exits, and the like; in the treatment of which it has been rendered possible, for the first time in an edition for general reading, to make the important distinction between directions that are contemporary and those that are due to modern editors. In cases where the directions are modern they are enclosed in [brackets]; where they are substantially those of editions not later than 1623 they are unbracketed, or are set aside by a single bracket only, or, when occurring within a line, are enclosed in (parentheses). Further, in the dialogue itself, when the text of a play is based on, say, that of the First Folio, and passages absent from the Folio are supplied from a Quarto, such passages are also bracketed. This is intended to meet the objection justly made to most current texts that, in the case of such a play as *Hamlet*, it is usually printed in a composite form, longer than it was in any of the versions in which it was played or published in Shakespeare's own time, and containing, along with all additions, passages meant to be dropped when the others were added.

The punctuation of the early editions is so hopelessly erratic as to be often useless for any but antiquarian purposes; and the current punctuation is modified from the quite unauthoritative practice of the editors of the eighteenth century. I have ventured to re-punctuate frankly throughout according to modern usage, gaining, it is hoped, a considerable advantage in clearness without any additional sacrifice of authority. The use of the apostrophe has raised some difficult and interesting points, the consideration of which has resulted in a decision of some importance in the matter of metre. In spite of the comparative carelessness of the printing of the First Folio, it has been found that there is clearly discernible a somewhat remarkable consistency in the insertion or omission of the *e* of *ed* endings. To the practice of the early editions in this regard, therefore, the same respect has been shown as in the case of the text in general; i. e., the original has been departed from only when it seemed fair to believe that there was a mistake of the copyist or printer. The result is that the *ed* is printed, and was apparently sounded, much more frequently than we are accustomed to see and hear it. In many cases where no new syllable is added to the line, this preservation of the full ending points to a different elision from that usually made, *threat'ned*, for example, instead of *threaten'd*. This often leads to a distinct gain in sonority, and sometimes to a marked change in rhythm. The practice of the early editions is exceptional in the case of monosyllables in *ied*, being on the whole against the use of the apostrophe; so in such cases I have preserved the *e*

even when not syllabic, representing, for example, the Folio *dyde* by *died* rather than by the somewhat misleading *d'i'd*. The method employed in modern editions in this whole matter neither preserves the clues afforded by the originals, nor clearly indicates the pronunciation intended by the editors.

In order to make easy the use of the present volume in connection with such standard works of reference as Bartlett's *Concordance*, the line-numbering of the *Globe* edition has been adhered to, with these differences, that the lines are numbered in fives instead of in tens, and the numbering is carried through the prose as well as the verse.

The special introductions are intended to summarize the ascertained facts on such questions as date, authenticity, and sources; and to indicate in connection with the last of these the main features of Shakespeare's treatment of his material in each play.

Scholarly opinion on the dates of the dramas has now reached such a degree of harmony as to suggest the arranging of the plays in chronological order, according to the approximate date of composition. The Folio division into Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies has, however, been preserved; the chronological order being adopted in the case of the Comedies and Tragedies, while for obvious reasons the Histories have been retained in their historical sequence.

The mass of detail to be dealt with in such an undertaking as the constituting of an independent text of Shakespeare is so great that many slips, inconsistencies, and faults of judgement are bound to have occurred. To any one who may draw my attention to these I shall be grateful. Meantime, I wish to express my warmest thanks for assistance and advice received from many friends, and more especially from my colleagues on the faculties of Harvard and Columbia Universities.

NEW YORK, May 31, 1906.

W. A. N.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE most important change in the present edition is in the inclusion of the introductory matter — preface, dedication, commendatory verses, and the like — from the First Folio of 1623. The importance of these documents to the student of Shakespeare, both from their intrinsic interest and from their historical relation to the first collected edition of his works, is sufficient excuse for reproducing them here. The other changes consist of some dozen corrections of typographical and other mistakes, for drawing my attention to which I am indebted to my friends Professors Gummere, Wendell, Schelling, and Armes, Dr. H. M. Ayres, Mr. H. W. L. Dana, and Mr. H. B. Hinckley, and to members of the staff of the Riverside Press. Further suggestions towards the accuracy of the volume will be thankfully received.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 20, 1908.

W. A. N.

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION

IN this third edition a number of further corrections have been made, mainly of details in the text. For bringing the necessity of these changes to my notice, I am under obligation to Professors A. H. Thorndike of Columbia, O. F. Emerson of Western Reserve, and J. Q. Adams of Cornell, and to several of my students, especially Dr. R. G. Martin and Mr. F. C. Walker of Harvard.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 17, 1910.

W. A. N.

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The frontispiece is from the "Droeshout original" portrait of Shakespeare, which was presented to the Shakespeare Memorial Picture Gallery by Mrs. C. E. Flower. It is reproduced by permission of the Memorial Association. The autograph is taken from Shakespeare's will.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

I

THE name of Shakespeare was of wide and frequent occurrence in the midlands of England in the sixteenth and preceding centuries; and this fact, along with the scarcity of exact documentary evidence, makes even the immediate ancestry of the dramatist a matter of less than absolute certainty. But it is much more than probable that he was the son of one John Shakespeare, a dealer in agricultural produce, who at the time of William's birth was a person of increasing importance in the town of Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. John Shakespeare's wife was Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, a substantial farmer and landowner of Wilmcote, near Stratford. Their first son and third child, William, was baptized on April 26, 1564, the exact date of his birth being unrecorded. The history of his childhood is purely a matter of inference. He would naturally enter, as Rowe says he did, the grammar school of his native town, since he was entitled to free education there; and from what is known of the usual curricula of such schools at that period it is to be supposed that his studies were chiefly in Latin grammar and literature. Four years after the poet's birth, John Shakespeare had reached the most honorable municipal office, that of High Bailiff; but after 1572 there are signs that his fortunes had begun to decline. He absented himself from the meetings of the town council, and was deprived of office; and the nature of his financial transactions indicates that he was sinking deeply into debt. He may have withdrawn his son from school to aid him in business; for Aubrey, who died in 1697, says of the poet, "I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade," which, according to this antiquary, was that of a butcher. Aubrey adds the two often-quoted statements: "When he kill'd a calf, he would doe it in a high style and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this towne, that was held not at all inferior to him for a naturall witt, his acquaintance, and coetanean, but dyed young."

The only additional information we have regarding Shakespeare's early years in Stratford pertains to his marriage, which took place when he was in his nineteenth year. No record of the actual ceremony has been found, but the date is approximately fixed by a document in the registry of the diocese of Worcester, dated November 28, 1582, in which two Stratford farmers gave bonds to free the bishop of responsibility in case of the subsequent discovery of any impediment rendering invalid the prospective marriage of William Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway. This Anne Hathaway is usually identified with Agnes, daughter of Richard Hathaway, a farmer of Shottery, in the parish of Stratford; and from the inscription on her tombstone it appears that she was eight years older than her husband. On May 26, 1583, the Stratford Registers record the baptism of "Susanna, daughter to William Shakspeare;" and in February, 1584, the baptisms of "Hamnet and Judeth sonne and daughter to William Shakspeare." These few facts comprise all that is certainly known about Shakespeare's life before his removal to London; but mention must be made of one famous tradition. It is thus recorded by Rowe in 1709: "He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill

company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first essay of his Poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his business and family in *Warwickshire*, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*." This exploit is recorded also by Archdeacon Davies of Saper-ton in Gloucestershire in the latter part of the seventeenth century; and corroboration of a different kind is found in the supposed allusion to Lucy and his coat of arms in the "dozen white luces" on Shallow's "old coat" in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. i. 1-23. The date of the poaching affair is unknown, but is generally conjectured to have been 1585, and his departure is placed by many biographers in that year or the next. Belief in a germ of truth in the legend, however, does not carry with it the necessity of supposing that Shakespeare's migration to London was due to Lucy's persecution. Interest in the stage, with which he seems to have become connected soon after his arrival in the metropolis, may have begun before he left home. While he was still a small boy, the actors of the Queen's Company and of the Earl of Worcester's Company were officially received in Stratford by his father as High Bailiff; and four companies visited the town in 1587. Those who place his removal as late as 1587, do so chiefly in order to find in the visit of the theatrical companies in that year a possible motive and occasion for the change.

The circumstances and occupation of Shakespeare on his first arrival in London are as uncertain as the date and cause of his leaving Stratford. Various late traditions unite in assigning to him some humble office in connection with the theatre, that of his holding horses outside the door being first printed in 1753. It is known, however, that by 1592 he had achieved considerable reputation as an actor and had begun to write. The company of which he was early a member, and to which he belonged during the greater part, if not the whole, of his career, was that known successively as the Earl of Leicester's (-1588), Lord Strange's (1588-92), Lord Derby's (1592-94), the Lord Chamberlain's (1594-July, 1596), Lord Hunsdon's (July, 1596-March, 1597), the Lord Chamberlain's (1597-1603), and finally, His Majesty's (1603-). Of the two playhouses in London at the beginning of his career, The Theatre is the one in which his later associations make it probable that he first acted. Others in which this company performed were The Rose, Newington Butts, The Curtain, and, after 1599, The Globe. It is doubtful whether Shakespeare was often on the stage after his company began to occupy The Blackfriars about Christmas, 1609. To these must be added the scenes of the performances given in many provincial towns while the company was touring, from Dover to Bristol and from Richmond to Coventry. There is no satisfactory evidence that Shakespeare ever accompanied any of the English actors who performed in Scotland or on the Continent, or, indeed, that he was ever out of England at all. As to his skill as an actor, Chettle stated in 1592 that he was "exelent in the qualitie he professes," and a later report, recorded by Aubrey, says that he acted "exceedingly well." His name ranks high in the actors' lists of his time; he played in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and *Sejanus*; and tradition associates his name with the parts of the Ghost in *Hamlet* and of Adam in *As You Like It*, neither character, it must be allowed, being one likely to be assigned to the leading performer. That he had thought deeply and wisely on the purpose and methods of theatrical art is proved by the speech of Hamlet to the players.

As early as 1592, Shakespeare's success in theatrical matters was sufficiently marked to call forth an envious attack from Robert Greene, who died in September of that year. Addressing his fellow playwrights, Greene speaks of the actors as "those puppets . . . that speake from our mouths; those anticke garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they al have beene beholding, is it not like that you to whome they all have beene beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyggers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a cuntry. . . . Let those apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions; . . . for it is pittie men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes." The words italicized are a parody on the line, "O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!" which occurs in both *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* and *3 Henry VI*, i. iv. 137; and the word-play in "Shake-scene" confirms the interpretation which finds in the passage a denunciation of Shakespeare for his work in revising plays such as *Henry VI*, of the earlier forms of which Greene and his friends had presumably been the authors. *A Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, in which the passage occurs, was published after Greene's death by Henry Chettle, who in December of the same year issued an apology in the prefatory address to his own *Kind-Harts Dreame*. "I am as sory," he says, and he is understood to be speaking of Shakespeare, "as if the originall fault had been my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; — besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that aprooves his art."

We thus find Shakespeare at the age of twenty-eight a person of some importance in theatrical circles, and recognized as a man to be reckoned with both as actor and as writer. In the two following years his versatility showed itself still farther in the publication of the highly popular *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*; and the suggestion of good relations with men of rank contained in Chettle's phrase, "divers of worship," is made more definite by the terms of the dedications of these poems to the Earl of Southampton. The history of his next few years is mainly contained in the list of the dramas he produced; but there are other evidences of steady progress in fortune and repute. Already in 1594 he had been summoned to play before the Queen along with the most distinguished actors of the day; and from 1595 till long after his death, appeared a series of publications, poems as well as plays, with which he had nothing to do, but to which unscrupulous publishers attached his name or initials, thus testifying to the market-value of his reputation.

Meantime, in Stratford, his father's affairs were going from bad to worse, until in 1596 the stopping of all actions for debt suggests that the dramatist had returned and restored the family fortunes. In August of that year his only son Hamnet died. In that year, too, an attempt to increase the family prestige was made in the name of John Shakespeare, though probably on the initiative of the poet, by applying to the College of Heralds for the grant of a coat of arms. Two drafts of such a grant are extant dated 1596, assigning to John Shakespeare a shield described thus: "Gould on a bend sable a speare of the first, steeled, argent; and for his creast or cognizance a faulcon, his winges displayed argent, standing on a wrethe of his coullors, supporting a speare gould steeled as aforesaid, sett upon a healmett with mantelles and tasselles as hath been accustomed." The grant

does not seem to have been issued at this time; but three years later an application was made for an "exemplification" of the coat, the previous right to wear it being taken for granted. This application was successful, and the Shakespeares were henceforth regarded as entitled to the style of "gentlemen." A more substantial evidence of the improved status of the family was afforded in 1597, when the dramatist bought and repaired New Place, then the largest house in Stratford. He did not, however, take up his permanent residence there till several years later. Various other legal and financial transactions indicate that he had come to be regarded as a man of substance; and his profession was sufficiently remunerative easily to account for this. It has been reckoned that his income as an actor must have averaged before the end of the century about £130 a year, and to this must be added about £20 annually from his plays. After The Globe was built in 1599 he became a shareholder, and the profits from this source are likely to have more than doubled his income. Gifts from patrons were not uncommon, and there may be some ground for the tradition handed down by Rowe from D'Avenant, that Shakespeare received from Southampton the gift of £1000. Money is usually reckoned to have had at that period from five to eight times its present purchasing power; but the difficulty of determining this with certainty, and the fragmentary and inconclusive nature of the bases of our information as to the financial side of the Elizabethan theatre, make it necessary to receive with caution the results of the calculations that have been made of Shakespeare's gains. There is no doubt, however, that he was an extremely successful man, that his affairs were conducted with much practical sense and shrewdness, and that he died rich. In his will he left £350 in money, with a considerable amount of real estate and other property. There is in his life, certainly, no evidence that he shared the alleged incapacity of men of imaginative genius for practical affairs.

Along with this material prosperity, Shakespeare gained steadily in literary reputation. As early as 1598, Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia or Wit's Treasury*, wrote "A Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets;" and here he awards the highest praise to Shakespeare as both poet and playwright. "As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in *Pythagoras*, so the sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued *Shakespeare*; witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, etc. As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so *Shakespeare* among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love Labours Lost*, his *Love Labours Wonne*, his *Midsummer Night Dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard the 2.*, *Richard the 3.*, *Henry the 4.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.

"As *Epius Stolo* said that the Muses would speake with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speak Latin, so I say that the Muses would speak with *Shakespeares* fine filed phrase, if they would speake English."

References by his literary contemporaries are fairly numerous, and are in general in this enthusiastic vein. Allusions to his personality reflect a kindly feeling in the speakers, and indicate a genial disposition in the poet, with a love of wit and good fellowship. Legendary gossip suggesting occasional extreme conviviality need not be taken too seriously, and probably implies nothing more than a fondness for making merry with his friends.

The documentary records of the later years of Shakespeare's life are concerned chiefly with law-suits and the investment of money. They are of interest chiefly as showing in Shakespeare some of his father's tendency to litigiousness, and that carefulness of his pe-

cuniary interests already referred to. His father died in 1601; his mother in 1608. He was not a shareholder in any of the London theatres at his death, and it is not known when he sold out; but it is conjectured that about 1611 he disposed of these interests and retired to Stratford to enjoy his means in leisure. On April 23, 1616, he died, and two days later was buried beneath the chancel of Stratford Church according to a right acquired as part-owner of the tithes. Within seven years of his death an elaborate monument to his memory was placed in the wall of the church, and in it a portrait bust. But the so-called restoration of this piece of sculpture in the middle of the eighteenth century appears to have been in fact a substitution, so that the present effigy is of no value as a likeness. The extant pictures of its original state are sufficient to invalidate the restoration, but do not themselves enable us to form a satisfactory picture of the man. The only well-authenticated portrait is the engraving by Martin Droeshout prefixed to the Folio editions of the plays, and this is far from lifelike. It is supposed that Droeshout worked from a painting, but there is yet no general agreement as to which, if any, of the existing claimants was his original. Two seem to have stronger support than the others, that sometimes known as the "Flower Portrait," now hanging in the Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford; and the "Ely Palace Portrait," now in the possession of the Birthplace Trustees. The former of these is reproduced as the frontispiece to the present volume. Pretended portraits have been fabricated without number, and even those to which no suspicion of fraud attaches, with the one exception of the Droeshout engraving, lack a sufficient pedigree.

Of Shakespeare's immediate family there survived him his wife, his two daughters, and one brother. Mrs. Shakespeare lived till August 6, 1623, dying three months before the publication of the great collected edition of her husband's works known as the First Folio. The elder daughter, Susanna, married Dr. John Hall, and died in 1649, leaving one child, Elizabeth. This Elizabeth Hall, later Mrs. Thomas Nash, and still later Lady Barnard, died in 1670 without issue. The younger daughter, who married Thomas Quiney of Stratford, died in 1662, having outlived her three sons. Lady Barnard was thus the last surviving descendant of the poet.

II

The chronology of the works of Shakespeare is, except in the case of the two long poems and a few plays, the result of inferences of varying degrees of certitude. Four main divisions are generally recognized, and each of them has a fairly distinctive content. The first stretches from the undated beginnings of his work as a dramatist till about 1594, and it contains probably a greater variety of kinds of production than any other. It is no mere guesswork to call this a period of experiment. Besides the poems, we find in it representatives of all three kinds of drama then in vogue, Comedy, History, and Tragedy. In the last of these kinds he created no entirely original work, but in *Titus Andronicus* and the first draft of *Romeo and Juliet* he apparently made over plays which had already been performed. From whatever reason, he seems after these experiments to have laid aside Tragedy for a time, to take it up again after he had mastered the more technical elements of his art, and had a larger experience of life on which to draw.

In History also he began with the revision of the work of others in the three parts of *Henry VI*; and when he constructed plays for himself he was clearly under the influence of Marlowe. In *Richard III*, conception of theme and manipulation of character are alike Marlowesque; and both in that play and in *King John* the echo of the "mighty line" of

Marlowe is clearly discernible in the versification. *Richard II*, in spite of its parallelism in theme to Marlowe's *Edward II*, shows, both in the treatment of the futile king and in his highly poetic utterances, abundant indications of Shakespeare's own characteristic manner.

In Comedy the lines of experiment are drawn with singular clearness. *Love's Labour's Lost* is a playful burlesque upon current fashions, and it derives its interest mainly from its clever and amusing dialogue, characterization and plot being alike slight. In *The Comedy of Errors* the interest of the experiment changes from diction to the manipulation of plot and situation; for Shakespeare here found his model in the Latin Comedy, and contented himself, as Plautus did, with a treatment of character typical rather than individual. In the light of his later achievement *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* is more significant than the two other comedies of this first period, for here he is clearly interested in character, and it was in this respect that he later achieved his preëminence in Comedy. Of the ten or eleven plays, collaborated, revised, or original, with which Shakespeare had to do in the early nineties of the sixteenth century, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* most clearly lays down the lines on which he was first to create masterpieces.

The period from 1594 to 1601 is mainly occupied with Comedy, and the Histories written in this period are more than leavened with Comedy. *Henry IV*, though its serious plot is filled with war and rebellion, owed its popularity to the comic elements centring in Falstaff, and constituting about half of the scenes. *Henry V* is free from any note of tragedy. From *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* to *Twelfth Night* we have a succession of plays of unexampled brilliance, surpassing in structure and dialogue anything that had hitherto been produced on the English stage, and in the creation of character still unrivalled. Touches of seriousness undoubtedly occur in these plays. Again and again, in the midst of the love-in-idleness with which they are chiefly occupied, we are reminded of the real business of life presently to be taken up; not infrequently the humor is mingled with pathos or grave reflection; sometimes the folly of Claudio or the fate of Shylock brings us perilously near the brink of tragedy. Yet all this does not invalidate the statement that the temper of the plays written in the last six years of the century is pre-vaillingly that of Comedy.

Equally undeniable are the change of temper and change of theme after 1601. The intrusion of *Troilus and Cressida*, *Measure for Measure*, and *All's Well that Ends Well* among the great Tragedies cannot be regarded as an objection to the calling of this the tragic period, since their presence serves in no degree to lighten the gloom. It is clear that for eight or nine years Shakespeare's dominant artistic interest was tragic; that is, he was immersed in the problem of presenting dramatically the results of certain elements of weakness and vice in human character.

About 1610 the tone changes once more. In the so-called Dramatic Romances we continue to see pictured the suffering brought about by sin and weakness; but the colors used are less sombre, and in the end the evil men turn from their ways and live.

All this has often been summed up before; and it is done here once more partly to gather and make more significant the chronological details scattered through the special introductions, partly to make intelligible the standing discussion as to whether from this arrangement of Shakespeare's literary activity there can be drawn evidence as to his emotional and spiritual history. The meaning of the experimental period will hardly be disputed. The collaborated and revised plays show that Shakespeare at the beginning of his career was glad to take what work was given him to do; and the original plays show him trying his hand upon all the chief dramatic types in vogue. His *Venus and Adonis*

and *Lucrece* are only further instances of this versatility and curiosity. Prevailing emotional mood of any distinctive kind in this first period there is none.

With the three later divisions the case is very different. Here the temptation is obvious to interpret them respectively as periods of sunshine, gloom, and placidity in the dramatist's life. Up to a certain point this interpretation need not be quarrelled with. There is an appropriateness to the prime of life in the creation of the buoyant personalities of the Comedies and in the triumphant extrication of them from all the tangle of opposing forces invented only to be foiled. The profundity of reflection and the brooding on the mystery of life, of which the Tragedies give abundant evidence, were only possible, in the degree in which we find them, to a man who had already lived and seen much. It is hardly possible to refrain from associating the victories of good over evil in the Dramatic Romances with a mood natural to a sane spirit contemplating near the close of his career a world which had brought to him in large measure the things for which he had mainly striven. But it is easy to press this method too far. The succession of the various kinds of drama in Shakespeare's production bears a suggestive relation to what appears to have been the popular demand of the time; and if Tragedy was in vogue at a period when Shakespeare was ripe for writing it, then the world was fortunate in the coincidence. Yet the fact of this and similar coincidences should serve to guard us against supposing that the tone of the Tragedies is necessarily a reflection of gloom or pessimism in Shakespeare's soul. Great imaginative creation is, indeed, but rarely the outcome of experience immediately contemporary. Wordsworth's description of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity," though not a universal formula, is most frequently a true account, and ought in itself to caution us against the dogmatism that is based on the assumption that in drama and sonnet alike "Shakespeare unlocked his heart" and left the door ajar for all the world to see. If we are to find in the poet's work a record, not perhaps of his experience, but of his attitude toward human life and human nature, it must be by methods more subtle and cautious than are implied in the kind of inference we are discussing.

III

The height of Shakespeare's preëminence has frequently led to a manner of speaking which sets him apart from his kind as something abnormal and unaccountable. Without entering into a discussion of the natural history of genius, it is desirable to recount those factors in his age and environment which explain many of his characteristics, even if they do not account for the magnitude of his achievement. For that achievement is of a range and quality so stupendous that it required for its accomplishment the highest degree of coincidence between the hour and the man.

The hour was, indeed, the most propitious that had occurred in the history of England. After the long controversies of the Reformation the country was for the time enjoying a comparative truce among warring sects. This truce was partly induced by the necessity of the nation's presenting a united front against the hostility of Spain; and the period of peril had been succeeded by a mood of exhilaration that resulted naturally from the escape from a formidable danger, and the opening up of a national future of untold possibilities of expansion and conquest. The compiling of chronicles and of endless narratives of travel and exploration in the Western Ocean expressed and symbolized the rising pride in England's past and England's future; and it supplied the basis for the most distinctively national part of the drama, that flourishing of Chronicle History which found its culmination in the martial rhetoric of *Henry V.*

From abroad there reached England at last the full impulse of the Renaissance. The more purely intellectual side of this movement had been delayed by the religious turmoil; but now that this was for the time assuaged, the stimulus to intellectual curiosity and the desire for imaginative entertainment had full scope. Men and books representing all the arts of the Continent poured into England, and hundreds of translations opened to those who could read no language but English the intellectual treasures of antiquity and of modern Italy, France, and Spain. A still less literate public were enabled to share the narrative element in this stream by the presentation of stories on the stage; and the plays based on Plutarch's *Lives* and French and Italian *novelle* represent respectively the classical and the contemporary elements in this contribution.

The drama in England had always largely represented what would have been the common reading matter of the people if the people had been able to read. Miracle plays, Moralities, and Interludes were each merely the translation into action and dialogue of the stories from Scripture and the Saints' Lives, of the characteristic medieval mode of allegory, of the bourgeois humorous and satirical anecdote, which the illiterate populace could receive only by the ear. With the Revival of Learning came a vast expansion in the amount and variety of reading matter, especially on the side of secular literature and, more specifically, of the literature of entertainment; and in the reign of Elizabeth the drama showed a responsive development. In the work of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, Lyly, Marlowe, Peele, Greene, and Kyd, the three forms of Comedy, History, and Tragedy had, partly under the influence of foreign and classical models, taken fairly definite shape. But they were still primarily dramatic arrangements of narrative rather than drama; and to Shakespeare was offered the opportunity, of which he availed himself magnificently yet gradually, of framing and applying the conception of pure drama as a distinct form of art.

In considering his equipment for this momentous task two elements must be constantly kept in mind: that which he received as an actor and manager, and that which he had as a man well-read in the literature of his time. To the former must be credited a large part of his skill as a practical playwright, a factor that has not yet received its due in the interpretation of his dramas, but which accounts for this among other facts, that so large a number of his plays are still capable of effective presentation upon the modern stage. As a student of literature, Shakespeare's range was large, but not extraordinary. Latin he had presumably learned at school, and with the works of some half-dozen Latin writers he had begun an acquaintance while a boy. But, in addition to the learned Jonson's ascription to him of "small Latin and less Greek," we have the evidence of the plays themselves that he used translations when he could get them. French he seems to have known fairly well; Italian he may have mastered to the extent of being able to extract the plot of a novel, but this is less certain. There is no evidence that he knew Spanish or Greek. The wide and detailed knowledge of history and fiction and of many arts and trades, the evidences of which lie open on every page, is no greater and no more accurate than would be expected of a mind of the quality of his, of an observation so keen, of sympathies so catholic and so intense.

Of an importance only less than the intellectual temper of the time and the moment in the development of the drama was the state of the language and of versification. Along with the enthusiasm for the classics and the cultivation of pure Latinity which characterized the Renaissance there appeared a patriotic desire to refine and dignify the vernaculars of the various countries and, among them, of England. The pedantry of the group of men of letters known as the Areopagus, the Euphuism of Lyly, and the Arca-

dianism of Sidney were only exaggerated instances of the wide-spread interest in what could be done with the native speech; and, in spite of grotesque eccentricities, these fashions had served to expand the resources and supple the sinews of English. Traces of this interest in feats in the manipulation of words are apparent in Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* and elsewhere; but the more important consideration is that when he came to write his plays he had at hand a linguistic medium whose capacities both in vocabulary and structure had not yet become hardened under the dogmatism of the schools, and whose plasticity proved of inestimable value when wielded by a master. A century earlier the language was too poor in resources for such supreme literary achievement; a century later, the settling down of convention had made such daring as Shakespeare showed in subduing it to his use all but impossible. Equal good fortune appears in the matter of prosody. Before Shakespeare began to write, drama in England had thrown off the shackles of stanza and rime which had hampered it for centuries, and had found in blank verse its appointed metre. With unerring instinct Shakespeare seized on this and played on it a variety of melodies such as had not hitherto been dreamed of.

A complete enumeration of the favorable elements in the civilization of Elizabethan England is here impossible, but enough has probably been said to indicate the extraordinary nature of the opportunity.

IV

In attempting to see what are some of the more important qualities that made it possible for Shakespeare to rise to this opportunity, it will be well to note first some of the negative elements in the case. It was not for sheer invention that Shakespeare was unique or even preëminent in his profession. Every form of drama that he touched he carried to a lofty pitch of perfection, but none of them did he create. In two or three cases he seems to have constructed the plot of a play, but such plots are slight and not distinguished by any striking originality. Whenever possible, he borrowed his stories; and the transformation he worked on them is due to a kind of imagination quite other, if much rarer, than is implied in inventive contrivance. Further, in the mechanics of his plays, he repeated himself freely. When a device, a situation, a contrast of character, proved successful on the stage, he did not scruple to use it again and again, displaying in the variations he worked on it abundant cleverness, but at the same time a poverty, or, better, an economy, of invention, in striking contrast to his lavish prodigality in thought and imagery.

The element in his plays which, one is apt to think, must have struck the more thoughtful among his contemporaries as giving them marked distinction among the works of his predecessors and rivals, is his creation of character. In range, in individuality, above all in the illusion of life, there had been nothing in dramatic literature comparable to this endless procession of actual human beings. Here were no puppets labelled with a quality or a title, no mere walking gentlemen capable of being arranged in amusing situations. The persons of the Shakespearean drama, whenever drawn in detail and set in the foreground, are marked by idiosyncrasy that stops short of caricature, are humorous, pathetic, tender, cruel, profound, shallow, or any mixture of these, just as are the people one knows. In no respect does his genius more closely approach the supernatural than in this of the creation of men and women of a truly human complexity. Other qualities already referred to must also have appealed to the contemporary

audience: the brilliance of phrase and sparkle of repartee; the consummate mastery of verse — now sweet and lyrical, now throbbing with passion, now echoing the tread of armies, now heavy with thought; — the ingenuity of the stage-craft; the variety of scene and atmosphere. But to the modern student there are deeper things to be found, which may or may not have been evident to his contemporaries, of some of which the poet himself may not have been explicitly conscious.

It has been frequently charged against Shakespeare that in contrast with poets like Dante and Goethe his work embodies no religion, no philosophy. Whatever of truth there may be in this, it is surely inaccurately phrased. Certain it is he was no fanatic, the propagandist of no sect; what philosophy he had is presented in no systematic scheme. If he had been or done these things, he could not have been the supreme dramatist. But the profoundest thought is not necessarily framed into a scheme; the most philosophical artist need not speak through allegory or abstractions. Philosophical ideas find abundant expression in both the dramas and the sonnets of Shakespeare; *obiter dicta* occur of immense suggestiveness and power; and it is hardly possible to read the plays as a whole without becoming conscious of a characteristic attitude toward human nature and the problems of human life. The expression of this attitude naturally varies with the period and the theme. In the Histories the dominant idea is that which one finds elsewhere in the early narratives of these sad stories of the death of kings. Among the strange paradoxes of the Middle Ages none is more remarkable than the persistence, among the Christian conceptions of the Catholic Church, of the pagan goddess of Fortune. So continually is she referred to as the determining force in the destinies of the great, so awed and reverential is the tone in which her caprices are alluded to, that one is forced to the conclusion that she was to the men of that age no mere figure of speech, but a deity who was always feared and often worshipped. The narratives on which Shakespeare based his Histories were pervaded by this conception, and it survives with impressive effect in the speeches of his characters. How far he personally shared it, it is hard to say; but he availed himself of it in a hundred instances of dramatic irony, and it underlies his melancholy insistence on the merely human limitations that assert themselves in the career of every king. With no lack of appreciation of the pomp of monarchy, he yet asserts in play after play that, whether coupled with the futile piety of Henry VI, the unscrupulous tenacity of Richard III, the policy of Henry IV, or the triumphant effectiveness of Henry V,

'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the King,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,

that can separate the king from the pathos of common humanity.

In the Comedies there is no such unity of idea; but generalized reflection is abundantly evident in the dwelling in successive plays on certain tendencies of human nature and their results in action and character; such tendencies as sentimentalism, cynicism, selfishness, and self-deception. The philosophical significance of these plays stops short, as a rule, of the fifth act. The marrying off, at the close, of all eligible youths and maidens is more a concession to the convention of the happy ending demanded by the particular type of drama than the logical outcome of the characters or their deeds. One is not convinced that Shakespeare believed that this was the way things happened in life; but a comedy

must end so, and he provided accordingly a conventional dénouement, too often showing traces of the perfunctoriness of his interest in such an artificial adjustment.

Very different is his treatment of the conclusion of Tragedy. Here the crime or weakness which marks the tragic hero is shown bearing its inevitable fruit in suffering and disaster; and the great Tragedies form the crown of his achievement not only because they deal with the more serious problems of life, but because here are found all the elements of poetry, characterization, and construction, in each of which he had attained mastery in earlier plays, but which now are brought to their loftiest pitch and combined. Nowhere else are the two great dramatic elements of character and plot found in such perfect balance, in such complete interaction; nowhere else are they clothed in language so weighty with thought or so glorified by imagination. But it is in the determination of the catastrophes that the philosophical supremacy of the Tragedies most appears, as it is from these that critics who find evidence of pessimism in Shakespeare produce their proof. "Here," they say, pointing to the fifth act of *King Lear*, "here, at least, Shakespeare loses faith; here good and bad go down together in indiscriminate disaster." But so to observe is, surely, to lose sight of the most profound distinction running through these plays, the distinction between the spiritual and the physical. From *Romeo and Juliet* to *Coriolanus* it is clear that Shakespeare hands over to natural and social law the bodies and temporal fortunes of good and bad alike, and such law is permitted its unrelenting sway. But it is equally clear that he regards the spiritual life of his creations as by no means involved in this welter of suffering and death. Occasionally, as in *Macbeth*, the hero's spiritual career runs at the end parallel to his worldly fortune; more often, as in *Othello* or *Lear*, the moment of physical disaster witnesses a moral purgation, a spiritual triumph; always it is possible to discern two lines of interest, two kinds of value, two clearly distinguished spheres of existence.

For the lack of correspondence between these two lines of action, the absence in Tragedy of any control of worldly happiness in the interest of the good, he attempts no explanation. For he is not concerned to construct a philosophical system, to preach a gospel. Even the all-pervading distinction just set forth is not preached or argued. It is merely implied because no treatment of the greater issues of human life could be at once true and profound without this implication. Thus this limitation, as it has been regarded by those who would have the poet an explicit philosopher, is no limitation at all, but the mark of his allegiance to the true artistic ideal, the proof that he played his own game according to its own rules, and devoted himself with unparalleled disinterestedness, unparalleled range and profundity of insight, to the picturing of things as they are.

W. A. N.

INTRODUCTORY MATERIAL FROM THE
FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF 1623

TO THE READER

THIS Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
with Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face ; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer vvrit in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. L

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

[DROESHOUT ENGRAVING HERE.]

L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM

Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND

PHILIP

Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber.
Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter,
and our singular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L. L. we are false vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and haue prosecuted both them, and their Authour liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.

HENRY CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS

FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publike, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the lacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that expos'd them: euen those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiu'd thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOUED,
THE AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE :

AND

what he hath left vs.

To draw no enuy (*Shakespeare*) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither *Man*, nor *Muse*, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praise:
For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Band, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more ?
But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed
Aboue th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age !
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our Stage !
My *Shakespeare*, rise ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art aliue still, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praise to giue.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses ;
I meane with great, but disproportion'd *Muses* :
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didstst our *Lily* out-shine,
Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlowes* mighty line.
And though thou hadst small *Latine*, and lesse *Greeke*,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names ; but call forth thund'ring *Æschilus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to vs,
Paccuius, *Accius*, him of *Cordoua* dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,

And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
 Leauē thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent *Greece*, or haughtie *Rome*
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my *Britaine*, thou hast one to shoue,
 To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the *Muses* still were in their prime,
 When like *Apollo* he came forth to warme
 Our eares, or like a *Mercury* to charme !
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
 And ioy'd to weare the dressing of his lines !
 Which were so richly spun, and wouen so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry *Greece*, tart *Aristophanes*,
 Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Natures family.
 Yet must I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enioy a part.
 For though the *Poets* matter, Nature be,
 His Art doth giue the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a liuing line, must sweat,
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Vpon the *Muses* anuile: turne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good *Poet's* made, as well as borne.
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Liues in his issue, euen so, the race
 Of *Shakespeares* minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned, and true-fild lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of *Auon* ! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights vpon the bankes of *Thames*,
 That so did take *Eliza*, and our *Iames* !
 But stay, I see thee in the *Hemisphere*
 Aduanc'd, and made a Constellation there !
 Shine forth, thou Starre of *Poets*, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
 Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.

TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Authour Maister

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shake-speare, at length thy pious fellowes giue
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolues thy *Stratford* Moniment,
Here we aliuie shall view thee still. This Booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not *Shake-speares*; eu'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as *Naso* said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.
Nor shall I e're beleene, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) vntill our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Passions of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*;
Or till J heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying *Romans* spake.
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our *Shake-speare*, thou canst neuer dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-speare*.

WEE wondred (*Shake-speare*) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a second part.
That's but an *Exit* of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.

VPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS

Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went soone about,
The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HUGH HOLLAND

A CATALOGUE

OF THE SEVERALL COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

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[NOTE. — *The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida*, though not catalogued, is printed immediately before *Coriolanus*. *Pericles* and the *Poems* were not included in the First Folio.]

THE WORKES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND
TRAGEDIES: TRUELY SET FORTH, ACCORDING TO THEIR FIRST
ORIGINALL.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPALL ACTORS

IN ALL THESE PLAYES.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
RICHARD BURBADGE.
JOHN HEMMINGS.
AUGUSTINE PHILLIPS.
WILLIAM KEMPT.
THOMAS POOPE.
GEORGE BRYAN.
HENRY CONDELL.
WILLIAM SLYE.
RICHARD COWLY.
JOHN LOWINE.
SAMUELL CROSSE.
ALEXANDER COOKE.

SAMUEL GILBURNE.
ROBERT ARMIN.
WILLIAM OSTLER.
NATHAN FIELD.
JOHN UNDERWOOD.
NICHOLAS TOOLEY.
WILLIAM ECCLESTONE.
JOSEPH TAYLOR.
ROBERT BENFIELD.
ROBERT GOUGHIE.
RICHARD ROBINSON.
JOHN SHANCKE.
JOHN RICE.

COMEDIES

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

THE problem of dating exactly Shakespeare's earliest plays is beset with peculiar difficulties. During the first few years of his dramatic activity, he made experiments in all the three main divisions of the drama of his time, comedy, tragedy, and history; and within these divisions his versatility showed itself still farther. Thus, in the field of comedy, he seems to have laid especial stress on diction in *Love's Labour's Lost*, on character in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, on situation and plot in *The Comedy of Errors*. This variety of aim makes it hard to arrange these plays in order of production on mere internal evidence, as might have been possible had they been successive attempts along precisely the same lines; and external evidence is very scanty and inconclusive. The order adopted here is as probable as any; but the three comedies placed first should be regarded as essentially contemporaneous.

The first extant edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* was published as a quarto in 1598. The title-page of this edition states that it is printed "as it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespere." If this volume was issued before March 25, 1598 (O. S.), "last Christmas" would mean Christmas of 1598; if after March 25, it would mean Christmas of 1597. References to the play in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598), and in Tofte's *Alba or Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover* (1598), do not help to determine this point. The indication of an earlier form of the play given in the words "corrected and augmented" is corroborated by certain peculiarities in the text. The speech of Biron in iv. iii. 289-365, and the conversation between him and Rosaline in v. ii. 827-832, 847-881, show undoubted traces of revision, the earlier form of some of the lines having been retained in the later text by the mistake of the printer. We have no means of defining closely the augmentations, but from the disproportion in the length of the acts, and from the style of the speeches, it is fairly clear that they must have been chiefly in the fourth and fifth acts, and in the speeches of Biron and Rosaline. The date of this earlier version is to be conjectured from internal evidence only. The very great frequency of riming lines, the occurrence of speeches rimed alternately and in sonnet form, the slightness of the characterization, the obvious symmetry in the arrangement of the persons, the nature of the topical allusions, — all these, combined with the impression of immaturity produced by the play, have led to a fairly general agreement that it is one of Shakespeare's first independent attempts, and is to be placed not later than 1591.

The Quarto of 1598 is the direct source of the next printed text, that of the First Folio. This edition of the play, though somewhat more carefully printed than the Quarto, has no independent authority, and adds nothing save the last line and the division into acts. The present text is, accordingly, based on that of the Quarto.

No source of the plot as a whole has yet been discovered, and it is quite possible that the story was invented by Shakespeare himself. Hints may have been derived from French history. Monstrelet relates that, in the first quarter of the fifteenth century, a king of Navarre renounced his claims to certain French lordships on condition of receiving the Duchy of Nemours and 200,000 crowns. Again, in 1586, Catherine de' Medici, accompanied by a bevy of ladies, visited the court of Henry of Navarre, and attempted to settle the disputes between that prince and her son, Henry III. The charms of the ladies in her retinue were expected to aid in the accomplishment of her diplomatic purposes. The names of Biron and Longaville are those of two well-known adherents of Henry of Navarre in the civil wars which were raging when the play was written; and the name of Dumain is an anglicized form of that of the Duc de Mayenne who figured on the other side in the same conflict. Further, in 1582, a Russian ambassador arrived in England to arrange a treaty, and to take home with him a wife for the Czar from among the kinswomen of Eliza-

beth. A lady was selected, and was presented to the ambassador in a pavilion in the gardens of York House with a ceremony which may have given a hint for the masque of the Muscovites in v. ii. 158 ff., especially as the episode was long remembered as a joke.

In the characters of Armado and Holofernes traces have been found of the stock types of the braggart soldier and the pedant of Latin and Italian comedy. In the stage directions of the early copies, Armado is often called "Braggart," and Holofernes "Pedant." Some of the former's characteristics may have been suggested by an eccentric Italian who haunted the court of Elizabeth, and was known as the "fantastical monarcho." Boyet calls Armado "a phantasime, a Monarcho" (iv. i. 101), and Holofernes refers to him as a "fanatical phantasime" (v. i. 19). The name of Holofernes may be due to its occurrence in Rabelais as that of the tutor of Gargantua. The rustic pedant had been recently exploited by Sir Philip Sidney in the character of Rombus in *The Lady of the May*. The scraps of Latin put into the mouth of Holofernes and of Nathaniel are taken from sixteenth-century school-books, a fact which may partly account for the attempts to find in the Pedant a portrait of Shakespeare's own schoolmaster. Endeavors to identify him with John Florio, and to point out in other characters in the play allusions to men concerned in current controversies, are not convincing.

The main point of *Love's Labour's Lost* for Shakespeare's contemporaries must have been in its pervading burlesque of current fads and affectations. The wit-combats of the lords and ladies, the affected diction of the sonneteering courtiers, the preposterous bombast of Armado, the latinized English and pedantic alliteration of Holofernes, and the quips of Moth, are all parodies of the absurdities into which the prevailing interest in linguistic feats had led almost all classes of Elizabethan society. Euphuism is to-day the most familiar of these fashions, but Euphuism itself, in the strict sense, is not specifically attacked. There are, however, other indications of the influence of Lyly, at this date by far the greatest master of English comedy. The farcical scenes with Moth, Armado, and the clowns, the repartee between the ladies and the courtiers, the scene in which the lovers betray their broken vows, and the general method of representing courtly intercourse, are all foreshadowed in the work of Lyly. Nor need it be supposed that all the verbal affectation and quaintnesses in the play are due to a burlesque intention. Shakespeare himself, as all his early work goes to show, was fascinated by the word-play in which his contemporaries indulged, and the eloquence of the finer speeches of Biron is probably the outcome of a genuine delight in the discovery of his own power to manipulate words as skilfully as his fellows.

The general drift of the play is evident alike in the plot and in the verbal parodies, namely, the exposure of the absurdity of departing from common sense, and the ability of Nature to assert herself to the discomfiture of those who foolishly attempt to organize society on artificial lines that run counter to the fundamental laws of our constitution.

"Biron," or "Berowne" as it appears in the early copies, is accented on the second syllable, and rimes with "moon;" "Boyet" rimes with "debt;" "Moth" was pronounced "mote;" and "Rosaline" rimes with "thine."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.
BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,
BOYET, } lords attending on the Princess of France.
MERCADÉ, }

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE, } ladies attending on the Princess.
MARIA, }
KATHERINE, }
JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE : Navarre, the King's palace, and the country near it.]

ACT I

[SCENE I. The king of Navarre's park.]

Enter FERDINAND, king of Navarre, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regist'ed upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death ;
When, spite of cormorant, devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge

And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors, — for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires, —
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force.
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world.
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville, ¹⁵
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are pass'd ; and now subscribe your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein. ²¹
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd ; 't is but a three years' fast. ²⁴

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified.
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves.
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die, ³¹
With all these living in philosophy.

Bir. I can but say their protestation over.
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years. ³⁵
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside, ⁴⁰
The which I hope is not enrolled there ;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day, —
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day, —
Which I hope well is not enrolled there. ⁴⁵
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Bir. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please.
I only swore to study with your grace ⁵¹
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.

What is the end of study ? Let me know. ⁵⁵

King. Why, that to know which else we should not know.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense ?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Bir. Come on, then ; I will swear to study so, ⁶⁰

To know the thing I am forbid to know ;
As thus, — to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid ;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath, ⁶⁵

Study to break it and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain, but that most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while 75

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed 80

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks, 85

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights 90

Than those that walk and wot not what they are,

Too much to know is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding! 95

Long. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.

Bir. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost 100

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Bir. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose 105

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you (to study now it is too late,)

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out. Go home, Biron, adieu. 110

Bir. No, my good lord, I have sworn to stay with you;

And though I have for barbarism spoke more Than for that angel, knowledge, you can say,

Yet, confident, I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day. 115

Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Bir. [Reads.] "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court" — Hath this been proclaimed? 120

Long. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.] "On pain of losing her tongue." Who devis'd this penalty? 125

Long. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

[*Bir.*] A dangerous law against gentility!

[*Reads.*] "Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise." 130

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For well you know here comes in embassy 135

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak —

A maid of grace and complete majesty —

About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father;

Therefore this article is made in vain, 140

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? Why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot.

While it doth study to have what it would, It doth forget to do the thing it should; 145

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most, 'T is won as towns with fire, so won, so lost,

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn 150

Three thousand times within this three years' space;

For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might mast'ed, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;

I am forsworn on "mere necessity." 155

So to the laws at large I write my name;

[*Subscribes.*]

And he that breaks them in the least degree Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to other as to me;

But I believe, although I seem so loath, 160

I am the last that will last keep his oath.

But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain; 165

One who the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;

A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny. 170

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I; 175
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport; 180

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter a Constable [DULL] with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the Duke's own person?

Bir. This, fellow. What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood. 185

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad. This letter will tell you more. 190

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Bir. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words. 195

Long. A high hope for a low heaven. God grant us patience!

Bir. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both. 200

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. 205

Bir. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. 210
Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right! 215

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh. 220

King. [Reads.] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron."

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [Reads.] "So it is." 225

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

King. Peace!

Cost. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight! 230

King. No words!

Cost. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [Reads.] "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome

physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am [235] a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper; so much for the time when. Now for [240] the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is cyeled thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon- [245] coloured ink which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest; but to the place where: it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden. There did I see that low-spirited swain, [250] that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

Cost. Me?

King. [Reads.] "That unlettered small-knowing soul,"—

Cost. Me?

King. [Reads.] "That shallow vassal,"— 255

Cost. Still me?

King. [Reads.] "Which, as I remember, hight Costard,"—

Cost. O, me! 260

King. [Reads.] "Sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,"—

Cost. With a wench. 265

King. [Reads.] "With a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet Grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of [270] good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. [Reads.] "For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehend- [275] ed with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, 280

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench. 285

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench. 290

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damsel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damsel.

Cost. This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin. 295

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir. 300

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge. 305

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er;

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, 310

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day 315 smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter ARMADO and MOTH, his page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp. 5

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. 10

Arm. Why tough senior? Why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender. 15

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and 20 my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick. 25

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick. 30

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers; thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him. 35

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the Duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible. 40

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir? 45

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two. 50

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put "years" to the word "three," and study three years in two 55 words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cipher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; 60 and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devis'd courtesy. I 65 think scorn to sigh; methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my 70 child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master. He was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town gates on his back like a porter; and he was 75 in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth? 80

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion. 85

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; 90 but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red. 95

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's 100 tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known, ¹⁰⁶
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown.
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By you she shall not know.
For still her cheeks possess the same ¹¹⁰
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason
of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King
and the Beggar? ¹¹⁵

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a
ballad some three ages since, but I think now
'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would
neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ
o'er, that I may example my digression by ¹²⁰
some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that
country girl that I took in the park with the rati-
onal hind Costard. She deserves well.

Moth. [Aside.] To be whipp'd; and yet a ¹²⁵
better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.
Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light
wench.

Arm. I say, sing. ¹³⁰

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter Clown [COSTARD], *Constable* [DULL],
and *Wench* [JAQUENETTA].

Dull. Sir, the Duke's pleasure is, that you
keep Costard safe; and you must suffer him to
take no delight nor no penance, but 'a must fast
three days a week. For this damsel, I must ¹³⁵
keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-
woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.
Maid!

Jaq. Man?

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge. ¹⁴⁰

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face? ¹⁴⁵

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so, farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

[*Dull.*] Come, Jaquenetta, away! ¹⁵⁰
[*Exeunt* (*Dull* and *Jaquenetta*).

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences
ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope when I do it I shall do
it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished. ¹⁵⁵

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fel-
lows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir! I will
fast, being loose. ¹⁶⁰

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose.
Thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of
desolation that I have seen, some shall see. ¹⁶⁵

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what
they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too
silent in their words; and therefore I will say
nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as
another man, and therefore I can be quiet. ¹⁷¹

[*Exeunt* (*Moth* and *Costard*).

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is
base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by
her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be
forsworn, which is a great argument of false-
hood, if I love. And how can that be true ¹⁷⁷
love which is falsely attempted? Love is a fa-
miliar; Love is a devil; there is no evil angel
but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and
he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon
so seduced, and he had a very good wit. ¹⁸⁰
Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules'
club; and therefore too much odds for a Span-
iard's rapier. The first and second cause will
not serve my turn; the passado he respects not,
the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to ¹⁸⁵
be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men.
Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for
your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist
me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am
sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit! write, ¹⁹⁰
pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit*].

ACT II

[SCENE I. *The same.*]

*Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, with three at-
tending LADIES, and three LORDS.*

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dear-
est spirits;

Consider who the King your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor ⁵
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear, ¹⁰
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though
but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye, ¹⁵
Not utt'red by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, ²⁰
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court;
Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course, ²⁵
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, ³⁰

On serious business craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his Grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?

[1.] *Lord.* [Lord] Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

[*Mar.*] I know him, madam; at a marriage-feast,

Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd,
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms;

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still

It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; 'is't so?

[*Mar.*] They say so most that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

[*Kath.*] The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue loved;
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

[*Ros.*] Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! Are they all in love,

That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

[1.] *Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON
[and Attendants].

Here comes Navarre. [*The ladies mask.*]

King. Fair Princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. "Fair" I give you back again; and "welcome" I have not yet. The roof of this court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome, then. Conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! He'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping.

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill besemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

[*Hands a paper.*]
King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjurd if you make me stay.

Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Kath. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Bir. I know you did.

Kath. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Bir. You must not be so quick.

Kath. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

Kath. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Bir. What time o' day?

Kath. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask!

Kath. Fair fall the face it covers!

Bir. And send you many lovers!

Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum

Disbursed by my father in his wars.
 But say that he or we, as neither have,
 Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thousand more; in surety of the
 which 135

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
 Although not valued to the money's worth.
 If then the King your father will restore
 But that one half which is unsatisfied,
 We will give up our right in Aquitaine, 140
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
 But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, 145
 To have his title live in Aquitaine;
 Which we much rather had depart withal
 And have the money by our father lent
 Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.
 Dear Princess, were not his request so far 150
 From reason's yielding, your fair self should
 make

A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
 And go well satisf'd to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much
 wrong.

And wrong the reputation of your name, 155
 In so unseemly to confess receipt
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it;
 And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back
 Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.
 Boyet, you can produce acquittances 161
 For such a sum from special officers
 Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.
Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
 come

Where that and other specialties are bound. 165
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview
 All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
 As honour without breach of honour may 170
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness.

You may not come, fair Princess, in my gates;
 But here without you shall be so receiv'd
 As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so deni'd fair harbour in my house. 175
 Your own good thoughts excuse me, and fare-
 well.

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort
 your Grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
 place! [Exit.]

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to mine own
 heart. 180

Ros. Pray you, do my commendations; I
 would be glad to see it.

Bir. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Bir. Sick at the heart. 185

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says "ay."

Bir. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife. 194

Bir. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [Exit.]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is
 that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, [Katherine] her
 name. 195

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you
 well. [Exit.]

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in
 the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her
 in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light. I desire
 her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to de-
 sire that were a shame. 200

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge. 205

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit Long.]

Re-enter BIRON.

Bir. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. [Rosaline,] by good hap. 210

Bir. Is she wedded or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Bir. You are welcome, sir; adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to
 you. [Exit Biron.]

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap
 lord. 215

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at
 his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was
 to board.

Kath. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your
 lips. 220

Kath. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that
 finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.]

Kath. Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Kath. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gen-
 tles, agree. 225

This civil war of wits were much better used
 On Navarre and his book-men; for here 't is
 abused.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom
 lies,

By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with
 eyes,

Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected. 230

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire; ²³⁵

His heart, like an agate, with your print impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed; His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be; All senses to that sense did make their repair, ²⁴⁰

To feel only looking on fairest of fair; Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy, Who, tendering their own worth from where

they were glass'd, ²⁴⁴ Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd;

His face's own margent did quote such amazes That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.

I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his, An you give him for my sake but one loving

kiss. *Prin.* Come to our pavilion. Boyet is dis-
pos'd. ²⁶⁰

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye, By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger and speak-
est skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns
news of him. ²⁵⁵

Kath. Then was Venus like her mother, for
her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Ros. No. *Boyet.* What then, do you see?

Mar. Ay, our way to be gone. *Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT III

[SCENE I. *The same.*]

Enter Braggart [ARMADO] and his Boy [MOTH].

Song.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my
sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel.

Arm. Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years,
take this key, give enlargement to the swain,
bring him festinately hither. I must employ [^s

him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
French brawl?

Arm. How meanest thou? Brawling in
French? ¹⁰

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig
off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with
your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-
lids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime
through the throat, as if you swallowed love
with singing love, sometime through the [¹⁵

nose, as if you snuff'd up love by smelling love;
with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of
your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-
belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your
hands in your pocket like a man after the [²⁰
old painting; and keep not too long in one tune,
but a snip and away. These are complements,
these are humours; these betray nice wenches,
that would be betrayed without these; and
make them men of note—do you note?— [²⁵
men that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experi-
ence?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O, but O,—

Moth. "The hobby-horse is forgot." ³⁰

Arm. Callest thou my love "hobby-horse"?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a
colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But
have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had. ³⁵

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those
three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove? ⁴⁰

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and
without, upon the instant. By heart you love
her, because your heart cannot come by her; in

heart you love her, because your heart is in love
with her; and out of heart you love her, being
out of heart that you cannot enjoy her. ⁴⁵

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet
nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must
carry me a letter. ⁵⁰

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse
to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass
upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. ⁵⁵

But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow? ⁶⁰

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather,
master, no.

Arm. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's
he; ⁶⁵

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then and I flee. [*Exit.*]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free
of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy
face.

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd. ⁷⁰

Re-enter Page [MOTH] with Clown [COSTARD].

Moth. A wonder, master! Here's a costard
broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle; come, thy l'envoy; begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! No l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? Is not l'envoy a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me, how was there a costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth. I will speak that l'envoy:

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances! I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person. Thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [giving a letter] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration. —“What's the price of this inkle?” —“One penny.” —“No, I'll give you a remuneration:” why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Bir. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship; God be wi' you!

Bir. Stay, slave; I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Bir. This afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well.

Bir. Thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:

The Princess comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady.

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her. Ask for her, And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

Cost. Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better; most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration!

Bir. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent! 180
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents, 185
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator and great general
 Of trotting 'paritors; — O my little heart! —
 And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! 190
 What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
 And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right! 195
 Nay, to be perjurd, which is worst of all;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
 Though Argus were her nuncheon and her guard.
 And I to sigh for her! to watch for her! 202
 To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might. 205
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
 [Exit.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. *The same.*]

*Enter the PRINCESS, a FORESTER, her LADIES,
 and her LORDS.*

Prin. Was that the King, that spurr'd his
 horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill?

For. I know not, but I think it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er 'a was, 'a show'd a mount-
 ing mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch; 's
 On Saturday we will return to France.

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
 That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder cop-
 pice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot. 10

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that
 shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? First praise me, and
 again say no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? Alack for
 woe! 15

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

[Gives money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you in-
 herit. 20

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by
 merit!

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
 A giving-hand, though foul, shall have fair
 praise.

But come, the bow; now mercy goes to kill,
 And shooting well is then accounted ill. 25
 Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
 Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise than purpose meant to
 kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes, 30
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
 When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
 part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;
 As I for praise alone now seek to spill
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no
 ill. 35

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sov-
 ereignty

Only for praise's sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may
 afford

To any lady that subdues a lord. 40

Enter Clown [COSTARD].

Boyet. Here comes a member of the com-
 monwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which
 is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the
 rest that have no heads. 45

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! It is so;
 truth is true.

As your waist, mistress, were as slender as my
 wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist
 should be fit. 50

Are not you the chief woman? You are the
 thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your
 will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to
 one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! He's a
 good friend of mine.

Stand aside good bearer. Boyet, you can
 carve;

Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here.
 It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
 Break the neck of the wax, and every one give
 ear.

Boyet. [Reads.] "By heaven, that thou art
 fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art
 beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely.
 More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous,
 truer than truth itself, have commiseration on
 thy heroic vassal! The magnanimous and
 most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon
 the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenel-
 ophon; and he it was that might rightly say,

Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar, — O base and obscure vulgar! — videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; [70 saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? The king. Why did he come? To see. Why did he see? To overcome. To whom came he? To the beggar. What saw he? The beggar. Who overcame he? The beggar. The conclusion is victory; on whose side? The king's. [75 The captive is enriched; on whose side? The beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial; on whose side? The king's; no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so wilt [80 nesses thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy [85 foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thou dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar [90
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den. [95
Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? What weathercock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceived but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; [100

A phantasma, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport

To the Prince and his bookmates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.
Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.
Prin. From which lord to which lady? [105

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,

To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this; 't will be thine another day.

[*Exeunt [Princess and train].*]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know? [110

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on! [115

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself; come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now? [120

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of [125 Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man. [Exit [Ros.]

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can. [130

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant. How both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark!
A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out. [135

Cost. Indeed, 'a must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl. [140

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most inedny vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit. [145

Armado o' the one side, — O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly 'a will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most patheticall nit! [150
Sola, sola!

[Exit [Costard]. Shoot within.]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter DULL, HOLOFERNES the Pedant, and NATHANIEL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon filleth like ¹⁵ a crab on the face of *terra*, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least; but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. ¹⁰

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'T was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his incli- ¹⁵ nation, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to assert again my *haud credo* for a deer. ²⁰

Dull. I said the deer was not a *haud credo*; 't was a pricket.

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; ²⁵

he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be, ²⁹

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he. For as it would ill become me to be vain, indis- creet, or a fool,

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; can you tell me by your wit ³⁵

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna, Goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more, ⁴⁰

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange. ⁴⁵

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside that, 't was a pricket that the Princess killed. ⁵⁰

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the Princess killed a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate ⁵⁵ scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

"The preylful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket; ⁶⁰

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore make fifty sores one sorel.

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L."

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [*Aside.*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent. ⁶⁵

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb ⁷⁰ of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are ⁷⁵ well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you. You are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, ⁸⁰ they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and the Clown [COSTARD]. ³⁵

Jaqu. God give you good morrow, master Parson.

Hol. Master Parson, *quasi pers-on*. An if ⁸⁵ one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine; 't is pretty; ⁹⁰ it is well.

Jaqu. Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra ruminat*. — and so forth. Ah, ⁹⁵

good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

*Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.* 100

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.* Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his — What, my soul, verses? 105

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *lege, domine.*

Nath. [Reads.]

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed! 110

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice; 115

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,

All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;

Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire. 120

Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong, That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue."

Hol. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the [125] elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his [130] rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jag. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript: "To [135] the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the vota- [140] ries with the King; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the [145] King; it may concern much. Stay not thy complement; I forgive thy duty. Adieu.

Jag. Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life! 150

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* [Cost. and Jag.]]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith, —

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the [155] verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a [160] grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your so- [165] ciety.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull.*] Sir, I do invite you [170] too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Enter BIRON, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Bir. The King he is hunting the deer, I am coursing myself; they have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch, — pitch that defiles; — defile! a foul word. Well, "set thee down, sorrow!" for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the [175] Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax. It kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for [180] her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' [185] my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him [190] grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*]

Enter the KING [with a paper].

King. Ay me!

Bir. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets! [195]

King. [Reads.]

"So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote

The dew of night that on my cheeks down flows;
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright"

Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give
light.

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep,
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. 35
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will
show.

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel 40
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal
tell."

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the
paper.

Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes
here? [Steps aside.

Enter LONGAVILLE [with a paper].

What, Longaville! and reading! Listen, ear.

Bir. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool
appear! 45

Long. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Bir. Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wear-
ing papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in
shame.

Bir. One drunkard loves another of the
name. 50

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured
so?

Bir. I could put thee in comfort. Not by two
that I know.

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of
society,

The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up sim-
plicity.

Long. I fear those stubborn lines lack power
to move. 55

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's
hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [He reads the sonnet.

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye, 60
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-
ment,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee, 65

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in
me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost
shine,

Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is. 70

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Bir. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh
a deity 75

A green goose a-goddess; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! We are much out
o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN [with a paper].

Long. By whom shall I send this? — Com-
pany! stay. [Steps aside.]

Bir. "All hid, all hid;" an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky, 75

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my
wish!

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Bir. O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Bir. By earth, she is not, corporal; there you
lie. 80

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber
quoted.

Bir. An amber-colour'd raven was well
noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day, 90

Bir. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must
shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord!

Bir. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good
word? 95

Dum. I would forget her; but, a fever, she
Reigns in my blood and will rememb'ed be.

Bir. A fever in your blood! why, then in-
cision

Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I
have writ.

Bir. Once more I'll mark how love can vary
wit. 100

Dum. [Reads.]

"On a day — alack the day! —

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air.

Through the velvet leaves the wind, 105

All unseen, can passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so! 110

But, alack, my hand is sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!

Do not call it sin in me, 115

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiope were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love." 120

This will I send and something else more plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.

O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend where all alike do dote. 126

Long. [Advancing.] Dumain, thy love is far
from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society.

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so. 130

King. [Advancing.] Come, sir, you blush;
as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You do not love Maria; Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile,

Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart 135

His loving bosom to keep down his heart.

I have been closely shrouded in this bush

And mark'd you both; and for you both did
blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your
fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your pas-
sion. 140

"Ay me!" says one; "O Jove!" the other
cries;

One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[To *Long.*] You would for paradise break faith

and troth;

[To *Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would in-
fringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear? 145

How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!

How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!

For all the wealth that ever I did see,

I would not have him know so much by me. 150

Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.

[Advancing.]
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to re-
prove

These worms for loving, that art most in love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain Princess that appears; 155

You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;

Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!

But you are not ashamed? Nay, are you not,

All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot? 160

You found his mote; the King your mote did
see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!

O me, with what strict patience have I sat, 165

To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon to tune a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys! 170

Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?

And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? All about the breast!

A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view? 175

Bir. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you,

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in;

I am betray'd by keeping company

With men like you, men of inconstancy. 180

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme,

Or groan for love, or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? When shall you hear that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist, 185

A leg, a limb?

King. Soft! whither away so fast?

A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Bir. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and Clown [COSTARD].

Jaq. God bless the King!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here? 190

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your Grace, let this letter be

read.

Our parson misdoubts it; 't was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. 195

[He reads the letter.]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[Biron tears the letter.]

King. How now! what is in you? Why dost

thou tear it? 200

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy; your Grace needs

not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and there-
fore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his

name. [Gathering up the pieces.]

Bir. [To *Costard.*] Ah, you whoreson logger-
head! you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What? 205

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me fool to

make up the mess.

He, he, and you, — and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you

more. 210

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true; we are four.

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the

traitors stay.

[Exeunt *Costard* and *Jaquenetta.*]

Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us em-
brace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be. 215

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face,

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some

love of thine? 220

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the

heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head and stricken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye 230

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd
thee now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ; 230
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night !
Of all complexions the dull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek, 235
Where several worthies make one dignity.

Where nothing wants that want itself doth
seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs, 240
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth
blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye.

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy. 245

O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine, —
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Bir. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !
A life of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath ? Where is a book 250
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look ?
No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits

of light. 257
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ; 260

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now ;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow. 265
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers

black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted

bright.
King. And Ethiopians of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark
is light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in
rain, 270

For fear their colours should be washed
away.

King. 'T were good, yours did ; for sir, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday

here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much

as she. 275
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so

dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love ; my foot and
her face see.

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine
eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such
tread !

Dum. O vile ! then, as she goes, what upward
lies 280

The street should see as she walk'd over
head.

King. But what of this ? Are we not all in love ?
Bir. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all for-

sworn.
King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron,

now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not

torn. 285
Dum. Ay, marry there ; some flattery for this

evil.
Long. O, some authority how to proceed ;

Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the
devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Bir. 'T is more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms. 290
Consider what you first did swear unto,

To fast, to study, and to see no woman ;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? Your stomachs are too
young ;

And abstinence engenders maladies. 295
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look ?

[For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence

Without the beauty of a woman's face ? 301
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;

They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean

fire.] 305
Why, universal plodding poisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes 310
And study too, the causer of your vow.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is, 315

Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there ?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you, 320
In leaden contemplation have found out

Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with ?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;
And therefore, finding barren practisers, 325

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil ;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But, with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power, 330

And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound, 335
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in
taste.

For valour, is not Love a Hercules, 340
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony. 345
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temp'rd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: 350
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to for-
swear, 355

Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men, 360
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity? 365

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to
the field!

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon
them, lords;

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing, lay these gloses
by. 370

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?
King. And win them too; therefore let us
devise

Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the park let us conduct
them thither;

Then homeward every man attach the hand 375
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon

We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;

For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours
Foreerun fair Love, strewing her way with
flowers. 380

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle reap'd no
corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure.
Light wenches may prove plagues to men for-
sworn; 385

If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[Exeunt.]

ACT [V]

[SCENE I. The same.]

Enter the Pedant [HOLOFERNES], the Curate
[SIR NATHANIEL], and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir. Your rea-
sons at dinner have been sharp and sententious;
pleasant without scurrility, witty without affec-
tion, audacious without impudency, learned
without opinion, and strange without heresy. [5
I did converse this *quondam* day with a com-
panion of the King's, who is intituled, nomi-
nated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te*; his humor [10
is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue
filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and
his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thra-
sonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too af-
fected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate,
as I may call it. 15

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his ver-
bosity finer than the staple of his argument.
I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such in-
sociable and point-devise companions; such [20
rackers of orthography, as to speak *dout*, fine,
when he should say *doubt*; *det*, when he should
pronounce *debt*, — *d*, *e*, *b*, *t*, not *d*, *e*, *t*: he
clepeth a calf, *cauf*; half, *hauf*; neighbour vo-
catur *nebour*; neigh abbreviated *ne*. This is [25
abominable, — which he would call abomina-
ble; it insinuateth me of insanity; *ne intelligis*,
domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.* 30

Hol. *Bone? bone for bene*, Prisceian a little
scratched, 't will serve.

Enter Braggart [ARMADO], Boy [MOTH, and
COSTARD].

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. [To Moth.] Chirrah! 35

Hol. *Quare chirrah, not sirrah?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [Aside to Costard.] They have been at a
great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. [40

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-
basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not
eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long
by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus. Thou
art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 45

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [To Hol.] Monsieur, are you not let-
t'rd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-
book. What is *a*, *b*, spelt backward, with
the horn on his head? 50

Hol. *Ba*, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. *Ba*, most silly sheep with a horn. You
hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant? 55

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you re-
peat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, — *a, e, i, —*

Moth. The sheep. The other two concludes it, — *o, u.* 60

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! — snap, snap, quick and home! It rejoiceth my intellect. True wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old. 65

Hol. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputes like an infant; go, whip thy gig. 70

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *unum cūa*, — a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had [75 of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' [80 ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; *dunghill* for *unquem*.

Arm. Arts-man, preambulate, we will be [85 singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain. 90

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon. 95

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon. The word is well culled, chose, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the King is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good [100 friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass; — I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head; — and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, — but let that [105 pass. For I must tell thee, it will please his Grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, [110 I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is, — but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy, — [115 that the King would have me present the Princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and [120 sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have

acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir [Nathaniel], as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the [125 posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistants, at the King's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the Princess, I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 130

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass [135 [as] Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules, —

Arm. Pardon, sir; error. He is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority; his enter and exit [140 shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, [145 Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" That is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies? —

Hol. I will play three myself. 150

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow. 155

Hol. Via, Goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play 160

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter the [PRINCESS, and] LADIES.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you what I have from the loving King.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that? 6

Prin. Nothing but this? Yes, as much love in rhyme

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax, 10

For he hath been five thousand year a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; 'a kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy,
And so she died. Had she been light, like you, 15

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died.
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench. 25

Ros. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for "past cure is still past care."

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well played.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too. 30
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron;
The numbers true, and, were the numbering too, 35

I were the fairest goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise. 40

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter;

O that your face were not so full of O's! 45

Prin. A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrews.

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover, 50

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville.

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart 55

The chain were longer and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go. 60

O that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn and beg and seek,

And wait the season and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my hests, 65

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

So pedant-like would I o'ersway his state

That he should be my fool and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd, 66

As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note 75

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter!
Where's her Grace? 80

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!

Arm, wench, arm! Encounters mounted are

Against your peace. Love doth approach disguised,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd.

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; 85

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they

That charge their breath against us? Say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour:

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest, 92

Toward that shade I might behold address'd

The King and his companions. Warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear, 95

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,

That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.

Action and accent did they teach him there;

"Thus must thou speak," and "thus thy body

bear;" 100

And ever and anon they made a doubt

Presence majestical would put him out;

"For," quoth the King, "an angel shalt thou

see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."

The boy replied, "An angel is not evil; 105

I should have fear'd her had she been a devil."

With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the

shoulder

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.

One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore

A better speech was never spoke before; 110

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "Via! we will do't, come what will
come;"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes
well;"

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground, 115

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,

That in this spleen ridiculous appears,

To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit
us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd
thus 120

Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.

Their purpose is to parle, to court, and dance;

And every one his love-feat will advance

Unto his several mistress, which they'll know

By favours several which they did bestow. 125

Prin. And will they so? The gallants shall
be task'd,

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;

And not a man of them shall have the grace,

Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear, 130

And then the King will court thee for his dear.

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me
thine,

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.

And change you favours too; so shall your
loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. 135

Ros. Come on, then; wear the favours most
in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your in-
tent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is to cross
theirs.

They do it but in mocking merriment,

And mock for mock is only my intent. 140

Their several counsels they unbosom shall

To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal

Upon the next occasion that we meet,

With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us
to't? 145

Prin. No, to the death, we will not move a
foot;

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,

But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the
speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part. 150

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no
doubt

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport as sport by sport o'er-
thrown,

To make theirs ours and ours none but our own;

So shall we stay, mocking intended game, 155

And they, well mock'd, depart away with
shame. [Trumpet sounds within].

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the
maskers come. [The Ladies mask.]

*Enter Blackamoors with music, the Boy [MOTH']
with a speech, and the rest of the LORDS dis-
guised.*

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the
earth!"—

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160
[The Ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal
views!"

Bir. [Aside to Moth.] Their eyes, villain, their
eyes.

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
views!—

Out!"—

Boyet. True; out indeed. 165

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits
vouchsafe

Not to behold!"—

Bir. [Aside to Moth.] Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed
eyes,

— with your sun-beamed eyes!"— 169

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it "daughter-beamed eyes."

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings
me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness? Be gone, you
rogue! [Exit Moth.]

Ros. What would these strangers? Know
their minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 't is our will 175

That some plain man recount their purposes.

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the Princess?

Bir. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? 180

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visita-
tion.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so
be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be
gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many
miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass. 185

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd
many a mile

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told. 190

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd
miles,

And many miles, the Princess bids you tell

How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her, we measure them by weary
steps.

Boyet. She hears herself,

Ros. How many weary steps

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, 195

Are numb'ed in the travel of one mile?

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for
you;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt. 200

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine, 205

Those clouds remov'd, upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now requests but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change. 209

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. [Music plays.]

Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed. 214

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man. The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands. We will not dance. 219

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends.

Curtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Price you yourselves; what buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so, adieu; 226

Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that. [They converse apart.]

Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. 230

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Bir. Nay then, two treys, an if you grow so nice,

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; well run, dice! There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu. 234

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Bir. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Bir. Thou grievest my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Bir. Therefore meet. [They converse apart.]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. 241

[They converse apart.]
Kath. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask, 245

And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Kath. "Veal," quoth the Dutchman. Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady!

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half. Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 250

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? Do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry. [They converse apart.]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen 256

As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,

Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings 260

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[Exeunt [King, Lords, and Blackamoors].

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
Are these the breed of wits so wond'ered at? 266

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night? 270

Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The King was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit. 275

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword.

"No point," quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits, have worn plain
statute-caps. 281

But will you hear? The King is my love
sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith
to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on
tree. 285

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give
ear:

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with
blows: 291

Therefore change favours; and, when they re-
pair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be
understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their
bud; 295

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture
shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we
do,

If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be ad-
vis'd, 300

Let's mock them still, as well known as dis-
guis'd.

Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;

And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd

And their rough carriage so ridiculous, 305
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at
hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over
land.

[*Exeunt [Princess and Ladies].*]

*Re-enter the KING, and the rest [in their proper
habits].*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the
Princess? 310

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your
majesty

Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for
one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my
lord. [Exit.]

Bir. This fellow peeks up wit as pigeons
pease, 315

And utters it again when God doth please.

He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares

At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets,
fairs

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve; 321
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

'A can carve too, and lisp; why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice, 325
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and in ushering

Mend him who can. The ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

This is the flower that smiles on every one, 331
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
heart, 335

That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Re-enter the [PRINCESS, attended by BOYET and
her] LADIES.*

Bir. See where it comes! Behaviour, what
wert thou

Till this man show'd thee? And what art thou
now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of
day!

Prin. "Fair" in "all hail" is foul, as I con-
ceive. 340

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better; I will give you
leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold
your vow: 345

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke.

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should
have spoke,

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure 351

As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be 355

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant
game. 360

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians!

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my
lord.

My lady, to the manner of the days, 365
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word. 370

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have
drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me. [Fair] gentle
sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish. When we
greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye, 375
By light we lose light; your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but
poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my
eye—

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380

Ros. But that you take what doth to you be-
long,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Ros. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the vizards was it that you
were? 385

Bir. Where? When? What vizard? Why
demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard; that superflu-
ous case

That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

King. [Aside.] We were descried; they'll
mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest. 390

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your
highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!
Why look you pale?

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for per-
jury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out? 395

Here stand I; lady, dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a
flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my igno-
rance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's
song! 405

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them, and I here protest, 410

By this white glove,—how white the hand,
God knows!—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes;

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me,
la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw. 415

Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.

Bir. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage. Bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:—
Write "Lord have mercy on us" on those
three.

They are infected; in their hearts it lies; 420
They have the plague, and caught it of your
eyes.

These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these
tokens to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit; seek not to undo
us. 425

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Bir. Peace! for I will not have to do with
you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an
end. 430

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were not you here but even now disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear? 435

King. That more than all the world I did
respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you
will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear.
Your oath once broke, you force not to for-
swear. 440

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of
mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it. Rosa-
line,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me
dear

As precious eyesight, and did value me 445

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! The noble
lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you, madam? By my life,
my troth, 450

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it
plain,

You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.
King. My faith and this the Princess I did
give. 455

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she
wear;

And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't; here was a consent, 460

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy,

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight
zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,
some Dick.

That smiles his cheek in years and knows the
trick 405

To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror, 470
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is; and might not you

[To Boyet.]

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye? 475
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out. Go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your
shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye 480
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace!—I
have done.

Enter Clown [COSTARD].

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know 485
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I
hope it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir;
we know what we know. 490

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir, —

Bir. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where-
until it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes 495
for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get
your living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves,
the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth 500
amount. For mine own part, I am, as they say,
but to perfect one man in one poor man, Pom-
pion the Great, sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies? 505

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of
Pompey the Great; for mine own part, I know
not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand
for him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare. 510

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will
take some care. [Exit.]

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them
not approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 't is
some policy

To have one show worse than the King's and
his company.

King. I say they shall not come. 515

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you
now;

That sport best pleases that doth least know
how;

Where zeal strives to content, and the con-
tents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents.

Their form confounded makes most form in
mirth, 520

When great things labouring perish in their
birth.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my
lord.

Enter Braggart [ARMADO].

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense
of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace
of words. 525

[Converses apart with the King, and
delivers him a paper.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. 'A speaks not like a man of God's mak-
ing.

Arm. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey 530
monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is ex-
ceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain;
but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna de la*
guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most
royal complement! [Exit.] 535

King. Here is like to be a good presence of
Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the
swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate,
Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the ped-
ant, Judas Maccabæus; 540

And if these four Worthies in their first show
thrive,

These four will change habits, and present the
other five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 't is not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge- 545
priest, the fool, and the boy;

Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world
again

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his
vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she
comes amain. 550

Enter [COSTARD, for] Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Bir. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Bir. Well said, old mocker. I must needs
be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the
Big," —

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is "Great," sir: —
"Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did
make my foe to sweat; 555

And travelling along this coast, I here am come
by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet
lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey. 560

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in "Great."

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Whorly.

Enter Curate [SIR NATHANIEL], *for Alexander.*

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;" 565

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might.

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Bir. Your nose smells "no" in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander. 570

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander," —

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

Bir. Pompey the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away 575
Alisander.

Cost. [To Sir Nath.] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this. Your

lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close- 580
stool, will be given to Ajax; he will be the ninth

Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! Run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*]

There, an't shall please you, a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd.

He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, 585
and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, —

alas, you see how 't is, — a little o'erparted. But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort. [*Exit Curate.* 590

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Pedant [HOLOFERNES], *for Judas, and the Boy* [MOTH], *for Hercules.*

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canus*;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus*. 595
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology."

[*Aside.*] Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [*Moth retires.*]

"Judas I am," —

Dum. A Judas! 600

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.

"Judas I am, yelped Maccabæus."

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am," — 605

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder. 610

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin. 615

Bir. A Death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

Bir. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch. 620

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False; we have given thee faces. 625

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go. And so adieu, sweet Jude! Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name. 630

Bir. For the ass to the Jude; give it him. Jud-as, away!

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! It grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*]

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter Braggart [ARMADO, *for Hector*].

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes 635
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this. 640

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain. 645

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty," 650

Gave Hector a gift," —

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Bir. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven. 655

Arm. Peace! —

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight,
yea,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion. 660
I am that flower," —

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound. 665

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried. When he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [To the Princess.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing. 670

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard. 675

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal," —

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou? 680

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away. She's quick; the child brags in her belly already. 'Tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamozize me among potentates? Thou shalt die. 685

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey! 690

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on! 695

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole like a northern man; I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey! 705

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt. 711

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't? 715

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishelout of Jaquenetta's, and that 'a wears next his heart [720 for a favour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interruptest our merriment. 725

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King, your father —

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud. 730

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [Exeunt Worthies. 735

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, 740

Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe

In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide

The liberal opposition of our spirits,

If over-boldly we have borne ourselves

In the converse of breath. Your gentleness 745

Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!

A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks

For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms 750

All causes to the purpose of his speed,

And often, at his very loose, decides

That which long process could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love 755

The holy suit which fain it would convince,

Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends

lost 760

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Bir. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the King.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time, 765

Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty,

ladies,

Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents;

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —

As love is full of unbefitting strains, 770

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain,

Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the

eye,

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance; 776
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes that look into these faults,
Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, 780
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours. We to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you;
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin, 786
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love,
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, 790
As bombast and as lining to the time;
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest. 796

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your Grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this: 801

If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage, 805

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood; 810
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;

Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these
deserts, 816

And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shute
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death. 820
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye! 825

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
[*Bir.* And what to me, my love? and what
to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are
racked,

You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get, 830
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never
rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what
to me?

A wife?

Kath. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle
wife? 836

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and
a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers
say.

Come when the King doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till
then. 841

Kath. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn
again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time
is long. 845

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Bir. Studies my lady? Mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there.

Impose some service on me for thy love. 850

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord
Biron,

Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute 855

That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
brain,

And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to
day 860

Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of
death? 865

It cannot be; it is impossible;
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing
spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear 871
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear
groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then, 875
And I will have you and that fault withal;

But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth! Well, befall what will
befall, 880

I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.
Prin. [To the King.] Ay, sweet my lord;
and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Jill. These ladies' courtesy 885
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

And then 't will end

Bir. That 's too long for a play.

Re-enter Braggart [ARMADO].

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me, —

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy. 890

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three year. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the 895 cuckoo? It should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach. 900

Enter all.

This side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

THE SONG.

Spring. When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white 905
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on every tree

Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

"Cuckoo; 910
Cuckoo, cuckoo," — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws

And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws, 915

And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

"Cuckoo; 920
Cuckoo, cuckoo," — O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall

And milk comes frozen home in pail, 925

When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,

Then nightly sings the staring owl,
"Tu-whit, tu-who!" —

A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot. 930

When all aloud the wind doth blow

And coughing drowns the parson's saw

And birds sit brooding in the snow

And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, 935

Then nightly sings the staring owl,

"Tu-whit, tu-who!" —
A merry note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh
after the songs of Apollo. You that way: 940
we this way. [Exeunt.]

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THERE has been very general agreement in regarding *The Comedy of Errors* as one of the earliest of Shakespeare's productions. A play called *A Comedy of Errors* ("like to Plautus his *Menaechmus*") was acted by players at Gray's Inn on December 28, 1594, and there seems no reason to doubt that this was the present play. Of internal evidences, the most pointed is the reference in III. ii. 125-127 to France as "making war against her heir," which is taken as an allusion to the contest between Henry of Navarre and the League (1589-94). But Henry of Navarre was heir to the French throne before the death of Henry III in 1589, and had been at war with France as early as 1585. Thus there is nothing in the passage to prevent this comedy from having come at the very beginning of Shakespeare's career. The large amount of verbal quibbling in the style of the play; the versification, which is marked by much rime both in couplets and alternates, by a considerable amount of doggerel, and by the absence of weak and light endings; and the comparative rarity of prose, all point to an early date. The year 1591 has been most frequently conjectured, and the play may well enough have been written still earlier. It was first published in the First Folio of 1623, and on this the present text is based.

The main plot is derived from the *Menechmi* of Plautus, which Shakespeare may have read either in the original or in the translation by W. W. (? William Warner). Though this translation was not published till 1595, it is stated in the printer's note to the readers that the work had been done by the translator "for the use and delight of his private friends," so that Shakespeare may have had opportunity of access to it some time previously.

The characters common to Plautus and Shakespeare are the two Antipholuses (*Menechmi*), Dromio of Syracuse (*Messenio*), Adriana (*Mulier*), the Courtezan (*Erotium*), and Pinch (*Medicus*). Shakespeare preserves in the Dromio of Syracuse, whom he borrows, and bestows upon the Dromio of Ephesus, whom he invents, the stock characteristics of the witty slave of Plautus. In Pinch's attempt to diagnose the madness of Antipholus, there is a strong reminiscence of the *Medicus* of Plautus. *Mulier* in the *Menechmi* is more of the conventional shrew than Adriana. The Parasite who plays a large part in the Latin comedy, the cook and maid-servant of the Courtezan, and Senex, the father of *Mulier*, are all discarded by Shakespeare. On the other hand, the enveloping plot of the parents of the twins, with the characters of *Ægeon*, *Æmilia*, *Solinus*, *Luciana*, the Merchants, and *Luce*, are all due to Shakespeare's invention. Little of the detail is drawn from Plautus, the most notable borrowings being the humorous treatment of the conjurer, the frequent thrashings of Dromio, and the reproof administered by the Abbess to Adriana, which resembles the remarks addressed to *Mulier* by Senex.

From the *Amphitruo* of Plautus are derived the scene (III. i.) in which Antipholus of Ephesus and his Dromio are shut out of their own home, and the notion of "doubling" the slaves as well as the masters. This play had formed the basis of an early farce, *Jack Juggler* (1562-63), but no trace is discernible of Shakespeare's having used this intermediary. The riming fourteen-syllabled lines in which the Dromios often speak belong to the tradition of the early drama, and have also suggested an English intermediary; a supposition which receives a slight support from the unexplained presence of the names Sereptus and Erotis added to Antipholus of Ephesus and Antipholus of Syracuse respectively in the stage directions of the Folio. Some have thought that Shakespeare may have founded his play on a "Historie of Error shown at Hampton Court on Newyeres daie at night enacted by the Children of Powles" (1574); but, though possible, this is far from certain. The word "Error" was at that time the common term for mistaken identity, and this was so common a device in the drama that no argument can be based on its mere occurrence in a title not otherwise identical.

Though *The Comedy of Errors* is notable among Shakespeare's plays for the slightness of the characterization, yet a comparison with Plautus shows, especially in the case of Adriana, a substantial superiority in elaboration and vitality on the part of Shakespeare's creations.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
 ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.
 ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and sons to
 ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } Ægeon and Emilia.
 DROMIO of Ephesus, } twin brothers, and attendants on
 DROMIO of Syracuse, } the two Antipholuses.
 BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
 ANGELO, a goldsmith.
 First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
 PINCH, a schoolmaster.

EMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
 ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
 LUCIANA, her sister.
 LUCE, servant to Adriana.
 A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Ephesus.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*A hall in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, GAOLER, [Officers,] and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
 And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
 I am not partial to infringe our laws.
 The enmity and discord which of late
 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your
 duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
 Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
 Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their
 bloods,

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks. 10
 For, since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
 Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns. 15
 Nay, more:

If any born at Ephesus be seen
 At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
 Again, if any Syracusian born
 Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied,
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks; 25
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words
 are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home, 30
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been
 impos'd

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;

Yet, that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, 35
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,
 And by me, had not our hap been bad.
 With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd 40
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To Epidamnnum, till my factor's death
 And the great care of goods at random left
 Drew me from kind embracements of my
 spouse;

From whom my absence was not six months
 old 45

Before herself, almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,
 Had made provision for her following me,
 And soon and safe arrived where I was.
 There had she not been long but she became
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons; 51
 And, which was strange, the one so like the
 other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
 A meaner woman was delivered 55
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
 I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such
 boys,

Made daily motions for our home return. 60
 Unwilling I agreed. Alas! too soon
 We came aboard.

A league from Epidamnnum had we sail'd
 Before the always wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm; 65
 But longer did we not retain much hope;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
 Which though myself would gladly have em-
 brac'd, 70

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 For'd me to seek delays for them and me. 78
 And this it was, for other means was none:
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
 My wife, more careful for the latter born,
 Had fast'n'd him unto a small spare mast, 80
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms.
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd, 85
 Fast'n'd ourselves at either end the mast;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us; 90
 And, by the benefit of his wished light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
 But ere they came, — O, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before. 95

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break
 off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
 leagues,

We were encount'ed by a mighty rock;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us, 105
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the wind;
 And in our sight they three were taken up 110
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd
 guests; 115

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
 And therefore homeward did they bend their
 course.

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd 120
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrow-
 est for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
 care, 125

At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me
 That his attendant — so his case was like,
 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name —
 Might bear him company in the quest of him;
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 131
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus; 135
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
 Or that or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
 mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee. 145
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet I will favour thee in what I can. 150
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
 To seek thy life by beneficial help.

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody. 155

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon
 wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The mart.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of
 Syracuse, and FIRST MERCHANT.

1. *Mer.* Therefore give out you are of Epi-
 damnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life 5
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we
 host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn,
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary. 15
 Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your
 word,

And go, indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to my inn and dine with me?

1. *Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain mer-
 chants,

Of whom I hope to make much benefit; 25
 I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart
 And afterward consort you till bed-time.
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

I. Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. *[Exit.]*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon I rather approach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;

My mistress made it one upon my cheek,
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;

You have no stomach having broke your fast;
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this,
I pray:

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O, — sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.

I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.

My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,

Or I shall break that merry scone of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'erranght of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,

As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such-like liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. *[Exit.]*

ACT II

[SCENE I. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty.

Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe. —35

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound ; in earth, in sea, in sky,
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls ;
Man, more divine, the master of all these, 20
Lord of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more preëminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords :
Then let your will attend on their accords. 25

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep un-

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ? 30

Luc. Till he came home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd ! no marvel though she pause.

They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruish'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ; 35

But were we burd'ned with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain ;
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve me ;

But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man ; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness. 45

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ?
Know'st thou his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning ? 50

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows ; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home ? 55
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain !

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad ;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, 60
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.

" 'Tis dinner-time," quoth I ; " My gold,"

quoth he.
" Your meat doth burn," quoth I ; " My gold ! "

quoth he.

" Will you come home ? " quoth I ; " My gold ! " quoth he,

" Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ? " 65

" The pig," quoth I, " is burn'd ; " " My gold ! " quoth he.

" My mistress, sir," quoth I ; " Hang up thy mistress ! "

I know not thy mistress. Out on thy mistress ! "

Luc. Quoth who ?

Dro. E. Quoth my master. 70
" I know," quoth he, " no house, no wife, no mistress."

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders ;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home. 75

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ! Fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [Exit.] 85

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek ? Then he hath wasted it. 90

Are my discourses dull ? Barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?

That's not my fault ; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me that can be found 95

By him not ruin'd ? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair.
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale 100

And feeds from home ; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy ! fie, beat it hence !

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,
Or else what lets it but he would be here ? 105

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain ;
Would that alone, alone he would detain ;

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see the jewel best enamell'd

Will lose his beauty ; and tho' gold bides still
That others touch, yet often touching will 110

Wear gold ; and no man that hath a name,

By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy?
 [Exeunt. 116]

[SCENE II. *A public place.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wand'ring forth, in care to seek me out.
 By computation and mine host's report,
 I could not speak with Dromio since at first
 I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
 You know no Centaur? You receiv'd no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 10

My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,

That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 15

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt

And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
 20

What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
 [Beats Dro. 25]

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your jest is earnest.

Upon what bargain do you give it me?
 25

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes do use you for my fool and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love
 And make a common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
 30

But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect

And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your scone.

Dro. S. Sconce-call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head.
 35

An you use these blows long, I must get a scone for my head and insence it too, or else

I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?
 40

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.
 45

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.
 50

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! For what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?
 55

Dro. S. No, sir. I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.
 60

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.
 65

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.
 70

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
 75

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.
 80

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.
 85

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.
 90

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.
 95

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner, they should not drop in his porridge.
 100

Ant. S. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial,
why there is no time to recover. 106

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is
bald and therefore to the world's end will have
bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 't would be a bald conclu-
sion. — But, soft! who wafts us yonder? 111

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and
frown,

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst
vow 115

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd
to thee. 120

How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes
it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part. 125

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing, 130

As take from me thyself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate! 135

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut my wedding-ring

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? 140

I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
For if we two be one and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh, 145

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true

bed;
I live disdain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know
you not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 150

As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd
with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus? 155

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return
from him,

That he did buffet thee, and in his blows 160

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gen-
tlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very
words 155

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our
names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity 170

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more con-
tempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine. 175

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state

Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; 180

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for
her theme.

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this? 185

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for
dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a
sinner. 190

This is the fairy land. O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites.

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and
blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself and an-
swer'st not? 195

Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snail, thou slug,
thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so
am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my
shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an
ass. 201

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long
for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep, 205

Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day

And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks. 210

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.

Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? Mad or well-advis'd? ²¹⁵
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break
your pate. ²²⁰

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too
late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Before the house of Antipholus of
Ephesus.*]

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
Ephesus, ANGELO, the goldsmith, and BAL-
THAZAR, the merchant.*

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must
excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home. ⁵
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
gold,

And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
this? ¹⁰

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know
what I know.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand
to show.

If the skin were parchment and the blows you
gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I
think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear. ¹⁵
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
pass,

You would keep from my heels and beware of
an ass.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar; pray
God our cheer

May answer my good will and your good wel-
come here. ²⁰

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh
or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every
churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for
that's nothing but words. ²⁵

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes
a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host and more
sparing guest;

But though my cates be mean, take them in good
part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better
heart.

But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let
us in. ³⁰

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gil-
lian, Giun!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon,
coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the
hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st
for such store

When one is one too many? Go get thee from
the door. ³⁵

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My
master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence
he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? Ho, open
the door!

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Right, sir; I'll tell you
when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? For my dinner. I have
not din'd to-day. ⁴⁰

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Nor to-day here you must
not, come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out
from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] The porter for this time,
sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine
office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
blame. ⁴⁵

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my
place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Enter LUCE [*within*].

Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio?
Who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within.*] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb — Shall I set in my
staff? ⁵¹

Luce. [*Within.*] Have at you with another;
that's — When? Can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within.*] If thy name be called
Luce, — Luce, thou hast answer'd him
well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? You'll
let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within.*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there
was blow for blow. ⁵⁵

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down.

Luce. [*Within.*] What needs all that, and a
pair of stocks in the town? ⁶⁰

Enter ADRIANA [within].

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [Within.] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

Adr. [Within.] Your wife, sir knave! Go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore. 65

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [Within.] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind, 75

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [Within.] It seems thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much "out upon thee!" I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [Within.] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow. 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so! Herein you war against your reputation 85

And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this, — your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be rul'd by me; depart in patience, 95

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner; And about evening come yourself alone

To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in

Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100

And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled estimation That may with foul intrusion enter in And dwell upon your grave when you are dead; For slander lives upon succession, 105

For ever hous'd where 't gets possession. *Ant. E.* You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry. I know a vench of excellent discourse,

Pretty and witty, wild, and yet, too, gentle. 110 There will we dine. This woman that I mean,

My wife — but, I protest, without desert — Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.

To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home

And fetch the chain; by this I know 't is made. 115

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine; For there's the house. That chain will I bestow —

Be it for nothing but to spite my wife — Upon mine hostess there. — Good sir, make haste. Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot? Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth, 5 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth; Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

Let not my sister read it in your eye; Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty; 11 Apparell vice like virtue's harbinger;

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint; 14 Be secret-false. What need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attainment? 'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed

And let her read it in thy looks at board. Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds is doubled with an evil word. 20 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us; Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn and you may move us. Then, gentle brother, get you in again; 25

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife. 'T is holy sport to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, — what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine, —
Less in your knowledge and your grace you
show not 81

Than our earth's wonder, more than earth
divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and
speak ;

Lay open to my earthy, gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, 85

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a god ? Would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll
yield. 80

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe.

Far more, far more to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears. 85

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote ;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,

And in that glorious supposition think 80

He gains by death that hath such means to die.

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink !

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason

so ?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not

know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your

eye. 85

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,

being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will

clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look

on night.

Luc. Why call you me love ? Call my sister

so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister. No ;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part, 81

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer

heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am

thee. 80

Thee will I love and with thee lead my life ;

Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir ! hold you still. 80

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio ! Where

runn'st thou so fast ?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir ? Am I Dromio ?

Am I your man ? Am I myself ?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, 76

thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man, and how besides thyself ? 80

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse ; and she would have me as 85

a beast : not that, I being a beast, she would have me ; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she ? 90

Dro. S. A very reverend body ; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say

"Sir-reverence." I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease ; and I know not what use to 87

put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter.

If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world. 102

Ant. S. What complexion is she of ?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept : for why, she sweats ; a man may go over shoes in the 105

grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 't is in grain ; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name ? 110

Dro. S. Nell, sir ; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth ?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than 115

from hip to hip. She is spherical, like a globe ; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks ; I found it out by the bogs. 121

Ant. S. Where Scotland ?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness ; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France ? 125

Dro. S. In her forehead ; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England ?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them ; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that 131

ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain ?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not ; but I felt it hot in her breath. 135

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies ?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain ; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose. 141

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had ¹⁴⁸ about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, ¹⁵⁰ She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently post to the road;

An if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night. If any bark put forth, come to the mart, ¹⁵⁵ Where I will walk till thou return to me. If every one knows us and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life, ¹⁵⁹

So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;

And therefore 't is high time that I were hence. She that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, ¹⁶⁵ Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself. But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir; lo, here is the chain. ¹⁷¹

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine; The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you. ¹⁷⁵

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you And then receive my money for the chain. ¹⁸⁰

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;

But this I think, there's no man is so vain ¹⁸⁵ That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay. ¹⁹⁰ If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*A public place.*]

Enter SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, and an OFFICER.

2. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you; Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia and want guilders for my voyage. Therefore make present satisfaction, ⁵ Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you Is growing to me by Antipholus, And in the instant that I met with you He had of me a chain. At five o'clock ¹⁰ I shall receive the money for the same. Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus from the courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou ¹⁵

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow Among my wife and her confederates, For locking me out of my doors by day. But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone, Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me. ²⁰

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit.*]

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you.

I promised your presence and the chain, But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me. Belike you thought our love would last too long, ²⁵

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion, Which doth amount to three odd ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman. ³¹

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd, For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town. ³⁵ Good signior, take the stranger to my house; And with you take the chain, and bid my wife Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof. Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? ⁴⁰

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain. ⁴⁵

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it, ⁵⁰

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

2. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; — the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now. ⁵⁵

Either send the chain or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

2. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no; If not, I 'll leave him to the officer. ⁶¹

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since. ⁶⁵

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it. Consider how it stands upon my credit.

2. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me. ⁷⁰

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st. ⁷⁵

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. ⁸⁰

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium ⁸⁵

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind ⁹⁰

Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnium stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage. ⁹⁵

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon. You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, ¹⁰⁰

And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it. ¹⁰⁵

Tell her I am arrested in the street

And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone!

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt [2. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.].*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! That is where we din'd,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass. ¹¹¹

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest? Yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case? ⁵

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deni'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. ¹⁰

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move. ¹⁴

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind, 21
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say, 25

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! Sweet, now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well? 31

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough; 35
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands,

A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that before the judgement carries poor souls to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him; that can I tell. 45

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at, *[Exit Luciana.]*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band but on a stronger thing, 50

A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell; 't is time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! That did I never hear. 55

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! How fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60

If 'a be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit — Conceit, my comfort and my injury. 65

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *A public place.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses; 5
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me

And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean? 15

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty. 20

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? Why, 't is a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a bob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them 25 suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks 31 his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed and says, God give you good rest!

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we be gone? 35

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hind'ed by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here 40 are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions. Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a COURTEZAN.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now. 40
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil. 50

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, "God damn me;" that's as much to say, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light 55 is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here? 60

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. 65

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! What tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner.

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd, 70
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail.

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain. 75

Master, be wise; an if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go. 80

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt [Ant. S. and Dro. S.].*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain. 85

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. 90

Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doors against his way.

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house and took perforce 95

My ring away. This course I fittest choose;

For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. *A street.*]

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the OFFICER.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away.

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger. 5

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.

How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home? 15

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity. 21

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain! 25

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long 'ears. I have served him 30 from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep; 35 rais'd with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcom'd home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg 40 with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN, and a Schoolmaster call'd PINCH.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, 45 "beware the rope's-end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*]

Cour. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer ; 50
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy !

Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse. 55

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*]

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven ! 60

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace ! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers ?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day, 65

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut

And I denied to enter in my house ?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home ;

Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame !

Ant. E. Din'd at home ! Thou villain, what sayest thou ? 71

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out ?

Dro. E. *Perdie*, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there ? 75

Dro. E. *Sans fable*, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me ?

Dro. E. Certes, she did ; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

Dro. E. In verity you did ; my bones bear witness, 80

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries ?

Pinch. It is no shame. The fellow finds his vein.

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me. 85

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me ! Heart and good-will you might,

But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ? 90

Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope !

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessor'd ; 95

I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day ?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold ;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all

And art confederate with a damned pack 105

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me ;

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him ! Let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company ! The fiend is strong within him. 110

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

Ant. E. What, will you murder me ? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters, let him go. 114

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too. [*They offer to bind Dro. E.*]

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner ; if I let him go, 120

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee e'er I go from thee.

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd 125

Home to my house. O most unhappy day !

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet !

Dro. E. Master, I am here ent'red in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou mad me ?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing ? Be mad, good master ; cry "The devil !" 131

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk !

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at ?

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer, and Courtezan.*]

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him? 135

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day 140

Came to my house and took away my ring —

The ring I saw upon his finger now —

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is. I long to know the truth hereof at large. 145

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt all [but Ant. S. and Dro. S.] as fast as may be, frightened.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords. 151

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm. You saw they speak us fair, give us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch. 160

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [A street before a Priory.]

Enter SECOND MERCHANT and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hind'ed you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

2. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, 5

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city.

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

2. Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck 10

Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And, not without some scandal to yourself, 15

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain which now you wear so openly.

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20

Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

2. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it? 25

2. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch! 'Tis pity that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty 30

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

2. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! He is mad.

Some get within him; take his sword away.

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house! 35

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the LADY ABBESS.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast 40

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

2. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad, 45

And much different from the man he was;

But till this afternoon his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye 50

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home. 50

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough. 61

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it ;

At board he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ; 65

In company I often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70

It seems his sleeps were hind'ed by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings ;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ; 75

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st his sports were hind'ed by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, 80

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits 85

Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90

Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither. He took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands 95

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but myself ; 100

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient ; for I will not let him stir

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again. 105

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order.

Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here ;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart ; thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go. I will fall prostrate at his feet

And never rise until my tears and prayers 115

Have won his grace to come in person hither

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

2. *Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five.

Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120

The place of death and sorry execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

2. *Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay 125

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come ; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter DUKE [attended], and ÆGEON bare-headed, with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130

If any friend will pay the sum for him,

He shall not die ; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess !

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;

It cannot be that she hath done these wrongs. 135

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,

Who I made lord of me and all I had,

At your important letters, — this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;

That desperately he hurried through the street, — 140

With him his bondman, all as mad as he, —

Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence

Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went 145

That hence and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,

He broke from those that had the guard of him ;

And with his mad attendant and himself, 150

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,

Met us again and, madly bent on us,

Chas'd us away, till, raising of more aid,

We came again to bind them. Then they fled

Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them ; 155

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command

Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help. 160

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate 165
 And bid the lady abess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands
 of fire; 171

And ever, as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
 My master preaches patience to him and the
 while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool, 175
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man
 are here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it. 181
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
 To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

[Cry within.

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress. Fly, be
 gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing.
 Guard with halberds! 185

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
 That he is borne about invisible.
 Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
 And now he's there, past thought of human
 reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of
 Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O,
 grant me justice! 190

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
 When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
 Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me
 dote, 195

I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that
 woman there!

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
 That hath abused and dishonoured me
 Even in the strength and height of injury! 200
 Beyond imagination is the wrong
 That she this day hath shameless thrown on
 me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me
 just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the
 doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house. 205

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst
 thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my
 sister

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
 As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
 night, 210

But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both for-
 sworn.

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say,
 Neither disturbed with the effect of wine, 215

Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner.
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with
 her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

I went to seek him. In the street I met him 225

And in his company that gentleman,
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me
 down

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not; for the which

He did arrest me with an officer. 230

I did obey, and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats; he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer
 To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met 235

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vile confederates. Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd
 villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch, 240

A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,

And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,

Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together 245

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound to-
 gether;

Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250

Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.
Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
 with him, 254

That he did n't at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in
 here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.
 2. *Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn these ears
 of mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him 255

After you first forswore it on the mart;
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you;

And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls, 205
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.

If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
You say he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine. 275

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither. 280

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.
Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.

Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt. 285

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords.
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound. 290

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? You know me well. 295

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face. 299

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him. 306

Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue

In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? 310

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left, 315
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life. 319

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city

Can witness with me that it is not so.

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life. 325

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter ABBESS, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [All gather to see them. 330

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away. 335

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! Who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds

And gain a husband by his liberty. 340

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia! 345

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.

If thou art she, tell me, where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus he and I

And the twin Dromio all were taken up; 350

But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them,

And me they left with those of Epidamnus.

What then became of them I cannot tell;

I to this fortune that you see me in. 355

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—

These are the parents to these children, 360

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord, — 805

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that. 371

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good; 375

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not. 380

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you

And Dromio my man did bring them me. 385

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life. 390

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes;

And all that are assembled in this place, 396

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons; and till this present hour 401

My heavy burden ne'er delivered.

The Duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me; 405

After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E.,*

Dro. S., and Dro. E.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I go fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. 410

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio.

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt (Ant. S. and Ant. E.).*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner; 415

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother.

I see by you I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior; till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. 425

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

No text of this play exists earlier than that in the First Folio, and on it the present edition is based. The title is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), and the internal evidence points to a still earlier date. Estimates have varied from 1591 to 1595. The metrical evidence is ambiguous. Rimes are not so frequent as in *Love's Labour's Lost* and some other early plays; while, on the other hand, the occurrence of doggerel lines, of verses rimed alternately, and of sonnets, points to the earliest group. To these should be added the unskilfulness of the dénouement, and the presence of what appear to be first sketches of characters and devices which are elaborated in later plays. Such are the contrast of the two heroines; the clowns; and the scene in which Julia discusses her suitors with her maid. None of the supposed references to current events or publications is of weight as evidence; and the theory that the play was written at two different times has received little support.

The most important source so far found for the plot is in the story of the shepherdess Felismena in *Diana*, the famous collection of romances in Spanish by Jorge de Montemayor, published in 1560. No printed English version of *Diana* appeared before that of Bartholomew Yonge in 1598, but this had existed in manuscript since about 1582. Other manuscript versions were in existence, so there is no great difficulty in supposing that Shakespeare knew the story from this source. Further, it is possible, but by no means certain, that the lost play called *Felix and Philomena*, which was acted at Greenwich in 1584, may have dealt with the same theme.

Felismena in Montemayor's romance corresponds to Shakespeare's Julia, and Felix to Proteus; and it is Julia's part of the plot that is found in the Spanish tale. The courtship of Felismena by Felix is much more minutely described in the novel, but its general character is retained by the dramatist. The scene in which Lucetta offers Proteus's letter to Julia follows closely the action of the corresponding scene in the original. The sending of Proteus to court, Julia's following him in disguise as a man, the scene in which she overhears the serenade to her rival, her taking service with Proteus as a page and being sent to Silvia as a messenger, her expressions of sympathy with her own case in her conversation with Proteus, her discussion of the awkwardness of her position when she is sent to plead with Silvia against her own interest, her report of her own beauty to her rival, and Silvia's distrust of Proteus because of his unfaithfulness to his first love, are the main features in which the play follows the romance. On the other hand, the character of Valentine is completely absent in Montemayor, so that Proteus's treachery in friendship is no part of his character in the novel. Moreover, Celia, who corresponds to Shakespeare's Silvia, falls in love with the disguised Felismena (as Olivia does with Viola in *Twelfth Night*), and finding her love unreciprocated, voluntarily ends her life. The events by which Felix and Felismena are finally brought together bear no resemblance to the closing scenes of *The Two Gentlemen*.

A volume of *Englische Comedien und Tragedien* published in Germany in 1620 contains a play with a strong resemblance to the Silvia plot of the present comedy. It is a crude German reproduction of an English tragedy now lost, which had been performed by English actors in Germany. In it Julius corresponds to Proteus, Romulus to Valentine, and Hippolyta to Silvia. The play ends with the killing of Julius by Romulus, and the suicides of Romulus and Hippolyta. It is quite possible that the original was the *Phillipo and Hewpolyto* mentioned in Henslowe's diary, and that it formed the source of that part of Shakespeare's plot which deals with the relations of Proteus and Silvia to Valentine.

The alleged reminiscences of Sidney's *Arcadia* and Brookes's *Romeus and Juliet* are unimportant.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

DUKE [OF MILAN], father to Silvia.
 VALENTINE, } the two Gentlemen.
 PROTEUS, }
 ANTONIO, father to Proteus.
 THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.
 EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.
 Host, where Julia lodges.
 OUTLAWS, with Valentine.

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.
 LAUNCE, the like to Proteus.
 PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.

JULIA, beloved of Proteus.
 SILVIA, beloved of Valentine.
 LUCETTA, waiting woman to Julia.

[Servants, Musicians.]

[SCENE : Verona ; Milan ; and in a forest on the frontiers of Mantua.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Verona. An open place.]

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus.
 Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
 Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
 To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
 I rather would entreat thy company
 To see the wonders of the world abroad
 Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
 Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
 But since thou lov'st, love still and thrive
 therein,

Even as I would when I to love begin. 10

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
 adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
 Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
 Wish me partaker in thy happiness
 When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy
 danger, 15

If ever danger do environ thee,
 Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
 For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my suc-
 cess?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for
 thee. 20

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep
 love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love,
 For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in
 love, 25

And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? Nay, give me not the
 boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought
 with groans;

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading
 moment's mirth 30

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished. 35

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me
 fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll
 prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
 And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40

Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward
 bud 45

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime

And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee

That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu! My father at the road

Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valen-
 tine. 55

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
 leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters

Of thy success in love, and what news else

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;

And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in
 Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so fare-
 well. [Exit.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love.

He leaves his friends to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love. 65

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at
nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

[Enter SPEED.]

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my
master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark
for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd
already,

And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a
shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns,
whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circum-
stance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by
another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and
not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my
master, and my master seeks not me: therefore
I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shep-
herd; the shepherd for food follows not the
sheep: thou for wages followest thy master;
thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore
thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry
"baa."

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my
letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir; I, a lost mutton, gave your
letter to her, a lac'd mutton, and she, a lac'd
mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my
labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such
store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you
were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 't were
best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve
me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, — a
pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? Fold it over
and over,

'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to
your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [Nodding.] Ay.

Pro. Nod-ay; — why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir. I say, she did nod;
and you ask me if she did nod, and I say, [221]

"Ay."

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set
it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing
the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to
bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly;
having nothing but the word "noddy" for my
pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick
wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow
purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief.
What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and
the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What
said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win
her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much
from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all
from her, no, not so much as a ducat for [145]
delivering your letter; and being so hard to me
that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as
hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no
token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? Nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as "Take this for
thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank
you, you have testern'd me; in requital where-
of, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and
so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from
wreck,

Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

[Exit Speed.]

I must go send some better messenger.

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. [The same. Garden of Julia's house.]

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not un-
heedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show
my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Egle-
mour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and
fine;

But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so
so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing shame

That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus: of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia." Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page, and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper; see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[Exit.]

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:

It were a shame to call her back again

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What 'fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

Since maids, in modesty, say "no" to that

Which they would have the profferer construe "ay."

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is to call Lucetta back
And ask remission for my folly past.
What ho! Lucetta!

[Re-enter LUCETTA.]

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns

Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.

Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out.

And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!

[Tears the letter.]

Go get you gone, and let the papers lie.

You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd

To be so ang'red with another letter. [Exit.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so ang'red with the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey

And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."
Poor wounded name! my bosom as a bed
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly
heal'd; 115

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written
down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind
bear 120

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia." That I'll tear away; 125
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another.
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

[Re-enter LUCETTA.]

Luc. Madam, 130
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-
tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them
up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them
down; 135

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights
you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? 140
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The same. Antonio's house.]

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was
that

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your
son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wond'ring that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home, &
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out,
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;

Some to the studious universities. 10

For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his
age, 15

In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to
that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time
And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant 25
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'T were good, I think, your lordship
sent him thither.

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments, 30
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou
advise'd;

And that thou mayst perceive how well I like
it 35

The execution of it shall make known.

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don
Alphonso

With other gentlemen of good esteem 40
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Pro-
teus go,

And—In good time! Now will we break with
him.

[Enter PROTEUS.]

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life! 45
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia! 50

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading
there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word
or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter. Let me see what
news. 55

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he
writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will
And not depending on his friendly wish. 60

Ant. My will is something sorted with his
wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end. 65

I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentine in the Emperor's court.

What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go. 70
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent
after thee.

No more of stay! To-morrow thou must go. 75
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear
of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am
drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

O, how this spring of love resembleth 85
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

[*Re-enter PANTHINO.*]

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is; my heart accords
thereto, 90

And yet a thousand times it answers "no."
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [Milan. The Duke's palace.]

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for
this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see; ay, give it me, it's
mine.

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Silvia, Silvia! 6

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. 11

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being
too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam
Silvia? 15

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first,
you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe
your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love- 20
song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone,
like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a
school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep,
like a young wench that had buried her gran-
dam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch,
like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, 25
like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont,

when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when
you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions,
when you fasted, it was presently after dinner;
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of 30
money; and now you are metamorphos'd with
a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can
hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye. 35

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you? Nay, that's certain,
for, without you were so simple, none else would;
but you are so without these follies, that these
follies are within you and shine through you
like the water in an urinal, that not an eye 40
that sees you but is a physician to comment on
your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia? 45

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at
supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? Even she, I
mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not. 50

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on
her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough. 55

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well
favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but
her favour infinite. 60

Speed. That's because the one is painted and
the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her
fair, that no man counts of her beauty. 65

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of
her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was de-
form'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd? 70

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why? 75

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you
had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights
they were wont to have when you chid at Sir
Proteus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then? 80

Speed. Your own present folly and her pass-
ing deformity; for he, being in love, could not
see to garter his hose, and you, being in love,
cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for 85
last morning you could not see to wipe my
shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed.
I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which
makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her. 90

Speed. I would you were set, so your affec-
tion would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you? 95

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

Speed. [*Aside.*] O excellent motion! O [100] exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

[*Enter SILVIA.*]

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside.*] O, 'give ye good even! here 's a million of manners. 105

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside.*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter 110

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;

Which I was much unwilling to proceed in

But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'T is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off; 115

For being ignorant to whom it goes

I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much; 120

And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;

And yet take this again; and yet I thank you, Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more. 125

Speed. [*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet another "yet."

Val. What means your ladyship? Do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;

But since unwillingly, take them again.

Nay, take them. 130

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request;

But I will none of them; they are for you.

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another. 135

Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over,

And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so, good morrow, servant. [*Exit.* 140

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better, 145

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? What are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming; 't is you that have the reason. 150

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman for Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure. 155

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me.

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest? 160

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter. 165

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 't is as well: 170

"For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. Why muse you, sir? 'T is dinner time. 175

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be [180] moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Verona. Julia's house.*]

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake. 5

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange.

Here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the day

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness !
 My father stays my coming ; answer not ;
 The tide is now : — nay, not thy tide of tears ;
 That tide will stay me longer than I should. ¹⁵
 Julia, farewell ! [Exit Julia.]

What, gone without a word ?
 Ay, so true love should do ; it cannot speak ;
 For truth hath better deeds than words to
 grace it.

[Enter PANTHINO.]

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go ; I come, I come. ²⁰
 Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The same. A street.]

Enter LAUNCE [leading a dog].

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have
 done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have
 this very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion,
 like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir
 Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab ⁵
 my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives.
 My mother weeping, my father wailing, my
 sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wring-
 ing her hands, and all our house in a great
 perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur
 shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble ¹⁰
 stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog.
 A Jew would have wept to have seen our part-
 ing ; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look
 you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay,
 I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is ¹⁵
 my father ; no, this left shoe is my father ; no,
 no, this left shoe is my mother ; nay, that can-
 not be so neither ; yes, it is so, it is so, it hath
 the worse sole. This shoe, with the hole in it,
 is my mother, and this my father ; a ven- ²⁰
 geance on't ! there 'tis. Now, sir, this staff is
 my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily
 and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our
 maid. I am the dog ; — no, the dog is himself,
 and I am the dog, — O ! the dog is me, and I
 am myself ; ay, so, so. Now come I to my ²⁵
 father : " Father, your blessing." Now should
 not the shoe speak a word for weeping. Now
 should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on.
 Now come I to my mother. Oh, that she could
 speak now like a wood woman ! Well, I kiss ³⁰
 her ; why, there 'tis ; here's my mother's
 breath up and down. Now come I to my sister ;
 mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all
 this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word ;
 but see how I lay the dust with my tears. ³⁵

[Enter PANTHINO.]

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard ! Thy
 master is shipp'd and thou art to post after with
 oars. What's the matter ? Why weep'st thou,
 man ? Away, ass ! you 'll lose the tide, if you
 tarry any longer. ⁴⁰

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost ;
 for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man
 tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide ?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my
 dog. ⁴⁵

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood,
 and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in
 losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing
 thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy
 service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth ? ⁵⁰

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy
 tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue ?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail ! ⁵⁵

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and
 the master, and the service, and the tied ! Why,
 man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it
 with my tears ; if the wind were down, I could
 drive the boat with my sighs. ⁶⁰

Pan. Come, come away, man ; I was sent to
 call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go ?

Launce. Well, I will go. [Exeunt. 65]

SCENE IV. [Milan. The Duke's palace.]

Enter SILVIA, VALENTINE, THURIO, and
 SPEED.

Sil. Servant !

Val. Mistress ?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you. ⁵

Val. Of my mistress, then.

Speed. 'T were good you knock'd him. [Exit.]

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not ? ¹⁰

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not ?

Val. Wise. ¹⁵

Thu. What instance of the contrary ?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly ?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet. ²⁰

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How ?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio ! Do you change
 colour ?

Val. Give him leave, madam ; he is a kind
 of chameleon. ²⁵

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your
 blood than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time. ³⁰
 Val. I know it well, sir ; you always end ere
 you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and
 quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the
 giver. ³⁵

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the
 fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your

ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows
kindly in your company. 40

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me,
I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an ex-
chequer of words, and, I think, no other trea-
sure to give your followers, for it appears, by
their bare liveries, that they live by your bare 45
words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here
comes my father.

[Enter DUKE.]

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard
beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health. 50
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your country-
man?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentle-
man 55

To be of worth and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son that well de-
serves

The honour and regard of such a father. 60

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself, for from our
infancy

We have convers'd and spent our hours to-
gether;

And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time 65

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfec-
tion,

Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgement ripe; 71

And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,

He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this
good, 75

He is as worthy for an empress's love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;

And here he means to spend his time awhile. 80
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had
been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his
worth.

Silvia, I speak to you, and you, *Sir Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it. 85

I will send him hither to you presently. [Exit.]
Val. This is the gentleman I told your lady-
ship

Had come along with me, but that his mis-
tress

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd
them 90

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them pris-
oners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being
blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of
eyes. 95

Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at
all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself.
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the
gentleman. [Exit *Thurio*.]

[Enter PROTEUS.]

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress, I
beseech you, 100

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome

hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain
him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship. 105

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a
servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability.

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant. 110

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mis-
tress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

[Re-enter THURIO.]

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would
speak with you. 115

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. Come, *Sir*
Thurio,

Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.

I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from
you. 120

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[Exit *Silvia* and *Thurio*.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence
you came?

Pro. Your friends are well and have them
much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives
your love? 125

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary
you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now.
I have done penance for contemning Love,

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd
me 130

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled
eyes

And made them watchers of mine own heart's
sorrow. 136

O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord
And hath so humbled me as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now no discourse, except it be of love; 140
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your
eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly
saint? 145

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in
praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter
pills,

And I must minister the like to you. 150

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not di-
vine,

Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love. 155

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too.
She shall be dignified with this high honour—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud, 161
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is
this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can is no-
thing 165

To her, whose worth makes other worthies
nothing.

She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is
mine own,

And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl, 170
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge, 175
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd: nay, more,
our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight, 180
Determin'd of; how I must climb her win-
dow,

The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel. 185

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark

Some necessities that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste? [*Exit.* 190

Pro. I will.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten. 195

Is it mine [eye], or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?

She is fair; and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd; 200

Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.

O, but I love his lady too too much! 205

And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!

'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light; 210

But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit*

SCENE V. [*The same. A street.*]

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE [severally].

Speed. Launce! By mine honesty, welcome
to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth,
for I am not welcome. I reckon this always,
that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, [s]
nor never welcome to a place till some certain
shot be paid and the hostess say, "Welcome!"

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-
house with you presently; where, for one shot
of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand [s]
welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part
with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest,
they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him? 15

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a
fish. 20

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter
with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well
with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand 25
thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou
canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too. Look thee, [30]
I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand
is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match? 35

Launce. Ask my dog. If he say ay, it will;
if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and
say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret [40]
from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, *Launce*,
how say'st thou, that my master is become a
notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise. 45

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest
him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mis-
tak'st me. 50

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I
meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot
lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though [55]
he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me
to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a
Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much [60]
charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Chris-
tian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. [The same. The Duke's palace.]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my
oath

Provokes me to this threefold perjury. 5
Love bade me swear and Love bids me for-
swear.

O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 10

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd 15
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose.

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself. 20
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For *Valentine*, myself, for *Julia*, *Silvia*.

I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And *Silvia*—witness Heaven, that made her
fair!— 25

Shows *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.

I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend. 30

I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial *Silvia*'s chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor. 35

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight,
Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine*.
For *Thurio*, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross 40
By some sly trick blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding-
ing.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!
[Exit.]

SCENE VII. [Verona. *Julia*'s house.]

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, assist me;
And even in kind love I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
To lesson me and tell me some good mean 5
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Proteus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; 10
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir *Proteus*.

Luc. Better forbear till *Proteus* make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my
soul's food? 15

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the only touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot
fire,

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of rea-
son.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more
it burns.

The current that with gentle murmur glides, 25
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage;

But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd
stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage; 30

And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step, 35

Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?

Jul. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men.

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds

As may beseech some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.

To be fantastic may become a youth

Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ?

Jul. That fits as well as, " Tell me, good my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale ? "

Why even what fashion thou best likes, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,

Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have

What thou think'st meet and is most mannerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me

For undertaking so unstaid a journey ?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If Proteus like your journey when you come,

No matter who 's displeas'd when you are gone :

I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances of infinite of love

Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth ;

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him !

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong

To bear a hard opinion of his truth :

Only deserve my love by loving him ;

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation ;

Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.

Come, answer not, but to it presently !

I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt. 90

ACT III

SCENE I. [Milan. The Duke's palace.]

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile ;

We have some secrets to confer about.

[Exit Thu.]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal ;

But when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter.

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows which would press you down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep,

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company and my court ;

But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,

And so unworthily disgrace the man, —

A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, —

I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept ;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend

And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;

For which the youthful lover now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently ;

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly

That my discovery be not aimed at ;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming. [Exit.] 90

[Enter VALENTINE.]

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import? 55

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me
awhile;

I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret. 60

'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities 65
Beseeeming such a wife as your fair daughter.

Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen,
froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my child 70

Nor fearing me as if I were her father;
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should have been cherish'd by her child-like
duty, 75

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife
And turn her out to who will take her in.

Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower,
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do
in this? 80

Duke. There is a lady of Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy
And nought esteems my aged eloquence.
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—

For long ago I have forgot to court; 85
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd—

How and which way I may bestow myself
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not
words.

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90
More than quick words do move a woman's
mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I
sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best
contents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more. 95

If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.

If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100
For "get you gone," she doth not mean
away!

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels'

faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. 105

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her
friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by
night. 110

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd and keys
kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her
window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the
ground,

And built so shelving that one cannot climb
it 115

Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of
cords,

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? Pray, sir, tell
me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a
child,

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a
ladder. 125

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may
bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length. 130

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the
turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak.
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my
lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a
cloak? 135

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.

What letter is this same? What's here? "To
Silvia!"

And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[Reads.]

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia
nightly, 140

And slaves they are to me that send them
flying;

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are
lying!

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest
them,

While I, their king, that hither them impor-
tune, 145
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath
blest'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune.

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord
would be."

What's here? 150

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon, — for thou art Merops' son, —

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car

And with thy daring folly burn the world? 155

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on
thee?

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence. 160

Thank me for this more than for all the favours

Which all too much I have bestowed on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court, 165

By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the
love

I ever bore my daughter or thyself.

Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;

But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from
hence. [Exit.]

Val. And why not death rather than living
torment? 170

To die is to be banish'd from myself,

And Silvia is myself. Banish'd from her

Is self from self, a deadly banishment!

What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? 175

Unless it be to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale;

Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180

There is no day for me to look upon.

She is my essence, and I leave to be,

If I be not by her fair influence

Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom. 185

Tarry I here, I but attend on death;

But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

[Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.]

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. Soho, soho!

Pro. What seest thou? 190

Launce. Him we go to find. There's not a
hair on's head but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? His spirit? 195

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I
strike? 200

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray
you, —

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valen-
tine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd and cannot hear
good news, 205

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine. 210

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.

Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn
me.

What is your news? 215

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you
are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banished — O, that's the
news! —

From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy
friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,

And now excess of it will make me surfeit. 220

Doth Silvia know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the
doom —

Which, unrev'rend, stands in effectual force —
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.

Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self, 225

Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe.

But neither bended knees, pure hands held
up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding
tears, 230

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her, 235

With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that
thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life;

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,

As ending anthem of my endless dolour. 240

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not
help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. 245

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250

The time now serves not to expostulate.

Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large

Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.

As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself 255

Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest
my boy,

Bid him make haste and meet me at the North-
gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! [Exeunt *Val.* and *Pro.*] 300

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 't is [265] I love; and yet 't is a woman; but what woman I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities [270] than a water-spaniel, — which is much in a bare Christian. [Pulling out a paper.] Here is the cate-log of her condition. "Imprimis: She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; [275] therefore is she better than a jade. "Item: She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

[Enter *SPEED*.]

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership? 280

Launce. With my master's ship? Why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st. 285

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head! Thou canst not read. 291

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather. [295]

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed! 300

Speed. [Reads.] "Imprimis: She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item: She brews good ale."

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: [305] "Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale."

Speed. "Item: She can sew."

Launce. That's as much as to say, "Can she so?"

Speed. "Item: She can knit." 310

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. "Item: She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd. 315

Speed. "Item: She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "Item: She hath many nameless virtues." 320

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues, that, indeed, know not their fathers and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues. 325

Speed. "Item: She is not to be [kiss'd] fasting, in respect of her breath."

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. "Item: She hath a sweet mouth." [330]

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "Item: She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk. 335

Speed. "Item: She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue. 340

Speed. "Item: She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item: She hath no teeth."

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts. 345

Speed. "Item: She is curst."

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "Item: She will often praise her [350] liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "Item: She is too liberal." 355

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut. Now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed. 360

Speed. "Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her. She was mine and not mine twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more. 365

Speed. "Item: She hath more hair than wit," —

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the [370] hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. "And more faults than hairs," —

Launce. That's monstrous. O, that that were out! 375

Speed. "And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

Speed. What then? 380

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee — that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! Ay, who art thou? He hath stay'd for a better man than thee. 385

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? Pox of your love-letters! [Exit.] 391

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter;—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [Exit.] 395

SCENE II. [The same. The Duke's palace.]

Enter DUKE and THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her. 5

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat Dissolves to water and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

[Enter PROTEUS.]

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman According to your proclamation?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief. 15

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so. Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—

For thou hast shown some sign of good desert— Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace Let me not live to look upon your Grace. 21

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant 25

How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do to make the girl forget The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent, Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it; 35 Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do. 'T is an ill office for a gentleman, 40

Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can endamage him;

Therefore the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your friend. 45

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

She shall not long continue love to him.

But say this weed her love from Valentine, It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine. 55

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,

Because we know, on Valentine's report,

You are already Love's firm votary

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access 60

Where you with Silvia may confer at large,—

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,

And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you,—

Where you may temper her by your persuasion

To hate young Valentine and love my friend. 65

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.

But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough.

You must lay lime to tangle her desires

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows. 70

Duke. Ay,

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;

Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears 75

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line

That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews, Whose golden touch could soften steel and

stones, 80

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet consort; to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump. The night's dead silence 85

Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, 90

Let us into the city presently

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music,

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen! 95

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*A forest on the frontiers of Mantua.*]*Enter certain OUTLAWS.*

1. *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

[Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.]

3. *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye.

If not, we'll make you sit and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1. *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2. *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3. *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we, for he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose.

A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disturnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd.

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2. *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy.

Or else I often had been miserable.

3. *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction!

1. *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them; it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men.

Myself was from Verona banish'd

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the Duke.

2. *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—

2. *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.
Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3. *Out.* What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?

Say ay, and be the captain of us all.

We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

1. *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer and will live with you,

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women or poor passengers.

3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

*[Exeunt.]*SCENE II. [*Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's window.*]*Enter PROTEUS.*

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,

I have access my own love to prefer.

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved;

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

But here comes *Thurio*. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

[*Enter THURIO and Musicians.*]

Thu. How now, Sir *Proteus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*; for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile. 25

[*Enter, at a distance, HOST, and JULIA in boy's clothes.*]

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly. I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry. 29

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*] 35

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but, peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is *Silvia*? What is she,

That all our swains commend her? 40

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness. 45

Love doth to her eyes repair

To help him of his blindness,

And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to *Silvia* let us sing

That *Silvia* is excelling; 50

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling.

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? The music likes you not. 55

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? Out of tune on the strings? 60

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart, 65

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing? 71

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir *Proteus* that we talk on Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me: he lov'd her out of all nick. 75

Jul. Where is *Launce*?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady. 80

Jul. Peace! stand aside; the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you. I will so plead That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*]

[*Enter SILVIA above.*]

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship. 85

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen. Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Proteus*, as I take it. 90

Pro. Sir *Proteus*, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish. My will is even this,

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man! 95

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear, 100

I am so far from granting thy request

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady; 105

But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;

For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet *Valentine* thy friend

Survives, to whom, thyself art witness, 110

I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave Assume thyself my love is buried. 115

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call hers
thence;

Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdu-
rate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber.

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside.] If 't were a substance, you
would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;

But since your falsehood shall become you
well

To worship shadows and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning and I'll send it;

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I
think 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest
night

That e'er I watch'd and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The same.*]

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia

Entreated me to call and know her mind.

There's some great matter she'd employ me
in.

Madam, madam!

[*Enter SILVIA above.*]

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;

One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good
morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose,

I am thus early come to know what service

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—

Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—

Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.

Thou art not ignorant what dear good will

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,

Nor how my father would enforce me marry

Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say

No grief did ever come so near thy heart

As when thy lady and thy true love died,

Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,

To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;

And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.

Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,

But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,

And on the justice of my flying hence,

To keep me from a most unholy match,

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart

As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,

To bear me company and go with me;

If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;

Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you,

Recking as little what betideth me

As much I wish all good befortune you.

When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good [45]
morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt [severally].*]

SCENE IV. [*The same.*]

Enter LAUNCE [with his Dog].

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the
cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that
I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from
drowning, when three or four of his blind bro-
thers and sisters went to it. I have taught him,
even as one would say precisely, "Thus I [5]
would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him
as a present to Mistress Silvia from my mas-
ter; and I came no sooner into the dining-
chamber but he steps me to her trencher and
steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing [10]
when a cur cannot keep himself in all compan-
ies! I would have, as one should say, one
that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to
be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not
had more wit than he, to take a fault upon
me that he did, I think verily he had been [15]
hang'd for 't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd
for 't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself
into the company of three or four gentleman-
like dogs, under the Duke's table. He had
not been there—bless the mark!—a piss- [20]
ing while, but all the chamber smelt him.
"Out with the dog!" says one. "What cur is
that?" says another. "Whip him out!" says
the third. "Hang him up!" says the Duke.
I, having been acquainted with the smell be-
fore, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the [25]
fellow that whips the dogs. "Friend," quoth
I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry,
do I," quoth he. "You do him the more
wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you
wot of." He makes me no more ado, but [30]
whips me out of the chamber. How many mas-
ters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll
be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings

he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath ³⁵ kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg and make water against a ⁴⁰ gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

[Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.]

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well
And will employ thee in some service presently. ⁴⁵

Jul. In what you please. I'll do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. [To *Launce*.] How now, you whoreson peasant!

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me. ⁵⁰

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog? ⁵⁵

Launce. No, indeed, did she not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the ⁶⁰ market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight. ⁶⁵

Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?

[Exit *Launce*.]

A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly that I have need of such a youth

That can with some discretion do my business, ⁷⁰

For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout,

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which, if my augury deceive me not,

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain

thee. ⁷⁵

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her

token.

She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not so; I think she lives. ⁸¹

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry "alas"?

Jul. I cannot choose

But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as

well ⁸⁵

As you do love your lady Silvia.

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry "alas!"

Pro. Well, give her that ring and there-
withal ⁹⁰

This letter. That's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

[Exit.]

Jul. How many women would do such a mes-
sage? ⁹⁵

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me; ¹⁰⁰

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from

me,

To bind him to remember my good will;

And now am I, unhappy messenger,

To plead for that which I would not obtain, ¹⁰⁵

To carry that which I would have refus'd,

To praise his faith which I would have dis-

prais'd.

I am my master's true-confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself. ¹¹⁰

Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him

speed.

[Enter *SILVIA*, attended.]

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my
mean

To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be
she? ¹¹⁵

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture. ¹²⁰

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

Go give your master this. Tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, ¹²⁴

Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—

Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not.

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again. ¹³⁰

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold!

I will not look upon your master's lines.

I know they are stuff'd with protestations

And full of new-found oaths, which he will

break ¹³⁵

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends

it me;

For I have heard him say a thousand times

His Julia gave it him at his departure. ¹⁴⁰

Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her. 145

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself.

To think upon her woes I do protest

That I have wept a hundred several times. 150

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her?

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her well. 155

She, in my judgement, was as fair as you
But since she did neglect her looking-glass
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face, 160
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part, 165
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judge-
ments,

As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agoon, 170
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 't was Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, 175
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words. 180
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou
lov'st her.

Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful! 185

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture; let me see. I think, 190
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love, 195
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be that he respects in her
But I can make respective in myself, 200
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and
ador'd!

And, were there sense in his idolatry, 205
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee! 210
[*Exit.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Milan. An abbey.*]

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet
me.

She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time; 5
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

[*Enter SILVIA.*]

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear I am attended by some spies. 10

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues
off.

If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The same. The Duke's palace.*]

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my
suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little. 5

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.

[*Jul. Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to
what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is
black. 10

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying
is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

[*Jul. Aside.*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put
out ladies' eyes;

For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse? 15

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and
peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you
hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20

Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions? 25

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke. 30

[*Enter DUKE.*]

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! How now, Thurio!

Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter? 35

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then, She's fled unto that peasant Valentine, 38 And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them both, As he in penance wander'd through the forest. Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it. 40 Besides, she did intend confession At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence. Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse, But mount you presently and meet with me 45 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.

Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl, That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50 I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love 55 Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. [*The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.*]

Enter OUTLAWS with SILVIA.

1. *Out.* Come, come, Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2. *Out.* Come, bring her away. 5

1. *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3. *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,

But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood; There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled. 10

The thicket is beset; he cannot scape.

1. *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! 15 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods, I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any, And to the nightingale's complaining notes 5

Tune my distresses and record my woes. O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless, Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall

And leave no memory of what it was! 10 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

What hallooing and what stir is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase. 15 They love me well; yet I have much to do To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here? [*Steps aside.*]

[*Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.*]

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,

Though you respect not aught your servant doth. 20

To hazard life and rescue you from him That would have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look; A smaller boon than this I cannot beg

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. 25

Val. [*Aside.*] How like a dream is this! I see and hear.

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came; But by my coming I have made you happy. 30

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion, I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me. 35

O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine, Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!

And full as much, for more there cannot be, I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.

Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. 40

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look !
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're be-
lov'd !

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's
belov'd. 45

Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy
faith

Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst
two, 50

And that's far worse than none. Better have
none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving
words 55

Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, — force
ye.

Sil. O heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch, 60
Thou friend of an ill fashion !

Pro. Valentine !

Val. Thou common friend, that's without
faith or love,

For such is a friend now ! Treacherous man,
Thou hast beguill'd my hopes ! Nought but mine
eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove
me. 65

Who should be trusted [now], when one's right
hand

Is perjured to the bosom ? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
The private wound is deepest. O time most
accurst,

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the
worst !

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.

Forgive me, Valentine ; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence, 75

I tender 't here ; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid ;

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are
pleas'd. 80

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd ;
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy ! [Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy. 85

Val. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now !
what's the matter ? Look up ; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to de-
liver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my
neglect, was never done. 90

Pro. Where is that ring, boy ?

Jul. Here 't is ; this is it.

Pro. How ? let me see !

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook ;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. 95

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring ? At
my depart

I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ! Julia ! 100

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy
oaths,

And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root !

O Proteus let this habit make thee blush !

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me 105

Such an immodest raiment, if shame live

In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes than men their
minds.

Pro. Than men their minds ! 'tis true. O
heaven ! were man 110

But constant, he were perfect. That one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through

all the sins.
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ? 115

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close ;

'T were pity two such friends should be long
foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish
for ever.

Jul. And I mine. 120

[Enter OUTLAWS, with DUKE and THURIO.]

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize !

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say ! It is my lord
the Duke.

Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine !

Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's my mine. 125

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy
death ;

Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands :

Take but possession of her with a touch, — 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.

I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine. 135

Duke. The more degenerate and base art
thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done
And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
 Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
 Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
 Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
 To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine, ¹⁴⁵
 Thou art a gentleman and well deriv'd;
 Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd
 her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made
 me happy.
 I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
 To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. ¹⁵⁰

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it
 be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept
 withal

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities.
 Forgive them what they have committed here
 And let them be recall'd from their exile. ¹⁵⁵
 They are reformed, civil, full of good,
 And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them
 and thee;

Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
 Come, let us go; we will include all jars ¹⁶⁰
 With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
 With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
 What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he
 blushes. ¹⁶⁵

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace
 than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass
 along

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
 Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
 The story of your loves discovered; ¹⁷⁰
 That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
 One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

IN 1600 two quarto editions of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* appeared. The earlier, printed for Thomas Fisher, seems to have been taken from an authentic manuscript, and on it the present text is based. The later, printed by James Roberts, follows the earlier with few changes beyond the addition of some stage directions. The text of the play in the First Folio appears to have been printed from a prompter's copy of Roberts's Quarto. The chief differences are in the division into acts, not hitherto marked, and in the presence of yet more detailed stage directions.

The only piece of external evidence of the existence of the play before 1600 is the mention of it by Meres in 1598. Attempts to date it more exactly are based chiefly on very slight probabilities. The supposed borrowing of II. i. 2, 3 from the sixth book of *The Faerie Queene*, and the possible allusion in V. i. 52 to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses* are of no real assistance. Slightly more plausible is the theory that Titania's description of the inverted seasons in II. i. 88-114 derived point from the violent storms which afflicted England in 1594, and was perhaps suggested by them. It is hard to believe that the fear of the clowns lest the lion should frighten the ladies needed the hint of an actual incident occurring at a spectacle at the Scottish court in 1594, when a Moor was substituted for a lion lest the spectators should be disturbed. So far as these very slight indications go, they point to 1594-95. The impression one receives of the stage of maturity implied in the style, characterization, and construction of the play, and the evidence from the meter fit this date; and most modern scholars incline to accept it.

Certain marked peculiarities of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* indicate that it was not written primarily for the public stage. The prominence of the marriage of Theseus in the setting, the general masque-like character of the whole, with its abundance of lyric, dance, and spectacle, and the virtual epithalamium with which it closes, all suggest that it was originally devised for some nobleman's wedding. The open flattery of Elizabeth in II. i. 157-164, and the praise of chastity in I. i. 74, 75, point further to the actual presence of the Queen. The most suitable occasion so far suggested is the marriage of the Earl of Derby to Elizabeth Vere, which took place at the Court at Greenwich in 1594.

No original for the main plot has been found. The most obvious sources whence Shakespeare may have derived information about Theseus are Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* and North's translation of Plutarch's *Life of Theseus*. From the former he might have got the idea of the marriage festivities of Theseus, the May-Day observances, the hunting scene, the name of Philostrate, and some minor details. From the latter he might have taken a few proper names, and allusions to the previous adventures of Theseus in love and war.

The story of Pyramus and Thisbe was accessible to him in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in Golding's translation of the same, in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, and in various later forms. A love-potion with an effect somewhat similar to, but by no means identical with, that of the love-juice of Oberon plays a part in the *Diana* of Montemayor, from which the dramatist had taken part of the plot of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

The fairy-lore is based mainly on popular tradition. Titania is one of Ovid's names for Diana. Oberon had appeared in medieval romances such as *Huon of Bordeaux*, in Greene's *James IV*, in *The Faerie Queene*, and elsewhere. Robin Goodfellow was a familiar figure in folk-lore, and had already made his way into books. But Shakespeare worked on these figures, and on the fairy-world in general, a transformation into something all his own; and in so doing permanently modified this whole field of popular fancy. There is perhaps no one achievement of his genius which has had so pervasive an effect as his treatment of fairies in the present play and in Mercutio's speech on Queen Mab, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
EGEUS, father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, betrothed to Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus.

QUINCE, a carpenter,	} presenting	PROLOGUE.
BOTTOM, a weaver,		PYRAMUS.
FLUTE, a bellows-mender,		THISBE.
SNOUT, a tinker,		WALL.
SNUG, a joiner,		LION.
STARVELING, a tailor,		MOONSHINE.

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, daughter to Egeus, betrothed to Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, king of the fairies.	} fairies.
TITANIA, queen of the fairies.	
ROBIN GOODFELLOW, a Puck.	
PEASEBLOSSOM,	
COWEB,	
MOTH,	
MUSTARDSEED,	

Other fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: Athens, and a wood near it.]

ACT I

[SCENE I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, [PHILOSTRATE,]
with others.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit Philostrate.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news
with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.

Stand forth, Lysander: and, my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosom of my
child.

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her
rhymes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child.
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With fainting voice verses of faining love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, con-
coits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, — mes-
sengers

Of strong prevailment in unhard'ned youth.
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart,

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness; and, my gracious
Duke,

Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd,
fair maid.

To you your father should be as a god,
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax;
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgement look.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me. I know not by what power I am made bold, Nor how it may concern my modesty, 60 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts; But I beseech your Grace that I may know The worst that may befall me in this case, If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death or to abjure 65 For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires, Know of your youth, examine well your blood, Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun, 70 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd, To live a barren sister all your life, Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon. Thrice-blessed they that master so their blood To undergo such maiden pilgrimage; 75 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd, Than that which withering on the virgin thorn Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, Ere I will yield my virgin patent up 80 Unto his lordship, whose unwish'd yoke My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—

The sealing-day betwixt my love and me, For everlasting bond of fellowship— 85 Upon that day either prepare to die For disobedience to your father's will, Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would, Or on Diana's altar to protest For aye austerity and single life. 90

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius, Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love, 95

And what is mine my love shall render him.

And she is mine, and all my right of her

I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he, As well possess'd; my love is more than his; 100 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,

If not with vantage, as Demetrius';

And, which is more than all these boasts can be, I am below'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right? 105 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,

Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,

And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes, Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,

Upon this spotted and inconstant man. 110

The. I must confess that I have heard so much,

And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;

But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;

And come, Egeus; you shall go with me, 115 I have some private schooling for you both.

For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself To fit your fancies to your father's will;

Or else the law of Athens yields you up— Which by no means we may extenuate— 120

To death, or to a vow of single life.

Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?

Demetrius and Egeus, go along,

I must employ you in some business

Against our nuptial, and confer with you 125

Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well 130

Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,

Could ever hear by tale or history, The course of true love never did run smooth;

But, either it was different in blood,— 135

Her. O cross! too high to be enthral'd to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffed in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes. 140

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,

Making it momentary as a sound,

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,

Brief as the lightning in the collied night, 145

That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,

And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"

The jaws of darkness do devour it up; So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd, 150

It stands as an edict in destiny.

Then let us teach our trial patience,

Because it is a customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,

Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers. 155

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager

Of great revenue, and she hath no child.

From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;

And she respects me as her only son. 160

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;

And to that place the sharp Athenian law

Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,

Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the town, 165

Where I did meet thee once with Helena

To do observance to a morn of May,

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,

By his best arrow with the golden head, 170
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage
queen,

When the false Trojan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke, 175
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither
away? 180

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again
unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair, O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's
sweet air

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds
appear. 185

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your
eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being
bated, 190

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill! 195

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows
me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty. Would that fault
were mine! 201

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see
my face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see, 205

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me;
O, then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

Her silver visage in the watery glass, 210

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie, 215

Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my *Lysander* and myself shall meet;

And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow! Pray thou for us;

And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*! 221
Keep word, *Lysander*; we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.

Lys. I will, my *Hermia*. [*Exit Herm.*

Helena, adieu: 225

As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you! [*Exit.*

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on *Hermia's* eyes, 230
So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpoze to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. 235

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;

And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

As waggish boys in game themselves for-
swear, 240

So the boy *Love* is perjur'd every where:
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia's* eyne,

He hail'd down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from *Hermia* felt,

So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did
melt. 245

I will go tell him of fair *Hermia's* flight;
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night

Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.

But herein mean I to enrich my pain, 250
To have his sight thither and back again.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE II. *Athens. Quince's house.*]

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally,
man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's
name, which is thought fit, through all Athens,
to play in our interlude before the Duke and [5
the Duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter *Quince*, say what the
play treats on, then read the names of the
actors, and so grow to a point. 10

Quin. Marry, our play is, *The most lamentable*
comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and
Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure
you, and a merry. Now, good Peter *Quince*,
call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, [15
spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick *Bottom*,
the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and
proceed. 21

Quin. You, Nick *Bottom*, are set down for
Pyramus.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*? A lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gal-
lant for love. 25

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play [50] *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks 35
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates." 40

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince. 45

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming. 50

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, "Thisne! Thisne! Ah *Pyramus*, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady [55] dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play *Pyramus*; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor. 60

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, *Pyramus'* father; myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's [65] part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is [70] nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again." 75

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son. 80

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you [85] as 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*; for *Pyramus* is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper

man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*. 91

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your [95] straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefac'd. [100] But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogg'd with company, [105] and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu. [110]

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeun.*]

ACT II

[SCENE I. A wood near Athens.]

Enter a FAIRY at one door and ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW at another.

Robin. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be; 10
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. 15
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Robin. The King doth keep his revels here
to-night;
Take heed the Queen come not within his
sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath, 20
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild; 25
But she perforce withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all
her joy;
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,

But they do square, that all their elves for
fear 80

Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making
quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery, 35
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn,

And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their
harm?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet
Puck, 40

You do their work, and they shall have good
luck.

Are not you he?

Robin. Thou speakest aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile, 45
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale. 50
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me.
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and
laugh. 55

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he
were gone!

*Enter the King of Fairies [OBERON] at one
door with his train; and the Queen [TITA-
NIA] at another with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania. 60

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip
hence:

I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy
lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairy land, 65
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon, 70
Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta, 75
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
night

From Perigonia, whom he ravished?

And make him with fair Egle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa? 80

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rusky brook,
Or in the beached margin of the sea, 85
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our
sport.

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land, 90
Hath every petty river made so proud
That they have overcome their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in
vain.

The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green
corn

Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard. 95

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock,
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green

For lack of tread are undistinguishable. 100

The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,

That rheumatic diseases do abound. 105

And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds 110

Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is

which. 115

And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;

We are their parents and original. 120

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman. 125

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a votaress of my order,
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,

Full often hath she gossip'd by my side, 130

And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood,

When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;

Which she with pretty and with swimming gait
Following, her womb then rich with my young

squire, 135

Would imitate, and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,

As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die; 140

And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you
stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding-
day.

If you will patiently dance in our round 140
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!

We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. 145
[Exit *(Titania with her train)*.]

Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove

Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back 150
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

To hear the sea-maid's music?

Robin. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not, 155

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft 161
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,

And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell. 165
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,

And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee once.

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid 170
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Robin. I'll put a girdle round about the earth 175

In forty minutes. [Exit.]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull, 180
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me. 185
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.

Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me. 190

Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;

And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;

But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth 195
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worse place can I beg in your love,—
And yet a place of high respect with me,—
Than to be used as you use your dog? 210

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,

To leave the city and commit yourself 215
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night

And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For that 220

It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.

Then how can it be said I am alone, 225
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,

And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; 231
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go; 235

Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!

Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex. 240
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.

We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.
[Exit Dem.]

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [Exit.]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove, 245

Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Re-enter [ROBIN GOODFELLOW].

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Robin. Ay, there it is.

Obe.

I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows, ²⁵⁰
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd
skin, ²⁵⁵

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.

A sweet Athenian lady is in love ²⁶⁰
With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove ²⁶⁵
More fond on her than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock
crow.

Robin. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings

To make my small elves coats, and some keep back ⁵

The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

THE FAIRIES sing.

[1. Fairy.] "You spotted snakes with double tongue,

Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen; ¹⁰
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen."

[Cho.] "Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby. ¹⁵
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So, good night, with lullaby."

1. Fairy. "Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence! ²¹
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence."

[Cho.] "Philomel, with melody," etc.

2. Fairy. Hence, away! now all is well. ²⁴
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies.*] Titania sleeps.

Enter OBERON [and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids].

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take,
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear, ³⁰
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood; ³⁵

And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.

We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,

And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, *Lysander*. Find you out a bed;

For I upon this bank will rest my head. ⁴⁰

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;

One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.

Her. Nay, good *Lysander*; for my sake, my dear,

Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence! ⁴⁵

Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit

So that but one heart we can make of it;

Two bosoms interchained with an oath;

So then two bosoms and a single troth. ⁵⁰

Then by your side no bed-room me deny;

For lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily.

Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,

If *Hermia* meant to say *Lysander* lied. ⁵⁵

But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

Lie further off; in human modesty,

Such separation as may well be said

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,

So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend. ⁶⁰

Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;

And then end life when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd! [*They sleep.*] ⁶⁵

Enter [ROBIN GOODFELLOW].

Robin. Through the forest have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence — Who is here? ⁷⁰
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear!
This is he, my master said,
Despised the *Athenian* maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground. ⁷⁵

Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid 80
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid;
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [Exit.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus. 85

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.

Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [Exit.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies, 90
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear; 95
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground! 100
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [Awaking.] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart. 105

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord,
what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content. 110

Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love.

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd; 115
And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will 120
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man, 125

That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo. 130

But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [Exit.]
Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep 135
thou there;

And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive, 140
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might

To honour Helen and to be her knight. [Exit.]
Her. [Awaking.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best 145

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey. 150
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh. 155
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

[Exit.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. The wood. Titania lying asleep.]

Enter the Clowns [QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING].

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke. 6

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. 10
First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done. 15

Bot. Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them 20 that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six. 25

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with ^[30] yourselves. To bring in — God shield us! — a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion. ^[36]

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, "Ladies," or "Fair ladies, I would wish you," or "I ^[40] would request you," or "I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;" and there indeed let him ^[45] name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight. ^[51]

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac! Find out moonshine, find out moonshine. ^[55]

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a ^[60] bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall. ^[65]

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; ^[71] or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you ^[75] have spoken your speech, enter into that brake. And so every one according to his cue.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW [behind].

Robin. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen? ^[80]

What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;

An actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet," —

Quin. Odorous, odorous. ^[85]

Bot. — "Odours savours sweet;

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.

But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile, And by and by I will to thee appear." *[Exit.]*

Robin. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here. *[Exit.]* ^[90]

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue, ^[95]

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to ^[101] Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter. Your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Flu. O, — "As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire." ^[105]

[Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.]

Bot. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!

[Exeunt [Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling].]

Robin. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier. ^[110]

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. *[Exit.]*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afraid. ^[115]

Re-enter SNOOT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass-head of your own, do you? *[Exit Snout.]* ^[120]

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. *[Exit.]*

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will ^[127] sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. *[Sings.]*

"The ouzel cock so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true, ^[130]

The wren with little quill," —

Tita. *[Awaking.]* What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings.*]

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;" ¹³⁰
for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish
a bird? Who would give a bird the lie, though
he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note; ¹⁴¹
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtues, force perforce, doth move
me

On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have ¹⁴⁵
little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth,
reason and love keep little company together
now-a-days; the more the pity that some honest
neighbours will not make them friends. Nay,
I can glean upon occasion. ¹⁵⁰

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough
to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve
mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; ¹⁵⁵
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or
no.

I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, ¹⁶⁰
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost
sleep.

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed! ¹⁶⁵

*Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and
MUSTARDSEED.*

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentle-
man.

Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulber-
ries; ¹⁷⁰

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butter-
flies ¹⁷⁵

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail! ¹⁸⁰

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worships mercy, heartily. I
beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,
good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I ¹⁸⁵
shall make bold with you. Your name, honest
gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress ¹⁹⁰
Squash, your mother, and to Master Peasecod,
your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall
desire you of more acquaintance too. Your
name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed. ¹⁹⁵

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your
patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like
ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of
your house. I promise you your kindred hath
made my eyes water ere now. I desire you
more acquaintance, good Master Mustard- ²⁰⁰
seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my
bower.

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity. ²⁰⁵

Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Here comes my messenger.

How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted
grove? ⁵

Robin. My mistress with a monster is in
love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals, ¹⁰
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and ent'red in a brake. ¹⁵
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nose I fixed on his head.

Anon his Thisby must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him
spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye, ²⁰
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one
falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls. ²⁵
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears
thus strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;

Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. 30

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise. 35

But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Robin. I took him sleeping, — that is finish'd too, —

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd. 40

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Robin. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?

Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse. 45

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day 50

As he to me: would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bor'd and that the moon

May through the centre creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes. 55
It cannot be but thou hast murd'rd him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look, and so should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;

Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere. 61

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds 65

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?

Henceforth be never numb'rd among men!
O, once tell true, tell true, even for my sake!
Durst thou have look'd upon him being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch! 70

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood.

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood; 75

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so: 80
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;

Here therefore for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow 84

For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[Lies down [and sleeps].

Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue 90
Some true love turn'd and not a false turn'd true.

Robin. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find. 95

All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.

By some illusion see thou bring her here.

I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Robin. I go, I go; look how I go, 100
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye.

When his love he doth espy, 105

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.

When thou wak'st, if she be by,

Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Robin. Captain of our fairy band, 110
Helena is here at hand;

And the youth, mistook by me,

Pleading for a lover's fee,

Shall we their fond pageant see?

Lord, what fools these mortals be! 115

Obe. Stand aside. The noise they make

Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Robin. Then will two at once woo one;

That must needs be sport alone.

And those things do best please me

That befall preposterously. 121

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears.

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears. 125

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray !
These vows are Hermia's ; will you give her
o'er ? 130

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh.

Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgement when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give
her o'er. 135

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not
you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine !

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne ?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting
grow ! 140

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss !

Hel. O spite ! O hell ! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment. 145

If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too ? 150

If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so ;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia ;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena. 155

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes

With your derision ! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort 160

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius ; be not so ;

For you love Hermia ; this you know I know.
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part ; 165
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love and will do till my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle

breath.
Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia ; I will
none.

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone. 170
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not
know,

Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. 175
Look, where thy love comes ; yonder is thy

dear.

Re-enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his func-
tion takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense. 180
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found ;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so ?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth
press to go ?

Her. What love could press Lysander from
my side ? 185

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all your fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me ? Could not this make
thee know,

The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so ?
Her. You speak not as you think. It cannot
be. 191

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy !
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd all three

To fashion this false sport, in spite of me,
Injurious Hermia ! most ungrateful maid ! 195

Have you conspir'd, have you with these con-
triv'd

To bait me with this foul derision ?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have
spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time 200
For parting us, — O, is all forgot ?

All school-days' friendship, childhood inno-
cence ?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion, 205
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition ; 210

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart ;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.

And will you rend our ancient love asunder, 215
To join with men in scorn your poor friend ?

It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,

Though I alone do feel the injury.
Her. I am amazed at your passionate words.

I scorn you not ; it seems that you scorn me. 221
Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

To follow me and praise my eyes and face ?
And made your other love, Demetrius,

Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare, 225

Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates ? And wherefore doth Lysan-
der

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 230

But by your setting on, by your consent ?
What though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unlov'd ?

This you should pity rather than despise. 235
Her. I understand not what you mean by

this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,

Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 240
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 't is partly my own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse,
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena! 246

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers. 250

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do!

I swear by that which I will lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too. 255

Dem. Quick, come!

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no; he'll [but]

Seem to break loose. Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose, 260

Or I'll shake thee from me like a serpent!

Her. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this?

Sweet love, —

Lys. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you. 265

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her,
kill her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. 270

Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me: 275

Why, then you left me — O, the gods forbid! —
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 't is no jest 280

That I do hate thee and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!

You thief of love! What, have you come by night

And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, if faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame, 285
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.

Now I perceive that she hath made compare 290
Between our statures; she hath urg'd her

height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.

And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low? 295

How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,

Let her not hurt me. I was never curst; 300
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me. 306

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood. 310

He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence and threat'ned me.

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back 315
And follow you no further. Let me go.

You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone; who is 't that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena. 321

Dem. No, sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!

She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce. 325

Her. Little again! Nothing but low and little!

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious 330
In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not. 336

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek
by jowl.

[Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.]

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of
you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I, 840
Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away. *[Exit.]*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to
say. *[Exit.]*

Obe. This is thy negligence. Still thou mis-
tak'st, 845

Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Robin. Believe me, king of shadows, I mis-
took.

Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise, 850
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;

And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to
fight;

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night. 855
The starry welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray

As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong; 861
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them, thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye; 866

Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,

And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision 870

Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,

With league whose date till death shall never
end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy; 875

And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be

peace.

Robin. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste,

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full
fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger, 880
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and

there,
Troop home to churchyards. Damned spirits all,

That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

For fear lest day should look their shames
upon, 885

They wilfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd

night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, 890
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste, make no delay.
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit.] 895

Robin. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.

I am fear'd in field and town.

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one. 900

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Speak thou now.

Robin. Here, villain; drawn and ready.

Where art thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Robin. Follow me, then,

To plainer ground.

[Exit Lysander, as following the voice.]

Re-enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander, speak again!
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled? 905

Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide
thy head?

Robin. Thou coward, art thou bragging to
the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come,

thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd 910

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Robin. Follow my voice. We'll try no man-
hood here. *[Exeunt.]*

[Re-enter LYSANDER.]

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me
on.

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd than I; 915

I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,

And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[Lies down.]

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. 920

[Sleeps.]

Re-enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW and DEMETRIUS.

Robin. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I
wot

Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

Robin. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou
shalt buy this dear, 925

If ever I thy face by daylight see.
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. 480
[Lies down and sleeps.]

Re-enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious
night,
Abate thy hours! Shine, comforts, from the
east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest.
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's
eye, 485
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
[Lies down and] sleeps.

Robin. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad.
Cupid is a knavish lad, 440

Re-enter HERMIA.

Thus to make poor females mad.
Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day. 446
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a
fray! [Lies down and sleeps.]

Robin. On the ground
Sleep sound.
I'll apply 450
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight 455
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown. 460
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all
shall be well. [Exit.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. The same.]

[LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, and HER-
MIA, lying asleep.]

Enter TITANIA and Clown [BOTTOM; PEASE-
BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARDSEED,]
and [other] Fairies [attending]; OBERON behind
[unseen].

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Peaseblossom? 5
Peas. Ready.
Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom.
Where's Mounsiur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready. —

Bot. Mounsiur Cobweb, good mounsiur, get
you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a [1]
red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle;
and, good mounsiur, bring me the honey-bag.
Do not fret yourself too much in the action,
mounsiur; and, good mounsiur, have a care
the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to [18]
have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.
Where's Mounsiur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsiur Mus- [20]
tardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good
mounsiur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsiur, but to help
Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the
barber's, mounsiur; for methinks I am [25]
marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such
a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my
sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music.
Let's have the tongs and the bones. 31

[Music. Tongs. Rural music.]

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st
to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could
munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a
great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay,
sweet hay, hath no fellow. 38

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new
nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of
dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your [40]
people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep
come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my
arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be always away.

[Exeunt fairies.]

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle 45
Gently entwine; the female ivy so
Enrings the barks fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[They sleep.]

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Obe. [Advancing.] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity; 50
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers; 55
And that same dew, which sometime on the
buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace be-
wail.

When I had at my pleasure taunted her 60
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;

Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes;
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

[*Touching her eyes.*]

Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.

Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
[*Music, still.*]

Robin. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity

And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity.

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Robin. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade.

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night

That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt. Horns winded [within].*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and all his train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is perform'd,
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,

So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian
bulls;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here
asleep,

And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.

I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day

That Hermia should give answer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with
their horns.

[*Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her. wake and start up.*]

Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.

But, as I think, — for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is, —

I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law —

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough.

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would,

Demetrius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their
stealth,

Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power, —
But by some power it is, — my love to Hermia,
Melted as [is] the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only Helena. To her, my lord,

Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;
But like a sickness did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it. 180

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus. I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit. 185
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta. 190

[Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,

When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, 195
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure that we're awake? It seems to me

That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta. 200

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him;

And by the way let us recount our dreams.

[Exeunt lovers.]

Bot. *(Awaking.)* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My next is, "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! 205
Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he 210 go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, — and methought I had, — but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not 215 heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called Bottom's 220 Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE II. Athens. Quince's house.]

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNAOUT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens. 10

Snout. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say "paragon"; a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from 15 the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day. An the 20 Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts? 25

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no 30 true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your 35 apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, 40 for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go, away! 45

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

[SCENE I. Athens. The palace of Theseus.]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords [and Attendants].

Hip. 'T is strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true; I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend 5 More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact. One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;

That is, the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. 11

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen 15
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy no-
thing

A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy; 20
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images, 25
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter lovers, LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA,
and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and
mirth.

Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us 30
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masques, what dances
shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth? 35
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for
this evening?

What masque? what music? How shall we be-
guile 40

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are
ripe.

Make choice of which your Highness will see
first. [Giving a paper.]

The. [Reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs,
to be sung

By an Athenian eunuch to the harp." 45
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

That is an old device; and it was play'd 50
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the
death

Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony. 55

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this dis-
cord? 60

Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten
words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted. 65

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed. 70

The. What are they that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now,
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories

With this same play, against your nuptial. 75

The. And we will hear it.

Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you. I have heard it over,

And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents, 79

Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,

When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies. [Exit Philostrate.]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
charged, 85

And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no
such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this
kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake; 90
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences, 95

Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,

Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome; 100

And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-ti'd simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity. 105

[Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.]

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is
address'd.

The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.]

Enter [QUINCE for] the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to

offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end. 111

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight

We are not here. That you should here re-
pent you, 115

The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough
colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral,
my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to
speak true. 121

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue
like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in
government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; 125
nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is
next?

*Enter with a trumpet before them, PYRAMUS and
THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this
show;

But wonder on, till truth make all things
plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know; 130

This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth pre-
sent

Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers
sunder;

And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are
content

To whisper. At the which let no man won-
der. 135

This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night, 141

Did scare away, or rather did affright;

And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,

Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, 145

And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;

Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful

blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade, 149

His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain

At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and*

Moonshine.

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, 155

when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;

And such a wall, as I would have you think,

That had in it a crannied hole or chink, 160

Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth

show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so;

And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whis-
per. 165

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I
heard discourse, my lord. 169

Enter PYRAMUS.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!
Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue
so black!

O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,

I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!

And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall, 175

That stand'st between her father's ground
and mine!

Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

Show me thy chink, to blink through with
mine eye!

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well
for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see. 180

O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!

Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible,
should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 185

"Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue. She is to en-
ter now, and I am to spy her through the wall.

You shall see it will fall pat as I told you. Yon-
der she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my
moans, 190

For parting my fair Pyramus and me!

My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones,

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,

To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face. 195

Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
grace;

And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me
kill. 200

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pyr. O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at
all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
straightway? 205

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without
delay. [*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged
so;

And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*
The. Now is the moon used between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are
so wilful to hear without warning. 211

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them. 215

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion. 221

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

May now perchance both quake and tremble here, When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am 226

A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;

For, if I should as lion come in strife

Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good [230

conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that

e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion. [235

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot

carry his discretion, and the fox carries the

goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry

his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It

is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us [240

hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon

present; —

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his

head. 245

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are in-

visible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the horned moon

present;

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest.

The man should be put into the lantern. [251

How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the can-

dle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am awear of this moon. Would he

would change! 256

The. It appears, by his small light of discre-

tion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in cour-

tesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon. 260

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you

that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the

moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and

this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lan-

tern; for all these are in the moon. But, [265

silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is

my love?

Lion. (Roaring.) Oh — [Thisbe runs off. 270

Dem. Well roar'd, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon

shines with a good grace.

[The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle,

and exit.]

The. Well mous'd, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd. 275

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny

beams;

I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. 280

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

What dreadful dole is here!

Eyes, do you see?

How can it be? 285

O dainty duck! O dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stain'd with blood!

Approach, ye Furies fell!

O Fates, come, come,

Out thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear

friend, would go near to make a man look

sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions

frame? 290

Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear;

Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd

with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus;

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop. [Stabs himself.] 300

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky.

Tongue, lose thy light;

Moon, take thy flight. [Exit Moonshine.] 305

Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies.]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is

but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead;

he is nothing. 315

The. With the help of a surgeon he might

yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before

Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Re-enter THISBE.

The. She will find him by starlight. Here [320

she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one

for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which

Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a

man, God warrant us; she for a woman, [328]
God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those
sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet :— 330

This. Asleep, my love?

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus, arise!

Speak, speak! Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb 335

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

These lily lips,

This cherry nose,

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone! 340

Lovers, make moan.

His eyes were green as leeks.

O Sisters Three,

Come, come to me,

With hands as pale as milk; 345

Lay them in gore,

Since you have shore

With shears his thread of silk.

Tongue, not a word!

Come, trusty sword; 350

Come, blade, my breast imbrue;

[*Stabs herself.*]

And, farewell, friends;

Thus, Thisby ends.

Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*]

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury [355]
the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall too.

[*Bot. Starting up.*] No, I assure you; the
wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it
please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Ber-
gomask dance between two of our company? [361]

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play
needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the
players are all dead, there need none to be
blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played
Pyramus and hang'd himself in Thisbe's gar- [365]
ter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so
it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But,
come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone.

[*A dance.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 't is almost fairy time. --- 371

I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguild
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.

A fortnight hold we this solemnity 376

In nightly revels and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Robin. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores, 380

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the screech-owl, screeching
loud,

Puts the wretch that lies in woe

In remembrance of a shroud. 385

Now it is the time of night

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide.

And we fairies, that do run 390

By the triple Hecate's team

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic. Not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallowed house. 395

I am sent with broom before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA with their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light

By the dead and drowsy fire,

Every elf and fairy sprite 400

Hop as light as bird from brier;

And this ditty, after me,

Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,

To each word a warbling note. 405

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song [and dance].*]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray.

To the best bride-bed will we, 410

Which by us shall blessed be;

And the issue there create

Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three

Ever true in loving be; 415

And the blots of Nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,

Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Despised in nativity, 420

Shall upon their children be.

With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait,

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace, with sweet peace;

And the owner of it blest 425

Ever shall in safety rest.

Trip away; make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt [Oberon, Titania, and train].*]

Robin. If we shadows have offended, 430

Think but this, and all is mended,

That you have but slumb'ring here

While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream, 435

Gentles, do not reprehend.

If you pardon, we will mend.

And, as I am an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue, 440

We will make amends ere long;

Else the Puck a liar call.

So, good night unto you all.

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends. 445

[*Exit.*]

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

ON July 22, 1598, James Roberts entered *The Marchaunt of Venyce or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce* in the Stationers' Register, and in the same year the play was named in Meres's list. These two references fix a later limit for the date of the play; but no evidence equally strong has been found for an earlier. An entry in Henslowe's Diary notes the first production of "the Venesyon comodey" on August 25, 1594, in the theatre in which Shakespeare's company was then acting; and this has been interpreted as referring to *The Merchant of Venice*. But the frequency of plots from Italian sources makes the identification precarious. In 1594 Dr. Roderigo Lopez, a prominent Jewish physician, was hanged in London on a charge of treason and conspiracy to murder Queen Elizabeth and the Portuguese pretender, Antonio Perez. It has been supposed that the present play was produced about this time in order to take advantage of the popular excitement stirred up by the enemies of Lopez against Jews; and a slight corroboration of this theory has been found in the occurrence of the name Antonio as that of the intended victim in both the history and the drama. But the maturity exhibited in the workmanship of the play has made scholars reluctant to accept so early a date, and it is probably not earlier than 1596.

Though registered in 1598, the comedy did not appear till 1600, when two quartos were published, one by James Roberts, the other by Thomas Heyes, both, apparently, printed by Roberts. The text of the First Folio is taken from Heyes's edition. Opinion is divided as to the comparative merits of Roberts's and Heyes's quartos. Though differing but slightly, they seem to be printed from independent transcripts of the same copy of the original manuscript, so that neither can claim a superior authority throughout. The present text is the result of an attempt to reach as nearly as possible their original from a comparison of the readings in each case of variation.

It seems likely that Shakespeare's immediate source was a lost play of whose existence we are aware from a passage in Gosson's *School of Abuse* (1579), in which he speaks of the prose play of the *Jew* shown at the Bull, "representing the greediness of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers." This is plausibly interpreted as indicating a play combining the story of the caskets with that of the pound of flesh. The connection of a ballad of uncertain date on the cruelty of "Gernutus the Jew" with Shakespeare's play is slight and doubtful in the extreme. Our author or his immediate predecessor, however, in all probability did have access to the first novel of the fourth day in Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone* (1378), which combines the stories of the bond and the rings, and names Belmont as the lady's residence. In the fourteenth tale of Masuccio di Salerno (*fl. ca. 1470*) a young man elopes with a miser's daughter who carries off her father's jewels; but the resemblance to the story of Jessica and Lorenzo is not strong enough to prove a connection. The only other document of importance as a possible immediate source is a declamation in *The Orator* by Alexander Silvayn, translated into English, and printed in 1596. After a summary of the story of the bond, Silvayn gives speeches by the Jew and the merchant, and the former of these may well have supplied hints for some of Shylock's lines. Besides the story of the caskets, however, both the underplots of Jessica and of Nerissa are absent from all of these extant versions of the story of the bond. Yet, so long as the play mentioned by Gosson remains undiscovered, it is impossible to say how much of the elaborate construction of *The Merchant of Venice* is due to Shakespeare, and how much to his unknown predecessor.

The constituent elements of the plot, when taken apart, are found to belong to several very old and widespread traditions. The story of the pound of flesh occurs in Oriental legend, in the *Dolopathos*, the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Cursor Mundi*, and elsewhere. The story of the caskets appears in the romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, in the *Speculum Historiale* of Vincent of Beauvais, and in the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus de Voragine; while somewhat similar tales on the deceptiveness of appearances are still more widespread.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE.
 THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to Portia.
 THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
 ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.
 BASSANIO, his friend, suitor to Portia.
 SALANIO, }
 SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
 GRATIANO, }
 SALERIO, }
 LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
 SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.
 LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock.
 OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.
 LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.
 BALTHASAR, } servants to Portia.
 STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich heiress.
 NERISSA, her waiting-gentlewoman.
 JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice and partly at Belmont, the seat of Portia.*]

ACT I

[SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*]

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
 It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
 There, where your argosies with portly sail,
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture
 forth, 15

The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass to know where sits the
 wind,

Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
 And every object that might make me fear 20
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth
 Would blow me to an ague when I thought
 What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run 25
 But I should think of shallows and of flats,
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
 And see the holy edifice of stone, 30
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,

And, in a word, but even now worth this, 35
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the
 thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing bechanc'd would make me
 sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for
 it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year: 45
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salar. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!
Salar. Not in love neither? Then let us say
 you are sad,

Because you are not merry; and 't were as
 easy

For you to laugh and leap and say you are
 merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Janus, 50

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time;
 Some that will evermore peep through their
 eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
 And other of such vinegar aspect
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of
 smile, 55

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well;
 We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made
 you merry, 60

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords. 85

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we
laugh? Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [Exeunt *Salarino* and *Salanio*.]

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time, 70
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, Signior Antonio;

You have too much respect upon the world.

They lose it that do buy it with much care. 75

Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano,

A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool!

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

And let my liver rather heat with wine 81

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice 85

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —

I love thee, and it is my love that speaks —

There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,

And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,

As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!" 95

O my Antonio, I do know of those

That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those
ESTS

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time; 100

But fish not with this melancholy bait

For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile;

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
time. 105

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,

For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell! I'll grow a talker for this
gear. 110

Gra. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only
commendable

In a neat's tongue dri'd and a maid not
vendible.

[Exeunt [*Gratiano* and *Lorenzo*].]

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of

nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His
reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in 115
two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day
ere you find them, and when you have them,
they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well, tell me now what lady is the
same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,

How much I have disabled mine estate

By something showing a more swelling port 124

Than my faint means would grant continuance.

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd

From such a noble rate; but my chief care

Is to come fairly off from the great debts

Wherein my time something too prodigal

Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio, 126

I owe the most, in money and in love,

And from your love I have a warranty

To unburden all my plots and purposes

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know
it; 128

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,

My purse, my person, my extremest means,

Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
shaft, 140

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight

The self-same way with more advised watch

To find the other forth, and by adventuring
both

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence. 145

I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,

That which I owe is lost; but if you please

To shoot another arrow that self way

Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both 150

Or bring your latter hazard back again

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend
but time

To wind about my love with circumstance;

And out of doubt you do me now more wrong

In making question of my uttermost 155

Than if you had made waste of all I have.

Then do but say to me what I should do

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am prest unto it; therefore, speak. 160

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left;

And she is fair, and fairer than that word,

Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages.

Her name is Portia, nothing undervalu'd 165

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,

For the four winds blow in from every coast

Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, 170

Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchus'
strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio, had I but the means

To hold a rival place with one of them,

I have a mind presages me such thrift, 175
That I should questionless be fortunate!

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are
at sea;

Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum. Therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do. 180
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. 185

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

Enter PORTIA with her waiting-woman, NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
awearied of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your
miseries were in the same abundance as your
good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they
are as sick that surfeit with too much as they
that starve with nothing. It is no mean hap-
piness, therefore, to be seated in the mean.
Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer. 190

Por. Good sentences and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches and
poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a
good divine that follows his own instructions; 195
I can easier teach twenty what were good to be
done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine
own teaching. The brain may devise laws for
the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold
decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to 200
skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.
But this reasoning is not in the fashion to
choose me a husband. O me, the word choose!
I may neither choose who I would nor refuse
who I dislike; so is the will of a living 205
daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father.
Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose
one nor refuse none? 209

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and
holy men at their death have good inspirations;
therefore the lottery that he hath devised in
these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,
whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,
will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly 215
but one who you shall rightly love. But what
warmth is there in your affection towards any
of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as
thou namest them, I will describe them; and, 220
according to my description, level at my affec-
tion.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth
nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it
a great appropriation to his own good parts, 225
that he can shoe him himself. I am much
afraid my lady his mother played false with
a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who 230
should say, "If you will not have me, choose."
He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he
will prove the weeping philosopher when he
grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness
in his youth. I had rather be married to a 235
death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to
either of these. God defend me from these
two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Mon-
sieur Le Bon? 239

Por. God made him, and therefore let him
pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to
be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse
better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit
of frowning than the Count Palatine. He is
every man in no man. If a throstle sing, he
falls straight a capering. He will fence with 245
his own shadow. If I should marry him, I
should marry twenty husbands. If he would
despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love
me to madness, I shall never requite him. 250

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge,
the young baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for
he understands not me, nor I him. He hath
neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will
come into the court and swear that I have a 255
poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper
man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with
a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I
think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round
hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and 260
his behaviour everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord,
his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in 265
him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the
Englishman and swore he would pay him again
when he was able. I think the Frenchman be-
came his surety and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the
Duke of Saxony's nephew? 270

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is
sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when
he is drunk. When he is best, he is a little
worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is
little better than a beast. An the worst fall 275
that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go
without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose
the right casket, you should refuse to perform
your father's will, if you should refuse to 280
accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray
thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the
contrary casket, for if the devil be within and
that temptation without, I know he will 285
choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll
be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having
any of these lords. They have acquainted me
with their determinations; which is, in- 290
deed, to return to their home and to trouble
you with no more suit, unless you may be won
by some other sort than your father's imposi-
tion depending on the caskets. 295

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, — as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a SERVING-MAN.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. If he had the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before. While we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCÈNE III. Venice. A public place.]

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no! My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squand'ring abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. *[Aside.]* How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian, But more for that in low simplicity He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many months Do you desire? *[To Ant.]* Rest you fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd How much ye would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and let me see; — but hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep —

This Jacob from our holy Abram was, As his wise mother wrought in his behalf, The third possessor; ay, he was the third —

Ant. And what of him? Did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,

Directly interest. Mark what Jacob did. When Laban and himself were compromis'd That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,

In the end of autumn turned to the rams,
And, when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain wands 85
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who then conceiving did in eaning time
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest; 90
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;

A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted to make interest good? 95
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. 100

An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate — 105

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances.

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, 110
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help. 115
Go to, then! You come to me, and you say,

"Shylock, we would have moneys;" you say so —

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold; moneys is your suit. 120
What should I say to you? Should I not say,

"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key, 124
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,

Say this:

"Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys" 130

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend? 135
But lend it rather to thine enemy,

Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with, 140

Supply your present wants, and take no do it
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me.

This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there 145

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound 150
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content, i' faith, I'll seal to such a bond,

And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me; 155

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it.

Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond. 160

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:

If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture? 165

A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,

As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship.

If he will take it, so; if not, adieu; 170
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;

Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight, 175

See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently

I will be with you. [*Exit [Shylock].*]

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.
Bass. I like not fair terms and a villain's

mind. 180
Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay;

My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[SCENE I. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

Enter [the PRINCE OF] MOROCCO, a tawny Moor, all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with PORTIA, NERISSA, and their train.

Flourish of cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnish'd sun,

To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.

Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles, 5
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant. By my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny 15
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my father had not scanted me
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told
you,

Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have look'd on yet 21
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince 25
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-
bear,

Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page; 35
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose
wrong 40

Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple. After
dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! 45
To make me blest or curs'd 'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Venice. A street.]

Enter the Clown [LAUNCELOT] alone.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is
at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me,
"Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,"
or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo,"
use your legs, take the start, run away." My 5
conscience says, "No; take heed, honest
Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as
aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not
run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the
most courageous fiend bids me pack. "Via!" 10

says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for
the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the
fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hang-
ing about the neck of my heart, says very wisely
to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being [is
an honest man's son," or rather an honest
woman's son; for, indeed, my father did some-
thing smack, something grow to, he had a kind
of taste, — well, my conscience says, "Launce-
lot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. 20
"Budge not," says my conscience. "Con-
science," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend,"
say I, "you counsel well." To be rul'd by my
conscience, I should stay with the Jew my
master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of
devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I 25
should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your
reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the
Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my
conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard
conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with
the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly 31
counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your
commandment; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

Gob. Master young man, you, I pray you,
which is the way to master Jew's? 35

Laun. [*Aside.*] O heavens! this is my true-
begotten father, who, being more than sand-
blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not. I will
try confusions with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you,
which is the way to master Jew's? 41

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the
next turning, but at the next turning of all, on
your left; marry at the very next turning, turn
of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the
Jew's house. 46

Gob. By God's sotties, 't will be a hard way
to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launce-
lot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launce-
lot? [*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise 50
the waters. Talk you of young Master Launce-
lot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son.
His father, though I say 't, is an honest exceed-
ing poor man and, God be thanked, well to
live. 55

Laun. Well, let his father be what 'a will,
we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Launcelot,
sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo,
I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launce-
lot. 60

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your master-
ship.

Laun. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of
Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentle-
man, according to Fates and Destinies and
such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such 65
branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as
you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! The boy was the
very staff of my age, my very prop. 70

Laun. [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me; it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing. I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed. I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter. I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man. To him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with [LEONARDO and other] followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit one of his men.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy, —

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify —

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify —

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins —

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you —

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is —

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit.

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master, and inquire

My lodging out. Give him a livery

More guarded than his fellows'; see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. [*Looks on his palm.*] Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life! Here's a small trifle of wives! Alas, fifteen wives is nothing! Eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man. And then to escape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot [and old Gobbo].*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best esteem'd acquaintance. Hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio!

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me ; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano ;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice ;
Parts that become thee happily enough ¹⁹¹
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults ;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show

Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty ¹⁹⁵
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me :
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then, ²⁰⁰

Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen,
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent ²⁰⁵
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night ; you shall not gauge me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on ²¹⁰
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well !
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest ; ²¹⁴

But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same. A room in Shylock's house.*]

Enter JESSICA and the Clown [LAUNCELOT].

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so.

Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee ;
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see ⁵

Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest.
Give him this letter ; do it secretly ;
And so farewell. I would not have my father see me in talk with thee. ⁹

Laun. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew ! if a Christian do not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu ! these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit. Adieu ! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. ¹⁵
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my father's child !
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, ²⁰
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*]

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Lor. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging and return,
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers. ⁵

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,

And better in my mind not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock ; we have two hours

To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. ¹¹

Lor. I know the hand ; in faith, 'tis a fair hand,

And whiter than the paper it writ on

Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir. ¹⁵

Lor. Whither goest thou ?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold, here, take this. Tell gentle

Jessica ²⁰

I will not fail her ; speak it privately ; go. [*Exit Launcelot.*]

Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight. ²⁵

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt [Salar. and Salan.].*]

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed ³⁰

How I shall take her from her father's house,

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake ; ³⁵

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. ⁴⁰ [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The same. Before Shylock's house.*]

Enter the Jew [SHYLOCK] and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio. —
What, Jessica ! — Thou shalt not gormandise,

As thou hast done with me, — What, Jessica! —
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out; —
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will? 10

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me;

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, 15

Look to my house. I am right loath to go.

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth expect your reproach. 20

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last at six o'clock; the morning, falling out that year on 25
Ash Wednesday was four year, in the afternoon.

Shy. What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, 30

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,

But stop my house's ears, I mean my case-ments.

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter 35

My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear

I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;

But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;

Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at a window, for all this; 41

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. *[Exit.]*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, 42

Jes. His words were "Farewell, mistress!" nothing else. 45

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild-cat. Drones hive not with me;

Therefore I part with him, and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste 50

His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in.

Perhaps I will return immediately.

Do as I bid you, shut doors after you;

Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *[Exit.]* 55

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not cross'd,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE VI. *The same.*]

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made than they are wont 5

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again? 10

His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker or a prodigal

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, 15

Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like the prodigal doth she return,

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo; more of this hereafter. 20

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;

Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within? 25

Enter JESSICA, above [in boy's clothes].

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,

Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,

For who love I so much? And now who knows

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? 31

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,

For I am much asham'd of my exchange. 35

But love is blind and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;

And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,

Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. 45
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself 49

With some moe ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself, 55
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA [below].

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit [with Jessica and Salarino].*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? 60

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.

No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard. 65

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't. I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

[*Flourish of cornets.*] *Enter PORTIA with [the PRINCE OF] MOROCCO, and their trains.*

Por. Go draw aside the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.

Now make your choice.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;" 5

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince:

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;

I will survey the inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket? 15

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Must give; for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages;
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross. 20
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand. 25

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady.

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here? 35

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds 41
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now

For princes to come view fair Portia.
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar 45
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come

As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.

Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation

To think so base a thought. It were too gross 50
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalu'd to tri'd gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in 55
England

A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key.

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

Por. There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death within whose empty eye

There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] "All that glisters is not gold;" 65

Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold

But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.

Had you been as wise as bold, 70
Young in limbs, in judgement old,

Your answer had not been inscroll'd.
Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost ! 15
Portia, adieu. I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave ; thus losers part.

[Exit. Flourish of cornets.]
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains,
go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.]

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail.
With him is Gratiano gone along,
And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd
the Duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship. 5
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under
sail ;

But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.

"My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter ! 15

Fled with a Christian ! O my Christian ducats !
Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter !

And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones, 20

Stolen by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl ;
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow
him,

Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his
day, 25

Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well rememb'ed.

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part

The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught, 30

I thought upon Antonio when he told me ;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what
you hear ;

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the
earth. 35

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part ;
Bassanio told him he would make some speed

Of his return ; he answer'd, "Do not so ;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,

But stay the very riping of the time ;
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there." 40

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand ; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for
him. 60

I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in Portia's
house.]

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee ; draw the
curtain straight.

The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRA-
GON, PORTIA, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble
Prince.

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd, 5
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three
things :

First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 't was I chose ; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage ;

Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice, 15
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth
swear

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune
now

To my heart's hope ! Gold ; silver ; and base
lead. 20

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath."

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest ? Ha ! let me see :

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire."

What many men desire ! That many may be
meant 25

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth

teach ;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty. 30

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits

And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;

Tell me once more what title thou dost bear : 35
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves ;"

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none pre-
sume

To wear an undeserved dignity. 40
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand
bare!

How many be commanded that command! 45
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
serves."

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this, 51
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find
there.

Ar. What's here? The portrait of a blinking
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule! I will read it. 55
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he
deserves."

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better? 60

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?
[Reads.] "The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss, 65
Some there be that shadows kiss,
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed, 70
I will ever be your head.
So be gone; you are sped."

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo, 75
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt Arragon and train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! When they do
choose, 80

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord? 85

Mess. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before

To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen 91
So likely an ambassador of love.

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord. 95

Por. No more, I pray thee. I am half afraid
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising
him.

Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!
[Exeunt.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. Venice. A street.]

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salan. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that
Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on
the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think
they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and
fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie 5
buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an
honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in
that as ever knapp'd ginger or made her 10
neighbours believe she wept for the death of a
third husband. But it is true, without any
slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway
of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest An-
tonio, — O that I had a title good enough to
keep his name company! — 15

Salan. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the
end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salan. I would it might prove the end of his
losses. 21

Salan. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the
devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the
likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the
merchants? 26

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

Salan. That's certain. I, for my part,
knew the tailor that made the wings she flew
withal. 30

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew
the bird was fleg'd; and then it is the com-
plexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salan. That's certain, if the devil may be
her judge. 35

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Upon it, old carrion! Rebels it
at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and
blood. 40

Salan. There is more difference between thy

flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 45

Shy. There I have another bad match. A bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend ⁵⁰ money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath ⁵⁵ disgrac'd me, and hind'rd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? ⁶⁰ Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and ⁶⁵ summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you ⁷⁰ in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. 75

Enter a [SERVANT].

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a ⁸⁰ third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt [Salan., Salar., and Servant].

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 85

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now. I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, ⁹⁰ precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why so? And I know not what's spent in the ⁹⁵ search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the

thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders, no sighs but of my breathing, no tears but of my shedding. 101

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

Shy. What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis. 105

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 110

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news! Ha, ha! Here in Genoa!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall ¹¹⁵ never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! Fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. 120

Shy. I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortorest me, ¹²⁵ Tubal. It was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. ¹³⁰ Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt. 135]

[SCENE II. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, [NERISSA,] and all their train.

Por. I pray you, tarry. Pause a day or two before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore forbear awhile. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself ¹⁴⁰ Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me well, — And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, — I would detain you here some month or two before you venture for me. I could teach you ¹⁴⁵ How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be; so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me and divided me; ¹⁵⁰ One half of me is yours, the other half yours, Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,

And so all yours. O, these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights! And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. 155

I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it out and draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack. 25

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! Then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.
There may as well be amity and life 30

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the
truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. "Confess and love" 35

Had been the very sum of my confession.

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of
them; 40

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music. That the comparison 45

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the
stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch; such it is 50

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more
love, 55

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster. I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 60

Live thou, I live. With much, much more
dismay

I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

*A song, the whilst BASSANIO comments on the
caskets to himself.*

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourished? 65

Reply, reply.

It is engend'ed in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell; 70

I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least
themselves;

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. 75

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80

There is no vice so simple but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as
false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars, 85

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as
milk;

And these assume but valour's excrement

To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,

And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature, 90

Making them lightest that wear most of it.

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,

Which make such wanton gambols with the
wind

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head, 95

The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the gilded shore

To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,

The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
gold, 101

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre
lead, 105

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;

And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside.*] How all the other passions

fleet to air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraç'd de-
spair, 111

And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!

O love,

Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;

In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess!

I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,

For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here? 115

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god

Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,

Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar 120

Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her
hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men

Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes, —

How could he see to do them? Having made
one, 125

Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how
far

The substance of my praise doth wrong this
shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll, 130

The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads.*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new, 135
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave; 140
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's
eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 145
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, 150

Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand
times 155

More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me 160
Is sum of — something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit 165
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, 170
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself

Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;

Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love 175
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke 180
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express'd and not express'd. But when this
ring 185

Parts from this finger, then parts life from
hence;

O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy. Good joy, my lord and
lady! 190

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you, 195
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid; 200
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For, wooing here until I sweat again, 205
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? 210

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd
withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good
faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
your marriage. 215

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for
a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport
and stake down. 220

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your
leave, 225

I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my
lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here; 230
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]
Bass. Ere I ope his letter, 235
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in
mind,

Nor well, unless in mind. His letter there
Will show you his estate.

[*Bass. opens the letter.*

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her
welcome. 240

Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from
Venice?

How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

Saler. I would you had won the fleece that
he hath lost. 245

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
same paper,

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek.
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the
world

Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself, 251
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
Than ever blotted paper! Gentle lady, 255
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins; I was a gentleman.

And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see 260
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told
you

That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy, 265
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Hath all his ventures fail'd? What? not one
hit? 270

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?

And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Saler. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had 275

The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know

A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.

He plies the Duke at morning and at night, 280

And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,

The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;

But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. 285

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him
swear

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh 290

Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
man, 295

The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew? 300

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,

Before a friend of this description

Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault, 305

First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over. 310

When it is paid, bring your true friend along.

My maid Nerissa and myself meantime

Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!

For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry

cheer; 315

Since you are dear bought, I will love you
dear.

But let me hear the letter of your friend.

[*Bass. Reads.*] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships
have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel,
my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is
forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impos- 320
sible I should live, all debts are cleared be-
tween you and I, if I might but see you at my
death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if
your love do not persuade you to come, let not
my letter." 325

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be
gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go
away,

I will make haste; but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. 330
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. Venice. A street.]

Enter the Jew [SHYLOCK], SALARINO, ANTONIO,
and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him; tell not me of
mercy.

This is the fool that lent out money gratis!

Gaoler, look to him.

Ant.

Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against
my bond.

I have sworn an oath that I will have my
bond. 335

Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a
cause;

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

The Duke shall grant me justice. I do won-
der,

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond

To come abroad with him at his request. 340

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak.

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not; 16
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
[Exit.]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know: 21
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 25

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of law;

For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city 30
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go.
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come 35
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.]

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and [BALTHASAR,] a man of Portia's.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,

You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this hon- 5
our,

How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good, 10
Nor shall not now: for in companions

That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit; 15

Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish misery!

This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore no more of it. Hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands

The husbandry and manage of my house 25
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,

I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return. 30

There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands. 35

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell till we shall meet again. 40

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend
on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.
[Exeunt [Jessica and Lorenzo].] 45

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to [Padua]. See thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario; 50
And, look, what notes and garments he doth
give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in
words,

But get thee gone. I shall be there before
thee. 55

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient
speed. [Exit.]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our hus-
bands

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a
habit, 60

That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace, 65
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mining steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays

Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love, 70

Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
I could not do withal. Then I'll repent,

And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd
them;

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell, 75
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,

Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*]

Enter Clown [LAUNCELOT] and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter; therefore be o' good ¹⁵ cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? ¹⁰

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed. So the sins of my mother should be visited upon me. ¹⁶

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways. ²⁰

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband. He hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enow before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of ²⁵ Christians will raise the price of hogs. If we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say. Here he comes. ³⁰

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven because I ³⁵ am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. ³⁹

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly. The Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I ⁴⁵ took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go ⁵⁰ in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs. ⁵⁴

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! ⁶⁰ Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. ⁶⁵

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! ⁷⁰

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica? ⁷⁵
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady, ⁸⁰
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match

And on the wager lay two earthly women, ⁸⁵
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude
world

Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband.

Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that. ⁹⁰

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;

Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. ⁹⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*]

Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO [SALERIO, and others].

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty ⁵

From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Saler. He is ready at the door. He comes, my lord. 15

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act; and then 't is thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange 20

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with humane gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal; 25
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state 30
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never
train'd

To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose; 35

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have 40
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour. Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats 45
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd
yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection, 50
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your
answer:

As there is no firm reason to be rend' red
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat; 55
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus 61
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer. 65

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think, you question with the Jew. 70

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines 75
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's
harder?—

His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means, 81
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, 85
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave, 90
Which, like your asses and your dogs and
mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
"Let them be free! Marry them to your heirs!
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their
beds 95

Be made as soft as yours and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands"? You will
answer,

"The slaves are ours." So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice. 101
I stand for judgement! Answer: shall I have
it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, 105
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Saler. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 110

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,
courage yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and
all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death. The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. ¹¹⁸
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA [dressed like a lawyer's clerk].

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. ^[Presenting a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? ¹²¹

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,

Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness ¹²⁵

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith ¹³⁰

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human

slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, ¹³⁵

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are volwish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall ¹⁴¹

To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by, ¹⁴⁵

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. ¹⁴⁹

[Clerk. Reads.] "Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome. His name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. ¹⁵⁵

We turned o'er many books together. He is furnished with my opinion; which, bett'ed with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a

reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better ¹⁶³ publish his commendation."

Enter PORTIA for BALTHAZAR.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference ¹⁷¹

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth. ¹⁷⁵

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not? ¹⁸⁰

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven ¹⁸⁵

Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty, ¹⁹¹

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above the sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;

It is an attribute to God himself; ¹⁹⁵

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy, ²⁰⁰

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. ²⁰⁵

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice, ²¹⁵

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority; 215
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in
Venice

Can alter a decree established.
'T will be recorded for a precedent, 220
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a
Daniel!

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here
it is. 225

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money of-
f'red thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven!

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim 231

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful;

Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the ten- 235

our,
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the
law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement. By my soul I swear 240

There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife,— 245

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young
man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'T is very true. O wise and upright 250

judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast;

So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
"Nearest his heart;" those are the very
words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to
weigh 255

The flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on
your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of
that? 260

'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to
say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well pre-
par'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you; 265

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 270

An age of poverty; from which lingering pen-
ance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife.

Tell her the process of Antonio's end; 274
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death,

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life. 281

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, who, I protest, I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could 291
Entreat some power to change this curish

Jew.
Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back.

The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I 295

have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas

Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
[Aside.]

We trifle time. I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh 301

is thine.
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off
his breast.

The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence!

Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something
else. 305

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh."

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of
flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods 311

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned
judge!

Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shall see the act;

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice

And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice. Soft! no haste. He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more Or less than a just pound, be it but so much As makes it light or heavy in the substance Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair,

Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel! A Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court.

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down therefore and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself;

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that.

You take my house when you do take the prop That doth sustain my house; you take my life When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more, that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here:

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.

I am not well. Send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god-fathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit [Shylock].

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon.

I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt Duke and his train.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied

And therein do account myself well paid.

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me when we meet again.
 I wish you well, and so I take my leave. 420
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
 Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
 Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield. 425

[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

[*To Bass.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle! I will not shame myself to give you this. 431

Por. I will have nothing else but only this; And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, 435
 And find it out by proclamation;

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers. You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd. 440

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That'seue serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman, 445
 And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,

She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt [Portia and Nerissa].*]
Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.

Let his deservings and my love withal 450
 Be valued against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him; Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]
 Come, you and I will thither presently; 455
 And in the morning early will we both

Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. A street.*]

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed

And let him sign it. We'll away to-night, And be a day before our husbands home.

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en. 5
 My Lord Bassanio upon more advice

Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be. His ring I do accept most thankfully,

And so, I pray you, tell him; furthermore, 10
 I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you. [*Aside to Por.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. [*Aside to Ner.*] Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing 15

That they did give the rings away to men; But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

[*Aloud.*] Away! make haste. Thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

[SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.*]

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees

And they did make no noise, in such a night Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls,

And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents, 5
 Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night Stood Dido with a willow in her hand 10

Upon the wild sea banks, and waft her love To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night Medea gathered the enchanted herbs

That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew, 15

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,

Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come; But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night? 25

Mess. A friend.

Lor. A friend! what friend? Your name, I pray you, friend?

Mess. Stephano is my name; and I bring word

My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about 30
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him. 35

But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Clown [LAUNCELOT].

Laun. Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls? 40

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here. 45

Laun. Tell him there's a post come from
my master, with his horn full of good news.
My master will be here ere morning. *[Exit.]*

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect
their coming.

And yet no matter; why should we go in? 50
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Mess.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this
bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music 55
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou be- 60
hold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay 65
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

[Enter Musicians.]

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music. *[Music.]*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet
music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd, 71
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetchng mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound, 75
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music; therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and 80
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. 85
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams! 90
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see
the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by; and then his state 95
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! Hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by
day. 100

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it,
madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the
lark

When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought 105
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awak'd. *[Music ceases.]*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. 111

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows
the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home!
Por. We have been praying for our hus-
bands' welfare, 114

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa;
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence; 120
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.]

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his
trumpet.

We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the day-
light sick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a day, 125
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Anti-
podes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me. 131
But God sort all! You're welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound. 135

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To *Ner.*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart. 145

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, whose posy was

For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value? 151

You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,

And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths, 155

You should have been respective and have kept it.

Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee.

I could not for my heart deny it him. 165

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger

And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear 170

Never to part with it; and here he stands.

I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief.

An't were to me, I should be mad at it. 175

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed 180
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd it mine;

And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me. 185

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger

Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 190
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,

If you did know for whom I gave the ring, 194

And would conceive for what I gave the ring,

And how unwillingly I left the ring,

When nought would be accepted but the ring,

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,

Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200

Or your own honour to contain the ring,

You would not then have parted with the ring.

What man is there so much unreasonable,

If you had pleas'd to have defended it

With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty

To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 210

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me

And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;

Even he that did uphold the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady? 215

I was enforc'd to send it after him;

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;

For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220

Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you. 225

I'll not deny him any thing I have,

No, not my body nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.

Lie not a night from home. Watch me like

Argus. 230

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let not me take him then;

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

And in the hearing of these many friends I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes, Wherein I see myself —

Por. Mark you but that!

In both my eyes he doubly sees himself, In each eye, one. Swear by your double self, And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth, Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again, My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord

Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him this

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him. Pardon me, Bassanio; For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano; For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,

In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways

In summer, where the ways are fair enough.

What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd.

Here is a letter; read it at your leisure.

It comes from Padua, from Bellario.

There you shall find that Portia was the doctor, Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you

And even but now return'd; I have not yet Ent'red my house. Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you

Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow.

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;

For here I read for certain that my ships

Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo!

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica, From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet I am sure you are not satisfied

Of these events at full. Let us go in;

And charge us there upon inter'gatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first inter'gatory

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were conching with the doctor's clerk.

Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing

So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

THE Taming of the Shrew was first printed, so far as is known, in the First Folio. On this all subsequent texts have been based.

Evidence for the date of composition is purely internal; and this is exceptionally weak on account of the doubt as to the extent of Shakespeare's part in the authorship. Metrical tests are inconclusive. Similarities to other plays, such as *The Comedy of Errors* in the treatment of the servants, and to *Hamlet* in the prince's reception of the players, suggest any date from 1590 to 1602. The wit-contest between Katherine and Petruchio in II. i. associates it with plays like *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*; while the occurrence of lines in the dancing measure of the speeches of the Dromios would lead us to place it before these plays. Perhaps 1596-97 is a fair guess.

The immediate source was an earlier play of unknown authorship called *The Taming of A Shrew*, published in 1594. The story of the taming of a wife is found in German, Spanish, Italian, and, in a version considerably closer to that in the play, in Danish. In English it appears in the old verse tale of *A Shrewd and Cursd Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin*. But no direct connection can be shown between any of these and the play. In the transforming of the earlier into the present play, phrases and occasionally whole lines are retained, and the incidents in the Katherine-Petruchio plot are essentially the same; but the dialogue is greatly polished and invigorated, and the details of the stage-craft bettered throughout. Greater changes are made in the Bianca plot. The older play gives Katherine two sisters, each of whom has a lover; and their wooing, hindered only by the necessity of getting Katherine married first, and lacking the interest of rival suitors, is flat and stupid. The device of inducing a casual stranger to personate a suitor's father had been borrowed by the author of *A Shrew* from George Gascoigne's *Supposes*, a translation of Ariosto's *I Suppositi*. This source was used in the revision also for most of the incident in the Bianca plot. In *Supposes* we have no shrew, but a plot turning on the wooing of a lady by two lovers; and from it were taken direct the aged suitor and the device by which Lucentio and his servant exchange characters. Hortensio and his widow occur in neither of the earlier plays. The trick of the feigned instructors is elaborated from a scene in *A Shrew* in which Tranio's prototype attempts to give Kate a music lesson in order to afford his master and his friend an opportunity to court her sisters. The Latin lesson may have been suggested by a somewhat similar scene in Robert Wilson's *Three Lords and Three Ladies of London*, printed in 1590.

The Induction is taken from *A Shrew*. A story similar to that of the tinker is found in *The Arabian Nights*, and the trick played on him by the lord is said by Heuterus (*De Rebus Burgundicis*, ca. 1580) to have been actually perpetrated by Philip the Good about 1440. But none of the several English versions of the narrative of Heuterus appeared before 1598. Warton mentions a similar tale as told by Richard Edwardes in 1570, and some have thought that this version has survived in *The Waking Man's Dream*, an undated fragment of a lost book. A ballad in Percy's *Reliques* is based on a version later than the play.

In *A Shrew* the characters of the Induction appear from time to time throughout the play, and at the close Sly again falls asleep and is restored to his former state. A reason for dropping the Induction at the end of I. i. of the Shakespearean play may perhaps be found in the necessity of clearing the gallery, from which Sly is viewing the play, for the appearance of the Pedant from a window in V. i.

It is generally agreed that in the working over of *A Shrew* into the present play another hand than Shakespeare's is evident. The revised Induction and the scenes between Kate and Petruchio are usually assigned to Shakespeare, while the lines in the Bianca plot are thought not to show his style. This points either to an intermediate play, or to revision in collaboration. It has been tacitly assumed that the part of each author was confined to the scenes in which his style appears in the verse and diction. But it is clearly possible that a joint author might have a large share in planning the action of scenes which his partner wrote, and vice versa. Thus no one knows, or is ever likely to know, that Shakespeare is not entitled to credit for the remarkable ingenuity exhibited in the remodelling of the minor plot.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker. } Persons in the Induc-
Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts- } tion.
men, and Servants. }

BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina.
GREMIO, } suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }
GREMIO, } servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }
A Pedant.

KATHERINA, the shrew, } daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, }
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE : Padua, and Petruchio's country house.]

[INDUCTION

SCENE I. Before an alehouse on a heath.]

Enter HOSTESS, and beggar, CHRISTOPHERO SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y^e are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide; aessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy! Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the thirdborough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Falls asleep.]

Wind horns. Enter a LORD from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1. Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? One dead, or drunk?
See, doth he breathe?

2. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1. Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up and manage well the jest.

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight

And with a low submissive reverence
Say, "What is it your honour will command?"

Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, "Will 't please your lordship cool

your hands?"

Some one be ready with a costly suit

And ask him what apparel he will wear. 60
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease.
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord. 65
 This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs.
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

1. *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part

As he shall think by our true diligence 70
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him;

And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly.*] *Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman that means, 75
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter SERVINGMAN.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players That offer service to your lordship.

Enter PLAYERS.

Lord. Bid them come near. Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour. 80

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son.

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well. 85

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player. I think 't was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'T is very true; thou didst it excellent. Well, you are come to me in happy time, 90

The rather for I have some sport in hand Wherein your coming can assist me much.

There is a lord will hear you play to-night; But I am doubtful of your modesties,

Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour, — 95

For yet his honour never heard a play, — You break into some merry passion

And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs, If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves, 100

Were he the veriest antic in the world. *Lord.* Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

And give them friendly welcome every one. Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, 105

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady. That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

And call him madam, do him obeisance. Tell him from me, as he will win my love, He bear himself with honourable action, 110
 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished;
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say, "What is't your honour will com-
 mand, 115

Wherein your lady and your humble wife May show her duty and make known her love?"

And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom, Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd, 120

To see her noble lord restor'd to health, Who for this seven years hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar. And if the boy have not a woman's gift

To rain a shower of commanded tears, 125

An onion will do well for such a shift, Which in a napkin being close convey'd

Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou

canst; Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 130

[*Exit a Servingman.*]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace, Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband; And how my men will stay themselves from

laughter When they do homage to this simple peasant. I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence 135

May well abate the over-merry spleen Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*]

Enter aloft the drunkard [SLY, richly dressed,] with ATTENDANTS; some with apparel, basin and ewer, and other appurtenances; and LORD [like a servant].

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1. *Serv.* Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2. *Serv.* Will 't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3. *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me [5 honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime more feet [10 than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man of such descent, 15

Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? 20

not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton
 heath, by birth a pedlar, by education a [30]
 card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and
 now by present profession a tinker? Ask
 Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if
 she know me not. If she say I am not fourteen
 pence on the score for sheer ale, score me
 up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. [25]
 What! I am not bestraught. Here's—

3. *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady
 mourn!

2. *Serv.* O, this is it that makes your ser-
 vants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred
 shuns your house, [30]

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancestral thoughts from banish-
 ment

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
 Look how thy servants do attend on thee, [35]
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,
 [Music.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
 Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a
 couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed [40]
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
 Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the
 ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be
 trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and
 pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks
 will soar [45]

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer
 them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. *Serv.* Say thou wilt course; thy grey-
 hounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetest than the roe. [50]
 2. *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? We will
 fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook,
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her
 breath [54]

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

3. *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a
 thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she
 bleeds, [60]

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a
 lord.

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age. [65]

1. *Serv.* And till the tears that she hath
 shed for thee

Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;
 And yet she is inferior to none. [69]

Sly. Am I a lord? And have I such a lady?
 Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak,
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.

Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
 And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly. [75]

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2. *Serv.* Will 't please your mightiness to
 wash your hands?

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
 O, that once more you knew but what you
 are! [80]

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
 Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a
 goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1. *Serv.* O, yes, my lord, but very idle
 words. [85]

For though you lay here in this goodly cham-
 ber,

Yet would you say ye were beaten out of
 door,

And rail upon the hostess of the house,
 And say you would present her at the leet

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
 quarts. [90]

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely
 Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3. *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house nor
 no such maid,

Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
 As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell, [95]
 And twenty more such names and men as these
 Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now Lord be thanked for my good
 amends!

All. Amen. [100]

Enter [the PAGE as a] lady, with attendants.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.
Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer
 enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will
 with her? [105]

Sly. Are you my wife and will not call me
 husband?

My men should call me "lord"; I am your
 Goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
 husband,

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam. [111]

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords
 call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have
 dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more. [115]

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'T is much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you 120

To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or, if not so, until the sun be set;
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed. 125
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood. 130

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy. 135
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold, or a tum- 140
bling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history. 144

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip.
We shall ne'er be younger.

[*They all sit.*] *Flourish.*

[ACT I

SCENE I. *Padua. A public place.*]

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd 5
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
Gave me my being-and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd, 15
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy

Will I apply that treats of happiness

By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20

Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonato*, gentle master mine, 25
I am in all affected as yourself;

Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue and this moral discipline, 30
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk. 35

Music and poesy use to quicken you.
The mathematics and the metaphysics,

Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you;

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,

And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget. 45

But stay a while, what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, a pantaloon, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;

That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter 50
Before I have a husband for the elder.

If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,

Leave shall you have to court her at your
pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside.*] To cart her rather; she's too
rough for me. 55

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that?

No mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to
fear.

I-wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd
stool

And paint your face and use you like a fool. 65

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver
us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here's some good pas-
time toward.

That wench is stark mad or wonderful fro-
ward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see 70

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said, Bianca, get you in; 75

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe. 81

My books and instruments shall be my company,

On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange? 85

Sorry am I that our good will effects

Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.

Go in, Bianca; [Exit Bianca.] 91

And for I know she taketh most delight

In music, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,

Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such, 95

Prefer them hither; for to cunning men

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up;

And so farewell. Katherina, you may stay; 100

For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What, shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave?

Ha! [Exit.] 105

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.

Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we

may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly

out. Our cake's dough on both sides. Fare-

well; yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bi- [110]

anca, if I can by any means light on a fit man

to teach her that wherein she delights, I will

wish him to her father. 114

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio. But a

word, I pray. Though the nature of our quar-

rel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon

advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet

again have access to our fair mistress and be

happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and

effect one thing specially. 121

Gre. What 's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil. 125

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Horten-

sio, though her father be very rich, any man is

so very a fool to be married to hell? 130

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. 134

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth [140] friendly maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio? 146

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on. [Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.] 150

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely;

But see, while idly I stood looking on, 155

I found the effect of love in idleness;

And now in plainness do confess to thee,

That art to me as secret and as dear

As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, 160

If I achieve not this young modest girl.

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;

Affection is not rated from the heart. 165

If love have touch'd you, naught remains but

so, [Redime te captum quam queas minimo.]

Luc. Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents.

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 170

Perhaps you mark'd not what 's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her

hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan

strand. 175

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not

how her sister

Began to scold and raise up such a storm

That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move

And with her breath she did perfume the air.

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. 181

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir. If you love the maid,

Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus

it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd 185

That till the father rid his hands of her,

Master, your love must live a maid at home;

And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 't is
plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is; may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your
part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his
friends,

Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces

For man or master. Then it follows thus:

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should.

I will some other be, some Florentine,

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.

'T is hatch'd and shall be so. Tranio, at once

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith thy pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient,—

For so your father charg'd me at our parting,

"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,

Although I think 't was in another sense,—

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid

Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded

eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now!
where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio

stolen your clothes? or you stolen his? or both?

Pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 't is no time to
jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel since I came ashore

I kill'd a man and fear I was descried.

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my
life.

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; would I were so
too!

Tra. So could I, faith, boy, to have the next
wish after,

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's,
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies.

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go. One thing more
rests, that thyself execute, to make one among
these wooers. If thou ask me why, sufficeth,
my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

The presenters above speak.

1. *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good mat-
ter, surely; comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work,
madam lady; would 't were done!

[*They sit and mark.*]

[SCENE II. Padua. Before Hortensio's house.]

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all

My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? Is
there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what
am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate

And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's spate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I

should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.

I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah

villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My old
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!

How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part
the fray?

Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto hono-
rato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this
quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 't is no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir. He bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, [30] was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst. 35

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, "Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and [40] knock me soundly"? And come you now with, "knocking at the gate"?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. 45

Why, this 's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world 50

To seek their fortunes farther than at home Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd; And I have thrust myself into this maze, 55

Haply to wive and thrive as best I may. Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel; 61

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich And very rich. But thou 'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we 65

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, As wealth is burden of my wooing dance, Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd 70

As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes, at least, Affection's edge in me, were she as rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas. I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; 75

If wealthily, then happily in Padua. *Gru.* Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two [80] and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife 85

With wealth enough and young and beauteous, Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

Her only fault, and that is faults enough, Is that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure 90

That, were my state far worsen than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.

Tell me her father's name and 't is enough; 94 For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman.

Her name is Katherina Minola, Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. 100

Pet. I know her father, though I know nother; And he knew my deceased father well.

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; And therefore let me be thus bold with you

To give you over at this first encounter, 105 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him

as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may per-

haps call him half a score knaves or so, why, [110] that's nothing. An he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an

she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it

that she shall have no more eyes to see [115] withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.

He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, 120

And her withholds from me and other more, Suitors to her and rivals in my love,

Supposing it a thing impossible, For those defects I have before rehears'd,

That ever Katherina will be woo'd. 125

Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, That none shall have access unto Bianca

Till Katherine the curst have got a husband. *Gru.* Katherine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 130

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,

And offer me disguis'd in sober robes To old Baptista as a schoolmaster

Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; That so I may, by this device, at least 135

Have leave and leisure to make love to her And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Master, master, look about you! Who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper strippling and an amorous!

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.

Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound; 146

All books of love, see that at any hand;

And see you read no other lectures to her.

You understand me? Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality, 150

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd,

For she is sweeter than perfume itself

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you 155

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as yourself were still in place;

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is! 160

Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola. 165

I promis'd to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man, for learning and behaviour

Fit for her turn, well read in poetry 170

And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty 175

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair, 180

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. 185

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold.

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman? 190

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange!

But if you have a stomach, to 't! God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all. 190
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? 200

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? 205

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear 210

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors 215

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO brave, and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way 220

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters?

Is 't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; what have you to do? 225

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go; Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no? 230

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me as for you?

Gre. But so is not she. 234

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know, That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,

Do me this right: hear me with patience. Baptista is a noble gentleman, 240

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have;²⁴⁵
 And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?²⁵⁰

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.²⁵⁵

Pet. Sir, sir, the first 's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,²⁶⁰

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
 And will not promise her to any man
 Until the elder sister first be wed.

The younger then is free and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man²⁶⁵
 Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest,

And if you break the ice and do this feat,

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.²⁷⁰

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,
 You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,²⁷⁵

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

And do as adversaries do in law,

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gr. *Bion.* O excellent motion! Fellows,
 let 's be gone.²⁸⁰

Hor. The motion 's good indeed, and be it so.
 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II

SCENE I. Padua. A room in Baptista's house.]

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.

That I disdain; but for these other gawds,

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,⁵

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

Or what you will command me will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,
 tell

Whom thou lov'st best; see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men
 alive¹⁰

I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.¹⁵

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more.
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while.²⁰
 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
 [*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
 this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.²⁵

For shame, thou hiding of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
 [*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
 [*Exit Bianca.*]

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? Nay,
 now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband.

I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep.³⁰
 Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
 But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO with [Hortensio as a musician; and] TRANIO, with his boy [Biondello] bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.³⁵

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.⁴⁰

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,⁵⁰

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine.⁵⁵
 [*Presenting Hortensio.*]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [*presenting Lucentio*], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. [*To Tranio*.] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest;
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. Take you the lute, and you the set of books. You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondello following.*]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you,
father,

I am as peremptory as she proud minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their
fury.

Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;

For I am rough and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be
thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them;"

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns. 166

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do. [*Exeunt all but Petruchio.*] I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes. 170

Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Say she be mute and will not speak a word, 175
Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week. 180

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the bans and when be married.

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHERINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me Katherine that do talk of me. 185

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; 191

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. 195

Kath. Mov'd! in good time. Let him that mov'd you hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A join'd-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 200

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch; 205

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should—buzz!

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry. 210

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail. 215

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tales: and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman—

Kath. That I'll try. [*She strikes him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again. 221

Kath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books! 225

Kath. What is your crest? A coxcomb?

Pet. A combs cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. 230

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face? 235

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares. 240

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate. In sooth you scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me you were rough and coy and sullen. 245

And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing

courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time

flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look

askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 250

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth

limp? 254
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st
command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove ²⁶⁰
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly
speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit. ²⁶⁵

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in
thy bed;

And therefore, setting all this chat aside, ²⁷⁰
Thus in plain terms. Your father hath con-
sented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed
on;

And, will you, will you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, ²⁷⁵
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates. ²⁸⁰

Here comes your father. Never make denial;
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed
you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? How but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss. ²⁸⁵

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katherine!
In your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? Now I pro-
mise you

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack, ²⁹⁰
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus. Yourself and all the
world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; ²⁹⁵

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;

And to conclude, we have 'greed so well to-
gether

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. ³⁰⁰

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see
thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? Nay, then,
good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for
myself.

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? ³⁰⁵

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss ³¹⁰
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curstest
shrew. ³¹⁵

Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me
your hands. ³²⁰

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we. We will be wit-
nesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen,
adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings and things and fine array; ³²⁵
And kiss me, Kate, "we will be married o'
Sunday."

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine*
[severally].]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a mer-
chant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by
you. ³³⁰

'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.

Now is the day we long have looked for. ³³⁵
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can
guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear
as I.

Tra. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back! 'T is age that nourish-
eth. ³⁴¹

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourish-
eth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will com-
pound this strife.

'T is deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower

Shall have my Bianca's love. ³⁴⁵

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within
the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; ³⁵⁰

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work, ³⁵⁵

Pewter and brass and all things that belongs

To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 360
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me. 365

I am my father's heir and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; 370
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

(My land amounts not to so much in all,) 375

[Aside.]
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies, besides two gal-
liases 380

And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure
her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou off'rest
next.

Gre. Nay, I have off'red all, I have no
more;

And she can have no more than all I have.

If you like me, she shall have me and mine. 385

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all
the world,

By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me, 390
If you should die before him, where's her
dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil. He is old, I
young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well
as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married. 395
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to Signior Gremio.

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

[Exit.]
Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear
thee not. 401

Sirrah young gamester; your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. 405
[Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered
hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'T is in my head to do my master good.

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd "suppos'd Vin-
centio"; 410

And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of woo-
ing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my
cunning. *[Exit.]*

ACT III

[SCENE I. Padua. Baptista's house.]

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too for-
ward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony. 5

Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so
far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 10
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?

Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine. 15

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 20

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down;
Take you your instrument, play you the
whiles;

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in
tune?

Luc. That will be never; tune your instru-
ment. 25

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:

"*Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*"

Bian. Construe them. 30

Luc. "*Hic ibat*," as I told you before,
"*Simois*," I am Lucentio, "*hic est*," son unto
Vincentio of Pisa, "*Sigeia tellus*," disguised
thus to get your love; "*Hic steterat*," and
that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, "*Priami*,"
is my man Tranio, "*regia*," bearing my port, 35
"*celsa senis*," that we might beguile the old
pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe
it: 41

"*Hic ibat Simois*," I know you not, "*hic est
Sigeia tellus*," I trust you not; "*Hic steterat
Priami*," take heed he hear us not, "*regia*,"
presume not, "*celsa senis*," despair not. 45

Hor. Madam, 't is now in time.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 't is the base knave that jars.

[*Aside.*] How fiery and forward our pedant is! Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. 50

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt. 55

But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you.

Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while.

My lessons make no music in three parts. 60

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait,

[*Aside.*] And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering, 65

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade;

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*Reads.*]

"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion.

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord, 75

C fa ut, that loves with all affection.

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I.

E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, 80

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. 85

[*Exeunt Bianca and Messenger.*]

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

Methinks he looks as though he were in love;

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale, 90

Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*]

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, [LUCENTIO,] and others, attending.

Bap. [*To Tranio.*] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day,

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? What mockery will it be, To want the bridegroom when the priest attends 5

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand oppos'd against my heart

Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen, 10

Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool, Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;

And, to be noted for a merry man, He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, 15

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns,

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katherine, And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,

If it would please him come and marry her!" 20

Tra. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well, Whatever fortune stays him from his word,

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest. 25

Kath. Would Katherine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping [followed by Bianca and others].*]

Bap. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep;

For such an injury would vex a very saint, Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, [old news,] and such news as you never heard of! 30

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come? 35

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am and sees you there. 40

Tra. But say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another [45

lae'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred, besides, possess'd with the glanders⁵⁰ and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots,⁵⁵ sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's⁶⁰ crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?⁶⁵

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gart'ed with a red and blue list; an old hat and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster⁷⁰ in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.⁷⁵

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who? That Petruccio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruccio came.⁸⁰

Bion. No, sir; I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jany,
I hold you a penny,⁸⁵
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?⁹⁰

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown;⁹⁵

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.¹⁰¹
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?¹⁰⁵

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.

Sufficeit, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse¹¹⁰
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes.

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.¹¹⁵

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,¹²⁰
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!¹²⁵

[*Exeunt [Petruccio and Grumio].*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt [Baptista, Gremio, and attendants].*]

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add¹³⁰
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,

I am to get a man, — whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn, —
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;¹³⁵
And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,¹⁴¹
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.¹⁴⁶
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.¹⁵⁰

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'T is a groom indeed,¹⁵⁴

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? Why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him! I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest ¹⁵⁰ Should ask, if Katherine should be his wife, "Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
 And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff ¹⁶⁵

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. ¹⁷⁰

But after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face, ¹⁷⁵
 Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack ¹⁸⁰

That at the parting all the church did echo.
 And I seeing this, came thence for very shame,

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
 Such a mad marriage never was before.
 Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. ¹⁸⁵

[*Music plays.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO [GRUMIO, and Train].

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;

But so it is, my haste doth call me hence, ¹⁸⁹
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all ¹⁹⁵
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.

Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
 For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner. ²⁰⁰

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can. ²⁰⁵

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gr. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day; ²¹⁰

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be joggling whiles your boots are green.

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, ²¹⁵

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner. ²²¹

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her. ²²⁵

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;

But for my bouny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; ²³⁰

I will be master of what is mine own.

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he ²³⁵

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with

thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate; ²⁴⁰

I'll buckler thee against a million.
 [*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherine [and Grumio].*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? ²⁴⁵

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's

place; ²⁵¹

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT IV

SCENE I. *Petruchio's country house.*

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my [5] very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I [10] will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. [15] A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, [20] fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master and my new mistress and myself, fel- [25] low Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I com- [30] plain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world? 36

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire. Do thy duty and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death. 40

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho! boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching! 45

Gru. Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair [50]

within, the gills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news. 56

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale. 60

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. 65

Gru. And therefore 't is call'd a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress, — 70

Curt. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou [75] shouldst have heard in how merry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how [80] she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave. 86

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, [90] Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest; let their heads be slickly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair [95] of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth. 99

Curt. Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her. 100

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five SERVINGMEN.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio!

Phil. How now, Grumio! 116

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio.

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you; how now, you; what, you; fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is ¹¹⁵ all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master? ¹¹⁹

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse! Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? ¹²⁵

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms! What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before? ¹³⁰

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! You whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, ¹³⁵

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;

There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly; ¹⁴⁰

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. ^[Exeunt Servants.]

[Singing.] "Where is the life that late I led"—

Where are those?—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—

Soud, soud, soud, soud! ¹⁴⁵

Re-enter SERVANTS, with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues! You villains, when?

[Sings.] "It was the friar of orders grey, As he forth walked on his way:"—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry. ¹⁵⁰

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other. ^[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with. ¹⁵⁵

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily. You whoreson villain! Will you let it fall? ^[Strikes him.]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave! ¹⁵⁰

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?

What's this? Mutton?

I. Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook? ¹⁵⁵

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

^[Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.]

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight. ¹⁷⁰

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it, For it engenders choler, planteth anger; ¹⁷⁵

And better 't were that both of us did fast, Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company. ¹⁸⁰

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. ^[Exeunt.]

Re-enter SERVANTS severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS, a servant.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her; ¹⁸⁵

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream. Away, away! for he is coming hither. ¹⁹⁰

^[Exeunt.]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politely begun my reign, And 't is my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;

And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd, For then she never looks upon her lure. ¹⁹⁵

Another way I have to man my haggard, To make her come and know her keeper's call,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat; 200
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend 206
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night;
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and bawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness, 211
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 't is charity to show. [Exit.]

[SCENE II. Padua. Before Baptista's house.]

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

[Hor.] Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter BIANCA [and LUCENTIO].

[Luc.] Now, mistress, profit you in what you read? 6

Bian. What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

[Luc.] I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart! 10

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O spiteful love! Unconstant woman-kind!

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful. 15

Hor. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion. 20

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her light-
ness,

I will with you, if you be so contented, 25
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours 30
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned
oath,

Never to marry with her though she would
entreat.

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court
him!

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite
forsworn! 35

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd
me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio. 40

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love; and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before. [Exit.]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case! 45

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you both
forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow-
now, 50

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming-
school.

Bian. The taming-school! What, is there
such a place? 55

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the
master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering
tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so
long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied 60
An ancient angel coming down the hill,

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a *mercantante*, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father. 65

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio. 70

Take in your love, and then let me alone.
[Exit Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a PEDANT.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome; 75
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! How, I pray? for that goes hard. 80

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the Duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly. 85

'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them. 90

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens. 95

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one. 101

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio. 105

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir? So shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city. 110
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand; 115
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. 120

[Exeunt.]

SCENE [III. A room in Petruchio's house].

Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed; 125

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love,
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'T were deadly sickness or else present death. 130

I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? 135

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest. 140

Gru. Nay then, I will not; you shall have the mustard.

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef. 145

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say. 150

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amok!

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee. 155
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks, 160

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me. 165

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings, 170

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
 With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
 What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

Enter TAILOR.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter HABERDASHER.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?
 [*Hab.*] Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
 A velvet dish. Fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy. 65
 Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,
 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
 Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,

And gentewomen wear such caps as these. 70

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind, 75
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
 Or else my heart concealing it will break,
 And rather than it shall, I will be free
 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 80

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
 And it I will have, or I will have none. 85

[*Exit Haberdasher.*]

Pet. Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see 't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
 What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.

What, up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
 Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, 90

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion and the time. 95

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembered,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir. 99

I'll none of it. Hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her. 100

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,
 thou thread, thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
 nail!

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread? 111

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made 116

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made? 120

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tai. I have. 124

Gru. Face not me; thou hast brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces; ergo, thou liest. 129

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown" — 135

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "With a small compass'd cape" — 140

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "With a trunk sleeve" —

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there 's the villainy. 145

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it. 151

Gru. I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds. 155

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 't is for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use! ¹⁶¹

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie! ¹⁶⁵

Pet. [Aside.] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. —

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. ¹⁷⁰

[Exit Tailor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, ¹⁷⁵

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye? ¹⁸⁰

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic. We will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house. ¹⁸⁵

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see; I think 't is now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two; ¹⁹¹

And 't will be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone, ¹⁹⁵

I will not go to-day, and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. [Aside.] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Padua. Before Baptista's house.]

Enter TRANIO, and the PEDANT dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; please it you that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me,

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,

Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. ⁵

Tra. 'T is well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

'T were good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello, ¹⁰

Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.

Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut, fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice, ¹⁵

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO: PEDANT booted and bare-headed.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the Pedant.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. ²⁰

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave. Having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio ²⁵

Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

Of love between your daughter and himself;

And, for the good report I hear of you,

And for the love he beareth to your daughter

And she to him, to stay him not too long, ³⁰

I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him match'd; and if you please to like

No worse than I, upon some agreement

Me shall you find ready and willing

With one consent to have her so bestow'd; ³⁵

For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is, your son Lucentio here ⁴⁰

Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections;

And therefore, if you say no more than this,

That like a father you will deal with him

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, ⁴⁵

The match is made, and all is done.

Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en

As shall with either part's agreement stand? ⁵⁰

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants,

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,

And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you. ⁵⁵
There doth my father lie; and there, this
night,

We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warn-
ing, ⁶⁰

You are like to have a thin and slender pit-
tance.

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you
home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua. ⁶⁵
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Bion. I pray the gods she may with all my
heart! *[Exit.]*

Tra. Daily not with the gods, but get thee
gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer; ⁷⁰
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

Re-enter LUCENTIO and BIONDELLO.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you? ⁷⁵

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith, nothing; but has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of
his signs and tokens. ⁸⁰

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you
to the supper. ⁸⁵

Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest of Saint Luke's church
is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this? ⁹⁰

Bion. I cannot tell. Expect they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance; take you assurance
of her, "*cum privilegio ad imprinendum
solum.*" To the church! Take the priest, clerk,
and some sufficient honest witnesses. ⁹⁵

If this be not that you look for, I have no more
to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry. I knew a wench mar-
ried in an afternoon as she went to the gar-
den for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may ¹⁰⁰
you, sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath
appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the
priest be ready to come against you come with
your appendix. *[Exit.]* ¹⁰⁴

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I
doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about
her;

It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.]

[SCENE V. A public road.]

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO
[and Servants].*

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more
toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun. It is not moon-
light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so
bright. ⁵

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's
myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but
cross'd! ¹⁰

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come
so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. ¹⁵

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed
sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind. ²⁰
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is
won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias. ²⁵
But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO.

[*To Vincentio.*] Good morrow, gentle mistress;
where away?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlerwoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks! ³⁰
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's
sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him. ³⁵

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair and fresh
and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child!
Happier the man, whom favourable stars ⁴⁰
Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art
not mad.

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking
eyes, ⁴⁵

That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal
make known 50

Which way thou travellest. If along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd
me,

My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit 55
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age, 60
I may entitle thee my loving father.

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; 65

Beside, so qualified as may beseech
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. 70

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof; 75

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt [all but Hortensio].*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart.

Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be unto-
ward. [Exit.]

[ACT V

SCENE I. Padua. Before Lucentio's house.]

Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.
GREMIO is out before.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest
is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance
to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

[*Exeunt [Lucentio and Bianca].*]
Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o'
your back; and then come back to my mas-
ter's as soon as I can. [Exit.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this
while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, VINCENTIO,
GRUMIO, with Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house.

My father's bears more toward the market-
place; 10

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before
you go.

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within; you were best
knock louder. 15

PEDANT looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would
beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal. 21

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself;
he shall need none, so long as I live. 25

Pet. Nay, I told you your son was well be-
loved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave
frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior
Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and
is here at the door to speak with him. 30

Ped. Thou liest. His father is come from
Padua and is here looking out at the win-
dow.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may
believe her. 35

Pet. [*To Vincentio.*] Why, how now, gentle-
man! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon
you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe 'a
means to cozen somebody in this city under my
countenance. 41

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church to-
gether; God send 'em good shipping! But who
is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we
are undone and brought to nothing. 45

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello.*] Come hither, crack-
hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have
you forgot me? 50

Bion. Forgot you? No, sir; I could not for-
get you, for I never saw you before in all my
life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou
never see thy master's father, Vincentio? 55

Bion. What, my old worshipful old master?
Yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the
window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats Biondello.*]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman
will murder me. [Exit.] 61

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

[*Exit from above.*]

Pet. Prithce, Kate, let's stand aside and
see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

Re-enter PEDANT [below], TRANIO, BAPTISTA,
and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my
servant? 66

Vin. What am I, sir! Nay, what are you,

sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, [70 my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic? 74

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 79

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name! as if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio*. 86

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is *Lucentio*; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior *Vincentio*. 89

Vin. *Lucentio*! O, he hath murd'ed his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

[Enter one with an officer.]

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father [85 *Baptista*, I charge you see that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison. *Bap.* Talk not, Signior *Gremio*; I say he shall go to prison. 100

Gre. Take heed, Signior *Baptista*, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business. I dare swear this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it. 105

Tra. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Away with the dotard! To the gaol with him! 110

Re-enter *BIONDELLO*, with *LUCENTIO* and *BIANCA*.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

Bion. O! we are spoil'd and — yonder he is. Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone. [Exeunt *Biondello*, *Tranio*, and *Pedant*, as fast as may be.

Luc. (Kneeling.) Pardon, sweet father.

Vin. Lives my sweet son? 115

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*,

Right son to the right *Vincentio*, That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, 119

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye,

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain *Tranio*,

That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cam- bio? 125

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Bianca*'s love

Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*, While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arrived at the last 130 Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What *Tranio* did, myself enforc'd him to; Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol. 135

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, *Baptista*; we will content you, go to; but I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. [Exit. 140

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt *Lucentio* and *Bianca*].

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest, 145

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. [Exit.]

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me? 155

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late. 165 [Exeunt.]

SCENE [II. *Padua*. *Lucentio*'s house].

Enter *BAPTISTA*, *VINCENTIO*, *GREMIO*, the *PEDANT*, *LUCENTIO*, *BIANCA* [*PETRUCHIO*, *KATHERINA*, *HORTENSIO*], and *WIDOW*, *TRANIO*, *BIONDELLO*, and *GREMIO*: the *Servants* with *Tranio* bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;

And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at scapes and perils overblown.

My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thine. 6

Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katherina*, And thou, *Hortensio*, with thy loving widow, Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit
down; 10

For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true. 15

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense.

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow. 25

Kath. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:"

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning. 30

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down. 35

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer. Ha! to thee, lad! [*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt! An hasty-witted body 40

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two! 45

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca [Katherina, and Widow].*]

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio, 49

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not; Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself; 55

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60 And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance 65

Let's each one send unto his wife, And he whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her, Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns! 71

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound, But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. 75

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word That she is busy and she cannot come. 81

Pet. How! she is busy and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too. Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better. 85

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Bion.*]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her! Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir, Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? 90

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand.

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
 Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
 Say, I command her come to me.

95

[Exit Grumio.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet.

What?

Hor.

She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Re-enter KATHERINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

100

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither. If they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katherina.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

106

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

And awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

110

Bap. Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns, Another dowry to another daughter, For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

115

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHERINA, with BIANCA and WIDOW.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

120

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

[Kate throws down her cap.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

124

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too.

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

130

What duty they doowe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall; and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening un-kind brow,

136

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor. It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads, Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

140

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

145

And for thy maintenance commits his body To painful labour both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; And craves no other tribute at thy hands But love, fair looks, and true obedience; Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

155

And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour, And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

160

I am asham'd that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth, Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

166

But that our soft conditions and our hearts Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms! My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

170

My heart as great, my reason haply more, To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws, Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

175

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, And place your hands below your husband's foot;

In token of which duty, if he please, My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

180

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed. We three are married, but you two are sped.

185

[To Luc.] 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exit Petruchio and Katherina.]

Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

[Exit.]

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

THE earliest known mention of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for January 18, 1604½. Later in the same year appeared a much garbled and abbreviated edition, now known as the First Quarto, and this was reprinted with a new title-page in 1619. The version in the First Folio is much longer and immeasurably more accurate, and forms the basis of all modern texts.

The relation of these two versions is still a matter of debate. The theory, however, that the First Quarto represents an earlier sketch is being abandoned by an increasing number of modern critics in favor of the belief that it is derived from the same version of the play as we have in the First Folio, but shortened for acting purposes, and corrupted by the short-hand writer who reported it for a piratical publisher. But the uninterrupted bungling of the lines leaves room for all the possible methods of debasing a text, and it may be suggested that the report was made from a performance in which the actors had a very imperfect knowledge of their parts. The Folio text itself shows signs of having been tampered with, notably in the omission of the working out of the plot of Caius and Evans against the Host (a device whose culmination may be preserved in the episode of the loss of the horses), and in the loss of a few passages which can be restored with a fair amount of certainty from the Quarto. It has been suggested that some of the flaws may be accounted for by supposing that passages omitted for acting purposes have been unskillfully restored.

A tradition, first recorded by John Dennis in 1702, says that the comedy was written in a fortnight to the order of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. There is nothing improbable in this, and the suggestion of haste receives corroboration from the fact that so much of the dialogue is in prose. It implies, moreover, what would be inferred on other grounds, that *Henry IV* had already been performed, and so fixes 1598 as the earliest possible date. The only objection to this as an earlier limit has arisen from the desire of some older editors to bring it nearer to 1592, the date of the visit of Count Mömpelgard, alluded to in iv. v.; but these allusions would still have point six or seven years later. The question as to whether it preceded or followed *Henry V* is more difficult. That Falstaff dies in that play does not, of course, affect the question, since it is plainly indicated that the future Henry V is still "the mad Prince of Wales" (Quarto, Sc. 18), so that the period in which the plot is laid cannot come after *Henry IV*, in the fifth act of which the Prince becomes King. If Nym be regarded, like the rest of Falstaff's followers, as a revival, the play must be later than *Henry V*, the only other play in which he appears. But the evidence is not conclusive, and the variation in date between the two theories is merely from 1598 to the latter part of 1599.

The main plot of the *Merry Wives* is thought to have been suggested by *The Tale of the Two Lovers of Pisa* in Tarlton's *Newses out of Purgatorie* (1590). This is an adaptation of the story of Nerisio of Portugal from Straparola's *Tredici Piacevoli Notte* (1569). The resemblance is only general, and the few similarities of phrase that have been pointed out are insignificant. In the Italian story, which is of a common type, a lover is repeatedly surprised in the house of his lady by her husband, of whom he has unwittingly made a confidant; and on one occasion he is hidden in a vat of feathers, on another carried out in a chest of papers. In the play, the initial betrayal of Falstaff by Pistol and Nym, the disguise as Mother Prat, the pinching by the fairies, the underplot of the triple wooing of Anne Page, and all the characters save the commonplace of the jealous husband, seem to be original. A story similar to Straparola's is found in Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone*, second tale, first day, but this was not translated till after Shakespeare's death. The fourth tale of the second night of Straparola tells of the concerted vengeance of three ladies on a would-be lover who made advances to all of them on the same evening. But the resemblance goes no farther. *The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford* in *Westward for Smelts* was suggested by Malone as a source, but has no claim to be so considered.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON, a gentleman.
SHALLOW, a country justice.
ABRAHAM SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.
FORD, } gentlemen of Windsor.
PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson.
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, } followers of Falstaff.
PISTOL, }
NYM, }
ROBIN, page to Falstaff.
PETER SIMPLE, servant to Slender.
JOHN RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius.

MISTRESS FORD.
MISTRESS PAGE.
MISTRESS ANNE PAGE, her daughter.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, etc.

SCENE: Windsor, and the neighbourhood.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Windsor. Before Page's house.]

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and "Coram."

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and "Custalorum."

Slen. Ay, and "Rato-lorum" too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself "Armigero," in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, "Armigero."

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may. They may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant. It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady. If he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot. Take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! O' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribles and prables, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [Knocks.] What, ho! Gotpless your house here!

Page. [Within.] Who's there?

[Enter PAGE.]

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worshippers well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you. Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed. Is not that so, Master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath. Believe me, Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

[Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.]

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! This shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this.

That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel. You'll be laugh'd at.

Evans. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; goot words.

Fal. Good words! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. [They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterward pick'd my pocket.]

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca.* Slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot. I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear"? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo. Word of denial in thy *labras* here!

Word of denial! Froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours. I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me. That is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses. Fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the ca-reers.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too. But 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deni'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

[Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE, following.]

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.] 196

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met. By your leave, good mistress. 200

[Kisses her.]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner. Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I [205] had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

[Enter SIMPLE.]

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you? 209

Sim. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me? 216

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable. If it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir. 220

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here. 226

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page. 231

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold [235] that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her? 240

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! You must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her. 245

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason. 249

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet

coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have [255] more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content. But if you say, "Marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely. 260

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer, save the fall is in the ort "dissolutely." The ort is, according to our meaning, "resolutely." His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well. 265

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

[Re-enter ANNE PAGE.]

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table. My father desires your worships' company. 271

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will, I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt Shallow and Evans.]

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir? 276

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry; I thank you, [280] forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead. But [285] what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship. They will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing. I thank you as much as though I did. 291

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruise'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; [296] and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of. 301

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir. 305

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cri'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd. But women, indeed, cannot [310] abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

[Re-enter PAGE.]

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir. ⁸¹⁵

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! Come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on. ⁸²¹

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! ⁸²⁶

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [The same.]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, or his washer, and his wringer. ⁸

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. ¹⁰ I pray you, pegone. I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and page [ROBIN].

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers. ⁵

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier. Let them wag. Trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he ¹⁰ shall draw, he shall tap. Said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [To Bard.] Let me see thee froth and lime. I am at a word; follow. ¹⁵

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade. An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu. ²⁰

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd. I will thrive. ²⁵

Pistol. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink. Is not the humour conceited? ³⁰

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-

box; his thefts were too open. His filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest. ³¹

Pistol. "Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! A fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol. Why, then, let kibes ensue. ³⁵

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pistol. I ken the wight; he is of substance good. ⁴¹

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in ⁴⁵ the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife. I spy entertainment in her. She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest ⁵⁰ voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her will out of honesty into English. ⁵⁵

Nym. The anchor is deep. Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse. He hath a legion of angels. ⁶⁰

Pistol. As many devils entertain; and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good. Humour me the angels. ⁶⁴

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious ecclades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill shine. ⁷⁰

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her. She bears the purse too; she is a region in ⁷⁵ Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me. They shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this ⁸⁰ to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pistol. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? Then, Lucifer take all! ⁸⁴

Nym. I will run no base humour. Here, take the humour-letter; I will keep the ha-viour of reputation.

Fal. [To Robin.] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt ! Vanish like hailstones,
go !

Trudge ! Plod away o' the hoof ! Seek shelter !
Pack !

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues ; myself and skirted
page. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts ! for gourd
and fullam holds,

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor. 95
Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt
lack,

Base Phrygian Turk !

Nym. I have operations which be humours
of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ? 100

Nym. By welkin and her star !

Pist. With wit or steel ?

Nym. With both the humours, I
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold 105

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool. I will in-
cense Page to deal with poison ; I will possess 110
him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is
dangerous. That is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents. I
second thee ; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*A room in Doctor Caius's house.*]

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and JOHN
RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby ! I pray thee, go
to the casement, and see if you can see my
master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he
do, i' faith, and find any body in the house,
here will be an old abusing of God's patience
and the King's English. 6

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go ; and we'll have a posset for 't
soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a
sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing,
kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in 10
house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale
nor no breed-bate. His worst fault is, that he
is given to prayer. He is something peevish
that way ; but nobody but has his fault. But
let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name
is ? 15

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard,
like a glover's paring-knife ? 21

Sim. No, forsooth ; he hath but a little wee
face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colour'd
beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not ? 25

Sim. Ay, forsooth ; but he is as tall a man
of his hands as any is between this and his
head. He hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you ? O, I should remember
him. Does he not hold up his head, as it were,
and strut in his gait ? 31

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no
worse fortune ! Tell Master Parson Evans I
will do what I can for your master. Anne is a
good girl, and I wish — 36

[*Re-enter RUGBY.*]

Rug. Out, alas ! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here,
good young man ; go into this closet. He will
not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*]
What, John Rugby ! John ! what, John, I 40
say ! Go, John, go inquire for my master ; I
doubt he be not well, that he comes not
home.

[*Singing.*] And down, down, adown-a, etc.

[*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.*]

Caius. Vat is you sing ? I do not like dese 45
toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet
une boîte en verde, a box, a green-a box. Do in-
tend vat I speak ? A green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth ; I'll fetch it you.
[*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself ; if
he had found the young man, he would have 50
been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe ! *ma foi, il fait fort
chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour, — la grande
affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir ? 55

Caius. *Oui ; mette le au mon pocket ; dépêche,*
quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby ?

Quick. What, John Rugby ! John !

Rug. Here, sir ! 60

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are
Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and
come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's
me ! *Qu'ai-je oublié ?* Dere is some simples in
my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall 65
leave behind.

Quick. Ay me, he'll find the young man
there, and be mad ! 70

Caius. *O diable, diable !* vat is in my closet ?
Villainy ! Laron ! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby,
my rapier !

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a ?

Quick. The young man is an honest man. 75

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my
closet ? Dere is no honest man dat shall come
in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic.
Hear the truth of it : he came of an errand to
me from Parson Hugh. 81

Caius. Vell ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth ; to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your
tale. 86

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman,
your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress
Anne Page for my master in the way of mar-
riage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la ! but I'll ne'er
put my finger in the fire, and need not. 91

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, *bailliez* me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while.

[*Writes.*]

Quick. [*Aside to Simple.*] I am glad he is so quiet. If he had been thoroughly moved, you ¹⁰⁵ should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, ¹⁰⁰ bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself, —

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly.*] 'T is a great charge to come under one body's hand. ¹⁰⁵

Quick. [*Aside to Simple.*] Are you avis'd o' that? You shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late; but notwithstanding, — to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it, — my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding ¹¹⁰ that, I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh. By gar, it is a shallenge. I will cut his throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle-or ¹¹⁵ make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend. ¹²⁰
Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat. Do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page. ¹²⁵

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. ¹³⁰
By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*]

Quick. You shall have An — fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that. Never a woman in Windsor knows more of ¹³⁵ Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you. ¹⁴¹

[*Enter FENTON.*]

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask. ¹⁴⁵

Fent. What news? How does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it. ¹⁵¹

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above. But notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye? ¹⁵⁷

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread. We ¹⁶⁰ had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing; but for you — well, go to. ¹⁶⁵

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou seest her before me, commend me — ¹⁶⁹

Quick. Will I? I' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other woovers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. ¹⁷⁵

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.* ¹⁸⁰

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Before Page's house.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE [*with a letter*].

Mrs. Page. What, have I scap'd love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*]

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his precisian, he admits [5 him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it [10 suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 't is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight, ¹⁵

By day or night,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might

For thee to fight,

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, [20 wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd — with the devil's name! — out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not [25 been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I [30 will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

[Enter MISTRESS FORD.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house. ³⁴

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind. ³⁹

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour! ⁴⁵

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? Dispense with trifles. What is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted. ⁵⁰

Mrs. Page. What? Thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight. Here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as ⁵⁵ I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would ⁶⁰ have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tons of oil in his belly, ⁶⁵ ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like? ⁷⁰

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. ⁷⁵ I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a ⁸⁰ giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us? ⁸⁵

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not. It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me that I know not ⁹⁰ myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. "Boarding," call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck. ⁹⁴

Mrs. Page. So will I. If he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him. Let's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter. ¹⁰⁰

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! It would give eternal food to his jealousy. ¹⁰⁵

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too. He's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman. ¹¹⁰

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

[They retire.]

[Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM.]

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curial dog in some affairs.

Sir John affects thy wife. ¹¹⁵

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, Ford.

He loves the gallimaufry. Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife! ¹²⁰

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell. ¹²⁵

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit.]

Ford. [Aside.] I will be patient; I will find out this. ¹³¹

Nym. [To Page.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours. I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword and it shall bite upon my necessity. He ¹³⁵ loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 'tis true; my name is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese [and there's the humour of it]. Adieu. [Exit.] ¹⁴¹

Page. "The humour of it," quoth 'a! Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, af fecting rogue. ¹⁴⁶

Ford. If I do find it! Well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man. ¹⁵⁰

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow. Well.
Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.*]

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! Why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*] Look who comes yonder. She shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page.*] Trust me, I thought on her. She'll fit it.

[*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.*]

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see. We have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*]

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

[*Enter Host.*]

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.

How now, mine host!

Host. How new, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

[*Enter SHALLOW.*]

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? We have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*]

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page.*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the mear-suring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[*They draw aside.*]
Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleiro?

[*Ford.*] None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, Mynheers?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what. 'Tis the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shal. [and Page.]*]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed.

SCENE II. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

[*Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.*]

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn. I have grated upon my good friends for three [s] reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? Hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason. Think'st

thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Picket-hatch! Go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! You stand upon your ³⁰ honour! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. Ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, ³⁶ will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it! You! ³⁹

Pist. I do relent. What would thou more of man?

[Enter ROBIN.]

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife. ³⁵

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn,

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me? ⁴⁰

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing. ⁴⁴

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this way;—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on. Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true. I pray your worship, come a little nearer this way. ⁵⁰

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford; what of her? ⁵⁵

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such ⁶⁰ as canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, ⁶⁵ coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would ⁷⁰ have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as

they say, but in the way of honesty; and, I ⁷⁵ warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her. ⁸⁰

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her hus- ⁸⁵ band will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot ⁹⁰ of. Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him. He's a very jealousy man. She leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her. ⁹⁵

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell ¹⁰⁰ you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never ¹⁰⁵ knew a woman so dote upon a man. Surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee. Setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms. ¹¹¹

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me? ¹¹⁵

Quick. That were a jest indeed! They have not so little grace, I hope. That were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves. Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an hon- ¹²⁰ est man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind ¹²⁵ woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may ¹³¹ know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world. ¹³⁶

Fal. Fare thee well. Commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [Exit Mis-

tress Quickly and Robin.] This news distracts me! 140

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;

Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all! [*Exit.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? Go thy ways. I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter. 149

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir. 155

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflows such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? Go to; via!

Re-enter [BARDOLPH, with] FORD disguised like Brook.

Ford. Bless you, sir! 160

Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*] 165

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much. My name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you. 169

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; — not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embold'ned me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open. 175

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me. If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. 181

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant. 185

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them

unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender. 196

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir. 200

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

"Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues; Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal. Have you receive'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose? 221

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it. 226

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir! 230

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. Use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any. 246

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously. 250

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself. She is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and 255

argument to commend themselves. I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me. I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not. Yet I wrong him to call him poor. They say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him; the hour is fix'd; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! Names! Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends; but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! The devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass. He will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she rummages, then she devises; and what they think

in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be prais'd for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *[A field near Windsor.]*

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is the clock, Jack?

Rug. 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Fible well, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. God bless thee, bully doctor!

Shal. God save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good Master Doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? Ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? Ha! is he dead, bully stale? Is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Master Doctor. He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies. If you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace. You have ⁵⁵ show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churman. You must go with me, Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. A word, Mounseur Mockwater. ⁶⁰

Caius. Mock-water! Vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-water as de Englishman. Scurvy jack-dog priest! By gar, me vill cut his ears. ⁶⁵

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! Vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends. ⁷⁰

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat. ⁷⁵

Host. And, moreover, bully, — but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore, ^[Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he? ⁷⁹

Host. He is there. See what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good Master Doctor. ^[Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.] ⁸⁵

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die; [but first] sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler, go about the fields with me through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page ⁹⁰ is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat. By gar, I love you; and I shall procure a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de ⁹⁵ gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said. ¹⁰⁰

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. ^[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. [A field near Frogmore.]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the [s] park-ward, every way; Old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most feheemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. ^[Exit.] ¹⁰

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork. Pless my soul! ^[Sings.] ¹⁵

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow" — ²⁰

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. ^[Sings.]

"Melodious birds sing madrigals" —

"When as I sat in Babylon" —

"And a thousand vagram posies. ²⁵

To shallow," etc.

^[Re-enter SIMPLE.]

Sim. Yonder he is coming; this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome. ^[Sings.]

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls" —
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he? ³⁰

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms. ³⁵

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, Master Parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. ^[Aside.] Ah, sweet Anne Page! ⁴⁰

Page. God save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. God pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! Do you study them both, Master Parson? ⁴⁵

Page. And youthful still! In your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, Master Parson. ⁵⁰

Evans. Fery well; what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw. ⁵⁵

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician. ⁶¹

Evans. Got's will, and his passion! Of my heart, I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibo-crates and Galen — and he is a knave besides;

a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him. 71

Slen. [*Aside.*] O sweet Anne Page!

Enter HOST, CAIUS [*and* RUGBY].

Shal. It appears so by his weapons. Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon. 75

Shal. So do you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question. Let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English. 80

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Wherefore will you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius.*] Pray you, use your patience. In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape. 85

Evans. [*Aside to Caius.*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humours. I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud.*] I will knog your urnal about your knave's coqs- 90 comb [for missing your meetings and appointments].

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, — mine host de Jartere, — have I not stay for him to kill him? Have I not, at de place I did appoint? 95

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgement by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer! 100

Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? No; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? 105 No; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs. [Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.] Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places. Your hearts are mighty, 110 your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow. 115

Slen. [*Aside.*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., and Page.*]

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? Have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his 120 vouting-stog. I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, coggng companion, the host of the Garter. 124

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*A street.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gal-lant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf. 6

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy. Now I see you'll be a courtier.

[*Enter* FORD.]

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you? 10

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang to-gether, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry. 15

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of. What do you call your knight's name, sirrah! 21

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed? 25

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir. I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? Hath he any 30 eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to 35 my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then tor- 40 ture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neigh- 45 bours shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search. There I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather prais'd for this than mock'd, for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go. 50

[*Enter* PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.]

Shal., Page, etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford. 54

Slen. And so must I, sir. We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer. ⁶⁰

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you: but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, be-gar; and de maid is love-a-me. My nurrah-A Quickly tell me so much. ⁶⁶

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May. He will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't. ⁷¹

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having. He kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with ⁷⁶ the finger of my substance. If he take her, let him take her simply. The wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way. ⁷⁹

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner. Besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh. ⁸⁴

Shal. Well, fare you well. We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. [*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [*Exit.* ⁸⁹]

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

[*Enter Servants with a basket.*]

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come. ⁸

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call ¹⁰ you, come forth; and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders. That done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side. ¹⁶

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over;

they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt Servants.* ²⁰]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

[*Enter ROBIN.*]

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company. ²⁸

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threat'ned to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell ³¹ you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy. This secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me. ³⁶

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.* ⁴¹]

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then. We'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pum-pion. We'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. "Have I caught" thee, "my heavenly jewel?" Why, now let me die, for I have ⁴⁸ liv'd long enough. This is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I can- ⁵⁰ not prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead. I'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! Alas, I should be a pitiful lady! ⁵⁶

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond. Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance. ⁶¹

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John. My brows become nothing else; nor that well neither. ⁶⁴

Fal. [By the Lord,] thou art a tyrant to say so. Thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it. ⁷¹

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou ⁷⁶ art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple

time; I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deserv'st it. 81

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln. 86

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind. 91

Rob. [Within.] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently. 95

Fal. She shall not see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.

[*Falstaff stands behind the arras.*]

[*Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.*]

What's the matter? How now! 100

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page? 105

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! How am I mistook in you! 111

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take [115] an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here, but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half [120] Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, [125] defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life forever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather [130] than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather." Your husband's here at hand. Bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot hide him. [135] O, how have you deceiv'd me! Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking, or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. 141

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [Coming forward.] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in. 146

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never— 150

[*Gets into the basket; they put clothes over him.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! 154
[*Exit Robin.*]

[*Re-enter SERVANTS.*]

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl-staff? Look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come. 158

[*Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*]

Ford. Pray you, come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this? 162

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing. 166

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the [170] basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys. Ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape. 176

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented. You wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon. Follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*] 180

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. 186

[*Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John. 190

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit. 195

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I

would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy ²⁰⁰ till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine. ²⁰⁴

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it. Let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends. ²¹⁰

[*Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.*]

Ford. I cannot find him. May be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you? ²¹⁵

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen! ²²⁰

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgement! ²²⁷

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your ²³⁰ distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page. I suffer for it. ²³⁴

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience. Your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you, pardon me. I will hereafter make known to you ²⁴⁰ why I have done this. Come, wife; come, Mistress Page. I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow ²⁴⁵ morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together. I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Anything.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company. ²⁵¹

Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host. ²⁵⁶

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.* ²⁶⁰

SCENE IV. [*A room in Page's house.*]

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love, Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object I am too great of birth;

And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Besides these, other bars he lays before me,

My riots past, my wild societies;

And tells me 't is a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property. ¹⁰

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne; Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value ¹⁵

Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;

And 't is the very riches of thyself

That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,

Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir.

If opportunity and humblest suit ²⁰

Cannot attain it, why, then, — hark you hither!

[*They converse apart.*]

[*Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MISTRESS QUICKLY.*]

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly. My kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't. 'Slid, 't is but venturing. ²⁵

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me. I care not for that, but that I am afraid.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you. ³⁰

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you. ³⁵

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle. ⁴¹

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman. ⁴⁵

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender, —

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne, —

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! 'Od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven. I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions. If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes.

[Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.]

Page. Now, Master Slender. Love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! What does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house.

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in. Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [Exit *Page, Shal., and Slen.*]

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth

And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself.

Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy.

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then farewell, sir; she must needs go in.

Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan. [Exit *Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Quick. This is my doing, now. "Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton." This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [Exit *Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath. A woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses. What a beast am I to slack it!

[Exit.]

SCENE V. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack. Put a toast in 't. [Exit *Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, and to be thrown in the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slid me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. If the bottom were as deep as hell, I should drown. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, — a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

[Re-enter BARDOLPH, with sack.]

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself. I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit *Bardolph.*] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough. I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! Good heart, that was not her fault. She does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding. She desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly. She'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her. Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is. Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone. I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir.

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spok'd the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. [By the Lord,] a buck-basket! Ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane. They took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, or—daining he should be a cuckold, held his hand.

Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook. I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw,—it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding. I have received from her another embassy of meeting. 'Twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook. Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake. Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! This 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me; 'tis impossible he should. He cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me: I'll be horn mad.

[Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A street.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY,
and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently. But, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school.

[Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.]

Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see. How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah, hold up your head. Answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, "'Od's nouns."

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is "fair," William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! There are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman. I pray you, peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is "a stone," William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is *lapis*. I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Evans. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*; pray you, mark; *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc*.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child. *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

Quick. "Hang-hog" is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O, — *vocativo, O*.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is *caret*.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Evans. Ay.

Will. Genitive, *horum, harum, horum*.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! Fie on her! Never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call "horum," — fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? Hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is *qui, quæ, quod*: if you forget your *quies*, your *quæ*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What, ho, gossip Ford! What, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.]

[Enter MISTRESS PAGE.]

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [Aside to her.] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lines again. He so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer

out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him? 30

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I 35 am glad the knight is not here. Now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end. He will be here anon. 41

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! Better shame than murder. 46

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*]

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come? 51

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here? 55

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it? 60

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house. 65

Fal. I'll go out then.

[*Mrs. Page.*] If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him? 70

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something. Any extremity rather than a mischief. 75

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brainford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him. She's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat and her muffler too. Run up, 80 Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John. Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we'll come dress you straight. Put on the gown the while. 85

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet

him in this shape. He cannot abide the old woman of Brainford. He swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threat'ned to beat her. 89

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence. 95

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently. Let's go dress him like the witch of Brainford. 100

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! We cannot misuse him enough. 105

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old, but true, Still swine eats all the draft. [*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two SERVANTS.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders. Your master is hard at the door. If he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly, dispatch. [*Exit.*]

1. *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2. *Serv.* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again. 110

1. *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW [CAIUS], and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call 115 my wife. Youth in a basket! O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be sham'd. What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching! 120

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford. You are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! This is mad as a mad dog! 125

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

[*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.*]

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I? 135

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty. 140

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.
Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashame'd? Let the clothes alone. 145

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why? 150

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is. My intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen. 156

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you. 161

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart. This is jealousy.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for. 165

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me forever be your table-sport. Let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his [170] wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber. 176

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brainford. 179

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure; and such daubery as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say! 185

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband! Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman. 190

Re-enter FALSTAFF disguised like an old woman, and MISTRESS PAGE with him.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her. Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll [195] fortune-tell you!

[*Ford beats him, and he runs away.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashame'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you. 200

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed. I like not when a 'oman has a great peard. I spy a great peard under his muffler. 205

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen. 211

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd [216] and hung o'er the altar. It hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 223

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him. If the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again. 227

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him? 229

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers. 234

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it. I would not have things cool. 240

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the German desires to have three of your horses. The Duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him. 4

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen. They speak English? 5

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you. 9

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them. They have had my houses a week at command. I have turn'd away my other guests. They must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [A room in Ford's house.]

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offence.

But let our plot go forward. Let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? To send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old 'oman. Methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punish'd; he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious idle-headed old
Receiv'd and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak.
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us
[Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head].

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come;

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we'll dress

Like urchins, -oupes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song. Upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly.

Then let them all encircle him about
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

[*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do 't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside.* And in that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook.

He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties

And tripping for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it. It is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court. He, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

SCENE V. [A room in the Garter Inn.]

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? What, thick-skin? Speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis

painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee. Knock, I say. 11

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber. I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down. I come to speak with her, indeed. 15

Host. Ha! a fat woman? The knight may be robb'd. I'll call. Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military. Art thou there? It is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [Above,] How now, mine host? 20

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable. Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone. 25

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brainford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell. What would you with her? 30

Sim. My master, sir, my Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it. 35

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguil'd Master Slender of his chain cozen'd him of it. 39

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir. 45

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'T is, 't is his fortune. 50

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir; like who more bold? 55

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee? 59

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage.

Host. Where be my horses? Speak well of them, varletto. 65

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire;

and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses. 74

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, villain; do not say they be fled. Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host? 75

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments. There is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell 80 you for good will, look you. You are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [Exit.]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer? 85

Host. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany. By my trot, dere is no duke that de court is know to come. I tell you for good will; adieu. [Exit.] 91

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! Assist me, knight. I am undone! Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! 94

[Exit Host [and Bard.]]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I 100 warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dri'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough [to say my prayers,] I would repent. 105

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear. 110

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them. Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her. 115

Fal. What tellst thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brainford. But that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counter- 120 feiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch. 124

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber. You shall hear how things go, and,

I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*Another room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy. I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,

So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,

That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both. Fat Falstaff Hath a great scene. The image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender and with him at Eton

Immediately to marry. She hath consented. Now, sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away

While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends,

Straight marry her. To this her mother's plot She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him. Her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor, For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me.

And here it rests, that you 'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;

Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*A room in the Garter Inn.*]

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears. Hold up your head, and mince.

[*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

[*Enter FORD.*]

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you. He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me. I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me. I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Windsor Park.*]

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch 't the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum"; she cries "budget"; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your "mum" or her "budget"? The

white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.* 16]

SCENE III. [A street leading to the Park.]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DOCTOR CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green. When you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adien.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*]
My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter. But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.* 26]

SCENE IV. [Windsor Park.]

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS [disguised], and [others as] Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts. Be bold, I pray you. Follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-words, do as I bid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [Another part of the Park.]

Enter FALSTAFF with a buck's head upon him.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the

semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? My doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves," hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation. I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd buck, each a haunch. I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*]

Mrs. Page. }
Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a Satyr, and boys dressed like Fairies [Pistol, as Hobgoblin]; MISTRESS QUICKLY, like the Queen of Fairies; they sing a song about him and afterward speak.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Pist. Elves, list your names. Silence, you airy toys!

Cricketer, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap, Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearth unswapt,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;

Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttish. *Fal.* They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.

Evans. Where's Bead? Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Rein up the organs of her fantasy; Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.

But those as sleep and think not on their sins, Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about; Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out. Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room, That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome as in state 't is fit,
 Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
 The several chairs of order look you scour 65
 With juice of balm and every precious flower.
 Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
 With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
 And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
 Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring. 70
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" write
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
 white;
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, 75
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee.
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
 Away; disperse! but till 't is one o'clock,
 Our dance of custom round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. 80

Evans. Pray you, look hand in hand; your-
 selves in order set;

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
 To guide our measure round about the tree.
 But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh 85
 fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even
 in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end.
 If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
 And turn him to no pain; but if he start, 90
 It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?
 [They put the tapers to his fingers,
 and he starts.

Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
 About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme; 95
 And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

THE SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
 Fie on lust and luxury!
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire, 100
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
 As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
 Pinch him, fairies, mutually!
 Pinch him for his villainy!
 Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him
 about, 105
 Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

Here they pinch FALSTAFF and sing about him.
*DOCTOR CAIUS comes one way, and steals away
 a boy in green; SLENDER another way, and
 takes a boy in white; and FENTON comes, and
 steals ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made
 within. All the Fairies run away. FALSTAFF
 pulls off his buck's head, and rises up.*

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS
 FORD, and SHALLOW.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have
 watch'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the
 jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
 wives? 110

See you these, husband? Do not these fairy
 oaks

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master
 Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly
 knave; here are his horns, Master Brook; and,
 Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of 115
 Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and
 twenty pounds of money, which must be paid
 to Master Brook. His horses are arrested for
 it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; 120
 we could never meet. I will never take you for
 my love again; but I will always count you my
 deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made
 an ass. 125

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs
 are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three
 or four times in the thought they were not fair-
 ies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the
 sudden surprise of my powers, drove the 130
 grossness of the popery into a receiv'd belief,
 in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason,
 that they were fairies. See now how wit may
 be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is upon ill em-
 ployment! 135

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and
 leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse
 you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I
 pray you. 140

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again,
 till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and
 drier'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so
 gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with
 a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb 145
 of frieze? 'T is time I were chok'd with a
 piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your
 belly is all putter. 149

Fal. "Seese" and "putter"! Have I liv'd
 to stand at the taunt of one that makes frit-
 ters of English? This is enough to be the
 decay of lust and late-walking through the
 realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think,
 though we would have thrust virtue out of
 our hearts by the head and shoulders, and 155
 have given ourselves without scruple to hell,
 that ever the devil could have made you our
 delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of
 flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man? 160
Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intoler-
 able entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife? 165

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, pribles and prabbles? ¹⁸⁰

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me. I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me. Use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pan-¹⁷⁶ der. Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight. Thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that ¹⁸⁰ now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that. If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife. ¹⁸⁶

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son; how now! how now, son! have you dispatch'd? ¹⁸⁹

Slen. Dispatch'd! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't. Would I were hang'd, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I ¹⁹⁶ would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong. ²⁰¹

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him. ²⁰⁵

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cri'd "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not ²¹⁰ Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry. I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married. ²¹⁶

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened. I ha' married oon garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page. By gar, I am cozened. ²²⁰

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy. By gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*]

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne? ²²⁵

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender? ²³¹

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love, ²³⁵ The truth is, she and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title, ²⁴⁰ Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy. In love the heavens themselves do guide the state; ²⁴⁵

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd. ²⁵⁰

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days! Good husband, let us every one go home, ²⁵⁵

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire; Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word, For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

MUCH ADO About Nothing was entered in the Stationers' Register on August 4 and again on August 24, 1600, and the quarto edition of the play appeared in the same year. Unless this comedy be regarded as the *Love's Labour's Won* of *Palladis Tamia*, it is not mentioned in Meres's list, and so probably did not exist in 1598. The title-page of the Quarto states that it had been already "sundry times publicly acted," so that 1599, the date most generally assigned, is not likely to be more than a year wrong either way.

The text of the First Folio was taken from a copy of the Quarto, which, judging from some changes in the stage directions, seems to have been used as a prompter's copy. The present text is based on the Quarto, with some few readings from the Folio and later editions.

The story of Hero and Claudio is derived from the twentieth Novel of Bandello, though it is by no means clear that Shakespeare had direct access to this, especially since there is no trace of an English translation. In Bandello the scene is laid in Messina at the close of a successful war; Don Pedro of Arragon appears as King Piero d' Aragona, and Leonato as Lionato de' Lionati; and the thread of the story is the same as in Shakespeare with these main exceptions: the villain is a disappointed lover of Hero's; there is no Margaret, the deceiving of the bridegroom, Timbreo, being accomplished merely by his being led to see a man enter a window in the heroine's home; the scene in the church, where Claudio casts off Hero, is lacking, the Italian lover sending a friend to the father to announce the breaking off of the match; Timbreo repents of his own accord of his hasty inference; and the dénouement is brought about by the remorse of the villain. Thus in Shakespeare's main plot the character and motive of Don John are quite different, the deceiving of Claudio is made more plausible, and the humors of Dogberry and Verges are introduced to undo the tangle. The French version of Bandello by Belleforest supplies nothing that is found in the English but lacking in the Italian, and there is no evidence of Shakespeare's having used the translation any more than the original. But a probable source for the scene at Hero's window has been found in the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, translated into English in 1591 by Sir John Harington, who tells us that the incident had been stated to be historical. Further, Spenser narrated it in *The Faerie Queene* (book II, canto iv, stanza 17), omitting, however, the window as the scene of the deception; two other English renderings of the episode are recorded; and, finally, a play on the subject was acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1582. There is, therefore, no difficulty in supposing Shakespeare to have borrowed this detail.

Bandello's story forms the basis of several German and Dutch plays also, only one of which, Jacob Ayer's *Die Schoene Phaenicia*, need be mentioned here. This version has come through Belleforest and probably other intermediaries, and varies from both Bandello and Shakespeare in that the deception of the hero is accomplished by a man dressed to personate the heroine. It has been attempted, but without complete success, to show that both Ayer's play and *Much ADO* come from a lost English play. The presence of a humorous underplot in both, upon which stress has been laid, is deprived of significance by the marked dissimilarity of these plots and their characters.

The plot in which Beatrice and Benedick are the chief actors has not so far been found elsewhere. The similarity of their mutual relation to that of Rosaline and Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost* shows that Shakespeare had long had their particular kind of comedy in mind, and he may have invented the underplot to give them scope and to lighten the somewhat sombre story of Hero. On the other hand, it is quite possible that their prototypes may have already appeared in some play now lost, which Shakespeare recast in the present comedy. Traces of such a play have been evident to some scholars in the presence of Hero's mother, Innogen, in two stage directions, and in hints of a previous love affair between Beatrice and Benedick. Moreover, a play called "*Benedicke and Betteris*" is recorded as having been acted at the Princess Elizabeth's wedding in 1613, though *Much ADO* also occurs in the list, and no other play was given twice on that occasion. But these indications afford at most no more than a presumption in favor of the theory of an older play.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
 DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
 CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
 BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
 LEONATO, governor of Messina.
 ANTONIO, his brother.
 BALTHASAR, esquire to Don Pedro.
 CONRADE, } followers of Don John.
 BORACHEIO, }
 FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, a constable.
 VERGES, a headborough.
 A Sexton.
 A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
 BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
 MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
 URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, etc.

SCENE : Messina.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Before Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO, HERO, and BEATRICE, with a MESSENGER.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this. He was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part and equally rememb'rd by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion. He hath indeed better bett'rd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady. There was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it. He is a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady. But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man. But for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her. They never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible. He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my

study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio. 85

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease. He is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! If he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere 'a be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd. 95

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, and JOHN the Bastard.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? The fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace, for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you [100] depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so. 105

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child. 109

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick. We may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is. 116

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick. Nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living? 120

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence. 124

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I [130] am of your humour for that. I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! So some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratch'd face. 136

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours. 141

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old. 146

D. Pedro. That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain [150] us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsown. [To Don John.] Let me bid you [155] welcome, my lord. Being reconciled to the Prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you. I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on? 160

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together. [Exit all except Benedick and Claudio.]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her. 165

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex? 170

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she 's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise; only this [175] commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport. I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her. 180

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a [185] good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on. 190

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter. There 's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you? 195

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is 't come to this? In faith, hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor [200]

of threescore again? Go to, i' faith, an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look! Don Pedro is returned to seek you. 205

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance. 210

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio. I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? Now that is your Grace's part. Mark how short his answer is: — With Hero, Leonato's short daughter. 215

Claud. If this were so, so were it utt' red.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "It is not so, nor 't was not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so." 220

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord. 225

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel. 230

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me. I will die in it at the stake. 235

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will. 239

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the [245] right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 250

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love. Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid. 255

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and called Adam. 261

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try.

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the

sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's [265] horns and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign, "Here you may see Benedick the married man." 270

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then. 275

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 280

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it, —

D. Pedro. The sixth of July. Your loving friend, Benedick. 289

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither. Ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit.] 291

Claud. My liege, your Highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good. 295

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300 That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love.

But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, 305 All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it, 310 And I will break with her and with her father And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly you do minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! 315 But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 't is once, thou lovest, 320

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night.

I will assume thy part in some disguise

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart ³²⁵
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
 Then after to her father will I break;
 And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
 In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.* ³³⁰

[SCENE II. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, meeting.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of. ⁵

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The Prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in mine orchard, were ¹⁰ thus much overheard by a man of mine. The Prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it. ¹⁵

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him; and question him yourself. ²⁰

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross* ²⁵ *the stage.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Enter JOHN the Bastard and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! Why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit. ⁵

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance. ¹⁰

D. John. I wonder that thou, being, as thou say'st thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am. I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait ¹⁵ for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour. ²⁰

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his

grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself. It is needful that you frame ²⁵ the season for your own harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to fashion a ³⁰ carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed ³⁵ not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking. In the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent? ⁴⁰

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper. The Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage. ⁴⁷

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to quietness? ⁵⁰

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? The most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! And who, and who? Which way looks he? ⁵⁵

Bora. Marry, one Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this? ⁶⁰

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference. I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio. ⁶⁵

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow. If I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me? ⁷⁰

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were o' my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done? ⁷⁵

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

[SCENE I. *A hall in Leonato's house.*]

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and a kinsman.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. Were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick. The one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face, —

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him; therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ard, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids;" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens. He shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [To *Hero*.] Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say, "Father, as it please you." But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none. Adam's sons are my brethern; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you. If the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time. If the Prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, *Hero*: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and anticentry; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother; make good room. — [All put on their masks.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN [BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked], with a drum.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Drawing her aside.]

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down. You are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not

know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he. Graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me. 151

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred Merry Tales":—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so. 150

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh? 140

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders. None but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit but in his villainy; for he both pleases men and [145] angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 151

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not mark'd or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [155] *[Music.]* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

[Dance. [Then] exeunt [all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio].

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio. I know him by his bearing. 160

D. John. Are not you Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love. He is enamour'd on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is [171] no equal for his birth. You may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection. 175

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 180

'Tis certain so; the Prince woos for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love;

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues.

Let every eye negotiate for itself 185

And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof.

Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio? 190

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, [195] like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her. 200

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me. 204

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man. 'Twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The [210] Prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong. I am not so reputed. It is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so [215] gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him? 219

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him, and I think I told him true, that your Grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I off'erd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or [225] to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipp'd.

D. Pedro. To be whipp'd! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it. 231

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the [235] rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you. The gentleman that danc'd with her told her she is much wrong'd by you. 245

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block! An oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her. My very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's jester, that I was duller ²⁵⁰ than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs. If her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd. She would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in ²⁵⁵ a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes. ²⁷⁰

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, ²⁷⁵ fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? ²⁸⁰

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. *[Exit.]*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick. ²⁸⁵

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one. Marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it. ²⁹¹

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek. ²⁹⁷

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord. ³⁰⁰

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion. ³⁰⁶

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so,

his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won. I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained. Name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! ³¹³

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes. His Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it. ³¹⁵

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours. I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange. ³²⁰

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart. ³²⁵

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin. ³²⁹

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt. I may sit in a corner and cry "Heigh-ho for a husband!"

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your Grace ne'er a ³³⁵ brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have ³⁴⁰ another for working-days. Your Grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your Grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth and no matter. ³⁴⁴

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out o' question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy! ³⁵⁰

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your Grace's pardon. *[Exit.]*

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady. ³⁵⁶

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord. She is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness and wak'd herself with laughing. ³⁶¹

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit. ³⁶⁵

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? ³⁷¹

Claud. To-morrow, my lord. Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind. ³⁷⁸

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; ^[380] which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction. ³⁸⁶

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. ³⁹¹

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she ^[395] shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer. ^[400] His glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. ^[Exitunt.]

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter [DON] JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me. I am sick in dis- ^[5] pleasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. ¹⁰

D. John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember. ¹⁵

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? ²⁰

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the Prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero. ²⁵

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the Prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? ³⁰

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone; tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and ^[35] Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe ^[40] this without trial. Offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before ^[45] the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance and all the preparation overthrown. ⁵¹

D. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me. ⁵⁶

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. ^[Exitunt.]

[SCENE III. *Leonato's orchard.*]

Enter BENEDICK alone.

Bene. Boy!

[*Enter BOY.*]

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir. ^[Exit.]

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow ^[10] follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe. I have known when he would have ^[15] walk'd ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd ^[20] orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not. I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll ^[25] take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, ^[30] one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich

she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. *[Withdraws.]*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.
Music [within].

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is, 40

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord. The music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

Enter BALTHASAR with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again. 45

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency To put a strange face on his own perfection.

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more. 50

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;

Since want a wooer doth commence his suit

To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,

Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Now, pray thee, come; 55

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,

Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. *[Air.]*

Bene. Now, divine air! now is his soul 60 ravish'd! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

[Balth.] Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more, 65

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so, but let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all your sounds of woe 70

Into Hey nonny nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fraud of men was ever so, 75

Since summer first was leafy.

Then sigh not so, etc.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift. 80

Bene. An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him; and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it. 85

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. 90

[Exit Balthasar.]

D. Pedro. Do so; farewell. Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. *[Aside.]* O, ay, stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. — I did never think that lady 95 would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 101

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection. It is past the infinite 105 of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it. 111

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit 115 you, — you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me; I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 120

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it. Knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence. 125

Claud. *[Aside.]* He hath ta'en the infection. Hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will. That's her torment. 130

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says. "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encount'ed him with scorn, write to him that I love him?" 135

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper. My daughter tells us all. 139

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I

remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

Claud. That. 145

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her. "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; if I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should." 151

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; "O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!" 155

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it. 161

Claud. To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous. 166

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian. 174

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what 'a will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you? 179

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness. 184

D. Pedro. She doth well. If she should make tender of her love, 't is very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness. 191

Claud. Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Claud. And I take him to be valiant. 195

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 200

Leon. If he do fear God, 'a must necessarily keep peace. If he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man

doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, [206] I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord. Let her wear it out with good counsel. 210

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter. Let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would [215] modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? Dinner is ready.

Claud. [Aside.] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. 220

D. Pedro. [Aside.] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely [225] a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. [Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato].

Bene. [Coming forward.] This can be no trick; the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections [230] have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd. They say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. [235] I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 't is a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 't is so, I cannot re- [240] prove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; [245] but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must [250] be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her. 255

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me. If it had been painful, I would not have come. 261

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior? Fare you well.

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;" there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;" that's as much as to say, "Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks." [270] If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.]

ACT III

[SCENE I. *Leonato's garden.*]

Enter HERO and two Gentlewomen, MARGARET and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour.

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the Prince and Claudio. Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse

Is all of her. Say that thou overheard'st us, And bid her steal into the peached bower, Where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites Made proud by princes, that advance their pride

Against that power that bred it. There will she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [Exit.]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick.

When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit.

My talk to thee must be how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference. 25

Enter BEATRICE [behind].

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

So angle we for Beatrice, who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture.

Fear you not my part of the dialogue. 30

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. [Approaching the bower.]

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful.

I know her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock. 35

Urs. But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the Prince and my new-troth'd lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it; 40

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full as fortunate a bed As ever Beatrice shall couch upon? 45

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man;

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice. 50

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on, and her wit

Values itself so highly that to her All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection, 55 She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so; And therefore certainly it were not good

She knew his love, lest she'll make sport at it. *Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet

saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely

featur'd, 60 But she would spell him backward. If fair-fac'd,

She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic, Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an agate very vilely cut; 65 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out,

And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simpleness and merit purchaseth. 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odd and from all fashions

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable. But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me 75

Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly. It were a better death than die with mocks,

Which is as bad as die with tickling. 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick And counsel him to fight against his passion;

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with. One doth not know 85

How much an ill word may empoison liking. *Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgement —

Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have — as to refuse 90
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me,
madam,

Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick, 95
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good
name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had
it.

When are you married, madam? 100

Hero. Why, every day, to-morrow. Come,
go in;

I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [Aside.] She's lim'd, I warrant you.
We have caught her, madam.

Hero. [Aside.] If it proves so, then loving
goes by haps. 105

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt* *Hero* and *Ursula*.]

Beat. [Coming forward.] What fire is in mine
ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so
much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such. 110

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite
thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I 115
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. A room in Leonato's house.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage
be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if
you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil [5
in the new gloss of your marriage as to show
a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it.
I will only be bold with Benedick for his company;
for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,
he is all mirth. He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring,
and the little [11
hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart
as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper,
for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been. 15

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! There's no
true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd
with love. If he be sad, he wants money. 20

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it
afterwards. 25

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but
he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love. 30

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy
in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to
strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-
day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape
of two countries at once, as a German from the
waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard [35
from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he
have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he
hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have
it appear he is. 39

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,
there is no believing old signs. 'A brushes his
hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the
barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been [45
seen with him, and the old ornament of his
cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did,
by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet.
Can you smell him out by that? 51

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet
youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his mel-
ancholy. 55

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his
face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? For the
which, I hear what they say of him. 59

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is
now crept into a lute-string and now govern'd
by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for
him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him. 65

D. Pedro. That would I know too. I war-
rant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in
despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face
upwards. 71

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-
ache. Old signior, walk aside with me; I have
studied eight or nine wise words to speak to
you, which these hobby-horses must not hear. 75

[*Exeunt* *Benedick* and *Leonato*.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him
about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret*
have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*;
and then the two bears will not bite one another
when they meet. 81

Enter JOHN the Bastard.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you. 85

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you; yet Count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter? 90

D. John. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know. 95

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I [100] think he holds you well, and in dearthness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, [105] circumstances short'ned, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness. I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant. Go but with me to-night; you shall see her chamber-window ent'red, even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so? 120

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly. 125

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 130

D. John. I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses. Bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting! 135

D. John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. A street.]

Enter DOGBERRY and his companion [VERGES] with the WATCH.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch. 6

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

1. *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath bless'd you with a good name. To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. 16

2. *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom [20] men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2. *Watch.* How if 'a will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 31

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. You shall also [35] make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

[2.] *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch. 40

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. 46

[2.] *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober. If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. 51

[2.] *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty. 56

[2.] *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd. The most peaceable way for you, if you do [60] take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my

will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it. 70

[2.] *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats. 76

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person. If you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him. 81

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him; marry, not without the Prince be willing; [85] for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so. 89

Dog. Ha, ah ha! Well, masters, good night. An there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

[2.] *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge. Let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed. 96

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu! Be vigilant, I beseech you. 101

[*Exeunt [Dogberry and Verges].*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow. 105

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this [110] pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats. 116

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 122

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man. 126

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion. 129

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven years. 'A goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name. 136

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and [141] five-and-thirty, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where [145] his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 152

Bora. Not so, neither; but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero. She leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids [155] me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 161

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, [165] which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was [170] appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband. 175

1. *Watch.* We charge you, in the Prince's name, stand!

2. *Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth. 181

1. *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them. I know him; 'a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters, —

2. *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you. 186

Con. Masters, —

[1. *Watch.*] Never speak. We charge you let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills. 191

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Hero's apartment.*]*Enter* HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.*Urs.* I will, lady.*Hero.* And bid her come hither.*Urs.* Well.*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato were better.*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.*Marg.* By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.*Hero.* My cousin 's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.*Marg.* I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown 's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say.*Marg.* By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on 't.*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.*Marg.* 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?*Marg.* Of what, lady? Of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband." An bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody. Is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband"? None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 't is light, and not heavy. Ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.*Enter* BEATRICE.*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.*Hero.* Why, how now? Do you speak in the sick tune?*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.*Marg.* Clap 's into "Light o' love"; that goes without a burden. Do you sing it, and I'll dance it.*Beat.* Ye light o' love with your heels! Then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.*Beat.* 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 't is time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill. Heigh-ho!*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.*Marg.* Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there 's no more sailing by the star.*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.*Beat.* I am stuff'd, cousin; I cannot smell.*Marg.* A maid, and stuff'd! There 's goodly catching of cold.*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! How long have you profess'd apprehension?*Marg.* Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.*Marg.* Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart. It is the only thing for a qualm.*Hero.* There thou prick'st her with a thistle.*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.*Marg.* Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love. Nay, by 'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man. He swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted, I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?*Marg.* Not a false gallop.*Re-enter* URSULA.*Urs.* Madam, withdraw; the Prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.[SCENE V. *Another room in Leonato's house.*]*Enter* LEONATO, with the Constable [DOGBERRY] and the Headborough [VERGES].*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?*Dog.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that discerns you nearly.*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.*Dog.* Marry, this it is, sir.*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?*Dog.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter; an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.*Verg.* Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honestest than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous. Palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious. 20

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship. 25

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ah?

Dog. Yea, an't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I. 31

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina. 35

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! It is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges. Well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by 40 my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipp'd; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you. 46

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspiring persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 53

Leon. Take their examination yourself and bring it me. I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you. 55

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

[Enter a MESSENGER.]

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 60

Leon. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exit Leonato and Messenger.]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol. We are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely. 65

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you. Here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come; only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. 70

[Exit.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. A church.]

Enter DON PEDRO, [JOHN the] Bastard, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE [and attendants].

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recollect their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady. 5

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her. Friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count. 10

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero? 15

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! What men may do! What men daily do, not knowing what they do! 21

Bene. How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave.

Will you with free and unconstrained soul 25
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me. whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift? 30
D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There, Leonato, take her back again.
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold how like a maid she blushes here! 35
O, what authority and show of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence

To witness simple virtue? Would you not 40
swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid, 40
By these exterior shows? But she is none.

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married;

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton. 45

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity, —

Claud. I know what you would say. If I have known her,

You will say she did embrace me as a husband, 50

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin.

No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love. 55

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood 60

Than Venns, or those pamp' red animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? Is this the Prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesterday

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.
Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fie, fie! they are not to be named,
my lord,

Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language

Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell,

Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think. Help, uncle! Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick!

Friar!

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grief'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said "No part of it is mine.
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her, — why, she, O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,

And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! Let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so long
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent
shames

In angel whiteness beat away those blushes ;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold 165
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool ;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book ; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury ; she not denies it. 175
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness ?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd
of ?

Hero. They know that do accuse me ; I know
none.

If I know more of any man alive 180
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy ! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any crea-
ture, 185

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death !

Friar. There is some strange misprision in
the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of
honour ;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the Bastard, 190
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth
of her,

These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of
mine, 195

Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead.
Let her awhile be secretly kept in, 205
And publish it that she is dead indeed.
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. 210

Leon. What shall become of this ? What will
this do ?

Friar. Marry, this well carried shall on her
behalf

Change slander to remorse ; that is some good.
But not for that dream I on this strange course,

But on this travail look for greater birth. 215
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of every hearer ; for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth 220
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Clau-
dio.

When he shall hear she died upon his words, 225
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life, 230
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he
mourn,

If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true. 235
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death 240
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries. 245

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise
you ;

And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul 250
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'T is well consented ; presently away,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.

Come, lady, die to live. This wedding-day 255
Perhaps is but prolong'd ; have patience and
endure.

[*Exeunt [all but Benedick and Bea-
trice].*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while ?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason ; I do it freely. 260

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
of me that would right her !

Bene. Is there any way to show such friend-
ship ?

Beat. A very even way, but no such
friend. 265

Bene. May a man do it ?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you. Is not that strange ? 270

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I lov'd nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin. 275

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word? 280

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour. I was about to protest I loved you. 285

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee. 290

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here. There is no love in you. Nay, I pray you, let me go. 295

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. 301

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is 'a not approv'd in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonour'd my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take [305 hands; and then, with public accusation, un-cover'd slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,— 310

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero! She is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone. 315

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfert; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted [320 into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too. He is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with [325 grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it. 330

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul. 335

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [Exeunt.] 340

[SCENE II. A prison.]

Enter the Constables [DOGBERRY, VERGES, and SEXTON] in gowns [and the WATCH, with CONRADE] and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Ser. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the [5 exhibition to examine.

Ser. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend? 15

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade. 16

Dog. Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

Con. { Yea, sir, we hope.

Dog. Write down, that they hope they serve God; and write God first; for God defend [21 but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves? 25

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir. I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves. 30

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none? 34

Ser. Master constable, you go not the way to examine. You must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the Prince's name, accuse these men. 40

1. *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the Prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,— 45

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace. I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Ser. What heard you him say else?

2. *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 51

Dog. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

1. Watch. And that Count Claudio did [55
mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before
the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into
everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else? 60

1. Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can
deny. Prince John is this morning secretly
stolen away. Hero was in this manner accus'd,
in this very manner refus'd, and upon
the grief of this suddenly died. Master con- [65
stable, let these men be bound, and brought to
Leonato's. I will go before and show him their
examination. [Exit.]

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in the hands— 70

[*Con.*] Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God, God's my life, where's the sexton?
Let him write down the Prince's officer cox-
comb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty var-
let!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an
ass. 75

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost
thou not suspect my years? O that he were
here to write me down an ass! But, masters,
remember that I am an ass; though it be not
written down, yet forget not that I am an
ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, [80
as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness. I
am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer,
and, which is more, a householder, and, which is
more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Mes-
sina, and one that knows the law, go to; [85
and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow
that hath had losses, and one that hath two
gowns and every thing handsome about him.
Bring him away. O that I had been writ down
an ass! [Exeunt. 90

ACT V

[SCENE I. Before Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 't is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel; 5
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience; 10
Measure his woe the length and breadth of
mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard, 15
Bid sorrow wag, cry "hem!" when he should
groan,

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune
drunk

With candle-wasters, bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man; for, brother, men 30
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before

Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, 35

Charm ache with air and agony with words.
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience

To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency

To be so moral when he shall endure 30
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and
blood;

For there was never yet philosopher 35
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods

And made a push at chance and sufferance.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your-
self;

Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40
Leon. There thou speak'st reason. Nay, I
will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the
Prince

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and Claudio
hastily. 45

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.
Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—
D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! Well, fare you
well, my lord.

Are you so hasty now? Well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
old man. 50

Ant. If he could right himself with quar-
relling,

Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dis-
sembler, thou,—

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand, 55
If it should give your age such cause of fear.

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest
at me.

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag 60

What I have done being young, or what would
do

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and
me

That I am fore'd to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days, 65
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say thou hast belied mine innocent child!
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice, 75
His May of youth and bloom of lusthood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with
you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast
kill'd my child.

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed.
But that's no matter; let him kill one first. 81
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.

Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, fol-
low me.

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. 85

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows I lov'd
my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue. 90

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know
them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost
scruple,—

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog and flout, deprave and slan-
der, 95

Go anticly and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
durst;

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter.
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this. 101

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with
nothing

But what was true and very full of proof. 105

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No? Come, brother, away! I will be
heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for
it. [Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we
went to seek. 110

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior. You are almost
come to part almost a fray. 114

Claud. We had like to have had our two
noses snapp'd off with two old men without
teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What
think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we
should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true val-
our. I came to seek you both. 121

Claud. We have been up and down to seek
thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and
would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use
thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw
it? 125

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy
side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many
have been beside their wit. I will bid thee
draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure
us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks
pale. Art thou sick, or angry? 131

Claud. What, courage, man! What though
care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in
thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the car-
reer, an you charge it against me. I pray you
choose another subject. 137

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff.
This last was broke across.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more
and more. I think he be angry indeed. 141

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge! 144

Bene. [Aside to Claudio.] You are a vil-
lain! I jest not. I will make it good how
you dare, with what you dare, and when you
dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cow-
ardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her
death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear
from you. 151

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have
good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast, a feast? 154

Claud. I' faith, I thank him. He hath bid
me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if
I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's
naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes
easily. 159

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice
prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou
hadst a fine wit. "True," said she, "a fine
little one." "No," said I, "a great wit."
"Right," says she, "a great gross one."
"Nay," said I, "a good wit." "Just," said
she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the
gentleman is wise." "Certain," said she, "a
wise gentleman." "Nay," said I, "he hath
the tongues." "That I believe," said she, "for
he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which

he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus [170] did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily and said she ead'd not. 175

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly. The old man's daughter told us all. 180

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man?" 185

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour. You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My [190] lord, for your many courtesies I thank you. I must discontinue your company. Your brother the bastard is fled from Messina. You have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him. [195] *[Exit.]*

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee? 200

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit! 204

Enter Constables [DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with] CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be. Pluck up, my heart, and be sad. Did he not say, my brother was fled? 209

Dog. Come you, sir. If justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance. Nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now? Two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one! 215

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done? 218

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves. 224

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 231

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence? 235

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer. Do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this [240] man how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy [245] they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 251

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it. 255

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery,

And fed he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first. 260

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs. By this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter; and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass. 265

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes,

That, when I note another man like him, 270 I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself. 275

Here stand a pair of honourable men,

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death. Record it with your high and worthy deeds.

'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it. 280

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;

Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I; 285
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter
live, —

That were impossible; but, I pray you both, 290
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour ought in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night. 295
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a
daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us. 300
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from
me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio. 305

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your
coming;

To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to
me, 311

But always hath been just and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the of-
fender, did call me ass. I beseech you, let it 315
be rememb'rd in his punishment. And also, the
watch heard them talk of one Deformed. They
say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging
by it, and borrows money in God's name, the
which he hath used so long and never paid 320
that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend
nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him
upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains. 324

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thank-
ful and reverend youth, and I praise God for
you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,
and I thank thee. 330

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your wor-
ship; which I beseech your worship to correct
yourself, for the example of others. God keep
your worship! I wish your worship well. God
restore you to health! I humbly give you leave
to depart; and if a merry meeting may be 335
wish'd, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt [Dogberry and Verges].*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-
well.

Ant. Farewell, my lords. We look for you
to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. [*To the Watch.*] Bring you these fel-
lows on. We'll talk with Margaret, 341
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd
fellow. [*Exeunt [severally].*]

[*SCENE II. Leonato's garden.*]

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET [meeting].

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret,
deserve well at my hands by helping me to the
speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in
praise of my beauty? 5

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no
man living shall come over it; for, in most
comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me! Why,
shall I always keep below stairs? 10

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's
mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's
foils, which hit, but hurt not. 14

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will
not hurt a woman. And so, I pray thee, call
Beatrice; I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers
of our own. 19

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must
put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dan-
gerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who
I think hath legs. [*Exit Margaret.*]

Bene. And therefore will come. 25

[*Sings.*] The god of love,

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve, — 29

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the
good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of
panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam
carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly
in the even road of a blank verse, why, they
were never so truly turn'd over and over as my
poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in 35
rhyme. I have tried. I can find out no rhyme to
"lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme; for
"scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for "school,"
"fool," a babbling rhyme; very ominous end-
ings. No, I was not born under a rhyming
planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms. 41

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I
call'd thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid
me.

Bene. O, stay but till then! 45

Beat. "Then" is spoken; fare you well
now. And yet, ere I go, let me go with that I
came for; which is, with knowing what hath
pass'd between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 51

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noise; therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I 55 must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me? 61

Beat. For them all together, which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me? 66

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 73

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession. There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself. 77

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. 82

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question. Why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum; therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his 85 conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin? 91

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste. 96

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home. It is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the Prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently? 102

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [Exeunt. 106]

[SCENE III. A church.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and three or four with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

A Lord. It is, my lord.
Claud. [Reading out of a scroll.]

EPITAPH.

"Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies.

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs, 5

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame."

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb. 10

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

"Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go. 15

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily.

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered, 20

Heavily, heavily."

[*Claud.*] Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Bereaves the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us. Fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters. Each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds; 30

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's

Than this for whom we rend'red up this woe. [Exeunt. 35]

[SCENE IV. A room in Leonato's house.]

Enter LEONATO, old man [*ANTONIO*], BENEDICK, [*BEATRICE*] MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated.

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will, as it appears 5 In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, 10

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother.
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio, and the Prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical;
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.

Here comes the Prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, and two or three other.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, Prince; good morrow, Claudio;

We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claudio. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?

Claudio. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the LADIES [masked].

Claudio. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claudio. Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar and swear to marry her.

Claudio. Give me your hand. Before this holy friar

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife;

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claudio. Another Hero!

Hero.

Nothing certainer.

One Hero died defil'd, but I do live;

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death.

Meantime let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?

Beat. [*Unmasking.*] I answer to that name. What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle and the Prince and Claudio

Have been deceived. They swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula

Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claudio. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero.

And here's another

Write in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! Here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee;

but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and

partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

[*Bene.*] Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? 100

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No; if a man will be beaten with brains, 'a shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, [105] I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have [110] beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make [115] thee a double-dealer; which, out of question,

thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends. Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels. 121

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife. There is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn. 125

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow. I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [Dance. [Exeunt.] 131]

AS YOU LIKE IT

THE earliest reference to the comedy of *As You Like It* is found in an entry in the Stationers' Register, under the date of August 4, 1600. How much earlier the play was composed is uncertain, but no modern critic of authority places it earlier than 1598. The reference in III. v. 81, 82 to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (pub. 1598) has been taken as fixing the earlier limit, but the possibility of Shakespeare's having known the "dead shepherd's" poem in manuscript somewhat weakens the argument from this passage. The same limit, however, is suggested by the absence of the title from the list in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*. The evidence from metre, too, indicates 1599-1600 as a probable date, and, with slight variations, there is a general agreement in this.

Although the play was entered in the Stationers' Register in 1600, it does not seem to have been actually published before it appeared in the First Folio. From this edition the present text is taken, with a few modifications drawn chiefly from the later Folios and the emendations of modern editors.

"Stories which relate the fate of a younger brother who is deprived of his inheritance by the jealousy of a senior brother, and who nevertheless achieves great prosperity, are as old as the time of Joseph." (Skeat.) To this class belongs an anonymous Middle English poem, found in several MSS. of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, into which it has been inserted with the title, *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*. The poem is not by Chaucer, nor has it any relation to his fragmentary *Cook's Tale*, save in name. On the basis of this poem, Thomas Lodge composed a novel called *Rosalynde, Euphuus' Golden Legacie* (1590), adding the female characters, and the love stories of Orlando and Silvius. Whether these are due to his own invention, or are drawn from some other source, is unknown. This novel Shakespeare in turn dramatized in *As You Like It*. It does not appear that Shakespeare knew the *Tale of Gamelyn*.

Lodge's romance is a euphuistic pastoral, and, in turning it into a play, Shakespeare dropped the euphuism, but retained many of the pastoral characteristics. In retaining these, he was following not only his source, but the example of other dramatists who had recently scored successes with pastorals on the stage. The more conventional pastoral features to be detected in *As You Like It* are these: the shepherds and foresters, both those who are actual rustics and those who are courtiers living in retirement; the love-sick shepherd and obdurate shepherdess; the girl in the dress of a boy; the hanging or carving of verses on trees; the hunting scene and song; the figure of Hymen; and the suggested landscape of woodland, sheep-cote, and pasture. The forest life of the banished Duke, also, and his attitude towards adversity have been thought to show the influence of contemporary plays on Robin Hood.

The length of time covered by the action is much shorter in the play than in the novel. Shakespeare summarizes the whole first section of *Rosalynde* in Orlando's opening speech, and, greatly to the advantage of the hero's refinement, cuts out a number of rowdy incidents between his wrestling and his setting out. The wrestling, indeed, is a survival of the merely muscular hero of the *Tale of Gamelyn*. Oliver's change of heart, which is used by Shakespeare to reflect credit on Orlando, is in Lodge due to the elder brother's meditations in prison. In *Rosalynde*, the restoration of the Duke is brought about by the overthrow and death of the usurper in battle, in contrast with the dramatist's milder device of conversion, which, however unpalatable, suits better the mood of the play. The chief characters are all raised to a much higher spiritual level by Shakespeare, finer motives are introduced, Rosalind is given a sense of humor, and Phebe and Silvius are made much less the conventional figures of the artificial pastoral. The characters of Jaques, Touchstone, Audrey, William, Dennis, Le Beau, Amiens, the First Lord, and Sir Oliver Martext are all added, and with them the distinctive atmosphere of the play, its philosophy, its humor, its lyric beauty, and its landscape.

AS YOU LIKE IT

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.
 FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
 AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished Duke.
 JAKES, }
 LE BRAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
 CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
 OLIVER, }
 JAKES, } sons of Sir Roland de Boys.
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
 DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
 SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
 CORIN, } shepherds.
 SILVIUS, }
 WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
 A person representing Hymen.
 ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.
 CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
 PHEBE, a shepherdess.
 AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, pages, attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Orchard of Oliver's house.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks [5 goldenly of his profit. For my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? [10 His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on [15 his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me. He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a [20 brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 27

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. 30

Ol. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing. I am not taught to make any thing.

Ol. What mar you then, sir? 34

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Ol. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. 39

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Ol. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Ol. Know you before whom, sir? 45

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, [50 were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Ol. What, boy! 55

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Ol. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys. He was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a fa- [60 ther begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so. Thou hast rail'd on thyself. 65

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Ol. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please. You shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give [70 me good education. You have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the [75

poor allottery my father left me by testament. With that I will go buy my fortunes. — 78

Oli. And what wilt thou do? Beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog. 85

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! He would not have spoke such a word. 89

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Oli. Is it even so? Begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me? 95

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 100

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 111

Cha. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live? 119

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 125

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in [130] disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath [135] to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in; therefore, out of my love to you, I

came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run [140] into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means [145] laboured to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against [150] me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on [155] thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one [160] so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. 164

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment. If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. 169
Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best [175] know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all. Nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.* 180

SCENE II. [*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Celi. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a [5] banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Celi. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still [10] with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine. So wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee. 15

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Celi. You know my father hath no child but

I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I²⁰ will render thee again in affection. By mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal. But love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither than with safety³⁰ of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favourably.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's. Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE].

Cel. No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such god-desses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught. Now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now. Stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I

were. But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn. No more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is 't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him. You'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur the Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau. What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said. That was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies. I would [us have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end. For the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents,"

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of [us life in him. So he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies. 147

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 153

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it. 155

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE [FREDERICK], Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on. Since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man? 160

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! Yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! Are you crept hither to see the wrestling? 165

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain [170] dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. 174

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Charles the wrestler? 179

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger. I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength. If you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your [185] judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt. 190

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward. 194

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing [200] to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing. Only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. 205

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well! Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you! 210

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working. 215

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 219

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before. But come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle. 225

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye I can tell who should down. [Shout. [Charles is thrown.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace. I am not yet well breath'd. 230

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Boys. 235

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still mine enemy.

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house. 240 But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.

I would thou hadst told me of another father. [Exeunt Duke [Fred., train, and Le Beau].

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son, His youngest son, — and would not change that calling, 245

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind.

Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, 250 Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him and encourage him.

My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserv'd.

If you do keep your promises in love 255 But justly, as you have exceeded all promise, Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain from her neck.]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune, That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here
stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with
my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call,
sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt [Rosalind and Celia].*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir; I do in friendship counsel
you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: — what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me
this:

Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge
by manners;

But yet, indeed, the taller is his daughter.
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument

But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you
well.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you
well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind!

SCENE III. [A room in the palace.]

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid
have mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be
cast away upon curs; throw some of them at
me. Come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up,

when the one should be lam'd with reasons
and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father.
O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch
them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat. These
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and
have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wres-
tler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try
in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning
these jests out of service, let us talk in
good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden
you should fall into so strong a liking with old
Sir Roland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father
dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should
love his son dearly? By this kind of chase,
I should hate him, for my father hated his
father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve
well?

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you
love him because I do. Look, here comes the
Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your
safest haste,

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with
me.

If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, —
As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors.
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor.

Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his
dukedom.

So was I when your Highness banish'd him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What 's that to me? My father was no traitor. 65
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along. 70

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse.

I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,

Why so am I. We still have slept together, 75
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience 80
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more

virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips.
Firm and irrevocable is my doom. 85

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me,

my liege;

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself.

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour, 90
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithae, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the

Duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sund' red? Shall we part, sweet

girl? 100

No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out; 105

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face.
The like do you. So shall we pass along 115
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, 119

A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there

will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man? 125

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, 135
And get our jewels and our wealth together,

Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.* 140

ACT II

SCENE I. [*The Forest of Arden.*]

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and two or three LORDS, like foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these

woods
More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, 5
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10

That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;

And this our life, exempt from public haunt, 15
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running

brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1. Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequest' red stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern
coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. Lord. O, yes, into a thousand smiles.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream:
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testa-
ment

As windings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being
there alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
"Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him. "Ay," quoth
Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

2. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
menting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1. Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [A room in the palace.]

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be. Some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mis-
tress.

2. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at
whom so oft

Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother. Fetch that
gallant hither.

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [Before Oliver's house.]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my
gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Roland! Why, what make you
here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love
you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and val-
iant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours. Your virtues, gentle mas-
ter,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors! Within this
roof

The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he
means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it. If he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery.
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou
have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do;

Yet this I will not do, do how I can. 35

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse 40

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.

Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold. 45

All this I give you. Let me be your servant.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo 50

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities. 55

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for me!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion, 60

And having that do choke their service up

Even with the having. It is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield 65

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.

But come thy ways; we'll go along together,

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. 70

From seventeen years till now almost four-

score

Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,

But at fourscore it is too late a week;

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 75

Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The Forest of Arden.*]

Enter ROSALIND for *Ganymede*, CELIA for
Aliena, and *Clown*, alias TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my
man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I
must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet [s
and hose ought to show itself courageous to
petticoat; therefore, courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go
no further. 10

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with
you than bear you. Yet I should bear no cross
if I did bear you, for I think you have no
money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden. 15

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden, the more
fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better
place; but travellers must be content.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look
you, who comes here; a young man and an old
in solemn talk. 21

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you
still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do
love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere
now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
guess. 25

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.

But if thy love were ever like to mine,—

As sure I think did never man love so—

How many actions most ridiculous 30

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!

If thou rememb'rest not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into, 35

Thou hast not lov'd;

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd;

Or if thou hast not broke from company 40

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phoebe*, *Phoebe*, *Phoebe*! [*Exit.*]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy
wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own. 45

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I

was in love I broke my sword upon a stone,

and bid him take that for coming a-night to

Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her

batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt

hands had milk'd; and I remember the woo- 50

ing of a peacock instead of her; from whom I

took two cods and, giving her them again, said

with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake."

We that are true lovers run into strange capers;

but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature

in love mortal in folly. 57

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art
ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine
own wit till I break my shins against it. 60

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something
stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond

man
If he for gold will give us any food. 65

I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,

Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.

Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed

And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, 75

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her;

But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze.

My master is of churlish disposition, 80

And little reckes to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing 85

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing. 90

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it. 95

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold.

Go with me. If you like upon report

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly. 100

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*The forest.*]

Enter AMIENS, JAUQUES, and others.

SONG.

[*Ami.*] Under the greenwood tree

Who loves to lie with me,

And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither! 5

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 11

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged. I know I cannot please you. 16

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques. 20

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself. 24

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues. 31

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid 35 him. He is too disputable for my company. I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

[*All together here.*]

Who doth ambition shun, 40

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither!

Here shall he see 45

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it. 50

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease

A stubborn will to please, 55

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame!

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

As if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame"? 60

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt.* 65

SCENE VI. [*The forest.*]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further. O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer 5 thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end. I will here be with thee presently; and if I 10

bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air. ¹⁵ Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. [The forest.]

[A table set out.] Enter DUKE senior, [AMIENS] and LORDS, like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,

For I can no where find him like a man.

1. Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence.

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, ⁵

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1. Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What, you look merrily! ¹¹

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool. A miserable fool!

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun, ¹⁵

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his poke, ²⁰

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags.

"Tis but an hour ago since it was nine; And after one hour more 't will be eleven; ²⁵

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, ³⁰

That fools should be so deep-contemplative; And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear, ³⁵

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair, They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd With observation, the which he vents ⁴¹

In mangled forms. O that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit; — Provided that you weed your better judgements

Of all opinion that grows rank in them ⁴⁶

That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have; And they that are most galled with my folly, ⁵⁰

They must most laugh. And why, sir, must they so?

The "why" is plain as way to parish church. He that a fool doth very wisely hit

Doth very foolishly, although he smart, [Not to] seem senseless of the bob; if not, ⁵⁵

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd Even by the squandering glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley. Give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, ⁶⁰ If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin.

For thou thyself hast been a libertine, ⁶⁵ As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores and headed evils, That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Wouldst thou dorgorge into the general world. Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, ⁷⁰

That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the wearer's very means do ebb? What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say the city-woman bears ⁷⁵ The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her, When such a one as she such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function, That says his bravery is not on my cost, ⁸⁰

Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free, ⁸⁵ Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO [with his sword drawn].

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? ⁹⁰

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress?

Or else a rude despiser of good manners, That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first. The thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show⁹⁵
Of smooth civility. Yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say.
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jag. An you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must die.¹⁰¹

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.¹⁰⁵

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.

I thought that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are

That in this desert inaccessible¹¹⁰

Under the shade of melancholy boughs
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,¹¹⁵
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,¹²⁰

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engend'red;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have¹²⁵

That to your wanting may be minist'red.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step¹³⁰
Limp'd in pure love. Till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort!^{[Exit.] 135}

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jag. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.¹⁴⁰
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.¹⁴⁴
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the
pard,¹⁵⁰

Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,¹⁵⁵

Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,¹⁶⁰
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,¹⁶⁵
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every
thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable
burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need;

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.¹⁷⁰
Duke S. Welcome; fall to, I will not
trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

[*Ami.*] Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind¹⁷⁵
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green
holly.¹⁸⁰

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
folly.

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh¹⁸⁵
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememb'red not.

Heigh-ho! sing, etc.¹⁹⁰

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Ro-
land's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the Duke¹⁹⁵

That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. ²⁰⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*A room in the palace.*]

Enter DUKE [FREDERICK], OLIVER, and Lords.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be.

But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it.
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is. ⁵
Seek him with candle! Bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands, ¹⁰
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors; ¹⁵

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently and turn him going. ²⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The forest.*]

Enter ORLANDO [with a paper].

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love;

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,

Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books, ⁵
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. ¹⁰

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and Clown [TOUCHSTONE].

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect ¹⁵
that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now,

in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty ²⁰
in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is ²⁵
without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may ³⁰
complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly. ³⁵

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side. ⁴⁰

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. ⁴⁵

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court but you kiss your hands. That courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds. ⁵⁰

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy. ⁵⁵

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? And is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. ⁶⁰

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet. ⁶⁵

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worm's-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend. Civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd. ⁷⁰

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me. I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! Thou art raw. ⁷⁵

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer. I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. ⁸⁰

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds. I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cora. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND [with a paper, reading].

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted. It is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Wint' red garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses. Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar. Then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. [Reads.] Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No!

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,

Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide-enlarg'd.

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cri'd "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! Back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt [Corin and Touchstone].*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more, too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter. The feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree. I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery. I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak

apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-³¹⁰ mouth'd bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings..

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly. ³¹⁵

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard. ³¹⁹

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant. ³²⁵

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking. Speak sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando. ³³⁰

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou ³³⁵ see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first. 'Tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. ³⁴¹

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. But take ³⁴⁵ a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. ³⁵⁰

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground. ³⁵⁵

Cel. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. ³⁶⁰

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden. Thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on. ³⁶⁴

Enter ORLANDO and JAKUES.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he. Slink by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone. ³⁷⁰

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you; let's meet as little as we can. ³⁷⁴

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name? ³⁸⁰

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of? ³⁸⁵

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit. I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery. ³⁹⁵

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love. ⁴⁰⁰

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook. Look but in, and you shall see him. ⁴⁰⁵

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good Signior Love. ⁴¹⁰

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. *[Exit Jaques.]*

Ros. *[Aside to Celia.]* I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester? ⁴¹⁵

Orl. Very well. What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day. There's no clock in the forest. ⁴²⁰

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper? ⁴²⁵

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. ⁴³⁰

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year. ⁴³⁵

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, forsother your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrat- ing a careless desolation. But you are no

such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does. That is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me; at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [The forest.]

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] *and* *AUDREY*;
[*JAQUES* *behind*].

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey. I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey, am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jag. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest. Now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jag. [*Aside.*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! Sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jag. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly [50] but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods." Right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. [55] Horns?—even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man [60] more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver. Sir Oliver Martext, [64] you are well met. Will you dispatch us here

under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jag. Proceed, proceed. I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't; how do you, sir? You are very well met. God 'ild you for your last company. I [75] am very glad to see you. Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jag. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jag. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is. This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jag. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey; We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*]

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter. Ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. [*The forest.*]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour. Your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana. A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously. The very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not? ²¹

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut. ²⁷

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was. ³³

Cel. "Was" is not "is." Besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father. ³⁷

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was. I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando? ⁴³

Cel. O, that's a brave man! He writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny ⁴⁵ tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired ⁵⁰

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, ⁵⁵
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. ⁶⁰
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck ⁵
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN [behind].

Phe. I would not be thy executioner.

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: ¹⁰

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; ¹⁵
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee.

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee. ²⁰

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, ²⁵
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—

You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible ³⁰
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be
your mother, ³⁵

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have
no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? ⁴⁰
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it. ⁴⁵
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream

That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south, puffing with wind and
rain? ⁵⁰

You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman. 'Tis such fools as you

That makes the world full of ill-favour'd chil-
dren.

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper ⁵⁵

Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself. Down on your
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falsest than vows made in wine.

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud. Though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* *Rosalind*, *Celia*, and *Corin*.]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe, —

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love. Is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,

And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure, and I'll employ thee too.

But do not look for further recompense

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps. Loose now and then

A scatt'rd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;

'T is but a peevish boy; yet he talks well.

But what care I for words? Yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth; not very pretty;

But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.

His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well.

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little ripier and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him; but, for my part,

I love him not nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him,

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;

And, now I am rememb'rd, scorn'd at me.

I marvel why I answer'd not again.

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;

The matter's in my head and in my heart.

I will be bitter with him and passing short.

Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt*.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*The forest*.]

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKES.

Jag. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jag. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jag. Why, 't is good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 't is good to be a post.

Jag. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the

regard for human nature

lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, ¹⁵ compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness — ²⁰

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. ²⁵

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you, an you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lip and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! Where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. ⁴¹

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. ⁵⁰

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight. I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him. ⁵⁷

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns, which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for. But he comes armed in his fortune and prevents the slander of his wife. ⁵⁹

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you. ⁶⁷

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? ⁷¹

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be deny'd?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter. ⁸¹

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit. ⁸⁶

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. ⁹¹

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me. ¹¹⁴

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind. ¹¹⁵

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister? ¹²⁶

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando, —"

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will. ¹³¹

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife." 136

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever and a day. 146

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever."

No, no, Orlando. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey. I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry. I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep. 156

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise. 160

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this. The wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 166

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 171

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 181

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner. By two o'clock I will be with thee again. 186

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove. My friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me. 'Tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour? 190

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and

the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful; therefore beware my censure and keep your promise. 300

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind; so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. *[Exit Orlando].* 306

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doubt let and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded. My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out. 315

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *[The forest.]*

Enter JACQUES, LORDS, and FORESTERS.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose? 7

[I.] For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it. 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

SONG.

[Music.]

[I.] For. What shall he have that killed the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home.

[The rest shall bear this burden.]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born; 15

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *[The forest.]*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, *(Enter SILVIUS)* he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it, 10
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter

And play the swaggerer. Bear this, bear all.
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners. 15
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.

Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd,
well,

This is a letter of your own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.

I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand. I verily did think 25
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;

She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter.

I say she never did invent this letter.
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers. 30

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers. Why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiopie words, blacker in their effect 35
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*]
"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*]
"Why, thy godhead laid apart,

Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?" 45
Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,

Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!

Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move! 50
He that brings this love to thee

Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind,

Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take 55
Of me and all that I can make;

Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd! 65

Ros. Do you pity him? No, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! Not to be endur'd! Well, go your way to her—for I see love hath made thee a tame snake—and say this to her: that if 70 she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.* 75]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom.

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream 80
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description; 85
Such garments and such years. "The boy is fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for? 90

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind

He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this? 95

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you

He left a promise to return again 100
Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! He threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself.
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd 105
with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back. About his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd it self,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd 110

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd it self,

And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, ¹¹⁸
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for
'tis

The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man ¹²⁰
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural. ¹²⁵

Ros. But, to Orlando. Did he leave him
there,

Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and pur-
pos'd so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion, ¹³⁰

Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurt-

ling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was 't you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him? ¹³⁵

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not
shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two ¹⁴⁰

Tears our recumtments had most kindly
bath'd,

As how I came into that desert place, —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love; ¹⁴⁵

Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he

fainted

And cri'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind. ¹⁵⁰
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at
heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse

His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth ¹⁵⁵

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
[*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Gany-
mede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers. ¹⁶¹

Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man!
You lack a man's heart. ¹⁶⁵

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
would think this was well counterfeit! I

pray you, tell your brother how well I counter-
feited. Heigh-ho! ¹⁶⁹

Oli. This was not counterfeit. There is too
great testimony in your complexion that it was

a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart and coun-
terfeit to be a man. ¹⁷⁵

Ros. So I do. But, i' faith, I should have
been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler. Pray
you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer
back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. ¹⁸¹

Ros. I shall devise something; but, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will
you go? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*The forest.*]

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] *and* *AUDREY.*

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; pa-
tience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough,
for all the old gentleman's saying. ⁴

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey,
a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a

youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no in-
terest in me in the world. Here comes the
man you mean. ¹⁰

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a
clown. By my troth, we that have good wits

have much to answer for; we shall be flouting;
we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey. ¹⁵

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy
head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd.

How old are you, friend? ²⁰

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Was 't born i' the for-
est here? ²⁵

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God" — a good answer.
Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very ex-
cellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so.

Art thou wise? ³¹

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now re-
member a saying, "The fool doth think he is
wise, but the wise man knows himself to [be
a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he

had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid? ⁴⁰

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, ⁴⁵ being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other. For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir? ⁵⁰

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon—which is in the vulgar leave—the society—which in the boorish is company—of this female—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, ⁵⁵ clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel. I will bandy ⁶⁰ with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. *[Exit.* ⁶⁵

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you. Come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *[The forest.]*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? That but seeing you should love her? And loving woo? And, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her? ⁵

Ol. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor [her] sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other. It shall ¹⁰ be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd. ¹⁴

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow; thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother. ²⁰

Ol. And you, fair sister. *[Exit.]*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion. ²⁴

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher? ³⁰

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true. There was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met but ³⁵ they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they ⁴⁰ made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love and they will together. Clubs cannot part them. ⁴⁵

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for. ⁵⁵

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking. ⁶⁰

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are; ⁶⁵ neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, ⁷⁰ convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of ⁷⁵ fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. ⁸¹

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have. It is my study
To seem despitful and ungentle to you. 85

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him. He worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what
'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; 90
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; 95
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy. 100
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe. 105

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to
love you? 110

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love
you?

Ros. Why do you speak too, "Why blame
you me to love you?" 115

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like
the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.

[*To Sil.*] I will help you, if I can. [*To Phe.*]
I would love you, if I could. To-morrow 120

meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry
you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be mar-

ried to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you,
if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be mar-

ried to-morrow. [*To Sil.*] I will content 125
you, if what pleases you contents you, and you
shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you

love Rosalind, meet. [*To Sil.*] As you love
Phebe, meet. And as I love no woman, I'll

meet. So, fare you well. I have left you com-
mands. 131

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The forest.*]

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Au-
drey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I
hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a
woman of the world. Here come two of the
banish'd Duke's pages. 6

Enter two PAGES.

1. *Page.* Well met, honest gentlemen.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit,
sit, and a song. 9

2. *Page.* We are for you. Sit i' the middle.

1. *Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, with-
out hawking or spitting or saying we are
hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad
voice? 14

2. *Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a
tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding; 21

Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

These pretty country folks would lie, 25

In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

How that a life was but a flower

In spring time, &c. 30

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;

For love is crowned with the prime

In spring time, &c. 34

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though
there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the
note was very untunable.

1. *Page.* You are deceiv'd, sir. We kept
time, we lost not our time. 39

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but
time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy

you—and God mend your voices! Come, Au-
drey. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The forest.*]

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, OR-
LANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that
the boy

Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they
fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our com-
pact is urg'd. 4

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to
give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I
bring her.

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms
king. 10

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be will-
ing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain. 15

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me, Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd;

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me; and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even. 25

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, 30

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest. 34

Enter Clown [TOUCHSTONE] and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all! 38

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest. He hath been a courtier, he swears. 43

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatt'ed a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one. 49

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well. 55

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own. A poor humour of mine, 60 sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious. 65

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause, — how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause? 70

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed, — bear your body more seeming, Audrey, — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard. He sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. 75 If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. 80 If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lie: this is call'd the Counter-check Quarrelsome: and so to Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. 86

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords and parted. 91

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. 95 I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Counter-check Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. 100 All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, "If 105 you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool. 110

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

[*Still Music.*]

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even 115

Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter.

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is. 121

Ros. [To the Duke.] To you I give myself,
for I am yours.

[To *Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind. 125

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he;
I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. 130

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events.
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands, 135
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part;
You and you are heart in heart;
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord; 140
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish, 145
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured. 150
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art
to me!
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. 154
Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art
mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother [JAQUES DE BOYS].

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word
or two.

I am the second son of old Sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every
day 160

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on
foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came, 165
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again 170
That were with him exil'd. 'This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. 175
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights
with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune, 180
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms
all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall. 185

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you
rightly,

The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I. Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and
learn'd. 191

[*To Duke S.*] You to your former honour I
bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Ori.*] You to a love, that your true faith
doth merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land, and love, and
great allies: 195

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved
bed:

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy
loving voyage

Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your
pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime I. What you would
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Proceed, proceed. We will begin
these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance.*] *Exeunt.*

[EPILOGUE]

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue, but it is no more unhandsome than
to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that
good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good
play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they
do use good bushes, and good plays prove the
better by the help of good epilogues. What a
case am I in then, that am neither a good
epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the
behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a
beggar, therefore to beg will not become me. 10
My way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with
the women. I charge you, O women, for the
love you bear to men, to like as much of this
play as please you; and I charge you, O men,
for the love you bear to women,—as I per- 15
ceive by your smirking, none of you hates
them—that between you and the women the
play may please. If I were a woman I would
kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd
me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths 20
that I defid' not; and, I am sure, as many as
have good beards or good faces or sweet
breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make
curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exit.*]

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL

UNDER the date of February 2, 160½, the Diary of John Manningham contains an entry recording the performance in the Hall of the Middle Temple, in which he was a student, of a play called *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, which he describes in terms that identify it as Shakespeare's. This fixes a later limit for the date of composition. An earlier limit has not yet been certainly fixed. The title does not occur in Meres's list, so that it is most probably later than 1598. The reference to the "new map with the augmentation of the Indies" (III. ii. 85) is not quite definite enough to enable us to accept with assurance the results of attempts to identify it with a map published in 1599-1600. The evidence from the publication in collections of some of the songs in the play is weakened by the possibility of the songs' having been popularly known before they were printed. But neither in these hints, nor in the metre, is there any hindrance to our regarding the most generally accepted date, 1601, as the true one.

No printed edition seems to have appeared before the First Folio in 1623, and on this the present text is based.

The problem of the exact source of the main plot involves at least five plays and three novels. Of these, two Italian plays with the same name, *Gl' Inganni*, may be set aside at once, since neither contains the central situation of Olivia's love for Cesario. In 1531 there was produced at Siena the comedy of *Gl' Ingannati*, containing the substance of the plot of *Twelfth Night*; and a Latin translation of this was acted at Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1590 and 1598, but remained unprinted. The 28th Novella of Bandello (1554), later translated into French by Belleforest, has essentially the same plot. Belleforest's is probably the source of an English version, *Apolonius and Silla*, published in 1581 in *Barnabe Riche his Farewell to Military Profession*. Shakespeare's plot is on the whole closer to this than to any of the others. In 1608, English comedians acted at Graz a play, extant in a German print of 1677, called *Tugend- und Liebesstreit*. This comedy is manifestly closely related to Riche's story, and it is plausibly conjectured that it goes back to a lost English play founded on Riche, which may also have been the direct original of *Twelfth Night*. But in any case it is more than likely that Shakespeare knew Riche's book at first hand; for in the story *Of Two Brethren and their Wives*, contained in the same volume, an episode occurs which is the only source so far suggested for the pretended lunacy of Malvolio.

Assuming that Shakespeare's main source was *Apolonius and Silla*, or a play founded on it, we may note that he omits a long introduction telling of Silla's love for the Duke before her arrival at his court and her adventures in search of him; and this omission not only makes the action more compact, but also makes possible a finer conception of the heroine. The relations of Olivia and Sebastian are also much more delicately treated in the play, and the action is again condensed in the final scene. In Riche, the brother leaves the city after having been entertained by Julina (Olivia); gossip about Julina and Silla reaches the Duke, who has Silla thrown into a dungeon; Julina goes to the Duke to plead for Silla, who is sent for, denies any love-compact with Julina, and, under threat of death, reveals her identity. Julina retires in perplexity, and the Duke marries Silla. The rumor of the marriage brings the brother back to the city, where he confesses his former visit, and marries Julina. This scattering conclusion is in strong contrast to the concentration of Shakespeare's dénouement.

Shakespeare's treatment of Olivia's love for Cesario is much fuller than Riche's, and seems to show a reminiscence of a situation in Montemayor's *Diana*, from which he had previously drawn materials for *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

In characterization even more is due to the dramatist than in construction. The main persons are entirely re-created, and the sentimentalism of the Duke, as well as the appealing union of pathos and arch humor which makes the charm of Viola, is altogether the conception of Shakespeare. Apart from the hint mentioned above for the madness of Malvolio, the underplot, with the characters of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria, Malvolio, Fabian, and Feste, seems to be entirely original.

*Remembered to what she wants
Viola gets what she had no credit.*

TWELFTH NIGHT

OR

WHAT YOU WILL

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
FESTE, a clown, }
OLIVIA, a rich countess.
VIOLA.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*A room in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other Lords [Musicians attending].

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on !
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! It had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound 5
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough ! no more !
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity 10
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute ! So full of shapes is fancy 15
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence ! 20
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now ! what news from her ?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,

But from her handmaid do return this answer : 25

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round

With eye-offending brine : all this to season 30
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh

And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine
frame

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft 35
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all suppli'd, and
fill'd

Her sweet perfections with one self king !
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ; 40
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopi'd with
bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The sea-coast.*]

Enter VIOLA, a CAPTAIN, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria ?
My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd. What think you,
sailors ? 5

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were
saved.

Vio. O my poor brother ! and so perchance
may he be.

Cap. True, madam ; and, to comfort you
with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with
you 10

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
tice,

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back, 15

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name. 25

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him.

He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; 30
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know,

What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of 35
a count

That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company 40
And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit, 45
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee

I will believe thou hast a mind that suits 50

With this thy fair and outward character

I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid

For such disguise as haply shall become

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke. 55

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.

It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing

And speak to him in many sorts of music

That will allow me very worth his service.

What else may hap, to time I will commit, 60

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be.

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH AND MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come

in earlier o' nights. Your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps. 13

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you. I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer. 17

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats. He's a very fool and a prodigal. 25

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. 29

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave. 35

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company. 39

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coxstrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 46

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! How now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew. 50

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance. 56

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight. "Accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her. 60

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost"?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again. 66

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, "thought is free," I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? What's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so. I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends. Marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is "*pourquoi*?" Do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The Count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the Count. She'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.
Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to [the church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damn'd colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? Were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! Higher! Ha, ha! Excellent!

SCENE IV. [A room in the Duke's palace.]

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd. He hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all. I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul; Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her.

Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith. It shall become thee well to act my woes.

She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man. Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him,—
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best.
To woo your lady, — [*aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me! He that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours."

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way. If Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady. Make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LADY OLIVIA [and retinue] with MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man; for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." — God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool, I'll no more of you; besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and

good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, "*cucullus non facit monachum*"; that's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? Doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal. I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already. Unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endure thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam. 'Tis a fair young man, and well attended. ¹¹¹

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you. He speaks nothing but madman; fie on him! [*Exit* ¹¹⁵ *Maria*.] Go you, Malvolio; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home, — what you will, to dismiss it. (*Exit Malvolio*.) Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose ¹²⁰ skull Jove cram with brains! for — here he comes —

Enter SIR TOBY.

one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin? ¹²⁵

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here — a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy? ¹³⁰

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he? ¹³⁵

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit*.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman. One draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third ¹⁴⁰ drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd. Go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit*.] ¹⁴⁵

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick. He takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep. He seems to have a fore- ¹⁵⁰ knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? He's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me. ¹⁵⁵

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind. ¹⁶⁰

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner. He'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he? ¹⁶⁴

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before

'tis a peasecod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple. 'Tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd and he speaks very shrewishly. One would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. ¹⁷¹

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit*.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil. Come, throw it o'er my face. ¹⁷⁵

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA [and Attendants].

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will? ¹⁸⁰

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ¹⁸⁵ sustain no scorn. I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir? ¹⁹⁰

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian? ¹⁹⁴

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my ²⁰⁰ commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't. I forgive you the praise. ²⁰⁵

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to ²¹⁰ wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone. If you have reason, be brief. 'Tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? Here lies your way. ²¹⁶

Vio. No, good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind. I am a messenger. ²²⁰

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I

held the olive in my hand. My words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you? 229

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation. 234

Oli. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 240

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart. 245

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text, but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was — this present. Is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*] 250

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather. 255

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave 260 And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with 265 lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 270 My lord and master loves you. O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, [with] fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire. 275

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble; Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth, In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,

And in dimension and the shape of nature 280 A gracious person. But yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense, 285 I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contemned love And sing them loud even in the dead of night; 290

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much. 295

What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.

I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord.

I cannot love him. Let him send no more, —

Unless, perchance, you come to me again 300

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well!

I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady. Keep your purse.

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love; 305

And let your fervour, like my master's, be Flac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*]

Oli. "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well.

I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art. 310 Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit

Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too fast! Soft, soft!

Unless the master were the man. How now!

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections 315 With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,

The County's man. He left this ring behind him, 320

Would I or not. Tell him I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes. I'm not for him.

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio. 325

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe;

What is decreed must be, and be this so. 330 [*Exit.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*The sea-coast.*]

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me. The malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear⁵ my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.¹⁰

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know¹⁵ of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens²⁰ had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!²⁵

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is³⁰ drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.³⁵

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once. My bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet⁴⁰ so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!⁴⁵

I have many enemies in Orsino's court, Else would I very shortly see thee there. But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*A street.*]

Enter VIOLA and MALVOLIO, at several doors.

Mal. Were you not even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir. On a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.⁴

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir. You might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and — one thing more — that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's¹⁰ taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me. I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in¹⁵ your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Viola. I left no ring with her. What means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much,²⁰ That [sure] methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure. The cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none. I am the man! If it be so, as 'tis,²⁵

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false³⁰

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;³⁵

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, — now alas the day! —

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I.⁴¹

It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. [*A room in Olivia's house.*]

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew. Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and "*deliculu surgere*," thou know'st, —

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.⁵

Sir To. A false conclusion. I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the four elements?¹⁰

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.¹⁵

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of "we three"?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Picrogramitos, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus. 'T was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too. If one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

Clo. (Sings.)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. (Sings.)

What is love? 'T is not hereafter.

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dullest in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one [weaver? Shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't. I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool. It begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

(Catch sung.)

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally. Lady! (Sings.) "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too. He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. (Sings.) "O, the twelfth day of December," —

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad, or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing alli'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir! Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than con- tempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule. She shall know of it, by this hand.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

[Exit.

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Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight. I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 141

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a [145 common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us. Tell us something of him. 150

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? Thy exquisite reason, dear knight? 156

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work. 166

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, [170 and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece. On a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands. 175

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him. 180

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not. 185

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter. Observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on [190 the event. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Good night, Penthésilæa.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that? 196

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out. 201

Sir To. Send for money, knight. If thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will. 205

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *[A room in the Duke's palace.]*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, — good morrow, friends, —

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night. Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms 5 Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 19

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. *[Exit Curio.] Music plays.*

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love, 15 In the sweet pangs of it remember me;

For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, 20

Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat 21 Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly. My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves. 25 Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take. 30

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart.

For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, 35

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

For women are as roses, whose fair flower Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour. 40

Viola. And so they are; alas, that they are so!

To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun 45

And the free maids that weave their thread with bones

Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir? 50

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*]

SONG.

[*Clo.*] Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid.

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid. 55

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown. 60

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where 65

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir. 70

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee. 74

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. 81

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty.

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands. 85

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 't is that miracle and queen of gems

That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir? 90

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio.

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia. You cannot love her.

You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd? 95

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much. They lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, 100
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me 105
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe.

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man, 110

As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,

I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek. She pin'd in thought, 115

And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat, like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more; but indeed

Our shows are more than will, for still we prove 120

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too; — and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste. Give her this jewel. Say 125

My love can give no place, bide no deny.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come. If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy. 4

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man. You know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here. 10

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue. Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives. 15

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain. How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, [20 for the love of mockery, for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [throws down a letter], for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *[Exit. 25*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune. All is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted re- [30 spect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue! 34

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him. How he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'S light, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio! 40

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't. The lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. 45

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in. Look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, — 50

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping, — 55

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby, — 61

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play [65 with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me, —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace. 71

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then? 76

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech," —

Sir To. What, what? 80

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight," — 86

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew," —

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool. 90

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace, and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him! 94

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand. These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that? 100

Mal. *[Reads.]* "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes": — her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! And the impresseure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal. 'Tis my lady. To whom should this be? 105

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. *[Reads.]*

"Jove knows I love;

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know," 110

"No man must know." What follows? The numbers alter'd! "No man must know!" If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *[Reads.]*

"I may command where I adore; 115

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore.

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I. 120

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it! 125

Mal. "I may command where I adore."

Why, she may command me. I serve her. She is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity, there is no obstruction in this. And the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that [130 resemble something in me! — Softly! M, O, A, I, —

Sir To. O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox. 135

Mal. M, — Malvolio; M, — why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? The cur is excellent at faults. 140

Mal. M, — but then there is no consonancy in the sequel. That suffers under probation. A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O! 146

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 150

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former. And yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose. 154

[*Reads.*] "If this fall into thy hand, resolve. In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like 160 to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Re- 165 member who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Fare- 170 well. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champaign discovers not more. This is open. I will be proud, I will read po- 175 litic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she 180 did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, 185 and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads.*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling. Thy smiles become 190 thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.* 195

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device— 200

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Egb. Here comes my noble gull-catcher. 205

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either? 210

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true. Does it work upon him? 215

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon 220 her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me. 225

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter VIOLA and CLOWN [with a tabor].

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir. I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwells near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 15

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward! 20

Vio. Nay, that's certain. They that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir. 20

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgrac'd them. 25

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them. 30

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you. If that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible. 35

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly. She will keep no fool, sir, till she be

married ; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 41

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there. 47

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard ! 51

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, —[aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within ?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir ? 55

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir. 'Tis well begg'd. 60

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come. Who you are and what you would are out of my welkin — I might say "element," but the word is overworn. [Exit. 65

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, And to do that well craves a kind of wit. He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time, 70 And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man's art ; For folly that he wisely shows is fit ; 74 But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours. 81

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir ; I mean, she is the list of my voyage. 85

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. 91

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you ! 95

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours ;" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear, 100
Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed" ; I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [Exit all but Olivia and Viola.] Give me your hand, sir. 105

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir ! 'Twas never merry world

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment. 110
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours.

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him. For his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me ! 115

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you, I bade you never speak again of him ; But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that Than music from the spheres. 120

Vio. Dear lady, —
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you ; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you. 125
Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours. What might

you know ?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving 131

Enough is shown. A cypress, not a bosom, Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grize ; for 'tis a vulgar proof, 135

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud ! If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion than the wolf ! 140

[Clock strikes.] The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you ;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man. There lies your way, due west. 145

Vio. Then westward-ho ! Grace and good disposition

Attend your ladyship !
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay!
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me. 150
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right. I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am? I wish it might, for now I am your fool. 155

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip!
 A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon. 160

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
 By maidenhood, honour, truth, and everything,
 I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, 165
 For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
 But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, 170
 And that no woman has; nor never none
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
 And so adieu, good madam; nevermore
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move 175
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.
 [Exit.]

SCENE II. [A room in Olivia's house.]

Enter *SIR TOBY*, *SIR ANDREW*, and *FABIAN*.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew*. 5

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me. I saw 't in the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? Tell me that. 10

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgement and reason. 15

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed

into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 21

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate. I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour. 25

Fab. There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand. Be as curs't and brief. It is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention. Taunt him with the license of ink. If thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink. Though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you? 30

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.
 [Exit *Sir Andrew*.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him. But you'll not deliver 't? 35

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy. 40

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter *MARIA*.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of mine comes. 45

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings. 50

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him. If she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour. 55

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. (*Exeunt.* 90)

SCENE III. [*A street.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I will not by my will have troubled you;

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you. My desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth, 5

And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,

Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10
Rough and un hospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever [thanks. Too] oft good turns 15

Are shuffl'd off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir. Best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you 'd pardon me.
I do not without danger walk these streets. 25
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the Count his galleys

I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature, 30

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did; only myself stood out, 35
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant
Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet, 40
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town. There shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store, 45
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. [*Aside.*] I have sent after him; he says
he'll come.

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? He is sad and civil, 5
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam, but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? Does he rave? 10

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile. Your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter MALVOLIO.

I am as mad as he, 15
If sad and merry madness equal be.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all." 25

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands must be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. 31

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! Ay, sweet heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft? 36

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes. Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 41

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great," — 45

Oli. Ha!

Mal. "Some achieve greatness," —

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them." 50

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd." 65

Oli. Cross-garter'd!

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so,"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still." 70

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd. I could hardly entreat him back. He attends your ladyship's pleasure. 65

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 70

[*Exeunt [Olivia and Maria].*]

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter. She sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him, for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be 75 opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, 80 in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have him'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to"; "fellow!" not Malvolio, nor after my de- 85 gree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be—come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not 90 I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him. 95

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? How is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you. Let me enjoy my private. Go off. 100

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! Did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! Does she so? 104

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace. We must deal gently with him. Let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? How is 't with you? What, man, defy the devil! Consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say? 110

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman. 114

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord! 119

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently. The fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! How dost thou, chuck? 126

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, "Biddy, come with me." What, man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier! 130

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness. 135

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! You are idle shallow things; I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction. 141

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint. 145

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad. We may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our 150 very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see. 155

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him. Do but read. 161

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant. 164

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't."

Fab. A good note. That keeps you from the blow of the law. 169

Sir To. [*Reads.*] "Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly. But thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] “I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,” —

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] “Thou kill’st me like a rogue and a villain.”

Fab. Still you keep o’ the windy side of the law; good.

Sir To. [*Reads.*] “Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

ANDREW AGUECHECK.”

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I’ll give’t him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for’t. He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw’st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass off that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang’d off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn’d him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Aguecheck a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA with VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too unchary on’t. There’s something in me that reproves my fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same ’haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master’s grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, ’t is my picture.

Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;

And I beseech you come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me that I’ll deny, That honour sav’d may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, — your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well!

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee!

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to’t. Of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure. No man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You’ll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb’d with unhatch’d rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl. Souls and bodies hath he divorce’d three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give’t or take’t.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour. Belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that’s certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is. It is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signor Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens’d against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? ²⁸⁹

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. ²⁹⁶

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle. ^[Exeunt. 300]

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hits the ground they step ^[305] on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Fox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. ³¹⁰

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him dam'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet. ³¹⁵

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. ^[Aside.] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. ³¹⁹

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

^[To Fab.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels. ³²⁴

Sir To. ^[To Vio.] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow. He protests he will not hurt you. ³³⁰

Vio. ^[Aside.] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious. ³³⁴

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you. He cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. ³⁴⁰

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

^[They draw.]

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. ³⁴⁵

Sir To. You, sir! Why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. ^[They draw. 350]

Enter OFFICERS.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! Here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. ³⁵⁵

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2. *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. ³⁶¹

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1. *Off.* No, sir, no jot. I know your favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away; he knows I know him well. ³⁶⁵

Ant. I must obey. ^[To Vio.] This comes with seeking you.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you ³⁷⁰ Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd, But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir? ³⁷⁵

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability I'll lend you something. My having is not

much.

I'll make division of my present with you. ³⁸⁰ Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my mis-

ery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man As to upbraid you with those kindnesses ³⁸⁵ That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none, Nor know I you by voice or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corrup-

tion ³⁹⁰

Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death, Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love, ³⁹⁵

And to his image, which methought did promise

Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away!

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. In nature there's no blemish but the mind; 401
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him!
Come, come, sir. 405

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit [with Officers].*]

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 410

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of
most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian. I my brother know

Yet living in my glass; even such and so 415
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in
love. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and [420
more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty
appears in leaving his friend here in necessity
and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask
Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it. 425

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — 430

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*Before Olivia's house.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not [5
know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else. Thou know'st not me. 11

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, unguard thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming? 18

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me.

There's money for thee. If you tarry longer, 20
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase. 25

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? There's for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. 31

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir. Hold!

Sir And. Nay, let him alone. I'll go another way to work with him. I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. 40

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, pat up your iron; you are well flesh'd. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. 44

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! On thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam — 50

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,

Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway 54
In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless
pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou
thereby 60

Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose
but go.

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? How runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream. 65

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep.

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Olivia's house.*]

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard. Make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate. Do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.
[*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good house-keeper goes as fairly as to say a careful [10] man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY [and MARIA].

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gor- [15] boduc, "That that is"; so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas. 20

Clo. What, ho, I say! Peace in this prison!
Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic. 25

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! How vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 30

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad. They have laid me here in hideous darkness. 34

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas. 39

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark. 45

Clo. Madman, thou errest. I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzl'd than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I [50] say, there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are. Make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl? 55

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 60

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well. 65

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown. He sees thee not. 70

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to [75] the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit [with Maria].*]

Clo. [*Singing.*] "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does." 80

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. "She loves another" — Who calls, ha? 85

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio? 90

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd. I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art. 95

Clo. But as well? Then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me, keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. 101

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! Endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bible babble. 105

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? Not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say! 110

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper. I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria. 115

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady. It shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did. ¹³⁰

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not. I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink. ¹²⁷

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree. I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing.*] I am gone, sir, ¹³⁰

And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain; ¹³⁵

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil,
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad. ¹⁴⁰
Adieu, Goodman Devil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. [*Olivia's garden.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun,
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant; ⁵
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune ¹¹
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me

To any other trust but that I am mad ¹⁵
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing

As I perceive she does. There's something in 't ²⁰

That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,

Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof, ²⁵
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep ³⁰
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine! ³⁵
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Before Olivia's house.*]

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything. ⁵

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir! we are some of her trap-pings. ¹⁰

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends. ¹⁵

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me. Now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in ²⁰ the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes. ²⁵

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me. There's gold. ³¹

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it. ³⁶

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer. There's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all. The triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; ⁴⁰ or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of

me at this throw. If you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and ⁴⁵ bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir, but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let ⁵⁰ your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *[Exit.]*

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well, Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd ⁵⁵ As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war. A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught and bulk unprizable, With which such seaful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, ⁶⁰ That very envy and the tongue of loss Cri'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1. Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from Candy,

And this is he that did the *Tiger* board, ⁶⁵ When your young nephew Titus lost his leg. Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side, But in conclusion put strange speech upon me. ⁷⁰

Duke. Notable pirate! Thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me. ⁷⁵

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither. That most ingratul boy there by your side, ⁸⁰ From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeem. A wreck past hope he was.

His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention or restraint, ⁸⁵ All his in dedication. For his sake Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him when he was beset; Where being apprehended, his false cunning, Not meaning to partake with me in danger, ⁹⁰ Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, And grew a twenty years removed thing While one would wink; deni'd me mine own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be? ⁹⁵

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy, Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth. ¹⁰⁰

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness.

Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? ¹⁰⁵ Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Ol. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord, — ¹⁰⁹

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Ol. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel!

Ol. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? You uncivil lady, ¹¹⁵

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithful'st offerings have breath'd out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, ¹²⁰

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, Kill what I love? — a savage jealousy That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, And that I partly know the instrument ¹²⁵

That screws me from my true place in your favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still; But this your minion, whom I know you love, And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, ¹³⁰ Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief.

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, ¹³⁵

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Ol. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life, More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife. If I do feign, you witness above ¹⁴⁰ Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Ol. Ay me, detested! How am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? Who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away! 143

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband! Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety. 150
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up.
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended 155
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, 160
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strength'n'd by interchangement of your rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave 165

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! What wilt
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or wilt not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine over-
throw? 170

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much
fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! 175
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. Has broke my head across and has
given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the
love of God, your help! I had rather than
forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one
Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's
the very devil incarnadine. 185

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You
broke my head for nothing; and that that I
did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never
hurt you. 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me. I think you set nothing by
a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby [195
halting. You shall hear more; but if he had not
been in drink, he would have tickl'd you other-
gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! How is 't with
you? 200

Sir To. That's all one. Has hurt me, and
there's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick sur-
geon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago.
His eyes were set at eight i' the morning. 205

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy
measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this
havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because
we'll be dress'd together. 211

Sir To. Will you help?—an ass-head and
a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a
gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be
look'd to. 215

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby,
and Sir Andrew.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your
kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by
that

I do perceive it hath offended you. 220
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and
two persons,

A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! 225
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of your-
self?

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 231
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a
brother,

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister, 235
Whom the blind waves and surges have de-
avour'd.

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman? What name? What parent-
age?

Vio. Of Messaline; Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too; 240
So went he suited to his watery tomb.

If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate. 245
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine. 250

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her
birth
Had numb'rd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years. 255

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola; which to confirm, 260
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle
help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord. 265

Seb. [To *Olivia*.] So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook;

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man. 270

Duke. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his
blood.

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[To *Viola*.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thou-
sand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me. 275
Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds. 280

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on
shore

Hath my maid's garments. He upon some
action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him; fetch Malvolio
hither. 285

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much dis-
tract.

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah? 290

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at
the stove's end as well as a man in his case may
do. Has here writ a letter to you. I should
have given 't you to-day morning, but as a
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills
not much when they are deliver'd. 295

Oli. Open 't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the

fool delivers the madman. [Reads.] "By the
Lord, madam,"— 300

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness.
An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be,
you must allow Vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits. 305

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right
wits is to read ths; therefore perpend, my
princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To *Fabian*.] 309

Fab. [Reads.] "By the Lord, madam, you
wrong me, and the world shall know it. Though
you have put me into darkness and given your
drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the
benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship.
I have your own letter that induced me to the
semblance I put on; with the which I 315
doubt not but to do myself much right, or you
much shame. Think of me as you please. I
leave my duty a little unthought of and speak
out of my injury.

THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this? 320

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, *Fabian*; bring him
hither. [Exit *Fabian*.]

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife, 325
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please
you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace
your offer.

[To *Viola*.] Your master quits you; and for
your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex, 330
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand. You shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! You are she.

Enter MALVOLIO [and FABIAN].

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same. 335

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? No.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
letter;

You must not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase; 340

Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention.
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to
you, 345

To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 350
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But out of question 't is Maria's hand. 355
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad. Then cam'st in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content.
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee; 360

But when we know the grounds and authors of
it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour, 365
Which I have wond'ring at. In hope it shall
not,

Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ 370
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd 375
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffl'd
thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some
achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this in-
terlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all 380
one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But
do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you
at such a barren rascal? An you smile not,

he's gagg'd." And thus the whirligig of time
brings in his revenges. 385

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of
you. [Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a
peace;

He hath not told us of the captain yet. 390
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man; 395
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt *all*, except *Clown*.]

Clo. (*Sings.*)
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy, 400
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, &c. 405

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c. 410

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c. 415
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[Exit.]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

UNDER the date of February 7, 1603, there was entered on the Stationers' Register for James Roberts "The Booke of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is acted by My Lo. Chamberlen's men. When he hathe gotten sufficient auctorithy for yt." Though Roberts seems never to have got authority to issue the play, the entry gives us a later limit for the date of composition. An earlier limit is found in the production, about the middle of 1601, of Jonson's *Poetaster*, the Prologue to which is alluded to in *Troilus and Cressida* (Prol. 23-25). The play, then, was composed in the end of 1601 or during 1602.

The first edition is a quarto published in 1609 in two forms, with differing title-pages but identical text. The earlier title-page states that it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe; the later is followed by a preface claiming that the play was "never stal'd with the stage, never clapperclawed with the palms of the vulgar." This statement is either a plain falsehood for advertising purposes, or is a quibble based on some alterations or omissions. The relation of the text of the First Folio to this quarto it is difficult to determine. The verbal differences between them, though often minute, are very numerous, and several passages found in the Folio are missing from the Quarto, some of which are required by the context. On the other hand, at least three passages need to be supplied to the Folio text from the Quarto; and in many of the more minute differences the Quarto has the better reading; in some, apparently the authentic one. It may be conjectured with some plausibility that the copyist or printer of the Quarto did his work carelessly, though working from an authentic manuscript; and that the Folio version was set up with a different set of mistakes from another and later copy, which may have been revised in details by Shakespeare, or another, or both. The present text is based on the Folio, readings being inserted from the Quarto and later editions only when there appears to be a corruption due to copyist or printer. Passages not in the Folio are enclosed in square brackets.

From evidence based on style, metre, and comparison with sources, it is practically certain that the Prologue and v. vii.-x. are by another hand, and it is probable that Shakespeare's part in v. iv.-vi. is confined to a few lines and phrases. These inferences are corroborated by the recurrence of the lines v. iii. 113-115 in v. x. 32-34, pointing to the later substitution of the present closing scenes.

On account of the extraordinary vogue of the story of Troy in literature, the versions from which Shakespeare may have drawn hints are innumerable. The main sources, however, have been identified. The Troilus story is adapted from Chaucer's poem of the same name, the character of the heroine having been made somewhat lighter in accordance with the current Elizabethan conception of her as the essential coquette, and in order to make plausible the more rapid degradation necessitated by the limits of dramatic treatment. The camp scenes are based on Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye*; and from Homer, probably in Chapman's translation, he drew Hector's challenge to a duel, the pride of Achilles, and some minor hints. The unknown collaborator followed Caxton much more slavishly than did Shakespeare. Whether anything was drawn from four or five lost early plays on similar themes cannot be determined. It has been thought that he was influenced by Greene's *Euphues, his Censure to Philautus* in the general tone of his treatment of antiquity. Of the characters, Cressida and Pandarus are from Chaucer, Thersites and Nestor from Homer, and the warriors from Caxton. Troilus is a combination of Chaucer's lover with Caxton's heroic figure. The Shakespearean Ajax alone is undiscoverable in any of the older versions. This fact, along with the nature of the description of him in i. ii. 19-31, and its inconsistency with the Ajax of the camp scenes, has led to the conclusion that the character is in part a satire on Ben Jonson. Other attempts to find personal satire in the play are not convincing.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

} his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,

} Trojan commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

AGAMEMNON, the Greek general.

MENELAUS, his brother.

NESTOR,

ULYSSES,

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

} Greek commanders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Greek.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Greek camp before it.*]

THE PROLOGUE

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made

To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.

To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions. Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts
Spar up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard; and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those
broils,

Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are,
Now good or bad; 't is but the chance of war.

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Troy. Before Priam's palace.*]

Enter TROILUS [armed] and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this.
For my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.
He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit,
And when fair Cressid comes into my
thoughts, —

So, traitor, then she comes, when she is thence —

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer
than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee : — when my
heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, ⁸⁰
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-

ness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sad-

ness. ⁴⁰
Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's — well, go to ! — there were no
more comparison between the women. But,
for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I would
not, as they term it, praise her ; but I would
somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I ⁴⁵
did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's
wit, but —

Tro. O Pandarus ! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie
drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep ⁵⁰

Thy lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad

In Cressid's love ; thou answer'st she is fair ;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her

voice ;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand, ⁵⁵

In whose comparison all whites are ink

Writing their own reproach, to whose soft

seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh and spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou

tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her ;

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, ⁶¹

Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given

me

The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much. ⁶⁵

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be

as she is. If she be fair, 't is the better for her ;

an she be not, she has the mends in her own

hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus ! ⁶⁹

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail ;

ill-thought on of her and ill-thought on of you ;

gone between and between, but small thanks for

my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus ? ⁷⁵

What, with me ?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore

she's not so fair as Helen. An she were not kin

to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen

is on Sunday. But what care I ? I care not an

she were a black-a-moor ; 't is all one to me. ⁸⁰

Tro. Say I she is not fair ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.

She's a fool to stay behind her father ; let her

to the Greeks ; and so I'll tell her the next time

I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make
no more i' the matter. ⁸⁶

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me. I will
leave all as I found it, and there an end. ⁹¹

[*Exit Pandarus. Sound alarm.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours ! Peace,

rude sounds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument ; ⁹⁵

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus, — O gods, how do you plague

me !

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. ¹⁰⁰

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ?

Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl ;

Between our Ilium and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood, ¹⁰⁵

Ourselves the merchant, and this sailing Pandar

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus ! wherefore

not afield ?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's an-

swer sorts, ¹¹⁰

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

Æne. That Paris is returned home and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas ?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed ; 't is but a scar to

scorn ; ¹¹⁵

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town

to-day !

Tro. Better at home, if " would I might "

were " may. "

But to the sport abroad. Are you bound

thither ?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. ¹²⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE II. The same. A street.*]

Enter CRESSIDA and her man [ALEXANDER].

Cres. Who were those went by ?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they ?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd. ⁵

He chid Andromache and struck his armorer,

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he, where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw ¹⁰

In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?

Alex. The noise goes, this : there is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ; They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,¹⁵ And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions : he is as²⁰ valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant ; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauced with discretion. There is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attain't but he²⁵ carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair. He hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.³¹

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry ?

Alex. They say he yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.³⁷

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here ?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.⁴⁰

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that ? What's that ?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of ? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin ? When were you at Ilium ?⁴⁶

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came ? Was Hector arm'd and gone ere ye came to Ilium ? Helen was not up, was she ?⁵⁰

Cres. Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan. Even so. Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry ?⁵⁵

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so. I know the cause too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that ; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him. Let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.⁶¹

Cres. What, is he angry too ?

Pan. Who, Troilus ? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter ! there's no comparison.⁶⁵

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector ? Do you know a man if you see him ?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.⁷⁰

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.⁷⁶

Pan. Himself ! Alas, poor Troilus ! I would he were.

Cres. So he is. ●

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.⁸¹

Pan. Himself ! No, he's not himself. Would 'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; time must friend or end. Well, Troilus, well ; I would my heart were in her body. No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.⁸⁶

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.⁸⁹

Pan. The other's not come to 't. You shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.⁹⁵

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him ; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour — for so 't is, I must confess, — not brown neither, —¹⁰²

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.¹⁰⁵

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.¹⁰⁹

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much. If she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his. He having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.¹¹⁵

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.¹¹⁸

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window, — and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin, —

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.¹²⁴

Pan. Why, he is very young ; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter ?¹²⁹

Pan. But to prove to you that Helen loves him ; she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin —

Cres. Juno have mercy ! how came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia. 136

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, — 141

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! Why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg. 145

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess, — 151

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer. 155

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laugh'd that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o'er too? 161

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin. 165

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer? 170

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question. 173

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he, "pluck 't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd. 182

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't. 186

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

[Sound a retreat.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. 191

Pan. Hark! They are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida. 195

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest. 200

Aeneas passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Aeneas; is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that? 205

Antenor passes.

Pan. That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough. He's one o' the soundest judgement in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon. If he see me, you shall see him nod at me. 211

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! There's a countenance! Is't not a brave man? 216

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there; there's no jesting; [there's] laying on, take 't off who will, as they say. There be hacks! 225

Cres. Be those with swords?

Paris passes.

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris. Look ye yonder, [230] niece; is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? He's not hurt. Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon. 235

Cres. Who's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus. 240

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"? Helenus is a priest. 245

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece. Look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give money to boot.

Common Soldiers pass.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die! the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. "Well, well!" Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a mine'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such another woman! One knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter [Troilus's] Boy.

Pan. You are such another!

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.]

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousandfold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing.
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

That she below'd knows nought that knows not this:

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exit.

[SCENE III. *The Greek camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.*]

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, with others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness. Checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shame? which are indeed
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men;

The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affn'd and kin.

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a loud and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk!
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-
 tains cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy
 boat

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rivall'd greatness? Either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so 45
 Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
 In storms of fortune; for in her ray and bright-
 ness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
 Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50
 And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing
 of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympa-
 thize,

And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key
 Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
 Greece, 55

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation

The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for
 thy place and sway, 60

[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy
 stretch'd-out life,

I give to both your speeches, which were such
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass, and such again
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, 65

Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-
 tree

On which the heavens ride, knit all Greek
 ears

To his experienc'd tongue, yet let it please both,
 Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be't
 of less expect 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
 When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
 We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
 down, 75

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
 master,

But for these instances:

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
 tions. 80

When that the general is not like the hive
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vi-
 zarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
 centre 85

Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order;
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd 90

Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check to good and bad. But when the
 planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander, 95
 What plagues and what portents! what mu-
 tiny!

What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
 Commotion in the winds! Frights, changes,
 horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states 100
 Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is
 shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 Then enterprise is sick! How could communi-
 ties,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, 105
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing
 meets 110

In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
 And make a sop of all this solid globe.
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father
 dead. 115

Force should be right; or rather, right and
 wrong,

Between whose endless jar justice resides,
 Should lose their names, and so should justice
 too.

Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite; 120

And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate, 125
 Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree is it
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below, he by the next, 130
 That next by him beneath; so every step,
 Exemplary by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation;
 And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot, 135
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-
 cover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
 Ulysses, 140

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent 145
 Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests,
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless deputation he puts on,
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 155
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
 age, —
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in; and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a-mending, with terms un-
 squar'd,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
 dropp'd, 160
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud ap-
 plause;
 Cries, "Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon just.
 Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy
 beard, 165
 As he being drest to some oration."
 That's done, as near as the extreme ends
 Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
 Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
 'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patro-
 clus, 170
 Arming to answer in a night alarm."
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
 And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet; and at this sport 175
 Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact, 180
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.
Nest. And in the imitation of these
 twain — 185
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice — many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him; 190
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of
 war,
 Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure, 195
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cow-
 ardice,

Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand. The still and mental parts, 200
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness calls them on, and know by mea-
 sure
 Of their observant toil the enemies' weight, —
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
 They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-
 war; 205
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the en-
 gine,
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution. 210
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles'
 horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [A tucket.
Agam. What trumpet? Look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent? 215
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I
 pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
 arm, 220
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
 voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How
 may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How? 225
Æne. Ay.
 I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as Morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phoebus. 230
 Which is that god in office, guiding men?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
 Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-
 arm'd, 235
 As bending angels; that's their fame in peace.
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have
 galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
 Jove's accord,
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips! 240
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise
 forth;
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
 transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
 Æneas? 245
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him. 250

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour.

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake, 255
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents,

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*The trumpets sound.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy 260
A prince call'd Hector, — Priam is his father —
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
lords!

If there be one amongst the fair'st of Greece 265
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril,

That knows his valour, and knows not his
fear,

That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves, 270
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers, — to him this chal-
lenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer, 275
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.

If any come, Hector shall honour him; 280
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
Æneas.

If none of them have soul in such a kind, 285
We left them all at home. But we are sol-
diers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be, 290

That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a
man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old
now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me 295
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady

Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood. 301

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you first. 305
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent.
Yourself shall feast with us before you go
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my
brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 't is: 315
Blunt wedges rive hard knots. The seeded
pride

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how? 320

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up; 325
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough, — will, with great speed of
judgement,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet. Who may you
else oppose

That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful com-
bat, 335

Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate; and trust to me,
Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success, 340
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass 345

Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd
He that meets Hector issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd 350
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,

What heart from hence receives the conquering
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows 365
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not, 360
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers: 365

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes. What
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear with
him.

But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw 375
The sort to fight with Hector; among ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall

His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends. 380
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices. If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still

That we have better men. But, hit or miss, 384
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy
advice;

And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon. Go we to him straight. 390
Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their
bone. *[Exeunt.]*

[ACT II

SCENE I. A part of the Greek camp.]

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had boils—
full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run? Say so: did
not the general run then? Were not that a
botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then there would come some matter
from him. I see none now. 40

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
hear? Feel, then. *[Strikes him.]*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven,
speak. I will beat thee into handsomeness. 45

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con
an oration than thou learn a prayer without
book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red
mumain o' thy jade's tricks! 51

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
strick'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation! 55

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fin-
gers itch. 58

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to
foot and I had the scratching of thee. I would
make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece.
*[When thou art forth in the incursions, thou
strick'st as slow as another.]*

Ajax. I say, the proclamation! 64

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour
on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his
greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty,
ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 60

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. *[Beating him.]* You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do. 65

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
elbows; an asinego may tutor thee. Thou
scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash
Trojans; and thou art bought and sold 70
among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave.
If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel,
and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of
no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog! 75

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. *[Beating him.]* You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do,
camel; do, do. 80

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do
you this? How now, Thersites! what's the
matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him. 85

Achil. So I do. What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him;
for, whosoever you take him to be, he is
Ajax. 90

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. 95

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit
he utters! His evasions have ears thus long.
I have bobbd' his brain more than he has beat
my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny,

and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him. 81

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax —

[*Ajax offers to beat him.*]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit — 85

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool! 89

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not, — he there, that he. Look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's? 94

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me. 100

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary. 103

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress. 107

Ther. E'en so. A great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains. He were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel. 112

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make you plough up the war. 117

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To Achilles, to Ajax, to — 120

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I? 126

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clodpoles ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave the faction of fools. [Exit. 131

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host: —

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and
Troy 135

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that
dare

Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash.
Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lottery.

Otherwise, 140

He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*]

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches
spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

"Deliver Helen, and all damage else —

As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is
consum'd 6

In hot digestion of this cormorant war —

Shall be struck off." Hector, what say you
to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I

As far as touches my particular,

Yet, dread Priam, 19

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out, "Who knows what
follows?"

Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd 15

The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.

Since the first sword was drawn about this
question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand
dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours.

If we have lost so many tenths of ours, 21

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yielding of her up?

Tro.

Fie, fie, my brother! 25

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king

So great as our dread father in a scale

Of common ounces? Will you with counters
sum

The past proportion of his infinite,

And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? Fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him
so? 36

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers,
brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;

You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 41

And reason flies the object of all harm.

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove, 45
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep. Manhood and
honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason. Reason and respect
Makes livers pale and lustihood deject. 50

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she
doth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular
will;

It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself 65
As in the prize. 'Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclineable

To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit. 60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will.

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores 65
Of will and judgement: how may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion

To blench from this and to stand firm by
honour.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder 70
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks.
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;

The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce
And did him service; he touch'd the ports de- 75
sir'd,

And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morn-
ing.

Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our
aunt. 80

Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went—

As you must needs, for you all cried "Go,
go,"— 85

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cried "Inestimable!"—why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,

And do a deed that fortune never did, 90
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd

Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace, or
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her
voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter CASSANDRA [raving] with her hair about
her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! Lend me ten thou-
sand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
eld,

Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry, 105
Add to my clamour! Let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! Practise your eyes with
tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand.
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110

Cry, Trojans, cry! A Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[Exit.
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood 115
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it, 120
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad. Her brain-sick
raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part, 125
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;

And Jove forbid there should be done amongst
us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels; 131
But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms? 135
What propugnation is in one man's valour,

To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,

Were I alone to pass the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will, 140
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,

Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights.

You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all. 145

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself

The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd
queen, 150

Disgrace to your great worths and shame to
me,

Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bo-
soms? 155

There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd
Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her whom, we know
well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said
well,

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, but superficially; not much 165
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemp'rd blood
Than to make up a free determination 170
'Twixt right and wrong, for pleasure and re-
venge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be rend'rd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity 175

Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-ord'rd nation 180
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud 185
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opin-
ion

Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design.
Were it not glory that we more affected 195
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hec-
tor,

She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
Whose present courage may beat down our
foes,

And fame in time to come canonize us;
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose

So rich advantage of a promis'd glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action 205
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy
spirits. 210

I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept.
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. The Greek camp. Before Achilles's
tent.]

Enter THERSITES, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! What, lost in
the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant
Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at
him. O, worthy satisfaction! would it were
otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he
rail'd at me. 'S foot, I'll learn to conjure [5
and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my
spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a
rare engineer! If Troy be not taken till these
two undermine it, the walls will stand till they
fall of themselves. O thou great thunder- [10
darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove,
the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the ser-
pentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not
that little little less than little wit from them
that they have, which short-arm'd ignorance [15
itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not
in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider,
without drawing their massy irons and cutting
the web! After this, the vengeance on the
whole camp! or rather, the [Neapolitan] bone-
ache! for that, methinks, is the curse de- [20
pendent on those that war for a placket. I have
said my prayers, and devil Envy say Amen.
What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail. 25

Ther. If I could have rememb'rd a gilt
counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out
of my contemplation. But it is no matter; thy-
self upon thyself! The common curse of man-
kind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great [30
revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and
discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood
be thy direction till thy death, then if she
that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse,
I'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never [35
shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's
Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? Wast thou in
prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me! 40
[*Patr.* Amen.]

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come?

Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, AJAX, and CALCHAS.

Ther. Make that demand of the Creator; it suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war and lechery confound all!

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

He shent our messengers, and we lay by Our apertainties, visiting of him. Let him be told so, lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man, but, by my head, it is pride; but why, why? Let him show us the cause. A word, my lord.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction. But it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy. His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry If anything more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him. He hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.

We are too well acquainted with these answers;

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously of his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss, Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him We came to speak with him; and you shall not sin

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest, in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind

His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

That if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report:

"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war." A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant. Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;

We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable. 180

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads. 170

Nest. [*Aside.*] Yet he loves himself. Is't not strange?

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none, But carries on the stream of his dispose Without observance or respect of any, 175 In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not upon our fair request Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness, 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd wrath Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages 185 And batters 'gainst itself. What should I say? He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it

Cry "No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent. 'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 190 At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam 195 And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord 200 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd; Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit, As amply titled as Achilles' is, By going to Achilles.

That were to enlard his fat-already pride 205 And add more coals to Cancer when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion. This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [*Aside to Dio.*] O, this is well. He rubs the vein of him. 210

Dio. [*Aside to Nest.*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride. 215

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable? 220

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind, — 225

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 't would, you 'd carry half.

Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares. 230

Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet through warm. Force him with praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. 235

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him doth him harm.

Here is a man—but 't is before his face; 240 I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

Would he were a Trojan! 245

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now, —

Ulyss. If he were proud, —

Dio. Or covetous of praise, —

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne, —

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected! 250

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure.

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck;

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice fam'd, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight, 255 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half; and, for thy vigour, Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom, Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines 260

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor; Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days As green as Ajax' and your brain so temper'd, 265

You should not have the eminence of him, But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyss. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general 270
To call together all his state of war.
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast;
And here's a lord, — come knights from east
to west,
And call their flower, Ajax shall cope the
best. 275

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
draw deep. [Exeunt.]

[ACT III

SCENE I. *Troy. Priam's palace.*]

*Music sounds within. Enter PANDARUS and a
SERVANT.*

Pan. Friend, you! pray you, a word. Do not
you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord. 5

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman;
I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially. 10

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the
Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour bet-
ter.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. 15

Pan. Grace! Not so, friend. Honour and
lordship are my titles. What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir. It is music
in parts. 20

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend? 25

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love
music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another.
I am too courtly and thou art too cunning. At
whose request do these men play? 31

Serv. That's to't indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at
the request of Paris my lord, who's there in
person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-
blood of beauty, love's invisible soul. 35

Pan. Who? My cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen. Could you not find out
that by her attributes? 38

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast
not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak
with Paris from the Prince Troilus. I will make
a complimentary assault upon him, for my busi-
ness seethes. 43

Serv. Sudden business! There's a stew'd
phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN [attended].

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this
fair company! Fair desires, in all fair measure,
fairly guide them, especially to you, fair
queen! Fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 49

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet
queen. Fair prince, here is good broken
music. 52

Par. You have broke it, cousin, and, by my
life, you shall make it whole again; you shall
piece it out with a piece of your performance.
Nell, he is full of harmony. 55

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very
rude. 60
Par. Well said, my lord! Well, you say so
in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out.
We'll hear you sing, certainly. 65

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant
with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear
lord and most esteemed friend, your brother
Troilus, — 70

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet
lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to: — commends
himself most affectionately to you, — 74

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our mel-
ody. If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen! That's a
sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a
sour offence. 80

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn;
that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not
for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he de-
sires you, that if the King call for him at sup-
per, you will make his excuse. 85

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very
sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? Where sups
he to-night? 90

Helen. Nay, but, my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cou-
sin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I'll lay my life,] with my disposer
Cressida. 95

Pan. No, no; no such matter; you are wide.
Come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you
say Cressida? No, your poor disposer's sick. 101

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come,
give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done. 105

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a
thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him. They two are twain. 111

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now. 115

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love. 'This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*]

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, O, love's bow 125

Shoots buck and doe.

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore. 130

These lovers cry Oh! ho! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! ho! to ha! ha! ha!

So, dying, love lives still.

Oh! ho! a while, but ha! ha! ha! 135

Oh! ho! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love. 143

Pan. Is this the generation of love,—hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers. Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day? 147

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 151

Helen. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse? 155

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. 160

[*Exit.*] *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from field. Let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector. His stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel 165

Or force of Greekish sinews. You shall do more

Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, 170

Yea, overshines ourself.

[*Par.*] Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus's orchard.]

Enter PANDARUS and Troilus's BOY [*meeting.*]

Pan. How now! where's thy master? At my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus. I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 15

Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, 15

And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet 20

That it enchants my sense; what will it be, When that the watery palates taste indeed

Love's thrice repured nectar? Death, I fear me, Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,

Too subtle, potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness For the capacity of my ruder powers. 25

I fear it much; and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys, As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying. 30

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight. You must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite. I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain; she fetches her breath

so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.* 35

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse, And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

Like vassalage at unawares encountering 40

The eye of majesty.

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now; swear the

oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. [*Cressida draws backward.*] What, are you

gone again? You must be watch'd ere you [⁴⁴ be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! An't were dark, [⁵⁰ you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! Build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river. Go to, go to. ⁵⁶

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing [⁶⁰ again? Here's "In witness whereof the parties interchangeably" — Come in, come in. I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus! ⁶⁶

Cres. Wish'd, my lord! The gods grant, — O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? What makes this pretty abrupton? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love? ⁷¹

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly. ⁷⁵

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst oft cures the worse. ⁷⁹

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear. In all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us [⁸⁵ to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confin'd, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit. ⁹⁰

Cres. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters? ⁹⁶

Tro. Are there such? Such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove. Our head shall go bare till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his [¹⁰⁰ birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus. ¹⁰⁶

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you. ¹¹¹

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages: your uncle's word and my firm faith. ¹¹⁶

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won. They are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown. ¹²⁰

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord. ¹²⁵

With the first glance that ever — pardon me — If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much But I might master it. In faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown ¹³⁰

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, ¹³⁵ Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws ¹⁴⁰

My soul of counsel from me! Stop my mouth. *Tro.* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

"T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss. ¹⁴⁵ I am asham'd. O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord. *Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! An you take leave till to-morrow morning, — ¹⁵⁰

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you; ¹⁵⁵ But an unkind self, that itself will leave

To be another's fool. Where is my wit? I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love, ¹⁶⁰

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods
above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a wo-
man — 165

As, if it can, I will presume in you —
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays! 170
Or that persuasion could but thus convince
me

That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love,
How were I then uplifted! But, alas! 175
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most
right!

True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus. When their
rhymes, 181

Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, 185
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the
verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, 191
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of
Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated 195
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! When they've said as
false

As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false-
hood,

"As false as Cressid." 203

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it,
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand,
here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one
to another, since I have taken such pains to
bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between
be called to the world's end after my name;
call them all Pandars. Let all constant men
be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and [210
all brokers-between Pandars! Say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen. 214

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a
chamber, whose bed, because it shall not speak

of your pretty encounters, press it to death.
Away!
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! 220
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The Greek camp. Before the tent
of Achilles.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES,
NESTOR, [AJAX,] MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.
Flourish.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have
done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your
mind

That, through the sight I bear in things to
love,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession, 6
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature; 10
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit
Out of those many regist'ed in promise, 15
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Troyan?
Make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd
Antenor,

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Offer have you — often have you thanks there-
fore — 20

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deni'd; but this An-
tenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost 25
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great
princes,

And he shall buy my daughter; and her pre-
sence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall
have 31

What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange;
Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready. 35

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a bur-
den

Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes [and Calchas].*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, and stand in
[the door of] their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his
tent.

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him.
If so, I have derision medicinable

To use between your strangeness and his
pride,

Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good; pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put
on

A form of strangeness as we pass along.
So do each lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What comes the general to speak
with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? Would he
aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? How do you? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know
they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely. They were
used to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune,

Must fall out with men too. What the de-
clined is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butter-
flies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the sum-
mer,

And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour'd for those hon-
ours

That are without him, as place, riches, and
favour,—

Prizes of accident as oft as merit;
Which when they fall, as being slippery stand-
ers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me;

Fortune and I are friends. I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,
find out

Something not worth in me such rich behold-
ing

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.

How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me: "That man, how dearly ever
parted,

How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he
hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others

Heat them and they retort that heat again
To the first giver."

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,

That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form;

For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there

Where it may see itself. This is not strange at
all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position, —
It is familiar, — but at the author's drift;

Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything,

(Though in and of him there is much consist-
ing,)

Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch,

reverberate

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! A very horse,
That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are

Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-
morrow —

An act that very chance doth throw upon
him —

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords! — why, even al-
ready

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast 140
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, 145

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord, 150
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the
path; 155

For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an ent'red tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost; 160

Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. Then what they do
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours;

For Time is like a fashionable host 165
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; 170

For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin, 175

That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things
past,

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object. 180
Then marvel not, thou great and complete
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again, 185
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of
late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods
themselves 190

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil.

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss.

But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroic.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil.

Ha! known!

Ulyss.

Is that a wonder? 196

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought and almost, like the
gods,

Do thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles. 200

There is a mystery — with whom relation
Durst never meddle — in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.

All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord; 204

And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena.

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame shall in our island sound her
trump, 210

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak.

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break. [Exit.] 215

Patr.

To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this.
They think my little stomach to the war 220
And your great love to me restrains you thus.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air.

Achil.

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr.

Ay, and perhaps receive much honour
by him. 226

Achil.

I see my reputation is at stake;

My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr.

O, then, beware!
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves.

Omission to do what is necessary 230

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil.

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
clus.

I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him 235
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here, unarm'd. I have a woman's

longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,

Enter THERSITES.

To talk with him and to behold his visage, 240
Even to my full of view. — A labour sav'd!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself. 245

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be? 250

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, — a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say there were wit in his head, an't would out; and 255 so there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me. I said, 260 "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin. 266

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering. Speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax. 273

Achil. To him, Patroclus. Tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this. 280

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles, —

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent, — 286

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon? 290

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God buy you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir. 295

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other. Howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir,

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart. 300

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure,

none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on. 308

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. 310

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.] 316

[ACT IV

SCENE I. Troy. A street.]

Enter, at one door, ÆNEAS, with a torch; at another, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES the Grecian [and others], with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company. 3

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, — take his hand —

Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, 10

During all question of the gentle truce; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health! 15

But when contention and occasion meets, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. In humane gentleness, 20

Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory, 25

A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But in mine emulous honour let him die,

With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well. 30

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful'st gentle greeting,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not. 35

Par. His purpose meets you ; 't was to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think — 40
Or rather, call my thought a certain know-
ledge —

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof. I fear 44
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you.
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help.
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.* 50]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell
me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen
most,

Myself or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek 55
her,

Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends. 60
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor 65
more ;

But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-
woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me,
Paris ;

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple 70
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could
speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suff' red death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, 75
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy ;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. The same. Court of Pandarus's
house.]

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is
cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine
uncle down ;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not ;

To bed, to bed. Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses 80
As infants' empty of all thought !

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me ?

Tro. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald 84
crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no
longer, 86

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous
wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of 88
love

With wings more momentary-swift than
thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Frithee, tarry ;

You men will never tarry. 90

O foolish Cressid ! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark !

there's one up.

Pan. (*Within.*) What, 's all the doors open
here ?

Tro. It is your uncle. 92

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him ! now will he be
mocking.

I shall have such a life !

Pan. How now, how now ! how go maiden-
heads ? Here, you maid ! where's my cousin
Cressid ? 95

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mock-
ing uncle !

You bring me to do — and then you flout me
too.

Pan. To do what ? to do what ? Let her
say what. What have I brought you to do ?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart !

You'll ne'er be good, 98

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor
capocchia ! hast not slept to-night ? Would he
not, a naughty man, let it sleep ? A bugbear
take him ! [*One knocks.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you ? Would he were
knock'd i' the head ! 99

Who's that at door ? Good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naugh-
tily.

Tro. Ha, ha !

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no
such thing. [*Knock.* 100

How earnestly they knock ! Pray you, come in.
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exit Troilus and Cressida.*]

Pan. Who's there ? What's the matter ?
Will you beat down the door ? How now !
what's the matter ? 102

[*Enter ÆNEAS.*]

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? My Lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not. What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! What should he do here? 50

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him.

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'Tis more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here? 55

Æne. Who! — nay, then. Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter? 60

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash. There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, 65 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy.

They are at hand and ready to effect it. 70

Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them; and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity. 75
[*Exeunt [Troilus and Æneas].*]

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Pan. Is 't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck!

Cres. How now! what's the matter? Who was here? 81

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord? Gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter? 85

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter? 88

Pan. Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death. O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter? 94

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus. 'T will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it. 99

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine! 105
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth, 110
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.* 115]

[SCENE III. *The same. Street before Pandarus's house.*]

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour pre-fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house.
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.* 120]

[SCENE IV. *The same. Pandarus's house.*]

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it? 5

If I could temporize with my affection
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief.
My love admits no qualifying dross;

Enter TROILUS.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss. 10
Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is, 15

— O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart 20
By friendship nor by speaking."

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast
away nothing, for we may live to have need of
such a verse. We see it, we see it. How now,
lamb? 25

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a
purity

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from
me.

Cres. Have the gods envy? 30

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from
Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus, too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible? 35

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring
breath. 40

We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how. 45
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears. 50

Æne. (Within.) My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd. Some say the
Genius so

Cries "come" to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the
root. [Exit.] 55

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of
heart, — 60

Cres. I true! How now! what wicked deem
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.

I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself 65
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
dangers 70

As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger.
Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see
you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give these nightly visitation. 75
But yet be true.

Cres. O heavens! "be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.

The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of
nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exer-
cise. 80

How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy —

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin —
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then! 85

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant: 90

But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly; but be not
tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No. 95

But something may be done that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency. 100

Æne. (Within.) Nay, good my lord, —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. (Within.) Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who? I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault.
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity; 105
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Enter [ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES].

Fear not my truth. The moral of my wit
Is "plain and true"; there's all the reach of
it. 110

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you.

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, 115
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilium.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-
pects.

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, 120
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece, ¹²⁵
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and mes-
sage, ¹³²

To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust; and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth ¹³⁵
She shall be prized; but that you say "Be 't
so,"

I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."

Tro. Come, to the port. I'll tell thee,
Diomed,

This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy
head.

Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, ¹⁴⁰
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*] Sound trumpet.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to
field with him. ^[Exit. 145]

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alac-
rity

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. ¹⁵⁰
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. The Greek camp. Lists set out.]

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, etc.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe.
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood; ¹⁰

Thou blow'st for Hector. ^[Trumpet sounds.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil.

'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe. That spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth. ¹⁵

[*Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.*]

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular. ²⁰
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel. I'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady.

Achilles bids you welcome. ²⁵

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
[And parted thus you and your argument.]

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns, ³⁰

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns!
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this,
mine.

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your
leave. ³⁵

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one. ⁴⁰

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn. ⁴⁵

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg, then.

Ulyss. Why then for Venus' sake, give me
a kiss.

When Helen is a maid again, and his— ⁵⁰
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis
due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of
you.

Dio. Lady, a word. I'll bring you to your
father. ^[Exit with Cressida.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her
lip, ⁵⁵

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look
out

At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts⁶⁰
To every tickling reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game.

Enter all of Troy, HECTOR [armed;] PARIS, ÆNEAS, HELENUS, [TROILUS, and other Trojans] with Attendants. Flourish.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! What shall be done⁶⁵

To him that victory commands? or do you purpose

A victor shall be known? Will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other, or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field?⁷⁰

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector, but securely done;

A little proudly, and great deal disprizing

The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,⁷⁵

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this:

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,⁸⁰

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek⁸⁵

This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive you.

[*Re-enter DIOMEDES.*]

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,

Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,⁹⁰

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath. The combatants being kin

Half stints their strife before their strokes

begin. [*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?⁹⁵

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd;

His heart and hand both open and both free;¹⁰⁰

For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes¹⁰⁵

To tender objects, but he in heat of action

Is more vindictive than jealous love.

They call him Troilus, and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth¹¹⁰

Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. [Hector and Ajax fight.]*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;¹¹⁵

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd. There,

Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more.

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,¹²⁰

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed.

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so

That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian

all,"¹²⁵

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's

blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's;," by Jove multipo-

tent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish

member¹³⁰

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud; but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy

mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.¹³⁵

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms!

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector.

Thou art too gentle and too free a man.

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence¹⁴⁰

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st

Oyes

Cries, "This is he," could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both

the sides,¹⁴⁵

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:

The issue is embracement. Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success—

As sold I have the chance—I would desire¹⁵⁰

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me, And signify this loving interview 158

To the expecters of our Trojan part. Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin.

I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

AGAMEMNON and the rest [come forward].

Ajar. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name; 160

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome. Understand more clear, 165

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [To Troilus.] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting. 174

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath, Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove.

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you. 180

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee, 185

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,

Not letting it decline on the declined, That I have said unto my standers by 190

"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!" And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen;

But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire, 196 And once fought with him. He was a soldier good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all, Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee; And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents. 200

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time.

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention, 205

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow.

Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time. 210

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed 215 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.

My prophecy is but half his journey yet, For yonder walls, that pertly front your town, Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds, 220

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.

There they stand yet, and modestly I think The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all, And that old common arbitrator, Time, 225 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome!

After the general, I beseech you next

To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou! 230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee; I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector, And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I prithee; let me look on thee. 235

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er; 239

But there's more in me than thou understand'st. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him, whether there, or there, or there?

That I may give the local wound a name
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field.
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive you. Afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt* [all except Troilus and Ulysses].

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus.

There Diomed feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT V

SCENE I. *The Greek camp. Before the tent of Achilles.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk. Thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pest' red with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,
Fall Greeks; fall fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt [Achilles and Patroclus].*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, [TROILUS] AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, [MENE LAUS] and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

Ther. Where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you. 75

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter ACHILLES.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, Princes all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general. 80

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught! "Sweet" quoth 'a! Sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry. 85

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* Agamemnon and Menelaus.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector. 90

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus.*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit* Diomedes; *Ulysses* and *Troilus* following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. 94

[*Exeunt* Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor].

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it. It is prodigious, there will come some change. The [100] sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him. They say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets! [*Exit.* 106

[SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas's tent.*]

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? Speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES [*at a distance; after them, THERSITES.*]

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us. 5

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted. 11

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember? 16

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, — 20

Cres. I'll tell you what, —

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin. You are a forsworn —

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, — to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me? 25

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath. Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed, — 30

Dio. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool
no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulys. You are moved, Prince. Let us de-
part, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly. I beseech you, go. 35
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulys. Nay, good my lord, go off;
You flow to great distraction. Come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulys. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell and all hell's
torments,
I will not speak a word!
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee? 45
O withered truth!
Ulys. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian! Why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not. Come hither once
again.
Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something.
Will you go? 50
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulys. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a
word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience. Stay a little while. 54
Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat
rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!
Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of
it. 60
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*]
Ulys. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord.
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel. I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now! 65
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulys. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it
well.
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me
again. 70
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens. Well said, whet-
stone! 75

Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty
pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me.
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith,
you shall not. 85
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than
you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it? 90
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge
it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on
thy horn, 95
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past. And
yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go. One cannot speak a
word, 100
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes
not you pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? The hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come.—I
shall be plagu'd. 105
Dio. Farewell till then. [*Exit Diomedes.*]
Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind. 110
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
[*Exit.*]
Ther. A proof of strength she could not pub-
lish more, faithless
Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulys. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulys. Why stay we, then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul 115
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act, *sooth's what*
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? *we saw & heard*
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart, *a lies* 120
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan. 125

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood! Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme, 131 For depravation, to square the general sex By Cressid's rule. Rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she. 135

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida. If beauty have a soul, this is not she.

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony, If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 140

If there be rule in unity itself, This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up, with and against thyself, Bi-fold authority, where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid. 146

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth, And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point as subtle 151 As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates; Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself; The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and

loos'd; 156

And with another knot, five-finger-tied, The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics 159

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attached With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart Inflam'd with Venus. Never did young man

fancy 165

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul. Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed. That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm.

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill, My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful

spout 171

Which shipmen do the hurricano call, Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear In his descent than shall my prompted sword 175

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name, And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself; Your passion draws ears hither. 181

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy; Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, Prince. My courteous lord, adieu. 185

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed, Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks. 189

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.]

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore. The parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! *[Exit.]* 197

[SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's palace.]

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd

To stop his ears against admonishment? Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go! 5

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition, Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night 11 Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 't is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say; the gods have heard me swear. 15

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.

They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy

To hurt by being just. It is as lawful, 20 For we would give much, to use violent thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow,
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say; ²⁵
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight
to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[Exit Cassandra.]

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy
harness, youth; ³¹

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave
boy, ³⁵

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in
you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus?
Chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian
falls, ⁴⁰

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers, ⁴⁵
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from
ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-
day. ⁵⁰

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; ⁵⁵
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
fast;

He is thy crutch. Now if thou lose thy stay, ⁶⁰
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrap't ⁶⁵
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith. ⁷¹

You know me dutiful; y therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam. ⁷⁵

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious
girl

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns
pale! ⁸¹

Look, how thy wounds doth bleed at many
vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries
out!

How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, ⁸⁵

Like witless antics, one another meet,

And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell; yet, soft! Hector, I take my
leave.

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. ⁹⁰

[Exit.]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-
claim.

Go in and cheer the town. We'll forth and
fight.

Do deeds of praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell! The gods with safety stand
about thee!

[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.] Alarum.

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed,
believe, ⁹⁵

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor
girl.

Tro. Let me read. ¹⁰⁰

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune
of this girl; and what one thing, what another,
that I shall leave you one o' these days; and I
have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an
ache in my bones that, unless a man were
curs'd, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What
says she there? ¹⁰⁷

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart;

The effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter.]

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change to-
gether. ¹¹⁰

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker! lackey! Ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! 115
[*Exeunt [severally].*]

[SCENE IV. Plains between Troy and the Greek camp.]

Alarum. Enter THERSITES in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm. I would fain see them meet, that that same young Trojan ass, [5] that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain with the sleeve back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that [10] stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax [15] prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS [following].

Soft! here comes sleeve, and the other.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx, 20

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire.

I do not fly, but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.

Have at thee! 24

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood and honour? 29

Ther. No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live. [Exit.] 32

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.] 38

[SCENE V. Another part of the plains.]

Enter DIOMEDES and a SERVANT.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressida.

Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord. 5
[Exit.]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pashed corpses of the kings 10 Epistrophus and Cediüs; Polyxenes is slain, Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt, Patroclus ta'en or slain, and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised. The dreadful Sagittary

Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed, 15 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame. There is a thousand Hectors in the field.

Now here he fights on Galathe his horse, 20 And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot, And there they fly or die, like scaled schools Before the belching whale; then is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,

Fall down before him like the mower's swath. Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes, 26

Dexterity so obeying appetite

That what he will he does, and does so much

That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, Princes! Great Achilles 30

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance. Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend 35 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it, Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution,

Engaging and redeeming of himself With such a careless force and forceless care 40 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.]

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exit.]

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. 46

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*]

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone. Stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt [fighting].*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Have at thee, Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan. 15

Be happy that my arms are out of use;
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man, 20
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas! Shall it be? No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too, Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say! 25 I reek not though thou end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter one in [sumptuous] armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.

No? Wilt thou not? I like thy armour well; I'll crush it and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide? 30

Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*]

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons:

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about, 5
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed Hector the great must die. 8
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS [fighting: then] THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! Now my double-henned sparrow! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game; ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.* 12]

Enter Bastard [MARGARELON].

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's. 15

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, 20 the quarrel 's most ominous to us. If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath.

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set, 5

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels.
Even with the vail and darning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [*Hector falls.*] 10

So, Ilion, fall thou! Now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain!"

[*A retreat [sounded].*]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part. 15

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.
 [Sheathes his sword.]
 Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; 21
 Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
 [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IX. Another part of the plains.]

Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and the rest, marching.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

Soldiers. [Within.] Achilles! Achilles!
 Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; 5
 Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [Exeunt.] 10

[SCENE X. Another part of the plains.]

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, and DEIPHOBUS.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. 5

Frown on you heavens, effect your rage with speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host. 10

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
 But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone.

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba? 15

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there, "Hector's dead!"

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, 20
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away.

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare. 25

I'll through and through you! and, thou great-siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates.
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy! With comfort go; 30

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
 [Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.]

[As TROILUS is going out] enter [from the other side] PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker! lackey! Ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! 34
 [Exit.]

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so desir'd and the performance so loath'd? What verse for it? What instance for it? Let me see: 41

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
 And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail." 45

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, 50
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made.

It should be now, but that my fear is this,
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss. 55
 Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THE present text is based upon that of the First Folio, no earlier edition having been found. This lack of an early quarto is the more to be regretted, since the corruptions of the existing text are unusually frequent and hopeless.

There is no certain external evidence of date. In Meres's list there occurs the title *Love's Labour's Won*, which on the whole fits this play better than it fits any other. The only serious rival is *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which, though Petruchio wins Katherine as the result of his labors, the labors are hardly to be called love's. On the other hand, Helena's efforts and success stand in sufficiently clear contrast to the ineffectiveness of the King and his lords in *Love's Labour's Lost* to give point to the parallelism in title. This identification would place the play before 1598; and there are parts of the play, notably the rimed passages, which suggest Shakespeare's earliest manner in comedy. As against this, there is much which points to a later date. The subtlety of the psychology, especially in the heroine, the frequency of passages of condensed expression, and the general sombreness of tone, all tend to associate the play with the productions of the early years of the seventeenth century. Such resemblances, however, as that between the Countess's advice to Bertram (i. i. 73-79) and Polonius's maxims to Laertes, and that between the devices resorted to by Helena and by Mariana in *Measure for Measure*, however interesting, are of little force in arguing questions of date. In view of these two sets of considerations, it is plausibly conjectured that Shakespeare may have written an early play with the title or sub-title of *Love's Labour's Won*, and have re-cast it in his maturity. It is to be observed that this implies a much more thorough re-writing than *Love's Labour's Lost*, for example, was subjected to; so that, on this hypothesis, the play as we have it belongs rather to the period about 1602 than to the early nineties of the sixteenth century.

The source of the main plot is the ninth Novel of the third Day of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, a story which was most probably known to Shakespeare in the translation by Painter in his *Palace of Pleasure* (1566). The chief features of this tale are indicated in the argument prefixed by Painter: "Giletta, a Phisicians daughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche Kyng of a Fistula, for reward wherof she demaunded Beltramo Count of Rossiglione to husband. The Counte beyng married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence and loved an other. Giletta his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbände, in place of his lover; and was begotten with child of two soones: whiche knowen to her husbände, he received her againe, and afterwarde she lived in great honor and felicitie." To the characters involved here Shakespeare added the Countess, Lafeu, the clown, the steward, and Parolles; but the most essential change made by him was in the interpretation of the character of the heroine. The Countess and Lafeu, delightful and individual as they are in themselves, are dramatically important mainly for the effect produced on us by their warm appreciation of Helena. To render sympathetic a character playing such a rôle as Helena's was exceedingly difficult, and it is achieved by Shakespeare by an insistence on her poverty (Boccaccio makes her rich), her humility, and the pathos of a passion more fatal than wilful. Parolles, besides affording occasion for the low comedy scenes at the French court and in the Florentine camp — all of which are of Shakespeare's invention — helps to define the character of Bertram. The weakness of the hero implied in this indiscriminating association with a worthless braggart, and his boggling and lying in the elaborate dénouement created by Shakespeare in v. iii., result in a degradation of his character which, if meant to throw our sympathy by contrast on Helena, comes perilously near overshooting the mark.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF FLORENCE.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old lord.
PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.
Two French Lords.
Steward,
LAVACHE, a Clown, }

} servants to the Countess of Rousillon.

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON, mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
DIANA, daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, }
MARIANA, } neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, etc., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter young BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon, his mother [the COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON], HELENA, and LORD LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his Majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, madam; you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, — O, that "had"! how sad a passage 'tis! — whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so, — Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam. The King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education provides. Her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity: they are virtues and traitors too. In her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more, lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have —

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! Thy blood and virtue

Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key. Be check'd for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck down,
 Fall on thy head! Farewell! My lord,
 'T is an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, 80
 Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
 That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram. *[Exit.]*

Ber. *[To Helena.]* The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her. 87

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady. You must hold the credit of your father.

[Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.]

Hel. O, were that all! I think not on my father, 90
 And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him. My imagination Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's. I am undone! There is no living, none, 95
 If Bertram be away. 'T were all one That I should love a bright particular star And think to wed it, he is so above me. In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. 100
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself. The hind that would be mated by the lion Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arch'd brows, his hawking eye, his curls, 105
 In our heart's table; heart too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour. But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

[Aside.] One that goes with him. I love him for his sake; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Looks bleak i' the cold wind. Withal, full oft we see 115

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen!

Hel. And you, monarch!

Par. No.

Hel. And no. 120

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out. 125

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none. Man, sitting down before you, will undermine you and blow you up. 130

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up. Marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves 135 made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase, and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal 140 to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a companion; away with 't!

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin. 145

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin. Virginity 150 murders itself, and should be buried in high-ways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offends against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his 155 own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't. Out with 't! Within ten year it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself 160 not much the worse. Away with 't!

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking? 164

Par. Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable,—just like the 170 brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears, it looks ill, it eats drily; 175 marry, 't is a wither'd pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 't is a wither'd pear. Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet . . . There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother and a mistress and a friend, 181 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, 185 His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms, That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he — I know not what he shall. God send him well! 190 The court's a learning place, and he is one —

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well. 'T is pity —

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't, ¹⁰⁸
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think, which
never
Returns us thanks. 300

Enter PAGE.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [Exit.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell. If I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star. 205

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars hath so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars. 210

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage. 215

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety. But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well. 219

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthriftfulness, and thine ignorance ²²⁵ makes thee away. Farewell! When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee. So, farewell. [Exit.] 230

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven. The fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so
high, 235

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune native brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those 239
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The King's disease — my project may deceive
me,

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me. [Exit.]

[SCENE II. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters, [LORDS] and divers attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears,

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1. Lord. So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible. We here receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, ⁵
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1. Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead ¹⁰
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes.

Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2. Lord. It well may serve ¹⁵
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

1. Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good
lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, ²⁰
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral
parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness
now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship ²⁵
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest. He lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me ³⁰
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unmoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour ³⁵
So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time ⁴⁰
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below
him

He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man ⁴⁵
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, followed well, would demonstrate them
now

But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb.
So in proof lives not his epitaph ⁵⁰
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
always say —

Methinks I hear him now! His plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there and to bear, — "Let me not
live," — 55

Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, — "Let me not live," quoth
he,

"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements
are 61

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
stancies

Expire before their fashions." This he wish'd;
I after him do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, 65
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2. Lord. You're loved, sir;
They that least lend it you shall lack you
first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't,
Count,

Since the physician at your father's died? 70
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.
King. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications. Nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, Count; 75
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

[SCENE III. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

Count. I will now hear. What say you of
this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even
your content, I wish might be found in the
calendar of my past endeavours; for then we
wound our modesty and make foul the clear-
ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
publish them. 7

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah. The complaints I have heard of
you I do not all believe. 'Tis my slowness that
I do not, for I know you lack not folly to com-
mit them, and have ability enough to make
such knaveries yours. 13

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am
a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir. 16

Clo. No, madam, 't is not so well that I am
poor, though many of the rich are damn'd;
but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to
go to the world, Isbel the woman and I will do
as we may. 31

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case? 34

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service
is no heritage; and I think I shall never have
the blessing of God till I have issue o' my body;
for they say barnes are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt
marry. 39

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I
am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs
go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy rea-
sons, such as they are. 58

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked crea-
ture, as you and all flesh and blood are; and,
indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wick-
edness. 61

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I
hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies,
knave. 64

Clo. Y' are shallow, madam, in great friends;
for the knaves come to do that for me which I
am weary of. He that ears my land spares my
team and gives me leave to in the crop. If I be
his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that com-
forts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and
blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood 50
loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my
flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that
kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be
contented to be what they are, there were no
fear in marriage; for young Charbon the 55
puritan and old Poyssam the papist, howsom-
e'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their
heads are both one; they may joul horns to-
gether, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and
calumnious knave? 61

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the
truth the next way:

"For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find: 65
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind."

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you
more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you. Of her I am to speak. 71

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would
speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. [*Sings.*]

"Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy? 75
Fond done, done fond, . . .

Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood,
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then; 80
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt
the song, sirrah. 85

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which
is a purifying o' the song. Would God would
serve the world so all the year! We'd find

no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth 'a! An we might have a good woman born but o'er every ⁹⁰ blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you. ⁹⁵

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forsooth. The business is for Helen to come hither. ¹⁰¹

[*Exit.*]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely. ¹⁰⁴

Count. Faith, I do. Her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds. There is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand. ¹⁰⁹

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wish'd me. Alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son. Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such ¹¹⁵ difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [Diana no] queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surpris'd, without rescue in the first assault ¹²⁰ or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it. ¹²⁶

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me. Stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you further anon. ¹³³

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter HELENA.

Even so it was with me when I was young.

If ever we are nature's, these are ours. This thorn ¹³⁵

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born.

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

By our remembrances of days foregone, ¹⁴⁰

Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on 't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother. ¹⁴⁵

Why not a mother? When I said "a mother,"

Methought you saw a serpent. What's in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine. 'T is often seen ¹⁵⁰

Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care.

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood ¹⁵⁵

To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemp'ered messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why? That you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother. ¹⁶¹

I am from humble, he from honoured name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is; and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die. ¹⁶⁵

He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were, —

So that my lord your son were not my brother, —

Indeed my mother! Or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven, ¹⁷⁰

So I were not his sister. Can't no other,

But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again? ¹⁷⁵

My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross

You love my son. Invention is asham'd,

Against the proclamation of thy passion, ¹⁸⁰

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true;

But tell me then, 't is so; for, look, thy cheeks

Confess it, the one to the other; and thine eyes

See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours

That in their kind they speak it. Only sin ¹⁸⁵

And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,

That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew;

If it be not, forswear 't. Howe'er, I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, ¹⁹⁰

To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me!

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in 't a bond,

Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose. ¹⁹⁵

The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son. ²⁰⁰

My friends were poor, but honest ; so 's my love.
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him ; ²⁰⁵
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like, ²¹⁰
Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love
For loving where you do ; but if yourself, ²¹⁵
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking

Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such that cannot
choose ²²⁰

But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But riddle-like lives sweetly where she dies !

Count. Had you not lately an intent, — speak
truly, — ²²⁴

To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.
Count. Wherefore ? Tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself I swear.
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them, ²³¹
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof ²³⁵
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? Speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
this,

Else Paris and the medicine and the King
Had from the conversation of my thoughts ²⁴⁰
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they
credit ²⁴⁵

A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt ²⁵⁰
Shall for my legacy be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven ; and, would
your honour

But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his Grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. ²⁵⁵

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave
and love,

Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt. ²⁶⁰
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II

[SCENE I. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING, with divers
young LORDS taking leave for the Florentine
war ; BERTRAM and PAROLLES.*

King. Farewell, young lords ! these warlike
principles

Do not throw from you ; and you, my lords,
farewell !

Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1. *Lord.* 'T is our hope, sir, ⁵

After well ent'red soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords ! ¹⁰

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen. Let higher Italy, —
Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy, — see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it. When ¹⁵
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you
seek,

That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2. *Lord.* Health, at your bidding, serve
your Majesty !

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of
them.

They say our French lack language to deny ²⁰
If they demand. Beware of being captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

1. *Lord.* O my sweet lord, that you will
stay behind us !

Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.

2. *Lord.* O, 't is brave wars !
Par. Most admirable ! I have seen those
wars. ²⁵

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
with

"Too young" and "the next year" and "'t is
too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to 't, boy, steal
away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock, 50
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up and no sword worn
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1. *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it, Count.

2. *Lord.* I am your accessory; and so farewell. 55

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2. *Lord.* Sweet Monsieur Parolles! 59

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals: you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii our Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek, — it was this very sword entrench'd it; — say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me. 46

1. *Lord.* We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! What wilt ye do?

Ber. Stay, the King! 60

[*Re-enter the KING.*]

Par. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move [55 under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordmen.

[*Exeunt [Bertram and Parolles].*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling.*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon. 65

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across; but, my good lord, 't is thus: 70

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine 75

That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch

Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand 80
And write to her a love-line.

King.

Why, Doctor She! My lord, there's

one arriv'd,
If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke 85
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her, —

For that is her demand, — and know her business?

That done, laugh well at me.

King.

Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration, that we with thee 91
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf.

Nay, I'll fit you,

And not be all day neither. [Exit.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues. 95

[*Re-enter LAFEU.*]

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

Enter HELENA.

King.

This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

This is his Majesty; say your mind to him.
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors 99
His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [Exit.]

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King.

I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him; 100

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling, 110
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance 115
With all bound humbleness.

King.

We thank you, maiden;

But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded 120
That labouring art can never ransom Nature
From her inaidable estate; I say we must not
So stain our judgement or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics, or to disserve so 125
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again. 151

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live ;
But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art. 156

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher

Off does them by the weakest minister : 140
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods

have flown
From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been

denied.
Off expectation fails, and most oft there 145
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well,
kind maid !

Thy pains not us'd must by thyself be paid. 148
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd,
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows ;
But most it is presumption in us when

The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ; 155
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim ;
But know I think and think I know most sure
My art is not past power nor you past cure. 161

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what
space

Hop'st thou my cure ?
Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring, 165
Ere twice in murk and accidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd her sleepy lamp,
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence 172
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A trumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads, my maiden's

name 175
Sear'd otherwise ; nay, worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak ;
And what impossibility would slay 180
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear : for all that life can rate

Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,—
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all

That happiness and prime can happy call : 185
Thou thus to hazard needs must intimate
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die, 191
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my

fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?
King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even ?
King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of
heaven. 195

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy
kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command ;
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate 200
With any branch or image of thy state ;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.
King. Here is my hand ; the premises ob-
serv'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd. 205
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I
must,—

Though more to know could not be more to
trust, —
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on ; but
rest 210
Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho ! If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy
deed. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]
Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir ; I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding.

Clow. I will show myself highly fed and
lowly taught. I know my business is but to
the court. 4

Count. To the court ! Why, what place make
you special, when you put off that with such
contempt ? But to the court !

Clow. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
any manners, he may easily put it off at court.
He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss
his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, 10
hands, lip, nor cap ; and indeed such a fellow,
to say precisely, were not for the court. But
for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer
that fits all questions. 16

Clow. It is like a barber's chair that fits all
buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock,
the brawn buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all
questions ? 21

Clow. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of
an attorney, as your French crown for your
taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-

finger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for Mayday, as the nail to his hole, [25] the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 31

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands. 35

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn. 39

Count. To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—There's a simple putting off. More, more, a hundred of them. 44

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat. 49

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me. 53

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't. 58

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain 't so merrily with a fool. 63

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir. To your business! Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back.
Commend me to my kinsmen and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them. 70

Count. Not much employment for you. You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt [severally].*]

[SCENE III. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. 8

Par. Why, 't is the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 't is.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,— 10

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say. 14

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 't is; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,—

Par. Right; as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death. 20

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there? 26

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That 's it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your Dauphin is not lustier. 'Fore me, I speak in respect— 32

Par. Nay, 't is strange, 't is very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say. 38

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the King, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful. 48

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the King.

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says. I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du vinaigre!* is not this Helen? 50

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court. Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side; And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive 55
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four LORDS.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye. This youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice 60

I have to use. Thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when Love please! Marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these
boys', 66

And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well.

Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the King to
health. 70

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven
for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid, and therein wealth-
iest,

That I protest I simply am a maid.

Please it your Majesty, I have done already.

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me, 75
"We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be
refus'd,

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice and see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly, 80

And to imperial Love, that god most high,
Do my sighs stream. Sir, will you hear my
suit?

1. *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than
throw ames-ace for my life. 85

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your
fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies.

Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

2. *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great Love grant! and so, I take my
leave. 91

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were
sons of mine, I'd have them whipp'd; or I
would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs
of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should
take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake. 96

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her. Sure, they are bastards to the Eng-
lish; the French ne'er got 'em. 101

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too
good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so. 104

Laf. There's one grape yet; I am sure thy
father drunk wine:—but if thou be'st not an
ass, I am a youth of fourteen. I have known
thees already.

Hel. [To *Bertram*.] I dare not say I take
you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110
Into your guiding power. This is the man.

King. Why, then, young *Bertram*, take her;
she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your
Highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*, 114
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry
her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me
down

Must answer for your raising? I know her
well; 120

She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only tittle thou disdain'st in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods, 125
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all to-
gether,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous, save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st 130
Of virtue for the name. But do not so.

From lowest place when virtuous things pro-
ceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,

It is a dropis'd honour. Good alone 135
Is good, without a name. Vileness is so;

The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour. That is honour's

scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born 141
And is not like the sire. Honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave

Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave 145
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb

Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be

said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest. Virtue and she 150

Is her own dower; honour and wealth from
me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to
do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord,
I'm glad.

Let the rest go. 155

King. My honour's at the stake; which to
defeat,

I must produce my power. Here, take her
hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up

My love and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 160

Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not
know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy con-
tempt;

Obeys our will, which travails in thy good; 155
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power
claims;

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggerers and the careless lapse 170
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider 175
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which
late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the King; who, so ennobled,
Is as 't were born so.

King. Take her by the hand, 180
And tell her she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.
King. Good fortune and the favour of the
King

Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony 185
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night. The solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err. 190

[*Exeunt all but Lafew and Parolles,
who stay behind, commenting of
this wedding.*]

Laf. [*Advancing.*] Do you hear, monsieur?
A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?
Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation. 195

Par. Recantation! My lord! My master!
Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rou-
sillon? 201

Par. To any count, to all counts, to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man. Count's master
is of another style. 205

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;
to which title age cannot bring thee. 209

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to
be a pretty wise fellow. Thou didst make tol-
erable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet
the scarfs and the bannerets about thee did
manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a
vessel of too great a burden. I have now 215
found thee. When I lose thee again, I care
not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking
up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of anti-
quity upon thee, — 221

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger,
lest thou hasten thy trial; which if — Lord
have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good
window of lattice, fare thee well! Thy ease-
ment I need not open, for I look through thee.
Give me thy hand. 227

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious
indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art
worthy of it. 231

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and
I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser. 235

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou canst, for thou hast
to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou
be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt
find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I
have a desire to hold my acquaintance with
thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say
in the default, he is a man I know. 242

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable
vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake,
and my poor doing eternal; for doing I am past,
as I will by thee, in what motion age will give
me leave. [*Exit.*] 248

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this
disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!
Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering
of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can
meet him with any convenience, an he were
double and double a lord. I'll have no more
pity of his age than I would have of — I'll beat
him, an if I could but meet him again. 255

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married;
there's news for you. You have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lord-
ship to make some reservation of your wrongs.
He is my good lord; whom I serve above is my
master. 261

Laf. Who? God?
Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why
dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion?
Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other ser-
vants so? Thou wert best set thy lower 266
part where thy nose stands. By mine honour,
if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee.
Methinks, thou art a general offence, and every
man should beat thee. I think thou wast cre-
ated for men to breathe themselves upon
thee. 272

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure,
my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy 275
for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate. You
are a vagabond and no true traveller. You are
more saucy with lords and honourable person-
ages than the commission of your birth and vir-
tue gives you heraldry. You are not worth an-
other word, else I'd call you knave. I leave
you. [*Exit.*] 281

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good ; it is so-then. Good, very good ; let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever !

Par. What's the matter, sweetheart ? 285

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweetheart ?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me !
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her, 290

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits

The tread of a man's foot. To the wars !

Ber. There's letters from my mother ; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars ! 295

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet

Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions ! 300

France is a stable, we that dwell in 't jades,
Therefore, to the war !

Ber. It shall be so. I'll send her to my house,

Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled ; write to the King 305

That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields

Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this *capriccio* hold in thee ? Art sure ?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. 311

I'll send her straight away. To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound ; there's noise in it. 'Tis hard !

A young man married is a man that's marr'd ; 315

Therefore away, and leave her bravely ; go.
The King has done you wrong ; but, hush,
'tis so. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. *Paris. The King's palace.*]*Enter HELENA and CLOWN.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly. Is she well ?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health. She's very merry, but yet she is not well ; but thanks be given, she's very well and wants nothing i' the world ; but yet she is not well. 5

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well ?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ? 10

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly ! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly !

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady !

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes. 15

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on ; and to keep them on, have them still. O, my knave, how does my old lady ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would she did as you say. 21

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man ; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title ; which is within a very little of nothing. 27

Par. Away ! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave ; that's, before me thou'rt a knave. This had been truth, sir. 31

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool ; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me ? The search, sir, was profitable ; and much fool may you 35 find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed. Madam, my lord will go away to-night ; 40
A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge ;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint ;
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets, 45

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding, 50

Strength'n'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will. 55

Par. I shall report it so. [Exit Parolles.]

Hel. I pray you.
Come, sirrah. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. *Paris. The King's palace.*]*Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.*

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approval.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony. 4

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant. ⁹

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience and transgress'd against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity. ¹⁵

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To *Bertram*.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor. ²¹

Ber. [Aside to *Par.*] Is she gone to the King?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her. ²⁵

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride, End ere I do begin. ²⁹

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten. God save you, captain. ³⁴

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure. ³⁸

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord. ⁴⁴

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul of this man is his clothes. Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, monsieur! I have spoken ⁵⁰ better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. *[Exit.]*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so. ⁵⁵

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,

Spoke with the King and have procur'd his leave ⁶⁰

For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will. You must not marvel, Helen, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does

The ministration and required office ⁶⁵
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you

That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse than ask why I entreat you; ⁷⁰ For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shows itself at the first view To you that know them not. This to my mother: *[Giving a letter.]*

'T will be two days ere I shall see you, so I leave you to your wisdom. ⁷⁵

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant, —

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd ⁸⁰

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go.

My haste is very great. Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe, Nor dare I say 't is mine, and yet it is; ⁸⁵

But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much. Nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord. Faith, yes! ⁹⁰

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men?

Hel. Monsieur, farewell! *[Exit.]* ⁹⁴

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum. Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III

[SCENE I. Florence. The Duke's palace.]

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, the two French LORDS, with a troop of soldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seems the quarrel Upon your Grace's part; black and fearful ⁹⁵ On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield 10
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail 15
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.
2. *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our
nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. — You know your places
well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN.

Count. It hath happen'd all as I would have
had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be
a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you? 5

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot and
sing; mend the ruff and sing; ask questions
and sing; pick his teeth and sing. I know a
man that had this trick of melancholy sold a
goodly manor for a song. 10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel since I was at
court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country
are nothing like your old ling and your Is-
bels o' the court. The brains of my Cupid's 15
knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man
loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?
Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.* 20

[*Count. Reads*] a letter. "I have sent you a
daughter-in-law; she hath recovered the King,
and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded
her; and sworn to make the 'not' eternal.
You shall hear I am run away: know it before
the report come. If there be breadth enough 25
in the world, I will hold a long distance. My
duty to you.

Your unfortunate son,
BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30
To fly the favours of so good a king,
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within
between two soldiers and my young lady! 35

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort. Your son will not be kill'd so
soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd? 41

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I
hear he does. The danger is in standing to 't.
That's the loss of men, though it be the get-
ting of children. Here they come will tell you
more; for my part, I only hear your son was
run away. [*Exit.* 44

Enter HELENA and the two French LORDS.

1. *Lord.* Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2. *Lord.* Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience, pray you.
Gentlemen, 48

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't. Where is my son, I
pray you?

2. *Lord.* Madam, he's gone to serve the
Duke of Florence.

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court, 56
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my
passport.

[*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon
my finger which never shall come off, and show
me a child begotten of thy body that I am 61
father to, then call me husband; but in such
a 'then' I write a 'never.'"
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1. *Lord.* Ay, madam;
And for the contents' sake are sorry for our
pains. 66

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrosses all the griefs are thine,
Thou robbst me of a moiety. He was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child. Towards Florence
is he?

2. *Lord.* Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?
2. *Lord.* Such is his noble purpose; and,
believe 't,

The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1. *Lord.* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing
of speed. 76

Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have
nothing in France."

'T is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1. *Lord.* 'T is but the boldness of his hand,
haply, which his heart was not consenting to. 80

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she; and she deserves a lord
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with
him? 85

1. *Lord.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

1. *Lord.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.

1. Lord. Indeed, good lady,
 The fellow has a deal of that too much,
 Which holds him much to have.

Count. You're welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son, 95
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses. More I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2. Lord. We serve you, madam,
 In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. 100

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt [Countess and Lords].*]

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
 Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I 105
 That chase thee from thy country and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event
 Of the none-sparing war? And is it I
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where
 thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark 110
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
 That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord.
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; 115
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the catiff that do hold him to 't;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected. Better 't were
 I met the ravin lion when he roar'd 120
 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
 Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone. 125
 My being here it is that holds thee hence.
 Shall I stay here to do 't? No, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house
 And angels offic'd all. I will be gone,
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130
 To console thee ear. Come, night; end,
 day!

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. 1.
 [Exit.]

[SCENE III. Florence. Before the Duke's palace.]

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Soldiers, drum and trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
 and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake 5
 To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file.
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall
 prove 10
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

[SCENE IV. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter
 of her?

Might you not know she would do as she has
 done,

By sending me a letter? Read it again.

[*Stew.* Reads] letter.
 "I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.
 Ambitious love hath in me so offended, 5
 That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of
 war

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie.
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
 His taken labours bid him me forgive.
 I, his despitful Juno, sent him forth
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dogs the heels of 15
 worth.

He is too good and fair for death and me,
 Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."
 [Count.] Ah, what sharp stings are in her
 mildest words!

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
 As letting her pass so. Had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents, 21
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam;
 If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she
 writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall 25
 Bless this unworthy husband? He cannot
 thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom Heaven delights to
 hear

And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife. 30
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
 That he does weigh too light. My greatest
 grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger.
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone, 35
 He will return; and hope I may that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction. Provide this messenger. 40

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. Florence. Without the walls.] A tucket afar off.

Enter an old WIDOW of Florence, her daughter, [DIANA,] VIOLENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done most honourable service. 4

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their great'st commander; and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. [Tucket.] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way. Hark! you may know by their trumpets. 9

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl. The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty. 14

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him! one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl. Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not 20 the things they go under. Many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs 25 that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. 30

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA [disguised like a Pilgrim].

Wid. I hope so. Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another. I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound? 36

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [A march afar. 40

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you! they come this way.

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess 45 as ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours 50

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon. Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him.

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsome'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, 55

As 'tis reported, for the King had married him

Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth. I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name? 60

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him.

In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great Count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated. All her deserving Is a reserved honesty, and that. 65

I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ay, right! Good creature, wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her 70

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be the amorous Count solicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit Corrupt the tender honour of a maid. 75

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard In honestest defence.

Drum and colours. Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole army.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come.

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son; That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He,

That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow. 81

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest. Yond's that same knave 85

That leads him to these places. Were I his lady,

I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 90

Par. Lose our drum! Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-cari-
er! [*Exeunt* *Bertram*, *Parolles*, and
army]. 95

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host. Of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques
bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.

Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thank-
ing

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin

Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Camp before Florence.*]

Enter BERTRAM and the French LORDS, as at first.

1. *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

2. *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hild-
ing, hold me no more in your respect.

1. *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him? 7

1. *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertain-
ment. 13

2. *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, lest, re-
posing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him. 19

2. *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1. *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he 25 shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination; if he do not, for the promise of his life and in the highest 30 compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any-
thing. 35

2. *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counter-
feit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes. 42

Enter PAROLLES.

1. *Lord.* [*Aside to Ber.*] O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design. Let him fetch off his drum in any hand. 45

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

2. *Lord.* A pox on 't, let it go; 'tis but a drum. 49

Par. "But a drum"! is't "but a drum"? A drum so lost! There was excellent command, — to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers! 53

2. *Lord.* That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command. 57

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success. Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered. 61

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or "*hic jacet*." 65

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach, to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the 70 enterprise and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit. If you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness. 75

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will under-
take it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage 80 myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it? 85

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*]

1. *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns him-
self to do, and dares better be damn'd than to do 't? 95

2. *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we do. Certain it is, that he will steal him-
self into a man's favour and for a week escape

a great deal of discoveries ; but when you find him out, you have him ever after. 101

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto ? 104

1. Lord. None in the world ; but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost emboss'd him ; you shall see his fall to-night ; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 109

2. Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we cease him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafew. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him ; which you shall see this very night. 114

1. Lord. I must go look my twigs. He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

2. Lord. As 't please your lordship. I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.

1. Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once 120

And found her wondrous cold ; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,

Tokens and letters which she did re-send ; And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature :

Will you go see her ?

1. Lord. With all my heart, my lord. 125
[Exit.]

[SCENE VII. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses, 5
And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the Count he is my husband ;

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so from word to word ; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, 11
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you ;
For you have show'd me that which well approves

You're great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far, 15
Which I will over-pay and pay again

When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her. Let her, in fine, consent

As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it. 20

Now his important blood will nought deny
That she'll demand. A ring the County wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds 25

In most rich choice ; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose. 29

Hel. You see it lawful, then. It is no more
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns 35

To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded.
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts and songs compos'd 40
To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists
As if his life lay on 't.

Hel. Why then to-night
Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed. 45
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. Without the Florentine camp.]

Enter First French LORD, with five or six other SOLDIERS in ambush.

1. Lord. He can come no other way but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will. Though you understand it not yourselves, no matter ; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter. 7

1. Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1. Lord. Art not acquainted with him ?
Knows he not thy voice ? 11

1. Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast thou to speak to us again ?

1. Sold. E'en such as you speak to me. 15

1. Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy ; not to know what we speak one to another, so we seem to know, is to [30 know straight our purpose : choughs' language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But cough, ho ! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. 26

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock : within three hours 't will be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too [50 often at my door. I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1. Lord. [Aside, in ambush.] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. 50

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say I got them in exploit. Yet [50 slight ones will not carry it. They will say, "Come you off with so little?" And great ones I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth and buy myself another of [45 Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1. Lord. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is? 49

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1. Lord. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say it was in stratagem. 55

1. Lord. 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripp'd.

1. Lord. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel — 61

1. Lord. How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

1. Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. 65

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's. I would swear I recover'd it.

1. Lord. You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum now of the enemy's, —

[Alarum within.

1. Lord. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo. 71

All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo. 71

Par. O, ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes. [They seize and blindfold him.] 75

1. Sold. Bosko throumuldo boskos.

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I'll 79 Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1. Sold. Boskos vauvado: I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue. Kerelybonto, sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1. Sold. O, pray, pray, pray! Manka revania dulce. 85

1. Lord. Oscorbidulchos volivorco.

1. Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; 89

And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show, Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at.

1. Sold. But wilt thou faithfully? 90

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1. Sold. Acordo linta.

Come on; thou art granted space.

[Exit with Parolles guarded]. A short alarum within.

1. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled 100

Till we do hear from them.

2. Sold. Captain, I will.

1. Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves: Inform on that.

2. Sold. So I will, sir.

1. Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [Exeunt. 105

[SCENE II. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter BERTRAM and the maid called DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are no maiden, but a monument. 6

When you are dead, you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got. 10

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No; 10

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that.

I prithee, do not strive against my vows.

I was compell'd to her; but I love thee 15

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us

Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth, 21

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the High'st to witness; then, pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes 25
 I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
 When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
 To swear by Him whom I protest to love,
 That I will work against Him; therefore your
 oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30
 At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it!
 Be not so holy-cruel. Love is holy,
 And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
 That you do charge men with. Stand no more
 off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires, 35
 Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and
 ever

My love as it begins shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a
 scarce

That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that
 ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no
 power 40

To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring, 45
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
 In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom
 Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50
 Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring!
 My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
 And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
 chamber-window.

I'll order take my mother shall not hear. 55
 Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
 When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
 Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
 My reasons are most strong, and you shall know
 them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;
 And on your finger in the night I'll put
 Another ring, that what in time proceeds 61
 May taken to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
 A wife of me, though there my hope be done. 65

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by woo-
 ing thee. [Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both Hea-
 ven and me!

You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
 As if she sat in 's heart. She says all men 70
 Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry
 me

When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with
 him

When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so
 braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid.

Only in this disguise I think 't no sin 75
 To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

[SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*]

*Enter the two French LORDS and some two or three
 Soldiers.*

2. *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's
 letter?

1. *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since.
 There is something in 't that stings his nature;
 for on the reading it he chang'd almost into
 another man. 6

2. *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid
 upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so
 sweet a lady. 9

1. *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the
 everlasting displeasure of the King, who had
 even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him.
 I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell
 darkly with you. 14

2. *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 't is dead,
 and I am the grave of it.

1. *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentle-
 woman here in Florence, of a most chaste re-
 nown; and this night he fleshes his will in the
 spoil of her honour. He hath given her his 20
 monumental ring, and thinks himself made in
 the unchaste composition.

2. *Lord.* Now, God delay our rebellion! As
 we are ourselves, what things are we! 24

1. *Lord.* Merely our own traitors. And as in
 the common course of all treasons, we still see
 them reveal themselves, till they attain to their
 abhor'd ends, so he that in this action contrives
 against his own nobility, in his proper stream
 overflows himself. 30

2. *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us, to
 be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We
 shall not then have his company to-night?

1. *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is
 dieted to his hour. 35

2. *Lord.* That approaches apace. I would
 gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd,
 that he might take a measure of his own judge-
 ments, wherein so curiously he had set this
 counterfeit. 40

1. *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he
 come, for his presence must be the whip of the
 other.

2. *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of
 these wars? 45

1. *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

2. *Lord.* Nay, I assure you, a peace con-
 cluded.

1. *Lord.* What will Count Rousillon do then?
 Will he travel higher, or return again into
 France? 51

2. *Lord.* I perceive, by this demand, you are
 not altogether of his council.

1. *Lord.* Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be
 a great deal of his act. 55

2. *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since
 fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrim-
 age to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy un-
 dertaking with most austere sanctimony she
 accomplish'd; and, there residing, the ten- 60

derness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

1. *Lord.* How is this justified? 64

2. *Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death. Her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place. 66

1. *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

2. *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

1. *Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this. 75

2. *Lord.* How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

1. *Lord.* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquir'd for him shall at home be encount'ed with a shame as ample. 82

2. *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. 87

Enter a MESSENGER.

How now! where's your master?

Mess. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King. 90

1. *Lord.* They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

2. *Lord.* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord! is't not after midnight? 97

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success. I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs. The last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet. 106

1. *Lord.* If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 109

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophetess. 115

1. *Lord.* Bring him forth. Has sat it the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

1. *Lord.* I have told your lordship already, the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting in the stocks; and what think you he hath confess'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has 'a? 123

1. *Lord.* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face. If your lordship be in 't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter PAROLLES with [FIRST SOLDIER as] his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him! Muffled! He can say nothing of me. Hush! hush! 135

2. *Lord.* Hoodman comes! *Portotartarossa.*

1. *Sold.* He calls for the tortures. What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint. If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 141

1. *Sold.* *Bosko chimurco.*

2. *Lord.* *Bolibindo chicurmurco.*

1. *Sold.* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note. 146

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

1. *Sold.* [Reads.] "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong." What say you to that? 150

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live. 154

1. *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this! 159

2. *Lord.* You're deceiv'd, my lord; this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, — that was his own phrase, — that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger. 164

1. *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down. 169

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said, — I will say true, — or thereabouts, set down, for I'll speak truth.

2. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I can him no thanks for 't, in the nature he delivers it. 175

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1. *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth; the rogues are marvellous poor. 179

1. *Sold.* [Reads.] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this

present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: — Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, ¹⁸⁵ two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not ¹⁹⁰ shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him? ¹⁹⁴

2. Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

1. Sold. Well, that's set down.

[*Reads.*] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumaïn be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the Duke; ²⁰⁰ what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? What do you know of it? ²⁰⁵

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories. Demand them singly. ²⁰⁸

1. Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumaïn?

Par. I know him. 'A was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the shrieve's fool with child, — a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. ²¹⁴

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1. Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? ²¹⁹

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

2. Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1. Sold. What is his reputation with the Duke? ²²⁴

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1. Sold. Marry, we'll search. ²²⁹

Par. In good sadness, I do not know. Either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

1. Sold. Here 't is; here 's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no. ²³⁵

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

2. Lord. Excellently.

1. Sold. [*Reads.*] "Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold," —

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in ²⁴⁰ Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again. ²⁴³

1. Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew

the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds. ²⁵⁰

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue!

1. Sold. [*Reads.*]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score.

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before; ²⁵⁵ And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this, Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss; For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it, Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear, ²⁶⁰ PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army with this rhyme in's forehead.

1. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist and the armpotent soldier. ²⁶⁵

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat; and now he's a cat to me.

1. Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you. ²⁶⁹

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or anywhere, so I may live. ²⁷⁴

1. Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumaïn. You have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour; what is his honesty? ²⁷⁹

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister. For rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules; he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine drunk, and ²⁸⁵ in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty. He has everything that an honest man should not have; ²⁹⁰ what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

2. Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat. ²⁹⁵

1. Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led the drum before the English tragedians. To belie him, I will not, and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the ³⁰⁰ officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain. ³⁰⁴

2. Lord. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

1. Sold. His qualities being at this poor price,

I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'écu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1. Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

1. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1. Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1. Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

1. Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1. Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you that have so traitorously discover'd the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

1. Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unblinding him.*] So, look about you. Know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

1. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

2. Lord. God save you, noble captain.

1. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France.

2. Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? An I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Eeunt* [*Bertram* and *Lords*].

1. Sold. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf; that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

1. Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too. We shall speak of you there.

[*Exit* [*with Soldiers*].

Par. Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! Being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE IV. Florence. The Widow's house.]

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.

Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through finty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd His Grace is at Marseilles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead. The army breaking, My husband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the King, We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love. Doubt not but Heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night; so lust doth play With what it loathes for that which is away. But more of this hereafter. You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you. But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away. Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us. All's well that ends well! Still the fine's the crown;

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Eeunt.*

[SCENE V. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saf-

from would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of. 7

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever Nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love. 13

Laf. 'T was a good lady, 't was a good lady. We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb. 16

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not [salad] herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's. 28

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed. 31

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool. 35

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? A Frenchman? 40

Clo. Faith, sir, 'a has an English name; but his fignomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil. 45

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of. Serve him still. 48

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let his nobility remain in 's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp 53 to enter. Some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they 'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 58

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be aweary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways. Let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks. 63

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy. 66

Count. So 'a is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him. By his au-

thority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will. 71

Laf. I like him well; 't is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them 76 both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His Highness hath promis'd me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 82

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he number'd thirty. 'A will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd. 88

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night. I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted. 94

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet. 98

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder 's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on 's face. Whether there be a scar under 't or no, the velvet knows; but 't is a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare. 104

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you. I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 109

Clo. 'Faith, there 's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man. [Exit.]

ACT V

[SCENE I. Marseilles. A street.]

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it: But since you have made the days and nights as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, Be bold you do so grow in my requital 5

Enter a GENTLE ASTRINGER.

As nothing can unroot you. In happy time! This man may help me to his Majesty's ear, If he would spend his power. God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France. 10

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen from the report that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to 15
The use of your own virtues, for the which I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence. 21

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet, 25
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me, 30
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd, 35

Whate'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Rousillon. Inner court of the
Count's palace.]

Enter CLOWN and PAROLLES.

Par. Good Master Lavache, give my Lord
Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been
better known to you, when I have held famili-
arity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir,
muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell some-
what strong of her strong displeasure. 5

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but slut-
tish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of.
I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's but-
tering. Prithee, allow the wind. 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose,
sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I
will stop my nose; or against any man's meta-
phor. Prithee, get thee further. 15

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! prithee, stand away. A paper
from Fortune's close-stool to give to a noble-
man! Look, here he comes himself. 19

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a purr of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's

cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen
into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure,
and, as he says, is muddled withal. Pray you,
sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like
a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally 24
knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of
comfort and leave him to your lordship.

[*Exit.*]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune
hath cruelly scratch'd. 25

Laf. And what would you have me to do?
'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein
have you play'd the knave with Fortune, that
she should scratch you, who of herself is a good
lady and would not have knaves thrive long
under her? There's a *quart d'écu* for you. Let
the justices make you and Fortune friends; 35
I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one
single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more. Come,
you shall ha' 't; save your word. 40

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than word, then. Cox
my passion! give me your hand. How does
your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that
found me! 45

Laf. Was I, in sooth? And I was the first
that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in
some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! Dost thou put
upon me at once both the office of God and the
devil? one brings thee in grace and the other
brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The King's
coming; I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, 55
inquire further after me. I had talk of you last
night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you
shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Rousillon. The Count's palace.]

Flourish. *Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the
two French LORDS, with Attendants.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your Majesty to make it 5
Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say
But first I beg my pardon, the young lord
Did to his Majesty, his mother, and his lady
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife 15
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes, whose words all ears took cap-
tive,

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him
hither;
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it. Let him approach, ²⁵
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 't is our will he should.

1. Lord. I shall, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

King. What says he to your daughter? Have
you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your
Highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have
letters sent me ³⁰
That sets him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once. But to the brightest beams ³⁴
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees ⁴⁰
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart ⁴⁵
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue,
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen, ⁵⁰
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came
That she whom all men prais'd and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd. ⁵⁵
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores
away
From the great contempt; but love that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That 's good that 's gone." Our rash
faults ⁶⁰

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Off our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust.
Our own love waking cries to see what 's done.
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon. ⁶⁵

Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maud-
lin.

The main consents are had; and here we'll
stay

To see our widower's second marriage-day, ⁷⁰
Which better than the first, O dear Heaven,
bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested, give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, ⁷⁵

That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a
ring.*] By my old beard,

And every hair that 's on 't, Helen, that 's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. ⁸⁰
King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine
eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token ⁸⁵
I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to
reave her

Of what should stand her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it ⁹⁰
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never
saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and ⁹⁵
thought

I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd ¹⁰⁰
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring. 'T was mine, 't was
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know ¹⁰⁵
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment

You got it from her. She call'd the saints to
surety

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, ¹¹⁰

Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should
prove ¹¹⁵

That thou art so inhuman, — 't will not prove
so; —

And yet I know not: thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away. ¹²⁰

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with
him!

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy. ¹²⁵
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know
not.

Here's a petition from a Florentine, ¹³⁰
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending. Her business looks in her ¹³⁵
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself.

[*King. Reads a letter.* "Upon his many pro-
testations to marry me when his wife was dead,
I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the ¹⁴⁰
Count Rousillon a widower; his vows are for-
feited to me, and my honour's paid to him.
He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I
follow him to his country for justice. Grant it
me, O king! In you it best lies. Otherwise ¹⁴⁵
a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPILET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll for this. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafen. ¹⁵⁰
To bring forth this discovery. Seek these
suitors.

Go speedily and bring again the Count.
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM [guarded].

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters
to you, ¹⁵⁵

And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship,

Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter WIDOW and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet.

My suit, as I do understand, you know, ¹⁶⁰
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know
these women? ¹⁶⁵

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine; ¹⁷⁰
You give away heaven's vows, and those are
mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none. ¹⁷⁵

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter; you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature,

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let
your Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour ¹⁸⁰
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
ill to friend

Till your deeds gain them. Fairer prove your
honour

Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think ¹⁸⁵
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were
so,

He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring, ¹⁹⁰

Whose high respect and rich validity

Did lack a parallel; yet for all that

He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,

If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is hit. ¹⁹⁵

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,

Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it. ²⁰⁰

Dia. I did, my lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument. His name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.
[*Exit an attendant.*]

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave, ²⁰⁵
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and de-
bauch'd,

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.

Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,

That will speak anything?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has. Certain it is I lik'd her,
 And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
 She knew her distance and did angle for me,
 Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
 As all impediments in fancy's course
 Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
 Her infinite cunning, with her modern grace,
 Subdu'd me to her rate. She got the ring;
 And I had that which any inferior might
 At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient.
 You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
 May justly diet me. I pray you yet, —
 Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband, —
 Send for your ring, I will return it home,
 And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? This ring was
 his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being abed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw
 it him

Out of a casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth. 380

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather
 starts you.

Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I
 charge you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master, 385
 Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off,
 By him and by this woman here what know
 you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath
 been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath
 had in him, which gentlemen have. 390

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he
 love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?
King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
 loves a woman. 395

King. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.
 What an equivocal companion is this! 400

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesty's
 command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a
 naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me mar-
 riage? 405

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.
King. But wilt thou not speak all thou
 know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your Majesty. I did go
 between them, as I said; but more than that,
 he lov'd her; for indeed he was mad for her,
 and talk'd of Satan and of Limbo and of 410

Furies and I know not what. Yet I was in that
 credit with them at that time that I knew
 of their going to bed, and of other motions,
 as promising her marriage, and things which
 would derive me ill will to speak of; there-
 fore I will not speak what I know. 405

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless
 thou canst say they are married. But thou art
 too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.
 This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.
King. Where did you buy it? Or who gave
 it you? 410

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.
King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.
King. If it were yours by none of all these
 ways, 415

How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord;
 she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first
 wife. 420

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I
 know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now.
 To prison with her; and away with him.

Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this
 ring, 425

Thou diest within this hour.
Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.
Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common cus-
 tomer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.
King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all
 this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not
 guilty. 430

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to 't:
 I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
 I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison
 with her! 435

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay,
 royal sir, [Exit Widow.]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
 And he shall surety me. But for this lord,

Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
 Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit
 him. 440

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
 And at that time he got his wife with child.

Dead though she be, she feels her young one
 kick.

So there's my riddle: one that's dead is quick;
 And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
 Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? 445

Is 't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord ;
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both, O, pardon !

Hel. O my good lord, when I was like this
maid, 310
I found you wondrous kind. There is your
ring ;

And, look you, here 's your letter. This it says :
" When from my finger you can get this ring
And are by me with child," etc.

This is done.

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won ? 315

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know
this clearly,

I 'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you !
O my dear mother, do I see you living ? 320

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions ; I shall weep
anon.

[*To Parolles.*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a
handkercher. So,

I thank thee ; wait on me home, I 'll make
sport with thee.

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story
know, 325

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.

[*To Diana.*] If thou be'st yet a fresh un-
cropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I 'll pay thy
dower ;

For I can guess that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid. 330

Of that and all the progress, more and less,

Resolvedly more leisure shall express.

All yet seems well ; and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.
[*Flourish.*]

[EPILOGUE]

[*King.*] The king 's a beggar, now the play
is done. 335

All is well ended, if this suit be won,

That you express content ; which we will pay,

With strife to please you, day exceeding day.

Ours be your patience then, and yours our
parts ;

Your gentle hands lend us, and take our
hearts. [*Exeunt omnes.* 340]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

THE date most generally agreed on for the composition of *Measure for Measure* is 1603-4, and though external evidence is even more scanty than usual, internal evidence tends to corroborate this conjecture. The entry in the Revels accounts of a performance on December 26, 1604, is a forgery, but is founded on a good guess. Barksted's *Myrrha* (1607) contains an apparent reminiscence of the simile in II. iv. 24-26, and thus affords a later limit. The lines in I. i. 68-73 and II. iv. 27-30 may have been written in allusion to James I's attitude towards the populace, and, if so, place the play soon after his accession in 1603. Similarities in tone, in metre, and in details of thought, to *All's Well* and *Hamlet* all tend in the same direction.

There is no trace of the play's having been printed before 1623, and the present text is based on the far from perfect version in the First Folio.

Stories containing the central situation of *Measure for Measure*, the perfidy of Angelo, are common in European literature. The direct source, however, of Shakespeare's play is clearly to be found in the double drama of *Promos and Cassandra*, written by George Whetstone before he left England in 1578, the plot of which he later threw into narrative form in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582). Whetstone's source seems to have been the fifth novel of the tenth day in the *Hecatommihi* of Giraldu Cinthio, who dramatized the same story in his *Epitia*. There is no evidence of Shakespeare's having used any version of the story but Whetstone's drama, except that in the *Heptameron* the narrator of the tale is a Madam Isabella, the identity of whose name with that of Shakespeare's heroine may point to his having seen the book.

The scene of Whetstone's comedy is Julio in Hungary, governed by Promos as representative of Corvinus, King of Bohemia. The society of this city is described as seething with moral corruption, a picture transferred by Shakespeare to Vienna. But the typical characters chosen to represent this society are all re-created in *Measure for Measure*, Pompey alone bearing some resemblance to a prototype, the Rosko of Whetstone. The function of the King in the older play is practically confined to the redressing of wrongs in the last act, so that the Duke's disguise as a monk, all his activity in the intrigue, and his final offer of marriage to Isabella, are Shakespeare's. The Deputy in Whetstone is honest in his severity before he sees Isabella, but the subtle portrayal of his austere Puritanism, so carefully made in the earlier scenes of the present play, is altogether absent. Shakespeare spares him the additional villainy of a false promise of marriage in his attempt to seduce the heroine, and also the cruelty of ordering the head of her brother to be sent to her.

The most profound change is in the creation of the rôle of Mariana. In the older forms of the story, the main heroine yields to the Deputy, who is forced to marry her at the end. But for such an Isabella as Shakespeare conceived, this fate was clearly impossible. So the device of substitution, which Shakespeare had used in *All's Well*, was again employed, and a much loftier type of character made possible for the heroine. This elevation appears in all the great scenes, in her argument on mercy and justice, in her immediate rejection of Angelo's proposal, and in her scorn for her brother's weakness, — all of which are found in Whetstone in a crude form. It is suggestive of the level of Whetstone's *Cassandra* that considerations of reputation play a great part in the discussion between brother and sister. The first appearance of Isabella in Shakespeare is as a novice about to enter a sisterhood; the last is as the prospective bride of the Duke. Neither of these is in Whetstone; and the first may be regarded as indicating Shakespeare's view of the essential ideal quality in Isabella's character, the second as a concession to the convention of the happy ending. It is perhaps significant that she does not explicitly accept the Duke's proposal.

The increased delicacy of characterization is seen again in the brother. His first sound reaction in horror against Angelo's infamous proposal is wholly Shakespearean, and serves to place him on a plane which, in spite of his later cowardice, makes it possible to conceive him as Isabella's brother. The Provost is a development of Whetstone's gaoler; but Escalus is a creation of Shakespeare's, serving as a foil to the severity of Angelo.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

VINCENTIO, the Duke.
ANGELO, the Deputy.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord.
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.
LUCIO, a fantastic.
Two other like gentlemen.
Provost.
THOMAS, } two friars.
PETER, }
[A Justice.]
[VARRIUS.]

ELBOW, a simple constable.
FROTH, a foolish gentleman.
[POMPEY,] clown [servant to Mistress Overdone].
ABHORSON, an executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved of Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a nun.
MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

[Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.]

SCENE : Vienna.

ACT I

SCENE I. [An apartment in the Duke's palace.]

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords [and Attendants].

Duke. Escalus.

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,

Since I am put to know that your own science exceeds

In that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you. Then no more remains,

But that to your sufficiency . . . as your worth is able,

And let them work. The nature of our people, 10
Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call 15

hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an attendant.]
What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs 21

Of our own power. What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes. 25

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,

That to the observer doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings 30
Are not thine own so proper as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike 35

As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd

But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence

But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40

Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.

Hold therefore, Angelo:
In our remove be thou at full yourself.

Mortality and mercy in Vienna 45
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal

Before so noble and so great a figure 50
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion.
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice

Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd 55
Matters of needful value. We shall write to

you,
As time and our concerns shall importune,

How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.

To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple. Your scope is as mine own, 65
So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
 I'll privily away. I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
 Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
 Their loud applause and Aves vehement ;
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness ! 75

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place.
 A power I have, but of what strength and nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'T is so with me. Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*A street.*]

Enter LUCIO and two other GENTLEMEN.

Lucio. If the Duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's !

2. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal" ? 10

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions ; they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace. 17

2. Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

2. Gent. No ? A dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What, in metre ?

Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.

1. Gent. I think, or in any religion. 24

Lucio. Ay, why not ? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy ; as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1. Gent. Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list, 31

1. Gent. And thou the velvet. Thou art good velvet ; thou 'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee. I had as lief be a list of an English kersay as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now ? 36

Lucio. I think thou dost ; and, indeed, with

most painful feeling of thy speech. I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

1. Gent. I think I have done myself wrong, have I not ?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free. 44

Enter Bawd [*MISTRESS OVERDONE*].

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes ! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2. Gent. To what, I pray ?

Lucio. Judge. 49

2. Gent. To three thousand dolours a year.

1. Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1. Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me ; but thou art full of error ; I am sound. 54

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy ; but so sound as things that are hollow. Thy bones are hollow ; impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now ! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ? 59

Mrs. Ov. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that, I pray thee ?

Mrs. Ov. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio. 65

1. Gent. Claudio to prison ? 'T is not so.

Mrs. Ov. Nay, but I know 't is so. I saw him arrested, saw him carried away ; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be chop'd off. 70

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this ?

Mrs. Ov. I am too sure of it ; and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child. 74

Lucio. Believe me, this may be. He promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose. 79

1. Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away ! let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt* *Lucio and Gentlemen*].

Mrs. Ov. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. 85

Enter Clown [*POMPEY*].

How now ! what's the news with you ?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Mrs. Ov. Well ; what has he done ?

Pom. A woman.

Mrs. Ov. But what's his offence ? 90

Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Mrs. Ov. What, is there a maid with child by him ?

Pom. No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you ? 94

Mrs. Ov. What proclamation, man?

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pull'd down.

Mrs. Ov. And what shall become of those in the city?

Pom. They shall stand for seed. They had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Ov. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Pom. To the ground, mistress.

Mrs. Ov. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients. Though you change your place, you need not change your trade. I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you. You that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Mrs. Ov. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? Let's withdraw.

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet.

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demigod authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight The words of heaven: on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

[*Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*]

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane, A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed.

You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order. This we came not to, Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love Till time had made them for us. But it chanceth

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the Duke— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—but this new governor Awakes me all the enrolled penalties

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service. This day my sister should the cloister enter

And there receive her approbation. Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him. I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [III. A monastery.]

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought.

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and
ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your Grace speak of it ?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than
you

How I have ever lov'd the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery
keeps.

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland ;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear, 15
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most bit-
ting laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong
steeds,

Which for this nineteen years we have let slip ;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fa-
thers,

Having bound up the threatening twigs of
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight 25
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
[Becomes] more mock'd than fear'd ; so our
decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby breeds the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you
pleas'd :

And it in you more dreadful would have
seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope, 35
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall
them

For what I bid them do ; for we bid this be
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed,
my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office ; 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,

And yet my nature never in the sight
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people ; therefore, I
prithe, 45

Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. Moe-reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one : Lord Angelo is precise, 50
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite

Is more to bread than stone ; hence shall we
see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE [IV. A nunnery.]

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA, a Nun.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privi-
leges ?

Fran. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring
more,

But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votaries of Saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within.] Ho ! Peace be in this place !

Isab. Who 's that which calls ?

Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of
him.

You may, I may not ; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men 10

But in the presence of the prioress ;
Then, if you speak, you must not show your
face,

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again ; I pray you, answer him.

Isab. Peace and prosperity ! Who is 't that
calls ? 15

[*Enter LUCIO.*]

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less ! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio ? 20

Isab. Why her unhappy brother ? let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greet you.

Not to be weary with you, he 's in prison. 25

Isab. Woe me ! for what ?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be
his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks.

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.
I would not — though 't is my familiar sin 30

With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins
so.

I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit, 35
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking
me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,
't is thus :

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd, 40
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? My
cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change
their names

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand, in hope of action; but we do learn

By those that know the very nerves of state,

His givings-out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,

Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood

Is very snow-broth, one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense,

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

With profits of the mind, study, and fast.

He—to give fear to use and liberty,

Which have for long run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act;

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it;

And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To make him an example. All hope is gone,

Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer

To soften Angelo. And that's my pith

Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him

Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath

A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me

To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas, I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;

And makes us lose the good we oft might win

By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue

Men give like gods; but when they weep and

kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs

As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;

No longer staying but to give the Mother

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.

Commend me to my brother. Soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [A hall in Angelo's house.]

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a JUSTICE, and Ser-
vants.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the
law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gen-
tleman

Whom I would save had a most noble father!

Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place or place with wish-
ing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own pur-
pose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,

Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try. What's open made

to justice,

That justice seizes. What knows the laws

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very

pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't

Because we see it; but what we do not see

We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgement pattern out my death,

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter PROVOST.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine-to-morrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. [Aside.] Well, Heaven forgive him!

and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;

And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown [POMPEY, and]

Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be

good people in a commonweal that do nothing

but use their abuses in common houses, I know

no law. Bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name?

and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor

Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow. I

do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here

before your good honour two notorious bene-
factors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well, what benefactors

are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well. Here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to; what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir! A tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How? Thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defid' him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Pom. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence. Your honours have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes,—

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right. But to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be rememb'ed, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well. I telling you then, if you be rememb'ed, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool. To the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallowd eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 't was in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,

And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[Exit Angelo.] Now, sir, come on. What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest! Thou liest, wicked varlet! The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou catiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked catiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, sir?

Pom. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Pom. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Pom. Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine! Come hither to me, Master

Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well, no more of it, Master Froth. Farewell. *[Exit Froth.]* Come you hither to me, Master tapster. What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Pom. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Pom. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful trade?

Pom. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Pom. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Pom. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you. It is but heading and hanging.

Pom. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a day. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel; *[aside]* but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Escal. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well.

[Exit Elbow.]

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. [*Another room in the same.*]

Enter PROVOST and a SERVANT.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

I'll know

His pleasure; may be he will relent.
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for 't!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, Provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine.

Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning
Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

[*Re-enter SERVANT.*]

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous
maid.

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd.

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for 't.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.

Prov. God save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while. [*To Isab.*] You're welcome; what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of
justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die.
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Heaven give thee moving
graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor
of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your
honour!

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Give 't not o'er so.
To him again, entreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown.
You are too cold. If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire
it.

To him, I say!

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon
him,

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the
mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 't is too late.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? Why, no, I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.

If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slept like him; but he, like
you,

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, touch him;
there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid.

It is the law, not I condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season. Shall we serve Heaven 85

With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-
think you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Ay, well said.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept. 90

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If [but] the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 't is awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd, 95
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all when I show jus-
tice, 100

For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul
wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied.
Your brother dies to-morrow. Be content. 105

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this
sentence,

And he, that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder 110

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be
quiet;

For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,

Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven, 114
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak

Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man,
Dress'd in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our
spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] O, to him, to him,
wench! he will relent.

He's coming; I perceive 't.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven she win him!
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our-
self. 125

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in
them,

But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou 'rt i' the right, girl. More o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric
word, 130

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Art avis'd o' that?
More on 't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon
me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself, 135
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your
bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.— Fare
you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me. Come again to-mor-
row.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my
lord, turn back. 145

Ang. How! bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that Heaven shall
share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] You had marr'd all
else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested
gold,

Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there

Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [*Aside to Isab.*] Go to; 't is well.

Away! 155
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen!
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon. 160
Isab. 'Save your honour!

[*Eceunt Isabella, Lucio, and Pro-
vost.*]

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue.
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or
mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!

Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I 165
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough, 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority 175

When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,

With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now, 185
When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'ring
how. [Exit.]

SCENE III. [A room in a prison.]

Enter [severally] DUKE [disguised as a friar]
and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, Provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right 5
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth, 11
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this. 15

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you. Stay awhile,

[To Juliet.]

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently. 20

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound

Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. 25

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter; but lest you do repent, 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,

But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil, 35
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you, Benedicite! [Exit.]

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious law, 40
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV [A room in Angelo's house.]

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel; Heaven in my mouth,

As if I did but only chew his name, 5
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I
studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,

Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10

Could I with boot change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood, 15
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter a SERVANT.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, 20
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air 25
By which he should revive; and even so
The general subject to a well-wish'd king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure. 31

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 't is. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,

As long as you or I. Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin Heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid. 'T is all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made

As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one.

Isab. 'T is set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this, I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd

Stand more for number than for accomp't.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life.

Might there not be a charity in sin

To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do 't, I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Plead'st you to do 't at peril of your soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, Heaven let me bear it! You granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me; Your sense pursues not mine. Either you are ignorant,

Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright

When it doth tax itself; as these black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, displayed. But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross.
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears, Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,— As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question,—that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person, Whose credit with the judge, or own great

place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles Of the all-building law; and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either

You must lay down the treasures of your body To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;

What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:

That is, were I under the terms of death, The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed That, longing, have been sick for, ere I'd yield

My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way.

Better it were a brother died at once, Than that a sister, by redeeming him,

Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom and free pardon

Are of two houses. Lawful mercy

Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord. It oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die, If not a fedary, but only he

Owe and succeed this weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms. Women! Help, Heaven! men their creation

mar In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well; And from this testimony of your own sex,—

Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger

Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be bold.

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you 're none; 135

If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language. 140

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in 't, 145

Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming! 150

I will proclaim thee, Angelo. Look for 't!

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud

What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?

My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life, 155

My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,

Will so your accusation overweigh,

That you shall stifle in your own report

And smell of calumny. I have begun,

And now I give my sensual race the rein. 160

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;

Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes

That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will;

Or else he must not only die the death, 165

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,

Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. *[Exit.* 170

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I

tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,

That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,

Either of condemnation or approval;

Bidding the law make curtsy to their will; 175

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.

Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour

That, had he twenty heads to tender down 180

On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,

Before his sister should her body stoop

To such abhor'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die;

More than our brother is our chastity. 185

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. *[Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *[A room in the prison.]*

Enter DUKE [disguised as before,] CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine But only hope.

I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life 5

Shall therefore be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That dost this habitation where thou keep'st 10

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou 'rt by no means 15

valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, 25

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And Death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30

Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms 35

Of palsied Eld; and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we fear, 40

That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

Isab. [*Within.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in; the wish deserves a welcome. 46

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you. 50

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]
Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed. 56

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, intends you for his swift ambassador, Where you shall be an everlasting leiger; Therefore your best appointment make with speed, 60

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None but such remedy as; to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live.

There is a devilish mercy in the judge, 65

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,

To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature? 70

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to 't, Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain, 75

And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80

As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride, 85

And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my

father's grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances. This outward-sainted

deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The prenzie Angelo!
Isab. O, 't is the cunning livery of hell, 95

The damned'st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee, from this
rank offence, 100

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,

I'd throw it down for your deliverance 105

As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.
Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the

nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin; 110

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick

Be perdurably fin'd? O Isabel! 115

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become 120

A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be—worse than
worst— 125

Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling, — 't is too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment 130

Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far 135

That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest, to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I 140

think?

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father

fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Relieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death, 148
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd; 150
'T is best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!

[*Re-enter DUKE.*]

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but
one word.

Isab. What is your will? 153

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure,
I would by and by have some speech with you.
The satisfaction I would require is likewise
your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will
attend you a while. [*Walks apart.*] 156

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd
between you and your sister. Angelo had never
the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made
an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement
with the disposition of natures. She, having
the truth of honour in her, hath made him 158
that gracious denial which he is most glad to re-
ceive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this
to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death.
Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that
are fallible; to-morrow you must die. Go to
your knees and make ready. 172

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so
out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there! Farewell. [*Exit*
Claudio.] Provost, a word with you!

[*Re-enter PROVOST.*]

Prov. What's your will, father? 178

Duke. That now you are come, you will be
gone. Leave me a while with the maid. My
mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch
her by my company.

Prov. In good time. 183

[*Exit [Provost. Isabella comes for-
ward].*]

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair
hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap
in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but
grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall
keep the body of it ever fair. The assault
that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath 188
convey'd to my understanding; and, but that
frailty hath examples for his falling, I should
wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content
this substitute, and to save your brother? 193

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had
rather my brother die by the law than my son
should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much
is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever
he return and I can speak to him, I will open
my lips in vain, or discover his government. 199

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet,
as the matter now stands, he will avoid your

accusation; he made trial of you only. There-
fore fasten your ear on my advising. To the
love I have in doing good a remedy presents it-
self. I do make myself believe that you may
most uprightly do a poor wronged lady 205
a merited benefit, redeem your brother from
the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious
person, and much please the absent Duke, if
peradventure he shall ever return to have hear-
ing of this business. 211

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have
spirit to do anything that appears not foul in
the truth of my spirit. 214

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never
fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana,
the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who
miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good
words went with her name. 220

Duke. She should this Angelo have married;
was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial
appointed; between which time of the contract
and limit of the solemnity, her brother Freder-
ick was wreck'd at sea, having in that per-
ished vessel the dowry of his sister. But 225
mark how heavily this befell to the poor gen-
tlewoman. There she lost a noble and renowned
brother, in his love toward her ever most kind
and natural; with him, the portion and sinew
of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both,
her combinate husband, this well-seeming An-
gelo. 233

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave
her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not
one of them with his comfort; swallowed his
vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of
dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own
lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake;
and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with
them, but relents not. 239

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take
this poor maid from the world! What corrup-
tion in this life, that it will let this man live!
But how out of this can she avail? 243

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily
heal; and the cure of it not only saves your
brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father. 247

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her
the continuance of her first affection; his unjust
unkindness, that in all reason should have 250
quenched her love, hath, like an impediment
in the current, made it more violent and un-
ruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring
with a plausible obedience; agree with his de-
mands to the point; only refer yourself to this
advantage, first, that your stay with him 255
may not be long; that the time may have all
shadow and silence in it; and the place answer
to convenience. This being granted in course, —
and now follows all, — we shall advise this
wronged maid to stand up your appoint- 260
ment, go in your place. If the encounter ac-
knowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him
to her recompense; and here, by this is your
brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor

Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy ²⁶⁵ sealed. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it? ²⁶⁹

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. ²⁷²

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo. If for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly. ²⁷⁹

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exit [Isabella and Duke].*]

[SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*]

Enter [on one side, DUKE, disguised as before; on the other.] ELBOW, and Officers with Clown [POMPEY].

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here? ⁵

Pom. 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsor allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lambskins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. ¹¹

Elb. Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir? ¹⁵

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! ²⁰

The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice; say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches ²⁵ I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove — ³⁰

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer.

Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit. ³⁴

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster. If he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, ⁴⁰ Free from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, — a cord, sir.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine. ⁴⁴

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it, clutch'd? What reply, ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not ⁵⁰ drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it? ⁵⁶

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub. ⁶⁰

Lucio. Why, 't is good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd; an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir. ⁶⁴

Lucio. Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd. ⁶⁸

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house. ⁷⁴

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar. ⁸¹

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir? ⁸⁵

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey; go. [*Exeunt Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.*] What news, friar, of the Duke? ⁹¹

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome; but where is he, think you? ⁹⁵

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him

to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him. Something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred, it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women. He was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, pardon; 't is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise! Why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking. The very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more it is much dark'n'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first; thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again. This ungentle'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light. Would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prithee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet (and I say 't to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and [Officers, with] Bawd [MISTRESS OVERDONE].

Escal. Go; away with her to prison!

Mrs. Ov. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man. Good my lord!

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Ov. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time. He promis'd her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exit Officers with Mistress Ov.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio

must die to-morrow. Let him be furnish'd [320
with divines, and have all charitable preparation.
If my brother wrought by my pity, it
should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been
with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment
of death. 226

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance
is now 230

To use it for my time. I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world? 234

Duke. None, but that there is so great a
fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it
must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and
it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of
course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any
undertaking. There is scarce truth enough
alive to make societies secure; but security [240
enough to make fellowships accurst. Much
upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world.
This news is old enough, yet it is every day's
news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was
the Duke? 246

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, con-
tended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to? 248

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry,
than merry at anything which profess'd to
make him rejoice; a gentleman of all temper-
ance. But leave we him to his events, with a
prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me
desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd.
I am made to understand that you have lent
him visitation. 256

Duke. He professes to have received no sin-
ister measure from his judge, but most will-
ingly humbles himself to the determination of
justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the
instruction of his frailty, many deceiving prom-
ises of life, which I by my good leisure have dis-
credited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die. 262

Escal. You have paid the heavens your func-
tion, and the prisoner the very debt of your
calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman
to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my
brother justice have I found so severe, that he
hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Jus-
tice. 268

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness
of his proceeding, it shall become him well;
wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd
himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare
you well. 273

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying

Than by self-offences weighing. 280

Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide, 285
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things! 290
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting, 295
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [The moated grange at St. Luke's.]

Enter MARIANA, and Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain. 5

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee
quick away.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [*Exit Boy.*]

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10
You had not found me here so musical.
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my
woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; though music oft hath
such a charm 14

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath anybody inquir'd for
me here to-day? Much upon this time have
I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after. I
have sat here all day. 20

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time
is come even now. I shall crave your forbear-
ance a little. May be I will call upon you anon,
for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.* 25

Duke. Very well met, and well come.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with
brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd,
And to that vineyard is a planced gate, 30
That makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise

Upon the heavy middle of the night 35
To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me 40
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;

And that I have possess'd him my most stay

Can be but brief; for I have made him know 45
I have a servant comes with me along,

That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'T is well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana

A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; 51
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand, 55

Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?
[*Exeunt [Mariana and Isabella].*]

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious

quests
Upon thy doings; thousand escapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dream
And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, 66

If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not. 70

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,

Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go. 75

Our corn 's to reap, for yet our tilth 's to sow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [A room in the prison.]

Enter PROVOST and Clown [POMPEY].

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he 's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head. 5

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper. If you will take it on you 10 to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd. 15

Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there? 21

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here 's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him 25 for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery. 30

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally. A feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery? 36

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Paining, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine. 43

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 50

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness. 54

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade. Follow. 58

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope,

if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. *[Exit.]*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

[Exit Abhorson.]
The one has my pity; not a jot the other, ⁶⁴
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death.

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones. ⁷⁰
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. *[Knocking within.]*

But, hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! *[Exit Claudio.]* By and by.

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night ⁷⁶

Envelop you, good Provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio? ⁸⁰

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.

He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power ⁸⁵
To qualify in others. Were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.

[Knocking within.]

Now are they come.

[Exit Provost.]

This is a gentle Provost: seldom when
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men. ⁹⁰

[Knocking within.]
How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd
with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

[Re-enter PROVOST.]

Prov. There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in. He is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet, ■

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily

You something know, yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we. ¹⁰⁰
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a MESSENGER.

This is his lordship's man.

[Duke.] And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mes. *[Giving a paper.]* My lord hath sent ¹⁰⁵
you this note; and by me this further charge,
that you swerve not from the smallest article
of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is
almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]* ¹¹⁰

Duke. *[Aside.]* This is his pardon, purchas'd
by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender
friended. ¹¹⁶

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you. Lord Angelo, belike
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens
me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks
strangely, for he hath not us'd it before. ¹²¹

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

[Prov. Reads] the letter.

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary,
let Claudio be executed by four of the clock;
and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better
satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head ¹²⁶
sent me by five. Let this be duly performed,
with a thought that more depends on it than
we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your
office, as you will answer it at your peril." ¹³⁰
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine who is to be
executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up
and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years
old. ¹³⁵

Duke. How came it that the absent Duke
had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or
executed him? I have heard it was ever his
manner to do so. ¹³⁹

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for
him; and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government
of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent? ¹⁴⁴

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by
himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in
prison? How seems he to be touch'd? ¹⁴⁸

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more
dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless,
reckless, and fearless of what's past, present,
or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice. 154

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not; drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all. 161

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here 165 you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 172

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 179

Duke. By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour. 185

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life. 193

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy? 197

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that? 202

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you. 206

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke. You shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance 215 of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star

calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be. All 220 difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shirt and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. 226

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [Another room in the same.]

Enter Clown [POMPEY].

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession. One would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash. He's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score 5 and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money. Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mer- 10 cer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, 15 and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake," 21

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine! 25

Bar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 31

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards. 35

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming. I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir. 40

Bar. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come. 45

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks

all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day. 66

Enter DUKE [disguised as before].

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I. I have been drinking [66] hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you 60

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, 64

Bar. Not a word. If you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Exit.]

Re-enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live or die, O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*]

Prov. Now sir, how do you find the prisoner? 70

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, 75
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd, And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? 80

Duke. O, 't is an accident that Heaven provides!

Dispatch it presently. The hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done, And sent according to command, whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die. 85

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon; And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done. 90
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine And Claudio.

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting

To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant. 95

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo, —
The Provost, he shall bear them, — whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound 100
To enter publicly. Him I'll desire To meet me at the consecrated fount A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and well-balance'd form, We shall proceed with Angelo. 105

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

Isab. (Within.) Peace, ho, be here! 110

Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither.

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,

To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter. 116

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world.

His head is off and sent to Angelo. 120

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other. Show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight. 125

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel! Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130

By every syllable a faithful verity.

The Duke comes home to-morrow; — nay, dry your eyes; —

One of our covent, and his confessor, Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo, 135

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, 140
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give; 'T is that he sent me of the Duke's return.

Say, by this token, I desire his company At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours 145

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent. Wend you with this
letter. 180

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart. Trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the Pro-
vost? 185

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
heart to see thine eyes so red. Thou must be
patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water
and bran; I dare not for my head fill my
belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. 190
But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow.
By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother. If
the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had
been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*] 195

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little be-
holding to your reports; but the best is, he
lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so
well as I do. He's a better woodman than thou
tak'st him for. 171

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day.
Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke. 175

Duke. You have told me too many of him
already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none
were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a
wench with child. 180

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to
forswear it. They would else have married me
to the rotten medlar. 184

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than hon-
est. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the
lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we'll
have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind
of burr; I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*] 190

SCENE IV. [*A room in Angelo's house.*]

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath dis-
vouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted man-
ner. His actions show much like to madness;
pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And
why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our
authorities there? 7

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an
hour before his entering, that if any crave re-
dress of injustice, they should exhibit their
petitions in the street? 13

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have
a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from
devices hereafter, which shall then have no
power to stand against us. 16

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be pro-

claim'd betimes i' the morn. I'll call you at
your house. Give notice to such men of sort
and suit as are to meet him. 20

Escal. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

[*Exit Escalus.*]

Ang. Good night.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-
pregnant

And dull to all proceedings. A deflow'ed
maid!

And by an eminent body that enforce'd 25
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares
her no;

For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch 30
But it confounds the breather. He should have
liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous
sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had
lived! 35

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would
not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. [*Fields without the town.*]

*Enter DUKE [in his own habit,] and FRIAR
PETER.*

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[*Giving letters.*]

The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to 5
that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius'
house,

And tell him where I stay. Give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate.
But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well.
[*Exit.*]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast
made good haste: 11

Come, we will walk. There's other of our
friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*Street near the city gate.*]

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath.
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part. Yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradven-
ture 5

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic
That 's bitter to sweet end.

Enter FRIAR PETER.

Mari. I would Friar Peter —

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand
most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the
Duke,

He shall not pass you. Twice have the trum-
pets sounded,

The generous and gravest citizens

Have hent the gates, and very near upon ¹⁴

The Duke is entering; therefore, hence, away!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [The city gate.]

*Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO, ESCA-
LUS, LUCIO, [Provost, Officers, and] Citizens,
at several doors.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met!
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see
you.

Ang. } Happy return be to your royal Grace!
Escal. }

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you
both.

We have made inquiry of you, and we hear ⁵
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I
should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, ¹⁰
When it deserves, with characters of brass,
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus, ¹⁶
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA.

Fri. P. Now is your time. Speak loud and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your re-
gard ²⁰

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a
maid!

O worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye

By throwing it on any other object

Till you have heard me in my true complaint

And given me justice, justice, justice, justice! ²⁵

Duke. Relate your wrongs. In what? By
whom? Be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:

Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy Duke,

You bid me seek redemption of the devil.

Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak

Must either punish me, not being believ'd, ³¹
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear
me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
firm.

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,

Cut off by course of justice, —

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and
strange, ³⁶

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will
I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer, is 't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief, ⁴⁰

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange.

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth ⁴⁵
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her! Poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou
believ'st

There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion ⁵⁰

That I am touch'd with madness! Make not
impossible

That which but seems unlike. 'T is not im-
possible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute ⁵⁵

As Angelo. Even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal Prince!

If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad, — as I believe no other, — ⁶⁰

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,

Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve ⁶⁵

To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad

Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would
you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication ⁷⁰

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
As then the messenger, —

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace.

I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her ⁷⁵
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;

Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then.

Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant 's for yourself; take heed
to 't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my
tale, —

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i' the
wrong

To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy, —

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.

Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,

How he refell'd me, and how I repli'd, —
For this was of much length, — the vile con-
clusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

Release my brother; and, after much debate-
ment,

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him; but the next morn
betimes,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself. If he had so of-
fended,

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set
you on.

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,

Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace
from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An of-
ficer!

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a
practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, Friar
Lodowick,

Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling
friar.

I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my
lord,

For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him
soudly.

Duke. Words against me! This's a good
friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and
that friar,

I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Fri. P. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,

Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks
of?

Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and
holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;

And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear
himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was com-
plaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth
know

Is true and false; and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this
woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
[Isabella is carried off guarded.]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!

Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial. Be you judge
Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar?

Enter MARIANA [veiled].

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my
face

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife. 180

Duke. Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And I confess besides I am no maid. 185

I have known my husband; yet my husband

Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! 191

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to 't, my lord.

She that accuses him of fornication, 195

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,

And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms

With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? You say your husband. 201

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face. 205

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking

on;

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body

That took away the match from Isabel, 211

And did supply thee at thy garden-house

In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord. 215

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;

And five years since there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,

Partly for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition, but in chief 220

For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity: since which time of five years

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven and words

from breath, 225

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows; and, my good
lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house

He knew me as a wife. As this is true, 230

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confix'd here,

A marble monument!

Ang.

I did but smile till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice.

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive 235

These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke.

Ay, with my heart;

And punish them unto your height of pleasure. 240

Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou
thy oaths,

Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord

Escalus, 245

Sit with my cousin. Lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.

There is another friar that set them on;

Let him be sent for.

Fri. P. Would he were here, my lord, for he
indeed 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint.

Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke.

Go, do it instantly.

[Exit Provost.]

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,

Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth, 255

Do with your injuries as seems you best,

In any chastisement. I for a while will leave
you;

But stir not you till you have well determin'd
Upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. 260

[Exit Duke.]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest
in nothing but in his clothes; and one that
hath spoke most villanous speeches of the
Duke. 265

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here
till he come and enforce them against him.
We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word. 269

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;
I would speak with her. [Exit an attendant.]

Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question;
you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you? 275

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess. Per-
chance, publicly, she'll be asham'd.

Re-enter [Officers with] ISABELLA; and Provost with the DUKE [in his friar's habit].

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way, for women are light at midnight. 281

Escal. Come on, mistress. Here's a gentleman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost. 285

Escal. In very good time. Speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did. 291

Duke. 'T is false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! Where is the Duke? 'T is he should hear me speak. 296

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak.

Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust

Thus to retort your manifest appeal,

And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse. 305

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhal-
lowed friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth And in the witness of his proper ear, 310

To call him villain, and then to glance from him To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll touse you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.

What, "unjust"!

Duke. Be not so hot. The Duke 315

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

Dare rack his own. His subject am I not,

Nor here provincial. My business in this state

Made me a looker on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults, 321

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison! 325

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, good-man bald-pate. Do you know me? 329

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of

your voice. I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir. 335

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report. You, indeed, spoke so of him, and much more, much worse. 341

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses! 347

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison! Lay bolts enough upon him. Let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion! 353

[*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay awhile.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! Show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off? [*Pulls off the friar's hood.*] 360

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.

First Provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[*To Lucio.*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To Escalus.*] What you have spoke I pardon. Sit you down; 366

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, [*taking Angelo's seat*] by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard, 370

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes. Then, good Prince, 375

No longer session hold upon my shame,

But let my trial be mine own confession.

Immediate sentence, then, and sequent death

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord. 381

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt [Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost].*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour 385
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince. As I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, 390
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel;
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather 395

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
Which I did think with slower foot came on, 400
That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and PROVOST.

Isab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-married man approach-
ing here, 405

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudg'd your brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach 410
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers 415
leisure;

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Meas-*
sure.

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste. 420

Away with him!

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with
a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, 425
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come. For his posses-
sions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man. 431

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling.]

Duke. You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death! [To Lucio.] Now,
sir, to you.

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take
my part! 435

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune
her.

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, 441
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.

Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband. 445
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. [Kneeling.] Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think 450

A due sincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me. Since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died;
For Angelo, 455

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way. Thoughts are no
subjects;

Intent, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I
say. 460

I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the
deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private
message. 465

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your
office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice.
For testimony whereof, one in the prison, 470

That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so
wise 475

As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure ;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 430
That I crave death more willingly than mercy.
'T is my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO
[*muffled*], and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine ?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul, 435
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemn'd ;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all ;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him ; 440
I leave him to your hand. What muffl'd fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his
head ;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

Duke. [To *Isabella*.] [Unmuffles Claudio.]
If he be like your 405
brother, for his sake

Is he pardon'd ; and, for your lovely sake —
Give me your hand and say you will be mine —
He is my brother too. But fitter time for
that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe ;
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.

Look that you love your wife ; her worth worth
yours.

I find an apt remission in myself ;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

[To *Lucio*.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a
fool, a coward, 505

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus ? 508

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but accord-
ing to the trick. If you will hang me for it, you
may ; but I had rather it would please you I
might be whipp'd. 512

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow, 515
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear.
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd. 510

Lucio. I beseech your Highness do not marry
me to a whore. Your Highness said even now,
I made you a duke ; good my lord, do not re-
compense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry
her.

Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal 525
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison ;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing
to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. 530
[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you re-
store.

Joy to you, Mariana ! Love her, Angelo !
I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much
goodness ;

There's more behind that is more gratefully. 535
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's ;
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540

I have a motion much imports your good ;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know. [*Exeunt.*] 545

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

PERICLES is first mentioned in an entry to Edward Blount in the Stationers' Register, May 20, 1608. Blount does not seem to have issued the play, but in the following year a pirated quarto was published with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, and this was reprinted in 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. It was not included in the First or the Second Folio, but appeared with six other additional plays, all of which were spurious, in the second impression of the Third Folio in 1664, the text following that of the Sixth Quarto. The text of the First Quarto is the original authority for all succeeding editions, and, though very corrupt, is here followed, with many corrections from later editors, especially Malone. Owing, however, to the doubtful authenticity of much of the play, it has been thought advisable to be more than usually conservative in the treatment of the text.

The story of *Apollonius of Tyre*, of which the play is a dramatized version, is one of the most widely diffused themes in fiction. The earliest extant form is a Latin prose *Historia*, supposed to have been compiled from Greek sources about the fifth century, and found in many MSS., the earliest belonging to the ninth or tenth century. The versions used in the play are that of Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, book viii, and that of Laurence Twine in his *Patterne of Painful Adventures* (Stationers' Register, 1576); but the diffusion of the story throughout all Europe makes it possible that details from other versions may have reached the authors.

The chief features appearing for the first time in the play are the substitution of a tournament for the ball game in which the hero distinguishes himself at Pentapolis; the playful trickery of Simonides in the scene where the marriage is arranged; the details of the scenes in the brothel; and the omission of the revenges of the hero upon the bawds and the treacherous foster-parents of Marina. Only the last of these changes occurs in the part generally ascribed to Shakespeare.

The absence of *Pericles* from the first two Folios, the inequality of workmanship, and the differences in metrical style in the play as we have it, account for the general opinion that it is only in part Shakespeare's. The parts most generally suspected are Acts i and ii, Scenes ii, v, and vi of Act iv, and all the Choruses spoken by Gower. The remaining parts are almost unanimously attributed to Shakespeare. There is, however, no general agreement as to the manner in which these elements came to be united. Some have held that Shakespeare revised an older play, rewriting the later acts; while the more recent tendency is to regard *Pericles* as the completion by two minor authors of a play on Marina which Shakespeare had left unfinished. But the occurrence even in the earlier acts of passages and phrases with a Shakespearean ring points to the more subtle and, judging by modern practice, more usual method of collaboration, by which joint authors each discuss and retouch the whole play.

It is widely accepted that the author mainly responsible for Acts i and ii and the Choruses was that George Wilkins who, in 1608, published a novel, "The Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet Iohn Gower." While there is nothing unlikely in this, it can hardly be regarded as absolutely proved. Still less certain is the conjecture that the prose scenes in Act iv are the work of W. Rowley, elsewhere a collaborator with Wilkins. Indeed, the evidence against the Shakespearean authorship of these scenes is by no means complete, and it cannot be denied that without them the conception of the character and spirit of Marina is much less definite. The absence of allusion to these scenes in the dialogue after the meeting of Pericles and Marina is the most significant point in favor of the theory of a third author. It is to be noted that the Choruses are not all in the same class. The first three and that occurring in v. ii. are in eight-syllabled verse, and the earlier ones have occasional archaisms to fit them to Gower. Those in Act iv and the beginning and end of Act v are in ten-syllabled verse, and are somewhat less crude in style. All this points, as before indicated, to a much less absolute division of parts among the collaborators than is usually made out.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
 PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
 HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
 ESCANES, }
 SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
 CLEON, governor of Tarsus.
 LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
 CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
 THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
 PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
 LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
 Marshal.

A Pandar.
 BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
 DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
 THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
 MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
 LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
 A Bawd.

DIANA.
 GOWER, as Chorus.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*]

ACT I

Enter GOWER.

[*Before the palace of Antioch. Heads and skulls of men over the gate.*]

Gow. To sing a song that old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come,
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eves and holidays;
 And lords and ladies in their lives
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.
 This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria,
 I tell you what mine authors say.
 This king unto him took a fere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke,—
 Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
 To evil should be done by none.
 But custom what they did begin
 Was with long use account'd no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;
 Which to prevent he made a law

To keep her still and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life;
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*]

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and followers.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received the danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul Embold'n'd with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride [*Music.*]

For embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the DAUGHTER of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparelled like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles, — 25

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30

Her countless glory, which desert must gain,

And which, without desert, because thine eye

Presumes to reach, all the whole heap must die.

Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, adventurous by desire, 35

Tell thee, with speechless tongues and sem-
blance pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,

Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist

For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath

taught

My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare

This body, like to them, to what I must;

For death rememb'red should be like a mir-
ror, 45

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do

Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling

woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;

So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50

And all good men, as every prince should do;

My riches to the earth from whence they came;

But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Princess.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,

I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus. 55

[*Ant.*] Scorning advice, read the conclusion,

then,

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,

As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove

prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet I wish thee happiness! 60

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the

lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought

But faithfulness and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed. 65

I sought a husband, in which labour

I found that kindness in a father.

He's father, son, and husband mild;

I mother, wife, and yet his child.

How they may be, and yet in two, 70

As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last; but, O you powers

That gives heaven countless eyes to view men's

acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually, 74

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill.

But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;

For he's no man on whom perfections wait 75

That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,

Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to

hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,

Hell only daneth at so harsh a chime. 85

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,

For that's an article within our law,

As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd.

Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king, 91

Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell

it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,

He's more secure to keep it shut than shown;

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind, 95

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind

mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth

is thron'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth

die for 't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their

will;

And if Jove stray, who dare say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit, 105

What being more known grows worse, to

smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,

Then give my tongue like leave to love my

head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head!

He has found the meaning.

But I will gloze with him. — Young Prince of

Tyre, 110

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel off your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise. 115

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son;

And until then your entertain shall be

As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight!

If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain you were not so bad 125

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where now you're both a father and a son,

By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasures fits a husband, not a father;

And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they

feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night ¹³⁵
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
 Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke ;
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets to put off the shame ; ¹⁴⁰
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
 For which we mean to have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my in-
 famy, ¹⁴⁵
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner ;
 And therefore instantly this prince must die,
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your Highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, ¹⁵¹
 You are of our chamber, and our mind par-
 takes

Her private actions to your secrecy ;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's
 gold ; ¹⁵⁵

We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must
 kill him.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Ant. Enough. ¹⁶⁰

Enter a MESSENGER.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your
 haste.

Mes. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [Exit.]

Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after ; and like an arrow shot
 From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return ¹⁶⁵
 Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord,
 If I can get him within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure enough ; so farewell to
 your Highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu ! [Exit Thal.] Till
 Pericles be dead, ¹⁷⁰
 My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[Exit.]

[SCENE II. Tyre. A room in the palace.]

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [To Lords without.] Let none disturb us.
 — Why should this change of thoughts,
 The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
 Be my so us'd a guest as not an hour
 In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed
 me quiet ? ⁵

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
 shun them ;

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. ¹⁰
 Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be
 done,

Grows elder now and cares it be not done. ¹⁵
 And so with me. The great Antiochus,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great can make his will his act,
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to
 silence ;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him, ²⁰
 If he suspect I may dishonour him ;
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be
 known.

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge, ²⁵
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
 offence :

Which care of them, not pity of myself —
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees, ³⁰
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
 them —

Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter [HELICANUS, with other] LORDS.

1. Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
 breast !

2. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return
 to us,

Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
 tongue.

They do abuse the King that flatter him,
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin,
 The thing the which is flattered, but a spark, ⁴⁰
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger
 glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life. ⁴⁵
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares
 o'erlook

What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
 And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.] Hel-
 canus, thou ⁵⁰

Hast mov'd us. What seest thou in our looks ?
 Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes'
 frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?
 Hel. How dares the plants look up to heaven,
 from whence ⁵⁵

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down. Thou art no flatterer.

I than thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,

That ministers a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then. I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of
death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,

Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest;

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful
father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth. But thou
know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being
here,

Bethought me what was past, what might
succeed.

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;

And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed
To keep his bed of blackness unalaid ope,

To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with
arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him;

When all for mine (if I may call) offence
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:

Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood
from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;

And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear;
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who either by public war or private treason

Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the
earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and
to Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can

bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;

Who shuns not to break one will sure crack
both;

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the
palace.*]

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it

not, I am sure to be hang'd at home. 'Tis
dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow,

and had good discretion, that, being bid to
ask what he would of the King, desired he [s]

might know none of his secrets. Now do I see
he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a

man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture
of his oath to be one. Hush! here comes the

lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other
Lords.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of
Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,

Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.
Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the King gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I

know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he

judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,

To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,

With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would.

But since he's gone, the King's ears it must please;

He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.

I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome. 31

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;

But since my landing I have understood

Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels, 35

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,

Commended to our master, not to us;

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, 39

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*]

Enter CLEON, the Governor of Tarsus, with [DIONYZA,] his wife, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,

And by relating tales of others' griefs,

See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire. 5

Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are.

Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep

Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,

Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; 15

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,

For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wond'ring at; 25

Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,

Like one another's glass to trim them by.

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,

And not so much to feed on as delight.

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30

The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,

These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air

Were all too little to content and please, 35
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,

They are now starved for want of exercise.

Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40

Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it.

Those mothers who, to nuzzle up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now

To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife 45

Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping.

Here many sink, yet those which see them fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

Is not this true? 50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup

And her prosperities so largely taste,

With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!

The misery of Tarsus may be theirs. 55

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,

That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation, 65

Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;

And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,

"Who makes the fairest show means most deceit." 75

But bring they what they will and what they can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,

To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, 80

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,

Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fir'd to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets,
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy
bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise.
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and
men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be
seen,—

Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast
here a while,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious.
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door Pericles talking with Cleon;
all the train with them. Enter at another
door a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles;
Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the
Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit
Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive,

And to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease.
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Makes such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till Fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text.

[Exit.]

[SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the
sea-side.*]

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember earthly
man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the seas hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery
grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three FISHERMEN.

1. *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!
2. *Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets!
1. *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!
3. *Fish.* What say you, master?
1. *Fish.* Look how thou stirr'st now! Come
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanon.
3. *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the
poor men that were cast away before us even
now.
1. *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to
help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce
help ourselves.
3. *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when
I saw the porpoise how he boun'd and tumbled?
They say they're half fish, half flesh.
A plague on them, they ne'er come but I look
to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes
live in the sea.
1. *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones
eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich
misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays
and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,
and at last devour them all at a mouthful. Such

whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all. 38

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3. *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2. *Fish.* Why, man? 42

3. *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind, — 48

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides!

3. *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey. 51

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve or men detect! 55
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast — 60

2. *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him. 65
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2. *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it. 71

2. *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know, But what I am, want teaches me to think on, — 76

A man throng'd up with cold. My veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried. 81

1. *Fish.* Die, goth-a? Now gods forbid 't, an I have a gown here! Come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreo'er, puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome. 87

Per. I thank you, sir.

2. *Fish.* Hark you, my friend. You said you could not beg? 90

Per. I did but crave.

2. *Fish.* But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then? 94

2. *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour! 99

1. *Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you. This is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides. 104

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

1. *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be call'd for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

1. *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey. And I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love. 118

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1. *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul. 121

Re-enter SECOND and THIRD FISHERMEN, drawing up a net.

2. *Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour. 128

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, 130
With this strict charge, even as he left his life, "Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death," — and pointed to this brace —

"For that it sav'd me, keep it. In like necessity —

The which the gods protect thee from! — may 't defend thee." 135

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spares not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again.

I thank thee for 't. My shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in 's will. 140

1. *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king. I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; 145
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better, 148
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

1. *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fish.* Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on't! 168

2. *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters. There are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will. 169

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm.
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. 165
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2. *Fish.* We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.*]

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, [LORDS] and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, 5
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so, for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself. 11
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.

'T is now your honour, daughter, to interpret
The labour of each knight in his device. 15

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

The First Knight passes by [and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess].

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun; 20
The word, "*Lux tua vita mihi.*"

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

The Second Knight [passes by].

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield 25
Is an armed knight that's conquered by a lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, "*Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*"

The Third Knight [passes by].

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, "*Me pompæ prorexit apex.*" 30

The Fourth Knight [passes by].

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;

The word, "*Quod me alit, me extinguit.*"

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill. 35

The Fifth Knight [passes by].

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;

The motto thus, "*Sic spectanda fides.*"

The Sixth Knight [Pericles, passes by].

Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40

With such a graceful courtesies delivered?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is

A withered branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, "*In hac spe vivo.*"

Sim. A pretty moral. 45

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;

For by his rusty outside he appears 50
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust. 55

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming. We will withdraw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts within, and all cry,*
"The mean knight!"

[SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.*]

Enter SIMONIDES, [THAISA, MARSHAL, Lords, Attendants] and KNIGHTS, from tilting.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself. 6
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, Art hath thus decreed, 15
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come,
queen o' the feast, —

For, daughter, so you are, — here take your place.

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. 20

Sim. Your presence glads our days. Honour we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes 25
Envy the great nor shall the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

[*Aside.*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside.*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat. — Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman,
Has done no more than other knights have done,

Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass. 35

Thai. [*Aside.*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside.*] Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;

Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men, 45

He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim, — 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court 55
Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter.

Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come 60

To honour them;
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wond' red at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,

Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine 65
to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold.

He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! 70

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The King my father, sir, has drunk to you. 75

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles; 81

My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore. 85

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas

Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy. 91

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other

revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance, 95

I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,

Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*They dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well per-
form'd.

Come, sir, 100
Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have heard you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practice them they are,
my lord. 105

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be
denied

Of your fair courtesy. [*They dance.*]

Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Per.*] But you the best. Pages and lights,
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! [*To*
Per.] Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.

[*Sim.*] Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at;
Therefore each one betake him to his rest. 115
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE IV. Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.*]

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,

Due to this heinous capital offence, 5
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with

him,
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so
stunk, 10

That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his re-
ward. 15

Esca. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three LORDS.

1. Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

2. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without re-
proof.

3. Lord. And curs'd be he that will not se-
cond it. 20

1. Lord. Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a
word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. Happy day,
my lords.

1. Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to
the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! For what? Wrong not
your prince you love. 25

1. Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble
Helicane;

But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

2. Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest
in our censure;

And knowing this kingdom is without a
head, 35

Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin, — your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, — our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. By honour's cause, forbear your suf-
frages.

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to 45
Forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous
worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1. Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth thus, 55
We with our travels will endeavour us.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands.

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE V. Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*]

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading of a letter, at one
door: the KNIGHTS meet him.*

1. Knight. Good morrow to the good Simon-
ides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not under-
take

A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known, 5

Which from her by no means can I get.

2. Knight. May we not get access to her, my
lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so
strictly tied

Her to her chamber, that't is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3. *Knight.* Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter. 15

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine.

I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20

Well, I do commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delayed.

Soft! here he comes. I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you 25

For your sweet music this last night. I do

Protest my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are Music's master. 30

Per. The worst of all her scholars; my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not? 35

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside.*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'T is the King's subtilty to have my life,

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord, 45

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain. 50

Per. By the gods, I have not.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the King— 55

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent. 61

I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it. 65

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you. 70

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,

Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart. —

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection. 75

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? [*aside*] who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself. — 80

Therefore hear you, mistress: either frame

Your will to mine, — and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, — or I will make you —
Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it
too; 85

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;

And for a further grief, — God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed? 90

Both. Yes, if't please your Majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;

And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT III]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout.

No din but snores the house about,

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast

Of this most pompous marriage-feast.

The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;

And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,

Are the blither for their drouth.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,

Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10

A babe is moulded. Be attent,

And time that is so briefly spent

With your fine fancies quaintly eche.

What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

[DUMB SHOW.]

Enter Pericles and Simonides, at one door, with Attendants. A Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to him. Then

enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida a nurse. The King shows her the letter; she rejoices. She and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart with Lychorida and their attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest].

By many a dern and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none.
The mutiny he there hastes 't oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe.
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut. But fortune's mood
Varies again. The grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-need
Does fall in travail with her fear;
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.

[SCENE I.]

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently
quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,

How does my queen? Thou storm, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the
pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida [with an Infant].

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a
place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida?

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the
storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter. For the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here
below

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,

Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe.
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what
follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb. Even at the
first

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good
gods

Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two SAILORS.

1. Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!
Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the
flaw;

It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer, I
would it would be quiet.

1. Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1. Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard.
The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will
not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it
hath been still observed; and we are strong in
custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she
must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire. The unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; ⁶¹
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy
corpse,

Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida, ⁶⁵
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin. Lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her. Suddenly, woman. ⁷⁰

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

2. *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast
is this?

2. *Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, ⁷⁵
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

2. *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyros. There I'll leave it ⁸⁰
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mari-
ner.

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Ephesus.* A room in *Cerimon's*
house.]

*Enter CERIMON, with a SERVANT [and some
Persons who have been shipwrecked].*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men.

'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night ⁸
as this,

Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you re-
turn.

There's nothing can be minist'ed to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon.*] Give
this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow. ¹⁰

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake; ¹⁵
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
early;

'T is not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. ²⁰

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early
hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'T is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain, ²⁵
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches. Careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former, ³⁰
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions ³⁵
That dwells in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That Nature works, and of her cures; which
doth give me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, ⁴⁰
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
poured forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been re-
stored; ⁴⁵

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Ceri-
mon

Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three [SERVANTS] with a chest.

1. *Serv.* So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

1. *Serv.* Sir, even now
Did the sea toss up upon our shore this chest. ⁵⁰

'T is of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.

2. *Gent.* 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight.
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches
upon us. ⁵⁵

2. *Gent.* 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd!
Did the sea cast it up?

1. *Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open.

Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense. ⁶⁰

2. *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with
it.

O you most potent gods! what's here? A
corse!

1. *Gent.* Most strange

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreaused ⁶⁵

With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

"Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drives a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost ⁷⁰
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying.
She was the daughter of a king.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!" ⁷⁵

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night.

2. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within.
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. ⁸¹

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead, ⁸⁵
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter one [with boxes,] napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said. — The fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more. How thou stirr'st, thou block! ⁹⁰

The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live. Nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her. She hath not been entranc'd

Above five hours. See how she gins to blow ⁹⁵
Into life's flower again!

1. Gent. The heavens

Through you increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, ¹⁰⁰
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Doth appear, to make the world twice rich.

Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,

Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana, ¹⁰⁵
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
is this?

2. Gent. Is not this strange?

1. Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands. To the next chamber
bear her.

Get linen. Now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come; ¹¹⁰
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.*]

[SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*]

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA [and LYCHORIDA, with MARINA in her arms].

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone.

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods

Make up the rest upon you! ⁵

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar ¹⁰

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,

For she was born at sea, I have named so, here

I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you ¹⁵

To give her princely training, that she may be

Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your Grace, that fed my country with your corn,

For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,

Must in your child be thought on. If neglect ²⁰

Should therein make me vile, the common body,

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you. ²⁵
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married,

madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,

Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. ³⁰
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge ³⁵

o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and

The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,

Lychorida, no tears.
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace ⁴⁰

You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*]

Enter CERIMON and THAJSA.

Cer. Madam, this letter and some certain jewels

Lay with you in your coffer, which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember, 5
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Peri-
cles,

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine 15
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small. [Exeunt.]

[ACT IV]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind, 5
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place. 10
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster Envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon 15
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite. This maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be: 20
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute 25
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill 30
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks 35
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare

For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event 45
I do commend to your content;
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.]

[SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*]

Enter DIONYZA with LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn
to do't.

'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
science,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom, 5
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly
creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have
her. Here she comes weeping for her only mis-
tress' death. Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers. The yellows, 15
blues,

The purple violets and marigolds
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave
While summer-days doth last. Ay me! poor
maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do
not

Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's
chang'd 25

With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers. Near the sea
margin

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come,

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with
her. 30

Mar. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the King your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here. When he shall come and find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;

Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.

Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood.
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam,
[Exit Dionysa.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse says, did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors,
galling

His kingly hands, haling ropes;

And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck,—

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born;

Never was waves nor wind more violent;—

And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt
out?"

And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern. The boatswain whistles,
and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray, but be not tedious;

For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.

I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature. Believe me, la,

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly,
Aye, trod upon a worm against my will,

But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,

Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I
hope.

You are well favoured, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought;

Good sooth, it show'd well in you. Do so now.
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon.

And will dispatch.

I am sworn,

Enter PIRATES.

1. Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.]

2. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3. Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

[Exeunt [Pirates with Marina].

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes,

And they have seized Marina. Let her go!
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear
she's dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further.
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[Exit.

[SCENE II. Mytilene. A room in a brothel.]

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't!

Boul't. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Myti-
lene is full of gallants. We lost too much money
this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of crea-
tures. We have but poor three, and they can do
no more than they can do; and they with con-
tinual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones,
whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a
conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall
never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true. 'T is not our bring-
ing up of poor bastards,—as I think, I have
brought up some eleven,—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven; and brought them
down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have,
a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are
so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too un-
wholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transyl-
vanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she
made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go
search the market.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins
were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and
so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it
a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the
commodity, nor the commodity wages not with

the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! Ay, and better too. We offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boul't.

Re-enter BOULT, with the PIRATES and MARINA.

Boul't. Come your ways, my masters. You say she's a virgin?

1. Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see. If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities?

Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes. There's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul't?

Boul't. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in. Instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul't. Performance shall follow.

[Exit.]

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me

For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling. I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up. Boul't's return'd.

[Re-enter BOULT.]

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so wat'red, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boul't. Ay, he; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul't. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. *[To Mar.]* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul't. O, take her home, mistress, take her home. These blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

[Bawd.] Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul't. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit?

Boul't. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul't. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be chang'd yet.

Bawd. Boul't, spend thou that in the town. Report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul't. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall

not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out
her beauty stir up the lowly-inclined. I'll
bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me. 158

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters
deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with *Diana*?

Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.* 163

[SCENE III. *Tarsus.* A room in *Cleon's* house.]

Enter *CLEON* and *DIONYZA*.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be un-
done?

Cle. O *Dionyzza*, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious
world, 5

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain *Leoneine*!
Whom thou hast poisoned too. 10

If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kind-
ness

Becoming well thy fact. What canst thou say
When noble *Pericles* shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the
fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve. 15
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross
it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, 19
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks
The petty wrens of *Tarsus* will fly hence,
And open this to *Pericles*. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are, 24
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then.
Yet none does know, but you, how she came
dead,

Nor none can know, *Leoneine* being gone. 30
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes. None would look on
her,

But cast their gazes on *Marina's* face;
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a Malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me
thorough; 35

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, 44
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn. Her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us 45
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Do swear to the gods that winter kills the
flies; 50

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV.]

[*Enter* *GOWER*, before the monument of *Marina*
at *Tarsus*.]

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime 5
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seems to live. I do beseech
you

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you,

The stages of our story. *Pericles*

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old *Helicanus* goes along. Behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,

Old *Escanes*, whom *Helicanus* late 15
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought

This king to *Tarsus* — think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on —

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move a
while; 21

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

[DUMB SHOW.]

Enter *Pericles*, at one door, with all his train:
Cleon and *Dionyzza*, at the other. *Cleon* shows
Pericles the tomb; whereat *Pericles* makes la-
mentation; puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty
passion departs. [Then *exeunt* *Cleon* and
Dionyzza.]

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;
And *Pericles*, in sorrow all devour'd, 25
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
o'er-shower'd,

Leaves *Tarsus* and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs.

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*]

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year. 35
She was of Tyrus the King's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o'
the earth:

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestowed;

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never
stint,

Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery. 45

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered

By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day

In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.]

Enter [from the brothel] two GENTLEMEN.

1. Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being once gone.

1. Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there!
Did you ever dream of such a thing? 5

2. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more
bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals
sing?

1. Gent. I'll do anything now that is virtuous;
but I am out of the road of rutting for
ever. [*Exeunt.* 10]

[SCENE VI. The same. A room in the brothel.]

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the
worth of her she had ne'er come here. 2

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to
freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.
We must either get her ravished, or
be rid of her. When she should do for clients
her fitment, and do me the kindness of our
profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons,
her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that
she would make a puritan of the devil, if he
should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our
swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness
for me! 15

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't
but by the way to the pox. Here comes the
Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown,
if the peevish baggage would but give way to
customers. 21

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?
Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!
Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good
health. 25

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that
your resorters stand upon sound legs. How
now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man
may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would
— but there never came her like in Mytilene. 31

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou
wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say
well enough. 35

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and
red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose
indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What, prithee? 40

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest. [*Exit.*]

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd,
no less than it gives a good report to a number
to be chaste.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the
stalk; never pluck'd yet, I can assure you. 45

[*Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.*]

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage
at sea. Well, there's for you. Leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave
a word, and I'll have done presently. 51

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*Aside to Marina.*] First, I would
have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may
worthily note him. 55

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country,
and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are
bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is
in that, I know not. 61

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal
fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line
your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will
thankfully receive. 65

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you
must take some pains to work her to your
manage. Come, we will leave his honour and
her together. Go thy ways. 71

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you
been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.
75

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade.
Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to 't so young? Were you
a gamester at five or at seven? 81

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale. ⁸⁴

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place. ⁸⁸

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal? ⁹¹

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place, come, come. ⁹⁸

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgement good

That thought you worthy of it. ¹⁰¹

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungente fortune

Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physie, ¹⁰⁵
O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst. ¹¹⁰

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee.

Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten ¹¹⁵

That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.

Hold, here's more gold for thee. ¹²⁰

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

[*Re-enter BOULT.*]

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me. ¹²⁵

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop
it,

Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! ¹²⁸ [*Exit.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways. ¹³⁴

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? ¹⁴⁰

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods. ¹⁴⁵

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. ¹⁴⁹

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure. Crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods! ¹⁵⁵

Bawd. She conjures; away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*] ¹⁶⁰

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear. ¹⁶⁵

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress. ¹⁷⁰

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change.

Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every ¹⁷⁵

Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib.

To the choleric fisting of every rogue

Thy ear is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs. ¹⁷⁹

Boult. What would you have me do? Go to the wars, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou dost. Empty ¹⁸⁵

Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman.

Any of these ways are yet better than this;

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods

Would safely deliver me from this place! ¹⁹¹

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach. 196
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again. 200

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee. If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women. 205

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent. Therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. 212

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays.

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl composes 5

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses.

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry,

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain 10

She gives the curs'd bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast 15

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20

In your supposing once more put your sight.

Of heavy Pericles think this his bark,

Where what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discover'd. Please you, sit and hark. 25

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it: Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*]

Enter two SAILORS [one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge]; to them HELICANUS.

[*Tyr. Sail.*] *[To the Sailor of Mytilene.]* Where is Lord Helicanus? He can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? 5

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

[*Tyr. Sail.*] Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three GENTLEMEN.

1. *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard;

I pray, greet him fairly. 10

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

Enter LYSIMACHUS [and LORDS; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors].

[*Tyr. Sail.*] Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, 15
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place? 20

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King;

A man who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance 25
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight. He will not speak to any.

[*Lys.*] Yet let me obtain my wish. 35

[*Hel.*] Behold him. [*Pericles discovered.*]

This was a goodly person
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! The gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir! 40

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1. *Lord.* Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony 45
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd.
 She is all happy as the fairest of all,
 And, [with] her fellow maids, [is] now upon 50
 The leafy shelter that abuts against
 The island's side.

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in
 the barge of Lysimachus.*]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll
 omit
 That bears recovery's name. But, since your
 kindness
 We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech 55
 you

That for our gold we may provision have,
 Wherein we are not destitute for want,
 But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
 Which if we should deny, the most just God
 For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60
 And so infect our province. Yet once more
 Let me entreat to know at large the cause
 Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
 But, see, I am prevented.

[*Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,
 and a young Lady.*]

Lys. O, here's
 The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair
 one! 65

—Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well
 assur'd

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
 I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely
 wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty 70
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient.
 If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
 Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
 Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use 75
 My utmost skill in his recovery,
 Provided
 That none but I and my companion maid
 Be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her; 80
 And the gods make her prosperous!
 [*Marina sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha! [*Pushing her back.*]

Mar. I am a maid, 85
 My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
 But have been gaz'd on like a comet. She
 speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
 Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
 Though wayward fortune did malign my
 state, 90

My derivation was from ancestors.
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties
 Bound me in servitude. [*Aside.*] I will de-
 sist; 95

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he
 speak."

Per. My fortunes — parentage — good par-
 entage —

To equal mine! Was it not thus? What say
 you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
 parentage, 100

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes
 upon me.

You are like something that — What country-
 woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
 Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am 105
 No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
 weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
 one

My daughter might have been. My queen's
 square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like
 straight; 110

As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like

And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes
 them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do
 you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger. From the
 deck 115

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
 And how achiev'd you these endowments,
 which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
 seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak.
 Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou
 look'st 121

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
 For the crown'd Truth to dwell in. I will be-
 lieve thee,

And make [my] senses credit thy relation
 To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
 Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy
 friends? 125

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back —
 Which was when I perceiv'd thee — that thou
 cam'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
 said'st 130

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might
 equal mine,

If both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story; 135
If thine considered prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl. Yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou [them?] Thy name, my most
kind virgin? 141

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient. 146
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?
Motion? Well; speak on. Where were you
born? 156

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! What mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king,
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal. This cannot be;
My daughter's buried. Well, where were you
bred? 165

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your
story,

And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn. Believe me, 't were best I
did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave,
How came you in these parts? Where were you
bred? 171

Mar. The King my father did in Tarsus leave
me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to
do 't, 175

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,
You think me an impostor. No, good faith;

I am the daughter to King Pericles, 184
If good King Pericles be.

[*Per.*] Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst, 186
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage. Being demanded that, 190
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honoured sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality, 195
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us. This is Marina. 201
What was thy mother's name? Tell me but
that,

For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title? 205

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect,
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father. 210

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! Rise, thou art
my child. 215

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon. She shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-
ledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this? 220

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what
music? 225

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what
music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None! 230
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him
way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear? 235

Lys. Music, my lord ? I hear.

Per. Most heavenly music !

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber ²³⁵
Hangs upon mine eyes. Let me rest. [*Sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head.

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. ²⁴⁰

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

DIANA [*appears to Pericles as in a vision.*]

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus ; hie thee
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met to-
gether,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife. ²⁴⁵

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe ;

Do it, and happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*] ²⁵⁰

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus !

[*Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and MARINA.*]

Hel. Sir ?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to
strike

The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am

For other service first. Toward Ephesus ²⁵⁵

Turn our blown sails ; erefoons I'll tell thee
why.

[*To Lysimachus.*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon
your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir, ²⁶⁰

With all my heart ; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*] ²⁶⁵

[*SCENE II. Enter GOWER, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.*]

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;

More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me,

For such kindness must relieve me,

That you aptly will suppose ⁵

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mytilene

To greet the King. So he thrived,

That he is promis'd to be wived ¹⁰

To fair Marina, but in no wise

Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade ; whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all confound.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, ¹⁵

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus the temple see,

Our king and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*] ²⁰

[*SCENE III. The temple of Diana at Ephesus ; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess ; a number of Virgins on each side ; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*]

Enter PERICLES, with his train : LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just com-
mand,

I here confess myself the King of Tyre ;

Who, frighted from my country, did wed

At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought
forth ⁵

A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,

Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus

Was nurs'd with Cleon ; who at fourteen
years

He sought to murder ; but her better stars

Brought her to Mytilene, 'gainst whose shore ¹⁰
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard

us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance,

she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour !

You are, you are — O royal Pericles ! [*Faints.*]

Per. What means the nun ? She dies ! Help,
gentlemen ! ¹⁵

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,

This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no.

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'T is most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady ; O, she's but over-
joy'd. ²¹

Early in blustering morn this lady was

Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,

Found there rich jewels ; recovered her, and
plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them ? ²⁵

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to
my house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look !

If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, ³⁰

But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,

Are you not Pericles ? Like him you spake,
Like him you are ! Did you not name a tem-
pest,

A birth, and death ?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead ³⁵

And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The King my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this. No more, you gods! Your
present kindness ⁴⁰
Makes my past miseries sports. You shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom. ⁴⁵

[Kneels to Thaisa.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre, ⁵⁰

I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. ⁵⁵

Now do I long to hear how you were found,

How possibly preserv'd, and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their
power; that can ⁶⁰

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house, ⁶⁵

Where shall be shown you all was found with

her,

How she came plac'd here in the temple;

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, ⁷⁰
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form:
And what this fourteen years no razor
touch'd, ⁷⁵

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit, sir,

My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet
there, my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves ⁸⁰

Will in that kingdom spend our following days.

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay

To hear the rest untold. Sir, lead 's the way.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter GOWER.]

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you
have heard ⁸⁵

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at ⁹⁰

last.

In Helicanus may you well descry

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.

In reverend Cerimon there well appears

The worth that learned charity aye wears.

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame ⁹⁵

Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd

name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,

That him and his they in his palace burn;

The gods for murder seemed so content

To punish them; although not done, but ¹⁰⁰

meant.

So, on your patience evermore attending,

New joy wait on you! Here our play has end-

ing. [Exit.]

CYMBELINE

CYMBELINE first appeared in print in the Folio of 1623, and there is no evidence of any previous attempt at publication. The text, which presents many difficulties, has been edited on the basis of this original, with the assistance, as usual, of the results of later editors.

For the date of production the later limit is the death in 1611 of Simon Forman, who records in his "Booke of Plaies" a performance of *Cymbeline* witnessed by him. The entry is undated, but the records of performances of *Winter's Tale* and *Macbeth*, between which it occurs, belong respectively to May 15, 1611, and April 20, 1610. The metrical tests point to the years 1609-1611, and we may with some assurance regard 1610 as coming within a year of the date of composition.

Of authentic history in *Cymbeline* there is very little beyond the fact of the existence, about the beginning of the Christian era, of a British king, Cunobelinus. The pseudo-historical element Shakespeare derived from Holinshed, whose narrative is here chiefly legendary. The Chronicle represents Cymbeline as having been brought up in Rome and knighted by Augustus Cæsar, and as the father of two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. Conflicting stories are reported about the payment of tribute to Rome, but Holinshed puts stress on the friendship existing between Cymbeline and the Emperor, and makes the refusal of tribute come from Guiderius after his father's death. The references to previous conflicts between Rome and Britain are derived from the Chronicle. The account of the battle in the fifth act, and of the saving of the day by Belarius and the two princes, is based on Holinshed's story of a fight between the Danes and the Scots, in which the fleeing Scots were rallied in a lane by a husbandman and his two sons.

The romantic element in the plot belongs to a very widely diffused type of story. It is found repeatedly in French romance and drama, and occurs also in Italian, German, Scandinavian, Gaelic, and other literatures. In most versions there persist the characteristic features of the wager, the repulse of the villain, the deceptive tokens, the attempt of the husband or lover to punish the supposed infidelity by death, the wanderings of the heroine in disguise, the final reconciliation, and the confession of the villain. Shakespeare's version approaches most closely that of Boccaccio in the ninth novel of the second day of the *Decameron*, which he may have known in a lost English translation or in one of the current French editions. The English version which appears in *Westward for Smelts* cannot be proved to have been printed before 1620; and its author may himself have been indebted to Shakespeare, or both may have borrowed from an English source now lost.

A number of subsidiary sources have been suggested. The early anonymous play of *The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune* (printed 1589) has resemblances to our play, especially in the rôles of Imogen, Posthumus, Cloten, and Belarius, and the heroine is named Fidelia. The relation of the Queen to her son and Imogen recalls the familiar stepmother motive of Germanic folk-lore, and, with the episode in the cave, more specifically the fairy-tale of Little Snow-white. But from whatever sources Shakespeare drew these various details, the interweaving and the atmosphere are his own, and all the wealth of poetry and characterization which gives the drama its charm.

If *Pericles* be set aside as primarily a dramatized tale of adventure, *Cymbeline* is the first of that group of so-called "dramatic romances" with which Shakespeare closed his career. The difficulty of fixing a certain chronology prevents us from stating with assurance the relation of these plays to the somewhat similar group produced about the same time by Beaumont and Fletcher; but a close relation between the present play and the *Philaster* of these authors is beyond question, the balance of evidence favoring the younger authors as inventors of the type.

Doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of several passages in the play, especially the vision of Posthumus in v. iv. The device itself is paralleled by the spectacular elements in *The Tempest* and *Winter's Tale*; but the inferior quality of such verses as 30-92 lends color to the belief that the scene was at least expanded by another hand than Shakespeare's.

CYMBELINE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the
name of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed
ARVIRAGUS, { sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario,

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: Britain; Rome.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.]

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1. Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the King.

2. Gent. But what's the matter?

1. Gent. His daughter, and the heir of 's
kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son — a widow
That late he married — hath reffer'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's
wedded,

Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd; all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. Gent. None but the King?

1. Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the
Queen,

That most desir'd the match: but not a cour-
tier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2. Gent. And why so?

1. Gent. He that hath miss'd the Princess is
a thing

Too bad for bad report; and he that hath
her —

I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd — is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something
failing

In him that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2. Gent. You speak him far.

1. Gent. I do extend him, sir, within him-
self,

Crush him together rather than unfold

His measure duly.

2. Gent. What's his name and birth?

1. Gent. I cannot delve him to the root. His
father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did gain his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,

But had his titles by Tenantius whom

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,

So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus;

And had, besides this gentleman in question,

Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time

Died with their swords in hand; for which
their father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady,

Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd

As he was born. The King he takes the
babe

To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leona-
tus,

Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of; which he
took,

As we do air, fast as 't was minist' red,

And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd in
court —

Which rare it is to do — most prais'd, most
lov'd,

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them, and to the graver

A child that guided dotards; to his mis-
tress,

For whom he now is banish'd, — her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his
virtue;

By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2. *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell
me, 65

Is she sole child to the King?

1. *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, — if this be worth your hear-
ing,

Mark it — the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their
nursery

Were stolen, and to this hour no guess in
knowledge 60

Which way they went.

2. *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1. *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2. *Gent.* That a king's children should be so
convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1. *Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange, 65
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2. *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1. *Gent.* We must forbear; here comes the
gentleman,

The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me,
daughter, 70

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthu-
mus,

So soon as I can win the offended King, 75
I will be known your advocate. Marry, yet

The fire of rage is in him, and 't were good
You lean'd to his sentence with what pa-
tience

Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying 81
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the
King

Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest hus-
band, 85

I something fear my father's wrath; but no-
thing —

Always reserv'd my holy duty — what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!

O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain 95
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
send, 100

Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you.
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet
I'll move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; 105
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's. Take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have, 115
And cere up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*]
Remain, remain thou here

While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest,
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
I still win of you; for my sake wear this.
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*]

Imo. O the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! Hence,
from my sight! 125

If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O dishoyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation.
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
rare 135

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way,
past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a puttock.

140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo.

Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is

145

A man worth any woman; overbuys me

Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir; heaven restore me! Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

— They were again together; you have done

151

Not after our command. Away with her,

And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,

Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,

Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort

155

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,

Die of this folly!

[*Exeunt [Cymbeline and Lords].*]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What news?

159

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,

But that my master rather play'd than fought

And had no help of anger. They were parted

By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part

165

To draw upon an exile. O brave sir!

I would they were in Afric both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me

170

To bring him to the haven; left these notes

Of what commands I should be subject to,

When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been

Your faithful servant. I dare lay mine honour

He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness. 175

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,

I pray you, speak with me; you shall at least Go see my lord aboard. For this time leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [II. *The same. A public place.*]

Enter CLOTEN and two LORDS.

1. *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1. *Lord.* Hurt him! His body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for steel, if he be not hurt.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

16

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

20

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

26

Clo. And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

30

1. *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

35

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2. *Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

40

1. *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2. *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail. If he should write And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I! And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left 15
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage. 24

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such, or I could make him
swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour, or have charg'd
him, 30

At the ninth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
night,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father 35

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a LADY.

Lady. The Queen, madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them
dispatch'd.

I will attend the Queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. 40
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. Rome. Philario's house.]

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a FRENCHMAN, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Brit-
ain. He was then of a crescent note, expected
to prove so worthy as since he hath been al-
lowed the name of; but I could then have
look'd on him without the help of admiration,
though the catalogue of his endowments had
been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by
items. 7

Phi. You speak of him when he was less
furnish'd than now he is with that which makes
him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France. We had
very many there could behold the sun with as
firm eyes as he. 13

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's
daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather

by her value than his own, words him, I doubt
not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment. 18

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that
weep this lamentable divorce under her colours
are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to
fortify her judgement, which else an easy bat-
tery might lay flat, for taking a beggar with-
out less quality. But how comes it he is to
sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers to- 25
gether; to whom I have been often bound for
no less than my life.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so enter-
tained amongst you as suits with gentlemen
of your knowing to a stranger of his quality. 30
— I beseech you all, be better known to this
gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble
friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave
to appear hereafter, rather than story him in
his own hearing. 35

French. Sir, we have known together in Or-
leans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you
for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and
yet pay still. 40

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness.
I was glad I did atone my countryman and
you. It had been pity you should have been
put together with so mortal a purpose as then
each bore, upon importance of so slight and
trivial a nature. 45

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young
traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what
I heard than in my every action to be guided
by others' experiences; but upon my mended
judgement — if I offend [not] to say it is mended
— my quarrel was not altogether slight. 51

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitre-
ment of swords, and by such two that would
by all likelihood have confounded one the
other, or have fallen both. 55

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was
the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 't was a contention
in public, which may, without contradiction,
suffer the report. It was much like an argu-
ment that fell out last night, where each of us 60
fell in praise of our country-mistresses; this
gentleman at that time vouching — and upon
warrant of bloody affirmation — his to be more
fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified,
and less attemptable than any the rarest of our
ladies in France. 65

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this
gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my
mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore
ours of Italy. 71

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in
France, I would abate her nothing, though I
profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 74

Iach. As fair and as good — a kind of hand-
in-hand comparison — had been something too

fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not [but] believe she excelled many. But I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady. ⁸²

Post. I praise'd her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle. ⁸³

Post. You are mistaken. The one may be sold, or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep. ⁸⁵

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too; so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last. ¹⁰²

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring. ¹⁰⁸

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first. ¹¹²

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no. ¹¹⁷

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world. ¹²³

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, — a punishment too. ¹²⁹

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly. Let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail? ¹³⁶

Iach. Yours, whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second confer-

ence, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd. ¹⁴⁰

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it. My ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear. ¹⁴⁹

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear. ¹⁵³

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay. ¹⁵⁹

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment. ¹⁶⁷

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate. If she remain un-seduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword. ¹⁷⁶

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded. ¹⁸¹

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [V. Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.]

Enter QUEEN, LADIES, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1. Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam. [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your Grace, without offence, — My conscience bids me ask — wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 10
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me
how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far pro-
ceeded, — 15

Unless thou think'st me devilish — is't not
meet

That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, — but none
human — 20

To try the vigour of them and apply
Allayments to their act, and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your
heart.

Besides, the seeing these effects will be 25
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon
him

Will I first work. He's for his master,
And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
Doctor, your service for this time is ended; 30
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio.*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth
think she has

Strange ling'ring poisons. I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with 35
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense a while,
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
dogs,

Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes, 40
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. 45

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost
thou think in time

She will not quench and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work.
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my
son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
As great as is thy master, — greater, for
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is. To shift his being

Is to exchange one misery with another, 55
And every day that comes comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depend on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops
the box: Pisanio takes it up.*]

Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy
labour. 61

It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good 65
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on, but
think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the
King 70

To any shape of thy preferment such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women.
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master 75
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him
that

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after, 80
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]
Pis. And shall do; 85
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself. There's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE [VI. *The same. Another room in the
palace.*]

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that
husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen, 90
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 95
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. [Presents a letter.]
You're kindly welcome. Thanks, good sir;

Iach. [Aside.] All of her that is out of door
most rich! 15

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone, the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. (Reads.) "—He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely
tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust — LEONATUS." 25
So far I read aloud —
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest — and take it thank-
fully.

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 30
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones 35
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and
monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way
and 40
Contemn with mows the other; nor i' the
judgement,

For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptiness, 45
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will, —
That satiate yet unsatisf'd desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running, — ravening first the
lamb,

Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well? 51

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [To Pisanio.]
Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him. He
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit. 55

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome. He is call'd 60
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
loves 65

A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly
Briton —

Your lord, I mean — laughs from 's free lungs,
cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who
knows

By history, report, or his own proof, 70
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by 75
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But,
heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty to-
wards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 't is
much;

In you — which I account his — beyond all
talents. 80

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; what wreck discern you in
me

Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What, 85
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff!

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do, 90
I was about to say, enjoy your — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray
you, —

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more 95
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing.
The remedy then born — discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose
touch, 100

Whose every touch, would force the feeler's
soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs 105

That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood — falsehood,
as

With labour; then lie peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit ¹¹⁰
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your
graces ¹¹⁵

That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery ¹²⁰
Would make the great'st king double, — to be
partner'd

With tomboys hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseases'd
ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
stuff ¹²⁵

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true, —
As I have such a heart that both mine ears ¹³⁰
Must not in haste abuse — if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge
it. ¹³⁵

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your
lips. ¹⁴⁰

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that
have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honour-
able,

Thou woudst have told this tale for virtue,
not

For such an end thou seek'st, — as base as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far ¹⁴⁵
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit ¹⁵⁰

A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court

He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio! ¹⁵⁵
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say.

The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever ¹⁶⁰
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your par-
don.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one ¹⁶⁵
The truest manner'd, such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off, ¹⁷⁰
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which

hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judge-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare, ¹⁷⁵
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost for-
got ¹⁸⁰

To entreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your
lord — ¹⁸⁵

The best feather of our wing — have mingled
sums

To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France. 'T is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values
great; ¹⁹⁰

And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please
you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep
them ¹⁹⁵

In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word ²⁰⁰

By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains :
But not away to-morrow !

Iach. O, I must, madam ;
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please 205
To greet your lord with writing ; do 't to-night.
I have outstod my time ; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You 're very wel-
come. [*Exeunt.* 210]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*]*Enter CLOTEN and two LORDS.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck !
When I kiss'd the jack, upon an up-cast to be
hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't ; and
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up
for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him
and might not spend them at my pleasure. •

1. Lord. What got he by that ? You have
broke his pate with your bowl.

2. Lord. [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him
that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

Clo. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths,
ha ?

2. Lord. No, my lord ; [*aside*] nor crop the
ears of them. 15

Clo. Whoreson dog ! I give him satisfaction ?
Would he had been one of my rank !

2. Lord. [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool. 18

Clo. I am not vex'd more at anything in the
earth ; a pox on 't ! I had rather not be so noble
as I am. They dare not fight with me, because
of the Queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath
his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and
down like a cock that nobody can match. 24

2. Lord. [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon
too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?
2. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should
undertake every companion that you give of-
fence to. 30

Clo. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should
commit offence to my inferiors.

2. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1. Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that 's
come to court to-night ? 36

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't !

2. Lord. [*Aside.*] He 's a strange fellow him-
self, and knows it not.

1. Lord. There 's an Italian come ; and, 't is
thought, one of Leonatus' friends. 41

Clo. Leonatus ! a banish'd rascal ; and he 's
another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of
this stranger ?

1. Lord. One of your lordship's pages. 46

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is
there no derogation in 't ?

2. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think. 49

2. Lord. [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted ;
therefore your issues, being foolish, do not
derogate.

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I
have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of
him. Come, go. 55

2. Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* (*Cloten and First Lord*).
That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! A woman that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her
son

Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart, 60
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endure'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is 65
Of thy dear husband ! Then that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make ! The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst
stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great
land ! [*Exit.* 70]

SCENE II. [*Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's
palace : a trunk in one corner of it.*]*IMOGEN in bed* [*reading*] ; *a LADY* [*attending*]

Imo. Who 's there ? My woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam. 75

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then. Mine eyes
are weak.

Fold down the leaf where I have left. To
bed.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ; •
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me
wholly. [*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night

Guard me, beseech ye. 10

[*Sleeps.* *Iachimo comes from the
trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea !

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh
lily, 15

And whiter than the sheets ! That I might
touch !

But kiss one kiss ! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't ! 'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the
taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep her
lids 20

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows white and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,
To note the chamber. I will write all down :
Such and such pictures ; there the window ;
such

The adornment of her bed ; the arras ; figures,
Why, such and such ; and the contents o' the story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 30
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off !

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard !
'T is mine ; and this will witness outwardly, 35
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make ; this
secret 40

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock
and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more. To
what end ?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd
down 45

Where Philomel gave up. I have enough.
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two three ; time, time ! 51
[*Goes into the trunk.*]

SCENE III. [*An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.*]

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS.

1. Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd
up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose. 4

1. Lord. But not every man patient after the
noble temper of your lordship. You are most
hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into cour-
age. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I
should have gold enough. It's almost morning,
is it not ? 10

1. Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am
advised to give her music o' mornings ; they
say it will penetrate. 14

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune. If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too.
If none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never
give o'er. First, a very excellent good-con-

ceited thing ; after, a wonderful sweet air,
with admirable rich words to it ; and then let
her consider. 20

SONG.

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin 25

To ope their golden eyes ;

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise,

Arise, arise. 30

[*Clo.*] So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I
will consider your music the better ; if it do
not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs
and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved
eunuch to boot, can never amend. 35

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2. Lord. Here comes the King.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's
the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose
but take this service I have done fatherly.
— Good morrow to your Majesty and to my
gracious mother ! 41

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter ?

Will she not forth ?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musics, but
she vouchsafes no notice. 45

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new ;
She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance on't,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may 50

Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended

With aptness of the season ; make denials

Increase your services ; so seem as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which 55

You tender to her, that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless ! not so.

[*Enter a MESSENGER.*]

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from
Rome ;

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, 60

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;

But that's no fault of his. We must receive
him

According to the honour of his sender ;

And towards himself, his goodness foreshadowed on
us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son, 65

When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the Queen and us ; we shall have need

To employ you towards this Roman. Come,
our queen. [*Exeunt [all but Cloten].*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
 Let her lie still and dream. [*Knocks.*] By your leave, ho ! 70
 I know her women are about her ; what
 If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold
 Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 't is gold 75
 Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief,
 Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man.
 What
 Can it not do and undo ? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case myself. 80
 By your leave. [*Knocks.*]

Enter a LADY.

Lady. Who's there that knocks ?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more ?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
 Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure ? 85
Clo. Your lady's person. Is she ready ?
Lady. Ay,
 To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you ;
 Sell me your good report.
Lady. How ! my good name ? Or to report
 of you
 What I shall think is good ? — The Princess ! 90

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest. Sister, your sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*]
Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
 And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me. 95
 If you swear still, your recompense is still
 That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield be-
 ing silent,
 I would not speak. I pray you, spare me.
 Faith, 100
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy
 To your best kindness. One of your great
 knowing
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were
 my sin.
 I will not. 105
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool ?
Imo. As I am mad, I do.
 If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;

That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
 You put me to forget a lady's manners, 110
 By being so verbal ; and learn now, for all,
 That I, which know my heart, do here pro-
 nounce,
 By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
 And am so near the lack of charity
 To accuse myself I hate you ; which I had
 rather 115
 You felt than make 't my boast.
Clo. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your father. For
 The contract you pretend with that base
 wretch,
 One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
 With scraps o' the court, it is no contract,
 none ; 120
 And though it be allowed in meaner parties —
 Yet who than he more mean ? — to knit their
 souls —

On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary, — in self-figur'd knot,
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by 125
 The consequence o' the crown, and must not
 foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hiding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more 130
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom. Thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd 134
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !
Imo. He never can meet more mischance
 than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 140
 Were they all made such men. How now ?
 [*Missing the bracelet.*] Pisanio !

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. "His garment !" Now the devil —
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee pre-
 sently —
Clo. "His garment !" 145
Imo. I am sprited with a fool,
 Frighted, and ang'r'd worse. Go bid my wo-
 man
 Search for a jewel that too casually
 Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's.
 Shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw 't this morning ; confident I am 150
 Last night 't was on mine arm ; I kiss'd it.
 I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.
Imo. I hope so ; go and search.
 [*Exit Pisanio.*]
Clo. You have abus'd me,
 "His meanest garment !" 155

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir. 155
 If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too.
 She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
 But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
 To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I'll be reveng'd.
 "His meanest garment!" Well. [*Exit.* 161

SCENE IV. [*Rome. Philario's house.*]

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure
 To win the King as I am bold her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
 Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
 That warmer days would come. In these fear'd
 hopes, 6

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
 I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
 O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king 10
 Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius
 Will do's commission throughly; and I think
 He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
 Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
 Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe, 15
 Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
 That this will prove a war; and you shall
 hear

The legion now in Gallia sooner landed
 In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
 Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
 Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their
 courage

Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
 Now wing-led with their courages, will make
 known

To their approvers they are people such 25
 That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
 land;

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer
 made 30

The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
 Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her
 beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts
 And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you. 35

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'T is very like.

[*Phi.*] Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
 When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
 But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
 Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is 't not 40
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
 I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
 A second night of such sweet shortness which
 Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won. 45

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
 Your loss your sport. I hope you know that we
 Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
 If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
 The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 We were to question farther; but I now
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 Together with your ring; and not the wronger
 Of her or you, having proceeded but 55
 By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
 That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
 And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour gains or loses
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
 To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
 Being so near the truth as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
 I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
 You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
 find 65

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber, —
 Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
 Had that was well worth watching—it was
 hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
 Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
 And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
 The press of boats or pride; a piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
 Could be so rarely and exactly wrought, 75
 Since the true life on 't was —

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
 Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves. The cutter
 Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
 Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing 85
 Which you might from relation likewise reap,
 Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted. Her and-
irons —

I had forgot them — were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely ⁹⁰
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this — and
praise

Be given to your remembrance — the descrip-
tion

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves

The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, ⁹⁵
[*Showing the bracelet.*]

Be pale. I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 't is up again. It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir — I thank her — that.
She stripp'd it from her arm. I see her yet, ¹⁰¹
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and
said

She priz'd it once.

Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take
this too; ¹⁰⁶ [Gives the ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where sem-
blance; love,

Where there's another man. The vows of
women ¹¹⁰

Of no more bondage be, to where they are
made,

Than they are to their virtues, which is no-
thing.

O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won. ¹¹⁵
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being cor-
rupted,

Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't. Back my ring.
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen. ¹²⁰

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'T is true, — nay, keep the ring — 't is true. I
am sure

She would not lose it. Her attendants are
All sworn and honourable. They induced to
steal it! ¹²⁵

And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this. She hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.

This is not strong enough to be believ'd ¹²¹
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast —
Worthy the pressing — lies a mole, right
proud ¹³⁶

Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remem-
ber

This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, ¹⁴⁰
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count
the turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn —
Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny ¹⁴⁵
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her
limbmeal!

I will go there and do 't, if the court, before
Her father. I'll do something — ¹⁵⁰ [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have
won.

Let's follow him, and pervert the present
wrath

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.
[Exit.

[SCENE V. Another room in Philario's house.]

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women

Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his
tools ⁵

Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time. So doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, ven-
geance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with ¹⁰
A pudency so rosy the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was 't
not? —

Or less, — at first? — perchance he spoke not,
but, ¹⁵

Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried "O!" and mounted; found no opposi-
tion

But what he look'd for should oppose and she

Should from encounter guard. Could I find
 out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no mo-
 tion 20
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
 hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
 dain, 25
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
 knows,
 Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all.
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still 30
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against
 them,
 Detest them, curse them; yet 't is greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will.
 The very devils cannot plague them better. 35
 [Exit.]

ACT III

SCENE I. [Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's
 palace.]

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN,
 and Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS
 LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
 with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remem-
 brance yet

Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, — 5
 Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it — for him
 And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee
 lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
 Shall be so ever.

Olo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from 's, to re-
 sume 15

We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors, together with
 The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscalable and roaring waters, 20
 With sands that will not bear your enemies'
 boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of
 conquest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
 Of "Came and saw and overcame." With
 shame—

The first that ever touch'd him — he was car-
 ried 25
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his
 shipping—

Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
 crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at
 point— 30

O giglot fortune! — to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
 And Britons strut with courage. 33

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be
 paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at
 that time; and, as I said, there is no more such
 Cæsars. Other of them may have crook'd
 noses, but to owe such straight arms, none. 35

Cym. Son, let your mother end. 36

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe
 as hard as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one,
 but I have a hand. Why tribute? Why should
 we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun
 from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his
 pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else,
 sir, no more tribute, pray you now. 40

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's
 ambition,
 Which swell'd so much that it did almost
 stretch 45

The sides of the world, against all colour here
 Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which 55
 Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of
 Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
 franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
 made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
 His brows within a golden crown and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar —
 Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
 Thyself domestic officers — thine enemy. 65
 Receive it from me, then: War and confusion
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee;
 I look

For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent 70
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour,
 Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
 Their liberties are now in arms, a precedent
 Which not to read would show the Britons
 cold. 75

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer. If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crowns shall fare the better for you; and there's an end. 54

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure and he mine:

All the remain is "Welcome!" [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Another room in the palace.*]

Enter PISANIO, reading of a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No! 6
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder
her?

Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I, her? Her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, 15
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading.*]

"Do't; the letter

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity." O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless
bauble, 20

Art thou a fedary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? Thy lord? That is my lord,
Leonatus! 25

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
That what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinal; that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel!
Lovers 35

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,
gods! 39

[*Reads.*] "Justice, and your father's wrath,
should he take me in his dominion, could not be

so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS." 49

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven. Read, and tell me how far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio, —
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
long'st, — 55

O, let me bate, — but not like me — yet long'st,
But in a fainter kind; — O, not like me,
For mine's beyond beyond — say, and speak
thick, —

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, 59

To the smothering of the sense — how far it is
To this same blessed Milford; and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven; but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-
going 65

And our return, to excuse. But first, how get
hence?

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too. 71

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution,
man,

Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is fool-
ery. 75

Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father; and provide me
presently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit

A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor
there, 80

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say.
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*]

*Enter [from the cave] BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS
and ARVIRAGUS [following].*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with
such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and
bows you

To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair
heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arr. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to
yond hill!
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.
Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have
told you

Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war;
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
Such gains the cap of him that makes him
fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor
unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor
know not

What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well correspond-
ing

With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,
A prison of a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen
nothing.

We are beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat.
Our valour is to chase what flies. Our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the
war,

A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i'
the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,

Must curtsy at the censure; — O boys, this
story

The world may read in me. My body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd
me,

And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one
night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,

And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing — as I have told
you oft —

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans; so
Followed my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my
world,

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the moun-
tains!

This is not hunters' language. He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys.

[*Exeunt [Guilderius and Arviragus].*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!

These boys know little they are sons to the
King,

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think they are mine; and, though train'd
up thus meanly,

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts
do hit

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much

Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who

The King his father call'd Guilderius, — Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly
out

Into my story; say, "Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;" even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats,

Strains his young nerves and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,

Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much

more

His own conceiving. — Hark, the game is
rousd! —

O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rett'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave. 105
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. — The game is up.
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. [Country near Milford-Haven.]

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted
thus,

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the
matter? 10

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, man!
Thy tongue 16

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune. 20

Imo. (Reads.) "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath
played the strumpet in my bed; the testimo-
nies whereof lies bleeding in me. I speak not
out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong
as my grief and as certain as I expect my re-
venge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for [25
me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
of hers. Let thine own hands take away her
life. I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-
Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose;
where, if thou fear to strike and to make me
certain it is done, thou art the pander to her
dishonour and equally to me disloyal." 33

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?

The paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
tongue 36

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters. What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What! is it to be
false

To lie in watch there and to think on him;

To weep 'twixt clock and clock; if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him 45
And cry myself awake? That's false to 's bed,
is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness! —
Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now me-
thinks 50

Thy favour's his good enough. Some jay of Italy
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd
him!

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd. — To pieces with me! — O, 55
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men, being heard like
false Æneas, 60

Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness; so thou, Posthu-
mus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjurd 65
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou
honest!

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou
see'st him,

A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself. Take it, and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart. 70
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief.

Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.

Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause, 75
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art

No servant of thy master's. Against self-
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart, 80

(Something's afore 't, — soft, soft! we'll no
defence.)

Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,

Corruptors of my faith! you shall no more 85
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor
fools

Believe false teachers. Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, [thou] that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father, 90

And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithce, dispatch!
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy
knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls [out] first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? This place?
Mine action and thine own? Our horses'
labour?

The time inviting thee? The perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak.
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater
wound,

Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd.
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide?
How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court —
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, [nothing] noble, simple no-
thing,

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,
night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's
volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest. Prithce, think
There's lives out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness —
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self — into a waggish cour-
age;

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it — but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy! — to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief.
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit —
'T is in my cloak-bag — doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you in their
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble
Lucius

Present yourself, desire his service; tell him
Wherein you're happy, — which will make him
know

If that his head have ear in music, — doubt-
less

With joy he will embrace you, for he's hon-
ourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad,

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithce, away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll
even

All that good time will give us. This at-
tempt

I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithce.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short
farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; — I had it from the Queen; —
What's in 't is precious: If you are sick at
sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen! I thank thee.
[*Exeunt [severally].*]

SCENE V. [A room in Cymbeline's palace.]

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, Lords [and ATTENDANTS].

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir. I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office;

The due of honour in no point omit.

So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it hon-
ours us

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Em-
peror

How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not ap-
pear'd

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in surffance.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

Queen.

Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter ATTENDANT.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer

That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer. This
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
court

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd? *Which*
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which
I fear

Prove false!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old ser-
vant,

I have not seen these two days.

[*Exit.*]

Queen [to attendant]. Go, look after
Pisanio, thou, that stands so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
her,
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's
flown

To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King. He rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [Aside.] All the better. May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[*Exit.*]

Clo. I love and hate her; for she's fair and
royal,

And that she hath all courtly parts more ex-
quisite

Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me and throwing favours on

The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that
point

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah? Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter, I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus, From whose so many weights of baseness cannot

A dram of worth be drawn?

Pis. Alas, my lord, How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer. No further halting. Satisfy me home What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain! Discover where thy mistress is at once, At the next word. No more of worthy lord! Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir, This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see 't. I will pursue her Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish. She's far enough; and what he learns by this May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum! *Pis.* [*Aside.*] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man. Thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither. Let it be thy first service;

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven! — I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon; — even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time — the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart — that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her, — first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt, — he on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body; and when my lust hath dined, — which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd, — to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO [*with the clothes*].

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford; would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss; for true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed

Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his need!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. [*Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter IMOGEN, alone [*in boy's clothes*].

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one. I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me. Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness

Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood

Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord !
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on
thee, 15

My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this ?
Here is a path to 't. 'T is some savage hold.
I were best not call ; I dare not call ; yet fam-

ine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it val-
iant. 30

Plenty and peace breeds cowards ; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho ! who's here ?
If anything that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho ! No answer ? Then I'll
enter.

Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy 25
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on 't.

Such a foe, good heavens ! *[Exit [to the cave].]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRA-
GUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-
man and

Are master of the feast. Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant ; 't is our
match. 30

The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come ; our stom-
achs

Will make what's homely savoury ; wear-
iness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be
here, ■

Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in ap-
petite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave ; we'll
browse on that,

Whilst that we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. *[Looking into the cave.]* Stay ; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon ! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy ! 45

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.
Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took.

Good troth,
I have stolen nought, nor would not, though I
had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for
my meat. 50

I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted with
Prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth ?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those 55
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name ? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hun-

ger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encoun-
ter'd ! 65

'T is almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In hon-
esty, 70

I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother ;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours. Most wel-
come !

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. *[Aside.]* Would it had been so,
that they 75

Had been my father's sons ! Then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't !

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be, 80
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys. *[Whispering.]*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying
by 85

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
gods !

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth,
come in. 90

Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have
supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,

So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the
lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir. 95

Arv. I pray, draw near. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *[Rome. A public place.]*

Enter two Roman SENATORS and TRIBUNES.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenour of the Emperor's
writ :

That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10

1. Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces? Ay.

2. Sen.

1. Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen.

With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your
levy

Must be supplyant. The words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers and the time 15
Of their dispatch.

1. Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Wales. Near the cave of Belarius.]

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they
should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly.
How fit his garments serve me! Why should
his mistress, who was made by a man that made
the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving
reverence of the word—for 'tis said a
woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must
play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—
for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass
to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the
lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no 10
less young, more strong, not beneath him in
fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the
time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
general services, and more remarkable in single
oppositions; yet this imperceivable thing loves
him in my despite. What mortality is! Post- 15
humus, thy head, which now is growing upon
thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy
mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces
before her face: and all this done, spurn her
home to her father; who may haply be a 20
little angry for my so rough usage; but my
mother, having power of his testiness, shall
turn all into my commendations. My horse is
tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore pur-
pose! Fortune, put them into my hand! 25
This is the very description of their meeting-
place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. [Before the cave of Belarius.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and
IMOGEN, from the cave.

Bel. [To Imogen.] You are not well. Remain
here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [To Imogen.] Brother, stay here.
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with
him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as

To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave
me;

Stick to your journal course. The breach of
custom 10

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort

To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here.

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, 15
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why 20

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The bier at
door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [Aside.] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! 25
Cowards father cowards and base things sire
base:

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and
grace.

I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—

'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures.
Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court;
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the
dish 35

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still, heart-sick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [Swallows some.]

Gui. I could not stir him.

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said,
hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!
We'll leave you for this time. Go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill, 45

I am bound to you. [Exit [to the cave].]

Bel. And shalt be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots
In characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick⁵⁰
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix⁵⁵
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!⁶⁰

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that
villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him. 'Tis
Cloten, the son o' the Queen. I fear some
ambush.⁶⁵

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he. We are held as outlaws; hence!

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother
search

What companies are near. Pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.]

Clo. Soft! What are you⁷⁰
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.⁷⁵

Gui. To who? To thee? What art thou?
Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear
not⁷⁸

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather. He made those
clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;⁸⁵

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy
name,

I cannot tremble at it. Were it Toad, or
Adder, Spider,⁹⁴
'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the Queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear, the
wise.⁹⁵

At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death!

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer.¹⁰⁰

[Fight and exeunt.]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad?

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake
him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell,—long is it since I saw
him.

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favour

Which then he wore. The snatches in his
voice,¹⁰⁵

And burst of speaking, were as his. I am
absolute

'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension¹¹⁰
Of roaring terrors; for the defect of judgement
Is oft the cease of fear.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS [with Cloten's head].

But, see, thy brother.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none.¹¹⁵

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: out off one Cloten's
head.

Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,¹²⁰
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—
they grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose,

But that he swore to take, our lives? The
law¹²⁵

Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse, not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd 135
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he
hearing —

As it is like him — might break out, and
swear 140

He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance 145
Come as the gods foresay it; howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en 150
His head from him. I'll throw 't into the
creek

Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reckon. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear 't will be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't!
though valour 155

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed. I would
revenges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek
us through 160

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our
rock;

You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him 165
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him. To gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blas-
zon'st 170

In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine, 175
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them

To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother. His body's host-
age 185

For his return. [*Solemn music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? Since death of
my dear'st mother 190

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for ages and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN [as] dead,
bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes, 195
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to
sixty,

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a
crutch, 200

Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so
well

As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
care 205

Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed
thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have
made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slum-
ber, 210

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his
right cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor,

His arms thus leagu'd. I thought he slept, and
put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps!
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed. 215

With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not
lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,
nor

The azur'd harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweet'ned not thy breath. The ruddock
would,

With charitable bill, — O bill, sore shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! — bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with
that

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so;
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing. I'll weep, and word it with
thee;

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less;
for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction

Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak.

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Arv. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay
him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout mid-
night, more.

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their
faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them
again.

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*[Exeunt [Belarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus].*

Imo. *[Awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
which is the way?

I thank you. — By yond bush? — Pray, how
far thither?

'Ods fattikins! can it be six mile yet?

I have gone all night. Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow! — O gods and god-
desses!

[Seeing the body of Cloten.]
These flowers are like the pleasures of the
world;

This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I
dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper

And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so.
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very
eyes

Are sometimes like our judgements, blind.
Good faith,

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still, even when I wake. It is

Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man ! The garments of Posthumus !
I know the shape of 's leg ; this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh, 310
The brawns of Hercules ; but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven ?—How !—'Tis gone. Pi-
sanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten, 315
Hath here cut off my lord. To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous ! Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pi-
sanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top ! O Posthumus ! alas, 320
Where is thy head ? Where's that ? Ay me !
where's that ?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How should this be ?
Pisanio ?

'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and luere in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,
pregnant ! 325

The drug he gave me, which he said was
precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses ? That confirms it
home.

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's. O !
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord !
[Falls on the body.]

Enter LUCIUS, CAPTAINS, and a SOOTHSAYER.

1. Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in
Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships. 335
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome ?
1. Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the con-
finers

And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service ; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

1. Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present
numbers

Be muster'd ; bid the captains look to 't. Now,
sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's
purpose ? 345

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus :
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams ; which por-
tends— 350

Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false. Soft, ho ! what trunk is here
Without his top ? The ruin speaks that some-
time

It was a worthy building. How ! a page ! 355
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead rather ;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

1. Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.
Young one, 360

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was
he

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy
interest 365

In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be better. This was my
master,

A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas ! 370
There is no more such masters. I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining
than 375

Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [Aside.] If I do
lie and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same ; 380

Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner 385
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please
the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig ; and when
With wild-wood leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
his grave, 390

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh ;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
And rather father thee than master thee. 395

My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. Come, arm him. Boy, he is pre-
ferr'd 400

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, PISANIO [*and Attendants.*]

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis
with her. [*Exit an attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger.
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my
queen

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mis-
tress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
Highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1. Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here.
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio.*] We'll slip you for a season; but
our jealousy
Does yet depend.

1. Lord. So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!

I am amaz'd with matter.

1. Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more
you're ready;

The want is but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt [all but Pisanio].*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master
since

I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.

Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to
be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the King, or I'll fall in
them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd.
Fortune brings in some boats that are not
steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. [*Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going. Newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not
muster'd

Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from 's
that

Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army. Many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the
King

Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summer's tanlings and
The shrinking slaves of Winter.

Gui. Than be so
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veni-
son!

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had

A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am asham'd 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not, 45
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I; amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, 50
boys!

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead! [*Aside.*] The time seems long;
their blood thinks scorn
Till it fly out and show them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Britain. The Roman camp.*]

Enter POSTHUMUS [with a bloody handkerchief].

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for
I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
ones,
If each of you should take this course, how
many
Must murder wives much better than them-
selves

For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond but to do just ones. Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own; do your best wills, 15
And make me blest to obey! I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'T is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress;
peace! 20

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die 25
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show. 30

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*Field of battle between the British
and Roman camps.*]

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army
at one door; and the Briton Army at another;
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor
soldier. They march over and go out. Then
enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POST-
HUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACH-
IMO, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom
Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,
The Princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; or could this earl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me?
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. 16
[*Exit.*]

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBE-
LINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELA-
RIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage
of the ground;
The lane is guarded. Nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arr. }

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons.
They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then
re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's
such 15

As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Another part of the field.*]

Enter POSTHUMUS and a Briton LORD.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made
the stand?

Post. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.

Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir, for all was
lost,

But that the heavens fought; the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying 5
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
falling 10

Merely through fear; that the straight pass
was damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards liv-
ing

To die with length'ned shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and
wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, 15

An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd

So long a breeding as his white beard came to,

In doing this for 's country. Athwart the lane,

He, with two striplings — lads more like to run

The country base than to commit such slaugh-
ter, 20

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame, —

Made good the passage; cried to those that
fled,

"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men.

To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards.

Stand! 25

Or we are Romans and will give you that

Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may
save

But to look back in frown. Stand, stand!"

These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many —

For three performers are the file when all 30

The rest do nothing — with this word "Stand,

stand!"

Accommodated by the place, more charming

With their own nobleness, which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks.

Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,

turn'd coward 35

But by example — O, a sin in war,

Damn'd in the first beginners! — gan to look

The way that they did, and to grin like lions

Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began

A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon 40

A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly

Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;

slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our

cowards,

Like fragments in hard voyages, became

The life o' the need. Having found the back-
door open 45

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some their

friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by
one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty.

Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50

The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance.

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are
made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear

Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't, 55

And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,

Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his
friend; 60

For if he'll do as he is made to do,

I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry.

[Exit.]

Post. Still going? This is a lord! O noble
misery,

To be i' the field, and ask "what news?" of me!

To-day how many would have given their hon-
ours 65

To have sav'd their carcases! took heel to do 't,

And yet died too! I, in mine own owe charm'd,

Could not find Death where I did hear him
groan,

Nor feel him where he struck. Being an ugly
monster, 70

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft
beds,

Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will
find him;

For being now a favourer to the Briton,

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again 75

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer he

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's
death. 80

On either side I come to spend my breath;

Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two [British] CAPTAINS and Soldiers.

1. *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is
taken.

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were
angels. 85

2. *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly
habit,

That gave the affront with them.

1. *Cap.* So 'tis reported;

But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's
there? 90

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now been drooping here, if sec-
onds

Had answer'd him.

2. *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags
his service

As if he were of note. Bring him to the King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arvi-
ragus, Pisanio [Soldiers, Attendants] and
Roman Captives. The Captains present Post-
humus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over
to a Gaoler. [Then exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE IV. [*A British prison.*]*Enter POSTHUMUS and two GAOLERS.*

1. *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

2. *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, Death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd; to satisfy, 15

If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.

I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
On their abatement. That 's not my desire.

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it.

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake; 25

You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!

I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well, 35
Whose face I never saw?

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd

Attending Nature's law;

Whose father then, as men report

Thou orphans' father art, 40

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript, 45
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world, 50
As great Sicilius' heir.

1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be 55
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he
mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain 65
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geek and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2. *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1. *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd.
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd? 70

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good, 75
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity. 80

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know, ⁹⁵
 Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flow-
 ers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
 No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours. ¹⁰⁰
 Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift.
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in ¹⁰⁵
 Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.
 He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine. ¹¹⁰
 And so, away! No farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial
 breath
 Was sulphurous to smell. The holy eagle ¹¹⁵
 Stoop'd, as to foot us. His ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields. His royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is
 enter'd ¹²⁰
 His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a
 grandsire, and begot

A father to me, and thou hast created
 A mother and two brothers; but, O scorn! ¹²⁵
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
 born.

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
 Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve.
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve, ¹³⁰
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance and know not
 why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O
 rare one! ¹³⁵

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers! Let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise!

(*Reads.*) "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to
 himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
 embraced by a piece of tender air; and when
 from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches,
 which, being dead many years, shall after re-
 vive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly
 grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
 Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and
 plenty." ¹⁴⁵

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as mad-
 men

Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
 Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,

The action of my life is like it, which- ¹⁵⁰
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter GAOLER.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir. If you be
 ready for that, you are well cook'd. ¹⁵⁵

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the
 spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But
 the comfort is, you shall be called to no ¹⁶⁰
 more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which
 are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring
 of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, de-
 part reeling with too much drink; sorry that you
 have paid too much, and sorry that you are ¹⁶⁵
 paid too much; purse and brain both empty;
 the brain the heavier for being too light, the
 purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O, of
 this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the
 charity of a penny cord! It sums up thou- ¹⁷⁰
 sands in a trice. You have no true debtor and
 creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come,
 the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and
 counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to
 live. ¹⁷⁵

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
 toothache; but a man that were to sleep your
 sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I
 think he would change places with his officer;
 for, look you, sir, you know not which way you
 shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow. ¹⁸⁰

Gaol. Your Death has eyes in 's head then; I
 have not seen him so pictur'd. You must either
 be directed by some that take upon them to
 know, or to take upon yourself that which I
 am sure you do not know, or jump the after
 inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall
 speed in your journey's end, I think you'll
 never return to tell one. ¹⁸⁵

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want
 eyes to direct them the way I am going, but
 such as wink and will not use them. ¹⁹⁰

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a
 man should have the best use of eyes to see the
 way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the
 way of winking.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your
 prisoner to the King. ²⁰⁰

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd
 to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;
 no bolts for the dead. ²⁰⁵

[*Exeunt all but the Gaoler.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows
 and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so
 prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier
 knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman;
 and there be some of them too that die ²¹⁰
 against their wills. So should I, if I were one.
 I would we were all of one mind, and one mind

good. O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a ferment in 't. [*Exit.* 215]

SCENE V. [*Cymbeline's tent.*]

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords [Officers, and Attendants].

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found. 5

He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living, 11

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; [*to Belarius, Guidarius, and Arviragus*] which I will add To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain, By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir, 16 In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen. Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees. Arise my knights o' the battle. I create you 20 Companions to our person and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and LADIES.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly Greet you our victory? You look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great King! To sour your happiness, I must report 25 The Queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,

Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd I will report, so please you. These her women Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks 35 Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say. *Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you; Married your royalty, was wife to your place, Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With much integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life, 45 But that her flight prevented it, she had Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took, 50 Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring By inches waste you; in which time she purpos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to O'ercome you with her show, and, in time, When she had fitted you with her craft, to work 55

Her son into the adoption of the crown; But, failing of her end by his strange absence,

Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite Of heaven and men; her purposes; repented The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60 Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women? *Lad.* We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes Were not in fault, for she was beautiful; Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,

That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious 65 To have mistrusted her; yet, O my daughter! That it was folly in me, thou mayst say, And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, [the SOOTHSAYER] and other Roman Prisoners [guarded]; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss 70

Of many a bold one, whose kinsmen have made suit

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.

So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day 75

Was yours by accident. Had it gone with us, We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeeth 80

A Roman, with a Roman's heart can suffer. Augustus lives to think on't; and so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransom'd. Never master had 85 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your
Highness

Cannot deny. He hath done no Briton harm, 90
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him,
sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, where-
fore, 95
To say "Live, boy." Ne'er thank thy master;
live,

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it,
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, 99
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good
lad;

And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand. I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me, 105
He leaves me, scorns me. Briefly die their
joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
on? Speak, 110

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you
please 115

To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy
name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak
freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen talk apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy, reviv'd from death,—

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles,—that sweet rosy lad 121

Who died, and was Fidele? What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further. He eyes us
not; forbear;

Creatures may be alike. Were 't he, I am
sure 125

He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress.

Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come for-
ward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo.*] Sir,
step you forth; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render 135

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside.*] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken
that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter
that 141

Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring. 'T was Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more
may grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd 145

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew
thy strength. 150

I had rather thou shouldst live while Nature will
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and
speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—
accurs'd

The mansion where!—'t was at a feast,—
O, would 155

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good

Posthumus—

What should I say? He was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,—sitting
sadly, 160

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak, for feature, lam-
ing

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition, 165

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This

Posthumus, 170

Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praise'd,—
therein

He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue
being made, 175

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his descrip-
tion

Proy'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Post. Your daughter's chastity—there it
begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
And she alone were cold; whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring 185
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No less of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had
it 190

Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus
quench'd 195

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with singular proof enough 200

To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her brace-
let,—

O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not 205
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [*Advancing.*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210

Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I 215

That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I
lie—

That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple 220
Of Virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me; every vil-
lain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 't was! O Imogen! 225

My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou
scornful page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her; she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help

Mine and your mistress! O, my Lord Posthu-
mus! 230

You need kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to
strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight; 235

Thougav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240

That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing. I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. "If Pisano

Have," said she, "given his mistress that con-
fection 245

Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd

As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The Queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her, still pretending 250

The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,

Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her

A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would
cease 255

The present power of life, but in short time

All offices of nature should again

Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think that you are upon a lock, and now

Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling.*] Your blessing, sir. 265

Bel. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*] Though
you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was 271
 That we meet here so strangely; but her son
 Is gone, we know not how nor where.
Pis. My lord,
 Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
 Cloten,
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me 275
 With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
 And swore,
 If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death. By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket, which directed him 280
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour. What became of him 285
 I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
 I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
 I would not thy good deeds should from my
 lips
 Pluck a hard sentence. Prithee, valiant youth,
 Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did
 me
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke
 me
 With language that would make me spurn the
 sea,
 If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head; 295
 And am right glad he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee.
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
 must
 Endure our law. Thou 'rt dead.
Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender, 300
 And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir King;
 This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself; and hath
 More of these merited than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard.*] Let his
 arms alone; 305
 They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
 By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
 As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three
 But I will prove that two on 's are as good 311
 As I have given out him. My sons, I must
 For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
 Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger 's ours.
Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
 Thou hadst, great King, a subject who 316
 Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? He is
 A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
 Assum'd this age, indeed a banish'd man;
 I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence. 320
 The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot.
 First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
 And let it be confiscate all so soon
 As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons!
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here 's my
 knee. 325
 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
 Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
 These two young gentlemen, that call me
 father
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
 And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue!
Bel. So sure as you your father's, I, old
 Morgan,
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd.
 Your pleasure was my mere offence, my pun-
 ishment
 Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd 335
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
 For such and so they are—these twenty years
 Have I train'd up. Those arts they have as I
 Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
 Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Euri-
 phile, 340
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these chil-
 dren.
 Upon my banishment I mov'd her to 't,
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss, 345
 The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious
 sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heavens 350
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are
 worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service that you three have done is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish 355
 A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son. He, sir, was lapp'd 360
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which for more proba-
 tion
 I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had,

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he, 365
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more. Blest pray you
be, 370

That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle
brothers,

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter 375
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,

When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gwi. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died. 380
Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where, how
liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman
captive? 385

How parted with your brothers? How first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be de-
manded;

And all the other by-dependencies, 390
From chance to chance; but nor the time nor
place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting 395
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[To *Belarius*.] Thou art my brother; so we'll
hold these ever.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve
me, 400

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds. Let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly
fought, 405

He would have well becom'd this place, and
grac'd

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo. I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling.] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech
you,

Which I so often owe; but your ring first, 415
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me.
The power that I have on you is to spare you,
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law; 421
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my lord
of Rome, 425
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me-
thought

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom, whose containing 430
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!
Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning. 434
[*Sooth.*] (*Reads.*) "Whenas a lion's whelp
shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air;
and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd
branches, which, being dead many years, shall
after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and
freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britain be fortunate and flourish in
peace and plenty." 442

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *leo-natus*, doth import so much. 445
[To *Cymbeline*.] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*; which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife, who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by *Belarius* stolen, 455
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;
My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar, 460

And to the Roman empire, promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
 Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and
 hers,
 Have laid most heavy hand. 465

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
 tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, 470
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely
 eagle,

The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline, 475
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nos-
 trils

From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
 Friendly together. So through Lud's town
 march;

And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
 Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
 peace. [*Exeunt.* 485

THE WINTER'S TALE

THE later limit for the date of *The Winter's Tale* is fixed by an entry in Simon Forman's "Booke of Plaies," according to which he witnessed a performance of the drama at the Globe Theatre on May 15, 1611. An earlier limit is plausibly suggested by the theory that the dance of twelve satyrs in iv. iv. 331-352, three of whom had "danced before the king," was borrowed from the anti-masque in Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*, performed at court, January 1, 1611. The metrical and stylistic features, as well as the atmosphere and method of treatment, are quite in harmony with this late date, so that there is no reason for doubting that the play was written in the early part of 1611.

No quarto was published, nor is the title found in the Stationers' Register before 1623. The earliest edition is that in the First Folio, in which it is the last of the Comedies. On this, which is unusually accurate, the present text is based.

The source of the plot is Robert Greene's *Pandosto: the Triumph of Time*, later known as *The History of Dorastus and Fawnia*. This euphuistic romance, modelled on Lyly and Sidney, was printed in 1588, and was popular enough to run through fourteen editions. Several features of the story have been found both in fiction and in history, but no certain original of Greene's tale has been identified.

The most important change made by Shakespeare in the plot is in saving the life of Hermione, who, as Bellaria in Greene's tale, had died of grief over the death of her son. But a number of minor differences are worth noting. Bohemia and Sicily are interchanged, Greene's Pandosto (Leontes) being King of Bohemia, and Egistus (Polixenes) King of Sicily. Fawnia (Perdita) is put to sea in a cock-boat instead of being exposed on a desert shore. The proposal to consult the oracle comes from the queen in Greene, from Leontes in Shakespeare; yet Pandosto accepts the answer of the oracle at once, while Leontes denies its truth until brought to his senses by the death of his son and the swooning of Hermione. On the whole, the jealousy of Leontes is more perverse and fatuous in Shakespeare than in his source. The Clown is substituted by the dramatist for the shepherd's wife of the novel. The wooing of Fawnia is given at great length by Greene, and the situation is complicated by Egistus's wish to marry his son to a princess of Denmark. In his flight from his father's court, Dorastus (Florizel) has the assistance of a servant, Capnio, whom Shakespeare discards, but whose functions in the plot are divided between Camillo and Autolycus. When the prince arrives at the court of Pandosto, he conceals his identity, and is thrown into prison while the king makes love to Fawnia. This unpleasant incident of the courtship of the unrecognized daughter by her father Shakespeare omits, keeping Leontes faithful to the memory of Hermione. This, of course, makes possible the happy ending of the first plot, and renders unnecessary the depression and suicide of Pandosto with which Greene closes his narrative.

The device of bringing an apparent statue to life, which Shakespeare inserted into the story, is found not infrequently in earlier fiction; but neither that form of it which occurs in Lope de Vega's *El Marmol de Felisardo*, nor that in the play of *The Trial of Chivalry* (printed, 1605), is sufficiently close to be regarded as a source.

The characters of Antigonus, Paulina, Emilia, Mopsa, Dorcas, the Clown, and Autolycus are all of Shakespeare's invention. For the last, and for his song in iv. iii. 1 ff. hints may have been derived from Tom Beggar in Robert Wilson's *Three Ladies of London* (1584), though this does not seem to have been hitherto suggested.

But this enumeration of changes in detail fails to indicate the nature of the transformation wrought by Shakespeare on his material. The superb dignity of Hermione which almost lifts her above pity, the plain-spoken loyalty of Paulina, the peculiar poetic charm of the pastoral scenes of which Perdita is the centre, the humor of the rogue and the rustics, the elements, in short, which make the play delightful, are all Shakespeare's. To Greene belongs the credit of framing an interesting romantic story, the improbabilities and surprises of which Shakespeare seems to have taken no pains to abate, but which, on the contrary, he capped by devising a closing situation, theatrically effective, indeed, but more defiant of likelihood than anything in his source.

THE WINTER'S TALE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

LEONTES, king of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES, } lords of Sicilia.
DION,
POLIXENES, king of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

[A Mariner.]
[A Gaoler.]

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady [attending on Hermione].
[MOPSA, } shepherdesses.]
[DORCAS, }

[TIME, as Chorus.]

Other Lords and Gentlemen [Ladies, Officers] and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

[SCENE : Sicilia and Bohemia.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Sicilia. Ante-chamber in the palace of Leontes.]

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge. We cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, hath been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a

vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamilius. It is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [A room of state in the same.]

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO [and Attendants].

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne

Without a burden; time as long again

Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks,

And yet we should, for perpetuity,

Go hence in debt; and therefore, like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one "We thank you" many thousands moe

That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while.

And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may
chance 11

Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have
stay'd

To tire your Royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay. 15

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between 's then;
and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'
the world, 20

So soon as yours could win me. So it should
now,

Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I deni'd it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay 25

To you a charge and trouble. To save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our Queen? Speak you.
Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my
peace until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay.

You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are
sure 30

All in Bohemia's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were
strong;

But let him say so then, and let him go; 35
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commis-
sion 40

To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting; yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily! 45

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,

You shall not go; a lady's "Verily" 's 50

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks. How
say you?

My prisoner or my guest? By your dread

"Verily," 55

One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam.
To be your prisoner should import offending,
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question
you 60

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were
boys.

You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more
behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord 65

The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did
frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other. What we
chang'd

Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd 70

That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty"; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather 75

You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady!

Temptations have since then been born to 's;
for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on;

The offences we have made you do we'll an-
swer,

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd 85

With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What! have I twice said well? When
was 't before? 90

I prithee tell me; cram's with praise, and
make's

As fat as tame things. One good deed dying
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages; you may ride 's

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere 95

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;

What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you. O, would her name were
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose;
when? 100

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves
to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clasp thyself my love; then didst thou
utter,

"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'T is grace indeed. 105
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the pur-
pose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

[*Gives her hand to Polixenes.*]

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me; my heart
dances, 110

But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fin-
gers, 115

As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 't
were

The mort o' the deer;—O, that is entertain-
ment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose? 121

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, cap-
tain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginaling 125
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the
shoots that I have,

To be full like me; yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130

That will say anything. But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page, 135
Look on me with your welkin eye. Sweet
villain!

Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—
may 't be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this
be?— 140

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou
dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains 145
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!

Leon. What cheer? How is 't with you, best
brother?

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly, 151

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself un-
breec'h'd 155

In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzl'd,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest
friend, 160

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will! Why, happy man be 's
dole! My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir, 165

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me 170
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's wel-
come;

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap. 175

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden. Shall 's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you; you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside.*] I am angling
now, 180

Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and
attendants.*]

Gone already! 185
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
fork'd one!

Go, play, boy, play. Thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There
have been, 190

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the

^{arm,}
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in 's absence

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour,
^{by}

Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there 's comfort
in 't

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is
none. 200

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant ; and 't is powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly ; know 't ;
It will let in and out the enemy 205

With bag and baggage. Many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now,
boy !

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord. 210

Leon. Go play, Mamillius ; thou 'rt an honest man. [Exeunt Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold.

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ;
made 215

His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it ?
[Aside.] They 're here with me already, whispering, rounding,

" Sicilia is a so-forth," 'T is far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came 't, Camillo,

That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the Queen's be 't ; " good " should
be pertinent ; 221

But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?

For thy conceit is soaking, — will draw in
More than the common blocks. Not noted,
is 't, 225

But of the finer natures ? By some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary ? Lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind ? Say.

Cam. Business, my lord ! I think most understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer. 231

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your Highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon.

Satisfy !

The entreaties of your mistress ! Satisfy !

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, 235

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like,
thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd ; but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240
In that which seems so.

Cam.

Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest, or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining

From course requir'd ; or else thou must be
counted 245

A servant grafted in my serious trust

And therein negligent ; or else a fool

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn.

And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam.

My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ; 250
In every one of these no man is free

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent, 255

It was my folly ; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful

To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out 260

Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your Grace,

Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass 265

By its own visage. If I then deny it,

'T is none of mine.

Leon.

Ha ! not you seen, Camillo, —
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn, — or heard, —
For to a vision so apparent rumour 270

Cannot be mute, — or thought, — for cogitation

Resides not in that man that does not think, —
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,

Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then

say 275

My wife 's a hobby-horse, — deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to

Before her troth-plight : say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 280

My present vengeance taken. Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less

Than this ; which to reiterate were sin

As deep as that, though true.

Leon.

Is whispering nothing ?

Is leaning cheek to cheek ? Is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career 285

Of laughter with a sigh? — a note infallible
Of breaking honesty; — horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing-clocks more
swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin-and-web but theirs, theirs
only, 291

That would unseen be wicked? Is this no-
thing?

Why, then the world and all that's in 't is
nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings, 295

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this disease'd opinion; and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 't is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie!

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both. Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live 305
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia; who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310
Their own particular thrifts, they would do
that

Which should undo more doing; ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who
mayst see

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees
heaven, 315

How I am gall'd, — mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not
work 320

Maliciously like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee, —

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled, 325
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood o' the Prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine, 331
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he's removed, your High-
ness 335

Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for-
sealing

The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none. 341

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohe-
mia

And with your queen. I am his cupbearer: 345
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all.
Do 't and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast ad-
vis'd me. [Exit. 350

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who in rebellion with himself will have 355
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not
one, 360

Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court. To do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange; methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak! 365
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a counte-
nance

As he had lost some province and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself. Even now I met
him 370

With customary compliment; when he,
Waiting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners. 375

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! Do not. Do you know,
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me: 't is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I
must be 385

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper, but 390

I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk.
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman, thereto 391
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my
knowledge 395

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I
well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
That incidence thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be; 405
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my
counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen 't or been an instrument 415
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his
queen

Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infec-
tion

That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and 425
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith and will continue 430
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer
to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis
born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you 435
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here 440
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utt'rd truth, which if you seek to
prove,

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth,
thereon 445

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee;
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand.
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure 450
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature. As she's rare,
Must it be great; and as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever 455
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades
me.

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen;—part of his theme, but
nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo; 460
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your
Highness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. 465
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Sicilia. A room in the palace.*]

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and LADIES.

Her. Take the boy to you; he so troubles
me,

'T is past enduring.

[*Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

[*Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard and speak to me
as if 5

I were a baby still. — I love you better.

Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they
say,

Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray
now

What colour are your eyebrows?

[*Lady.* Blue, my lord

Mam. Nay, that's a mock. I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

[*Lady.* Hark ye; The Queen your mother rounds apace. We shall

Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'd wanton
with us,

If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk. Good time encounter
her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?
Come, sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter. I have
one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down; come on, and do your
best

To fright me with your sprites; you're power-
ful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard. I will tell it
softly;

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give't me in mine ear.

[*Enter LEONTES, with ANTONIGUS, LORDS, and others.*]

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo
with him?

[*1. Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met
them; never

Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed
Them even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! How accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make
known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen
the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.
There is a plot against my life, my crown.

All's true that is mistrusted. That false
villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the
posterns

So easily open?

[*1. Lord.* By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.
Give me the boy. I am glad you did not nurse
him.

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? Sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not
come about her.

Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
How'er you lean to the wayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say she is a goodly lady, and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable.

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and
straight

The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use—O, I am out—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself; these shrugs, these hums and
has,

When you have said she's goodly, come be-
tween

Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it
should be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord, so
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing!

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,

Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinction leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar, I have said
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom;

More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A fedary with her, and one that knows

What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she's

A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold't titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,

Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge,

that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle, my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say

You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,

The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty.
But that he speaks,

Her. ... There's some ill planet reigns ;
I must be patient till the heavens look 106
With an aspect more favourable. Good my
lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities ; but I have 110
That honourable grief lodg'd here which burns
Worse than tears down. Beseech you all, my
lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; and so
The King's will be perform'd !

Leon. ... Shall I be heard ?
Her. Who is 't that goes with me ? Beseech
your Highness, 116

My women may be with me ; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools ;
There is no cause. When you shall know your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears 120
As I come out ; this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord.
I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now
I trust I shall. My women, come ; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding ; hence ! 125
[Exit Queen guarded, with Ladies.]
[1.] *Lord.* Beseech your Highness, call the
Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice
Prove violence ; in the which three great ones
suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

[1.] *Lord.* ... For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir, 130
Please you to accept it, that the Queen is spot-
less

I' the eyes of Heaven and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. ... If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ; 135
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust
her ;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. ... Hold your peaces.

[1.] *Lord.* ... Good my lord, —
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our-
selves. 140

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't ; would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
The second and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't. By mine
honour, 146

I'll geld 'em all ; fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations. They are co-heirs ;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. ... Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold 151
As is a dead man's nose ; but I do see 't and
feel 't.

As you feel doing thus ; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. ... If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty. 155
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. ... What ! lack I credit ?
[1.] *Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I,
my lord,
Upon this ground ; and more it would content
me

To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. ... Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural good-
ness

Imparts this ; which if you, or stupefied 165
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice. The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. ... And I wish, my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgement tried
it,

Without more overtur.

Leon. ... How could that be ?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity, 175
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjec-
ture,

That lack'd sight only, nought for approba-
tion

But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this pro-
ceeding.

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in
post

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now from the oracle 185
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel
had,

I shall stop or spur me. Have I done well ?

[1.] *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisf'd and need no
more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it
good

From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence 195
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us ;
We are to speak in public, for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [Exeunt. 200

SCENE II. [*Outer ward of a prison.*]

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.

[*Exit Gent.*]
Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

[*Re-enter Gentleman, with the GAOLER.*]

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady, ⁵
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam.
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from ¹⁰
The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray
you,

To see her women? Any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and attendants.*]

Gaol. And, madam, ¹⁵
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*]
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

[*Re-enter GAOLER, with EMILIA.*]

Dear gentlewoman, ²⁰

How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn

May hold together. On her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd. ²⁵

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live. The Queen receives
Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn.
These dangerous unsafe lures i' the King, be-
shrew them! ³⁰

He must be told on't, and he shall. The office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister
And never to my red-look'd anger be

The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia, ³⁵
Commend my best obedience to the Queen.

If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the King and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child. ⁴⁰
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss

A thriving issue. There is no lady living ⁴⁵
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, ⁵⁰
Lest she should be deni'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from't
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be
doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen. Please you, come something
nearer. ⁵⁵

Gaol. Madam, if't please the Queen to send
the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir.
This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great Nature thence ⁶⁰
Freed and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear. Upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.* ⁶⁵

SCENE III. [*A room in Leontes' palace.*]

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and SER-
VANTS.*

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest. It is but
weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the
cause,

She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank ⁵
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

[*I.*] *Serv.* My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

[*I.*] *Serv.* He took good rest to-night;
'T is hop'd his sickness is discharg'd. ¹¹

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, ¹⁵
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely;
go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no
thought of him;

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, ²⁰
And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be
Until a time may serve; for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow.
They should not laugh if I could reach them,

III

Shall she within my power. ²⁵

Enter PAULINA [with a babe].

[1.] *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? A gracious innocent
soul,

More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

[2.] *Serv.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,

That creep like shadows by him and do sigh

At each his needless heavings, such as you

Nourish the cause of his awaking. I

Do come with words as medicinal as true,

Honest as either, to purge him of that humour

That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference

About some gossips for your Highness.

Leon. How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,

I charg'd thee that she should not come about
me:

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,

On your displeasure's peril and on mine,

She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can. In this,

Unless he take the course that you have done,

Commit me for committing honour, trust it,

He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear.

When she will take the rein I let her run;

But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;

And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,

Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares

Less appear so in comforting your evils,

Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come

From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,

Good queen; I say good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so

were I

A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his
eyes

First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,

For she is good, hath brought you forth a

daughter;

Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'

door!

A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so.

I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest

Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll war-
rant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bas-
tard.

Thou dotard! thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bas-
tard;

Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the Princess by that forced baseness

Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past

all doubt

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself; for

he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to

slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and

will not —

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to 't — once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten

As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her

husband

And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it, and together with the dam

Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your

charge,

So like you, 't is the worse. Behold, my lords,

Although the print be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of 's frown, his forehead, nay, the

valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,

His smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger;

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast

made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all

colours

No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire, ¹¹⁵
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen,
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy, something
savours

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, ¹²⁰
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? She durst not call me

^{so,}
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be
gone. ¹²⁵

Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours. Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit! What needs these
hands?

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so; farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.* ¹³⁰

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.

My child? Away with't! Even thou, that
hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up
straight. ¹³⁵

Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou
refuse

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire; ¹⁴¹
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir.
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither. ¹⁴⁵

Leon. You're liars all.

1. *Lord.* Beseech your Highness, give us
better credit.

We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services ¹⁵⁰
Past and to come, that you do change this pur-
pose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that
blows.

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel ¹⁵⁵

And call me father? Better burn it now

Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.

It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;

You that have been so tenderly officious

With Lady Margery, your midwife there, ¹⁶⁰

To save this bastard's life, — for 't is a bastard,

So sure as this beard's gray, — what will you
adventure

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Anything, my lord,

That my ability may undergo

And nobleness impose; at least thus much: ¹⁶⁵

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left

To save the innocent. Anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this
sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it; see'st thou?
for the fail ¹⁷⁰

Of any point in't shall not only be

Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry

This female bastard hence, and that thou bear
it ¹⁷⁵

To some remote and desert place quite out

Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,

Without more mercy, to its own protection

And favour of the climate. As by strange
fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, ¹⁸⁰

On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place

Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present
death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor
babe. ¹⁸⁵

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,

Casting their savageness aside, have done

Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous

In more than this deed does require! And
blessing ¹⁹⁰

Against this cruelty fight on thy side,

Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit [with the babe].*

Leon. No, I'll not rear

Another's issue.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Please your Highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come

An hour since. Cleomenes and Dion, ¹⁹⁵

Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both
landed,

Hasting to the court.

[*Z.* *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond accompt.

Leon. Twenty-three days

They have been absent; 't is good speed; fore-
tells

The great Apollo suddenly will have ²⁰⁰

The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;

Summon a session, that we may arraign

Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath

Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have

A just and open trial. While she lives ²⁰⁵

My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,

And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. [*A street in a Sicilian town.*]*Enter CLEOMENES and DION.*

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense, 10
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen, — O be 't
so! —

As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations, 15
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business. When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh
horses!

And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Sicilia. A place of justice.*]*Enter LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we
pronounce)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart, — the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly 5
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his Highness' pleasure that the
Queen

Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

[*Enter HERMIONE (as to her trial); PAULINA
and LADIES attending.*]

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [Reads.] "Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take [15] away the life of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night." 22

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that

Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other 25
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
boot me

To say "Not guilty." Mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus: — If powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Whom least will seem to do so,) my past
life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true, 35
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, 40

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for
honour,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine, 45
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurent I 50
Have strain'd to appear thus; if one jot beyond

The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet 55
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not 61

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become 65
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done I think had been
in me

Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend, whose love had
spoke, 70
Even since it could speak, from an infant,
freely

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how. All I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man; 75

And why he left your court, the gods themselves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know

What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir, 60

You speak a language that I understand not.

My life stands in the level of your dreams,

Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;

You had a bastard by Polixenes,

And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame, — 65

Those of your fact are so, — so past all truth,

Which to deny concerns more than avails;
for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,

No father owning it, — which is, indeed,

More criminal in thee than it, — so thou 90

Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage

Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats.

The bug which you would fright me with I seek;

To me can life be no commodity.

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, 95

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,

But know not how it went. My second joy

And first-fruits of my body, from his presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 100

The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,

Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post

Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred

The child-bed privilege deny'd, which longs

To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried 105

Here to this place, i' the open air, before

I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,

That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.

But yet hear this: mistake me not; no life, 110

I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,

Which I would free, — if I shall be condemn'd

Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else

But what your jealousies awake, I tell you

'T is rigour and not law. Your honours all, 115

I do refer me to the oracle:

Apollo be my judge!

[*L.* *Lord.* This your request

Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,

And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:

O that he were alive, and here beholding 121

His daughter's trial! that he did but see

The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes

Of pity, not revenge!

[*Re-enter OFFICERS, with CLEOMENES and DION.*]

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword

of justice, 125

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have

Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd

Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then

You have not dar'd to break the holy seal 130

Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes

blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a

jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begot-

ten; and the King shall live without an heir,

if that which is lost be not found." 137

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Off. Hast thou read truth?

As it is here set down. Ay, my lord; even so 140

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.

The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

[*Enter a SERVANT.*]

Serv. My lord the King, the King!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!

The Prince your son, with mere conceit and

fear 145

Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-

selves

Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]

How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen.

Look down 149

And see what Death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! 155

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command, though I with death and

with

Reward did threaten and encourage him, 165

Not doing 't and being done. He, most hu-

mane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended, 170

No richer than his honour. How he glisters

Through my [dark] rust! And how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

[Re-enter PAULINA.]

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

[1.] Lord. What fit is this, good lady? 175

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying?
boiling

In leads or oils? What old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny 180

Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it. 185
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was no-
thing;

That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
honour,

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, 190
More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little, though a devil

Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death 195
Of the young Prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the

heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam; this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O lords, 200
When I have said, cry "Woe!" — the Queen,
the Queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and ven-
geance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

[1.] Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she's dead; I'll swear 't. If
word nor oath

Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring 205
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,

Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!

Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake 210
thee

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods

To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on; 215
Thou canst not speak too much. I have de-
serv'd

All tongues to talk their bitt'rest.

[1.] Lord. Say no more.
Howe'er the business goes, you have made

fault

I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't.
All faults I make, when I shall come to know 220
them,

I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's
past help

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather 225

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my

liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.

The love I bore your queen — lo, fool again! —
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your chil- 230
dren;

I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much
better

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring
me 235

To the dead bodies of my queen and son.
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit

The chapel where they lie, and tears shed
there 240

Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long

I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Bohemia. A desert country near
the sea.]

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Babe, and a MAR-
TINER.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look

grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand are
angry 5

And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get
aboard;

Look to thy bark. I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not 10
Too far i' the land; 't is like to be loud
weather.

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away;

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.]

Ant. Come, poor babe,
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' 15
the dead

May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

See, how he punishes himself to satisfy himself & the reader.

Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,²¹
 So fill'd and so becoming; in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes²⁵
 Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,³⁰
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep and leave it crying; and, for the
 babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see³⁵
 Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
 Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,⁴⁰
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life or death, upon the earth⁴⁵
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
 There lie, and there thy character; there
 these,

Which may, if Fortune please, both breed thee,
 pretty

[*Laying down the babe, with a paper
 and a bundle.*]

And still rest thine. The storm begins, poor
 wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd⁵⁰
 To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
 The day frowns more and more; thou 'rt like to
 have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw⁵⁵
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;
 I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*]

[*Enter a SHEPHERD.*]

Shep. I would there were no age between⁶⁰
 and three-and-twenty, or that youth would
 sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the
 between but getting wenches with child, wrong-
 ing the ancients, stealing, fighting—[*Horns.*]
 Hark you now! Would any but these boild
 brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt
 this weather? They have scar'd away two of⁶⁵
 my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner
 find than the master. If anywhere I have them,
 't is by the seaside, browsing of ivy. Good luck,
 an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy
 on 's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy⁷⁰
 or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very
 pretty one: sure, some scape. Though I am
 not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewo-
 man in the scape. This has been some stair-
 work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-⁷⁵
 work; they were warmer that got this than the

poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet
 I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but
 even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a
 thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,
 come hither. What ail'st thou, man?⁸⁰

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and
 by land! But I am not to say it is a sea, for it
 is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it
 you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?⁸⁵

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes,
 how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But
 that 's not to the point. O, the most piteous
 cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em,
 and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the
 moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed
 with yeast and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork
 into a hog'shead. And then for the land-ser-⁹⁰
 vice, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-
 bone; how he cried to me for help and said his
 name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make
 an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-
 dragon'd it; but, first, how the poor souls¹⁰⁰
 roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how
 the poor gentleman roared and the bear mock'd
 him, both roaring louder than the sea or wea-
 ther.¹⁰⁴

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I
 saw these sights. The men are not yet cold
 under water, nor the bear half din'd on the
 gentleman. He 's at it now.¹⁰⁹

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd
 the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side,
 to have help'd her; there your charity would
 have lack'd footing.¹¹⁴

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! But
 look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou
 met'st with things dying, I with things new-
 born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a
 bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee
 here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's
 see. It was told me I should be rich by the
 faeries. This is some changeling; open't.
 What's within, boy?¹¹⁹

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of
 your youth are forgiven you, you're well to
 live. Gold! all gold!¹²⁵

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will
 prove so. Up with't, keep it close. Home,
 home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and
 to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let
 my sheep go. Come, good boy, the next way
 home.¹³¹

Clo. Go you the next way with your find-
 ings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the
 gentleman and how much he hath eaten. They
 are never curst but when they are hungry. If
 there be any of him left, I'll bury it.¹³⁶

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest
 discern by that which is left of him what he is,
 fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground. ¹⁴¹

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. ¹⁴² [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.

Enter TIME, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide ⁵
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untri'd
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was ¹⁰
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make
stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing, ¹⁵
I turn my glass and give my scene such grow-
ing

As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me, ²⁰
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the King's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues ²⁵
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shep-
herd's daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now; ³⁰
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.]

SCENE II. [Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.]

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate. 'Tis a sickness denying thee anything; a death to grant this. ⁵

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure. ¹⁰

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now. The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made. Better not to have had thee than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me ¹⁵ businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute

them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, ²⁰ and my profit therein the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; ²⁵ whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues. ³⁰

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared. ³⁵

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd, a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate. ⁴⁰

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage. ⁴⁵

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to ⁵⁰ get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command. ⁵⁵

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [A road near the Shepherd's cottage.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS [very ragged], singing.

"When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy ever the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale.

"The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, ⁵
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

"The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! [with heigh!] the thrush and
the jay, ¹⁰
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay."

I have serv'd Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service.

"But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

"If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget, 20
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it."

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus, who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of uncon sider'd 25 trifles. With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize! 33

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine. 37

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice, — what will this sister of 40 mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them 45 means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates — none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pounds of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun. 53

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me —

Aut. O, help me, help me! Pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death! 56

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 61

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 66

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee. If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service.

Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand. 73

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out. 77

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picking his pocket*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee. 83

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going. I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you? 90

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court. 95

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide. 99

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well. He hath been since an ape-bearer; then, a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus. 107

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig. He haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he. That's the rogue that put me into this apparel. 111

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia. If you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have ruin.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way; and that he knew. I warrant him. 117

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's. 121

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*] 125

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! — Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd and my name put in the book of virtue! 131

(*Sings.*) "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a;

A merry heart goes all the day

Your sad tires in a mile-a." [*Exit.*] 135

SCENE IV. [*Bohemia. The Shepherd's cottage.*]*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Does give a life; no shepherdess, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me. O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your great-

ness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did. O, the Fates!

How would he look, to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the King.

One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change
this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these fore'd thoughts, I prithee, darken
not

The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,

Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if

I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle!
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming.

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach.
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

[*Enter SHEPHERD, CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised.*]

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd
all;

Would sing her song and dance her turn; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench
it,

She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid

These unknown friends to 's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your-
self

That which you are, mistress o' the feast.
Come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome.
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're
welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long.
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess, --
A fair one are you -- well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards. Of that
kind

Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their pinedness shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say there be;

Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean; so, over that
art

Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well, and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun 105
And with him rises weeping. These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas! 110
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet 115
Your maidenheads growing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st
fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 121

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and 125
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play
on; 130

Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers.

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals. Sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do 135
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,

To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish
you 140

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds, 145

That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large. But that your
youth,

And the true blood which peeps [so] fairly
through 't,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita. So turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that
ever 155

Ran on the green-sward. Nothing she does or
seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out. Good sooth,
she is 160

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry,
garlic,

To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.

Come, strike up! 165

[*Music.*] Here a dance of Shepherds
and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is
this

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it. 170

He looks like sooth. He says he loves my
daughter.

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read,

As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose 175

Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shep. So she does anything, though I report
it,

That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of. 180

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the ped-
lar at the door, you would never dance again

after a tabor and pipe ; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money. He utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes. 186

Clo. He could never come better ; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 190

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so without bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, " jump her and thump her ; " and [195] where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, " Whoop, do me no harm, good man ; " puts him off, slights him, with " Whoop, do me no harm, good man." 201

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraid- wares ? 204

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow ; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross ; inkles, caddises, cambrics, lawns. Why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses ; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't. 212

Clo. Prithee bring him in ; and let him ap- proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [Exit Servant.] 218

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

" Lawn as white as driven snow ; 220
Cypress black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber ; 225
Golden quoifs and stomachers
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel ;
What maids lack from head to heel.
Come buy of me, come ; come buy, come
buy ; 230
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy."

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me ; but being en- thrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves. 236

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast ; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 240

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you.

May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again. 245

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? Will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whisp'ring. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more. 251

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way and lost all my money ? 255

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad ; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here. 259

Aut. I hope so, sir ; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here ? Ballads ?

Mop. Pray now, buy some. I love a ballad in print, o' life, for then we are sure they are true. 264

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden, and how she long'd to eat adders' heads and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you ?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old. 270

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer !

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad ? 275

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by, and let's first see moe ballads. We'll buy the other things anon. 278

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish that ap- peared upon the coast on Wednesday the four- score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her. The ballad is very pitiful and as true. 286

Dor. Is it true too, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and wit- nesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too. Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one. 292

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of " Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it. 'Tis in request, I can tell you. 297

Mop. We can both sing it. If thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear. 'Tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago. 306

Aut. I can bear my part ; you must know 't is my occupation. Have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well, 306
 Thou to me thy secrets tell.
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill.
D. If to either, thou dost ill. 310
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be.
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me.
 Then whither goest? Say, whither? 314

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls, 320

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*]

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

"Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 Any silk, any thread, 325
 Any toys for your head,
 Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
 Come to the pedlar;
 Money's a meddler,
 That doth utter all men's ware-a." 330

[*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter SERVANT.*]

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair. They call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but 335 they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully. 339

Shep. Away! we'll none on't. Here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herds-men. 344

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now. 351

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.

[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He's simple and tells much. [*To Flor.*] How now, fair shepherd! 355

Your heart is full of something that does take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young

And handed love as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks. I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it 360

To her acceptance; you have let him go And nothing marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply; at least if you make a care 365 Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are.

The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life 370

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it, Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted 374

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before! I have put you out. But to your protestation; let me hear

What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all: 381

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize them 385

Without her love; for her employ them all; Commend them and condemn them to her

service

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak 390

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better. By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make 395 Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

I' the virtue of your daughter. One being dead, I shall have more than you can dream of yet.

Enough then for your wonder. But, come on, Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand; 400

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, beseech you.

Have you a father?

crull
9 sons
67 father

Flo. I have; but what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest 405

That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs ? Is he not stupid

With age and alt'ring rheums ? Can he speak ?

hear ?

Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ? 410

Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing

But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;

He has his health, and ampler strength indeed Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard, You offer him, if this be so, a wrong 415

Something unfilial. Reason my son

Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason

The father, all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity, should hold some counsel

In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ; 420

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint

My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son. He shall not need to grieve 425

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
 [Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call. Thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,

That thus affects a sheep-hook ! Thou old traitor, 430

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The royal fool thou cop'st with, —

Shep. O, my heart !

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made 435

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never

I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession,

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin, 440

Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words, Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment, —

Worthy enough a herdsman, yea, him too, 445

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee

As thou art tender to 't. 450 *[Exit.]*

Per. Even here undone !

I was not much afeard ; for once or twice

I was about to speak, and tell him plainly

The self-same sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but 455

Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone ?

I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,

Of your own state take care. This dream of mine, —

Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther, But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father ! 460

Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir !

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,

To die upon the bed my father died, 465

To lie close by his honest bones ; but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,

That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure

To mingle faith with him ! Undone ! undone !

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd 470

To die when I desire. *[Exit.]*

Flo. Why look you so upon me ?

I am but sorry, not afeard ; delay'd,

But nothing alt' red. What I was, I am ;

More straining on for plucking back, not following 475

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper. At this time

He will allow no speech, which I do guess

You do not purpose to him ; and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear. 480

Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo ?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus !

How often said, my dignity would last 485

But till 't were known !

Flo. It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith ; and then

Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together

And mar the seeds within ! Lift up thy looks.

From my succession wipe me, father ; I 490

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy. If my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir. 495

Flo. So call it, but it does fulfil my vow ;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat gleaned, for all the sun sees or
The close earth wombs or the profound seas
hides 500

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd ; therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me, — as, in faith, I mean
not

To see him any more, — cast your good counsels
Upon his passion ; let myself and Fortune 506
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver : I am put to sea

With her who here I cannot hold on shore ;
And most opportune to our need I have 510
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord !
I would your spirit were easier for advice, 515
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita !
[Drawing her aside.]
I'll hear you [to *Cam.*] by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and hon-
our, 520

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo ;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think 525
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd. It is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of I pray
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King 531
And through him what 's nearest to him,
which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction.
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour, 535
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your Highness ; where you
may

Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by —
As heavens forefend ! — your ruin ; marry
her, 540

And, with my best endeavours in your ab-
sence,

Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?

That I may call thee something more than
man 545
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and
flies 550

Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me.
This follows : if you will not change your pur-
pose

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair prin-
cess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes. 555
She shall be habitéd as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth ; asks thee, the son, for-
givenness,

As 'twere i' the father's person ; kisses the
hands 560

Of your fresh princess ; o'er and o'er divides
him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the
one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ? 565

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down ; 570

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves 575
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most
certain

To miseries enough ; no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another ;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who 580
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
gether

Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true. 585

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?
There shall not at your father's house these

seven years
Be born another such-

Flo. My good Camillo,

She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' our birth. 590

Cam. I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo, 595
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think you know my for-
tunes 600

Do all lie there. It shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one
word. [They talk aside.] 604

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentle-
man! I have sold all my trumpery; not a
counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander,
brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove,
shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack 610
from fasting. They throng who should buy
first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and
brought a benediction to the buyer; by which
means I saw whose purse was best in picture,
and what I saw, to my good use I rememb'ed.
My clown, who wants but something to be 615
a reasonable man, grew so in love with the
wenches' song, that he would not stir his petti-
toes till he had both tune and words; which so
drew the rest of the herd to me that all their
other senses stuck in ears. You might have 620
pinched a placket, it was senseless; 't was no-
thing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would
have fill'd keys off that hung in chains. No
hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and ad-
miring the nothing of it. So that in this time
of lethargy I pick'd and cut most of their 625
festival purses; and had not the old man come
in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and
the King's son and scar'd my choughs from the
chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole
army. [Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita
come forward.]

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means
being there 631

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from
King Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
[Seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this, omit 636
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why,
hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shak'st

thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm in-
tended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. 643

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will
steal that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy
poverty we must make an exchange; therefore
dissolve thee instantly,—thou must think
there 's a necessity in 't,—and change gar-
ments with this gentleman. Though the penny-
worth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee,
there 's some boot. 650

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside.] I
know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch. The gentle-
man is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [Aside.] I
smell the trick on 't. 656

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I can-
not with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle. 660

[Florizel and Autolycus exchange
garments.]

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert. Take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken 665
The truth of your own seeming; that you
may—

For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescri'd.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy. 669

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[Giving it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.
Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain for-
got!

Pray you, a word.

Cam. [Aside.] What I do next, shall be to
tell the King 675

Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall re-view Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side. 681

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Ca-
millo.]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it.
To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble
hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose
is requisite also, to smell out work for the 686
other senses. I see this is the time that the un-
just man doth thrive. What an exchange had
this been without boot! What a boot is here
with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year
connive at us, and we may do anything ex- 691
tempore. The Prince himself is about a piece

of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do 't. I hold it the more knavery [905] to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work. 701

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the King she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then. 708

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle, I warrant you. 715

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law. 720

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies! 725

Shep. Well, let us to the King. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace. 730

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound? 735

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? What, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover? 741

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying. It becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie. 748

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir? 753

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? Receives not thy nose court-odour from me? Reflect I not on thy baseness

court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touse from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pie, and one that will either push on or pluck [751] back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him? 756

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant. Say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen. 770

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet Nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely. 778

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical. A great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? What's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box? 781

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the King; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him. 785

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace. He is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself; for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief. 791

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly. The curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir? 798

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram- [803] tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir? 810

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then 'noited over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hot- [815] test day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose mis- [820]

eries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the King. Being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the King to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority. Close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember "ston'd," and "flay'd alive."

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have. I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir; but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son. Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the King and show our strange sights. He must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand. I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the Prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him. If he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them. There may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [A room in Leontes' palace.]

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow. No fault could you make,

Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down

More penitence than done trespass. At the last Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;

With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember

Her and her virtues, I cannot forget

My blemishes in them, and so still think of

The wrong I did myself; which was so much

That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and

Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord.

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or, from the all that are, took something good

To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd

Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!

She I kill'd! I did so; but thou strik'st me

Sorely, to say I did. It is as bitter

Upon thy tongue as in my thought. Now, good,

now,

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady.

You might have spoken a thousand things that

would

Have done the time more benefit and grac'd

Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those

Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,

You pity not the state, nor the remembrance

Of his most sovereign name; consider little

What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,

May drop upon his kingdom and devour

Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy

Than to rejoice the former queen is well?

What holier than, for royalty's repair,

For present comfort and for future good,

To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the

gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;

For has not the divine Apollo said,

Is't not the tenour of his oracle,

That King Leontes shall not have an heir

Till his lost child be found? which that it

shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason

As my Antigonus to break his grave

And come again to me; who, on my life,

Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel

My lord should to the heavens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills. [To Leontes.] Care

not for issue;

The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander

Left his to the worthiest; so his successor

Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,

Who hast the memory of Hermione,

I know, in honour, O, that ever I

Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even

now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips —

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife. One
worse,

And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me —?"

Paul. Had she such power, 60
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you
mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your
ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that
follow'd

Should be "Remember mine."

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to
his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another, 74
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, —

Paul. I have done.

Yet, if my lord will marry, — if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will, — give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so
young

As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy 80

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in
breath;

Never till then.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. One that gives out himself Prince Flo-
rizel, 85

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? He comes not
Like to his father's greatness. His approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Serv. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess. say you, with him?

Serv. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself 95
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now! Sir, you your-
self

Have said and writ so, but your writing now 99
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;" — thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once. 'Tis shrewdly
ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

Serv. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, — your pardon, —
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, 105
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? Not women!

Serv. Women will love her, that she is a
woman 110

More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 'tis
strange 114

[*Exeunt [Cleomenes and others].*]

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord. There was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease. Thou
know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of. Sure, 120
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORIZEL
and PERDITA.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your royal father off, 125
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother, 128
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, — goddess! — O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do; and then I lost — 135
All mine own folly — the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity 144
Which waits upon worn times hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself

The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his 144
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves —
He bade me say so — more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
(At least ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much
less 155

The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her;
thence, 160

A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me
For visiting your Highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify 165
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you 175
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd
on,

Such goodly things as you?

Enter a LORD.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great
sir, 180

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has —
His dignity and duty both cast off —
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? Speak.
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from
him. 185

I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty till now 194
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake. They kneel, they kiss the
earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak. 200
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?
Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be. 205
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That "once," I see by your good
father's speed, 210

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up.
Though Fortune, visible an enemy, 215

Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now. With thought of such affec-
tions, 220

Step forth mine advocate. At your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't. Not a
month 225

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth
such gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [To Florizel.] But
your petition

Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father.
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires, 230

I am friend to them and you; upon which er-
rand

I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make. Come, good my
lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [Before Leontes' palace.]

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at
this relation?

1. Gent. I was by at the opening of the far-

del, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard [15] of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another GENTLEMAN.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: [25] he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? This news which is call'd true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir?

3. *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of [35] nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, [50] holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a [55] loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I [60] never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd the same instant of their [75] master's death and in the view of the shepherd; so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one [80] eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine eyes, caught [90] the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confess'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did with an "Alas," I would [95] fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No. The Princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he him- [105] self eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2. *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the re-joining?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye some new grace will be born. Our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince, told him I heard them talk of a far-

del and I know not what; but he at that [125
time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so
he then took her to be, who began to be much
sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of
weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I
been the finder out of this secret, it would not
have relish'd among my other discredits. 128

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

Here come those I have done good to against
my will, and already appearing in the blossoms
of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children,
but thy sons and daughters will be all gentle-
men born. 138

Clo. You are well met, sir. You deni'd to
fight with me this other day, because I was no
gentleman born. See you these clothes? Say
you see them not and think me still no gentle-
man born. You were best say these robes
are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do,
and try whether I am not now a gentleman
born. 145

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman
born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these
four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy. 149

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman
born before my father. For the King's son
took me by the hand, and call'd me brother;
and then the two kings call'd my father
brother; and then the Prince my brother and
the Princess my sister call'd my father father;
and so we wept, and there was the first gentle-
man-like tears that ever we shed. 156

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in
so preposterous estate as we are. 159

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon
me all the faults I have committed to your
worship, and to give me your good report to
the Prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gen-
tle, now we are gentlemen. 165

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the
Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any
is in Bohemia. 170

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman?
Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son? 175

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman
may swear it in the behalf of his friend; and
I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow
of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk;
but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands
and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it,
and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of
thy hands. 183

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow.
If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to
be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred,
are going to see the Queen's picture. Come,
follow us; we'll be thy good masters. 189

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A chapel in Paulina's house.*]

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PER-
DITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, etc.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great
comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well I meant well. All my services
You have paid home; but that you have
vouchsaf'd,

With your crown'd brother and these your con-
tracted 5

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery 10
Have we pass'd through, not without much
content

In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe, 15
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is. Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold, and say 't is
well. 20

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and dis-
covers Hermione standing like a
statue.*]

I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak. First, you, my
liege;

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she 25
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excel-
lence, 30

Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes
her

As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life, 35
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd
her!

I am asham'd; does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40

From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
 Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
 And do not say 't is superstition, that
 I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
 Dear queen, that ended when I but began, 45
 Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
 The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
 Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid
 on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50
 So many summers dry. Scarce any joy
 Did ever so long live; no sorrow
 But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
 Let him that was the cause of this have power
 To take off so much grief from you as he 55
 Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
 If I had thought the sight of my poor image
 Would thus have wrought you, — for the stone
 is mine —

I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest
 your fancy 60

May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
 Would I were dead, but that, methinks, al-
 ready —

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
 Would you not deem it breath'd, and that
 those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done! 65
 The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
 As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
 My lord's almost so far transported that
 He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina, 70
 Make me to think so twenty years together!
 No settled senses of the world can match
 The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd
 you; but
 I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina; 75
 For this affliction has a taste as sweet
 As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
 There is an air comes from her. What fine
 chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
 me,

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear. 80
 The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
 You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
 With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
 Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear, 85
 Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you

For more amazement. If you can behold it,
 I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
 And take you by the hand; but then you'll
 think —

Which I protest against — I am assisted 90
 By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
 I am content to look on; what to speak,
 I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
 To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
 You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
 Or, those that think it is unlawful business 95
 I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike!
 [Music.]

'T is time; descend; be stone no more;
 approach. 99

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
 I'll fill your grave up. Stir, nay, come away,
 Bequeath to death your numbness; for from
 him

Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.
 [Hermione comes down.]

Start not; her actions shall be holy as
 You hear my spell is lawful. Do not shun her
 Until you see her die again, for then 105
 You kill her double. Nay, present your hand.
 When she was young you woo'd her; now in
 age

Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she's warm!
 If this be magic, let it be an art 110
 Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she
 has liv'd,

Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
 Were it but told you, should be hooted at 115

Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
 Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel
 And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good
 lady; 120

Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down
 And from your sacred vials pour your graces
 Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine
 own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
 how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
 Knowing by Paulina that the oracle 125
 Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
 Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
 Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
 Your joys with like relation. Go together, 130
 You precious winners all; your exultation
 Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
 Will wing me to some wither'd bough and
 there

My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina! 135

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife; this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast
found mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her, 139
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and
honesty

Is richly noted and here justified 145
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother. Both your par-
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law
And son unto the King, whom heavens direct-
ing, 150

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. 155

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TEMPEST

THE TEMPEST first appeared in print as the opening play in the First Folio. This fact has, curiously enough, been taken as a reason for considering it Shakespeare's last drama; but more substantial evidence exists for placing it thus late. One limit is fixed by its presence in a list of plays performed during the marriage festivities of King James's daughter Elizabeth in the early spring of 1613. The other is less definite, but is approximately indicated by the author's use of details from various accounts of the wreck of Sir George Somers in 1609. Within these limits, 1610 to 1613, opinion varies. Metrical evidence associates *The Tempest* with *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale*, but does not decide their relative order. Those who place the play in 1612 regard it as having been specially written for the betrothal or the marriage of the Princess, adding in support the large spectacular element and the nature of the masque in the fourth act. Further attempts to strengthen the argument by finding in Prospero a portrait of King James, and in the supposed drowning of Ferdinand references to the death of Prince Henry, are not convincing; nor does the mere fact of performance at the wedding prove anything, since the numerous other plays then acted were revivals. The Revels accounts contain an entry stating that *The Tempest* was presented at Whitehall on Hallowmas night, 1611, and though this is now known to have been forged, it may have been well founded, since sixty years before the forgery Malone had stated, on evidence no longer accessible, that he knew the play existed in the autumn of 1611. On the whole, there is no evidence quite strong enough to counterbalance the standing presumption in favor of Malone's accuracy, so that 1611 remains the most probable date. There is thus nothing to hinder us from regarding the play as the last completed by Shakespeare alone.

For the main thread of the plot no source has been discovered. The resemblance to *Die Schöne Sidea* of Jakob Ayrer of Nuremberg, who died in 1605, is much less striking when the whole of Ayrer's play is read than when the points of likeness are extracted. In both plays we have a prince given to magic, and driven into exile with a daughter who marries the son of his enemy; an attendant spirit; and — most striking of all — the imposition of log-carrying upon the captive prince, and the fixing of his sword in his scabbard. But there is absolutely no similarity in character, and Ayrer's devil has nothing in common with Ariel, save his function as a supernatural servant. The fixing of the sword is a commonplace of magic, and even the carrying or splitting of logs is found as a task imposed by a magician on a captive prince in folk-tales having no connection with the present plays. The most that can be said is that both dramas may go back to a common origin, which, however, may have been far from immediate. "A fellow-actor's description" of the German play is of course a possibility, especially since English comedians are known to have been in Nuremberg in 1604 and 1606; but a positive statement is not warranted by the evidence.

Of the origin of minor details we can speak with more assurance. Shakespeare was well read in the literature of travel of his time, and evidences of this abound in the present case. In his descriptions of the island and of the storm he drew especially from the narratives of Sylvester Jourdan and William Strachey, who wrote accounts of the wreck on the Bermudas of one of the ships belonging to the expedition to Virginia led by Somers and Gates in 1609. Information with regard to this and similar adventures may well have reached him from oral sources also. Gonzalo's commonwealth (II. i. 147 ff.) was suggested by two passages in Florio's translation of Montaigne (1603). Prospero's abjuration speech (v. i. 33 ff.) is influenced by a passage in Golding's Ovid. Setebos is taken from Eden's *History of Travaile* (1577), where the name occurs as that of the devil-god of the Patagonian giants. Ariel occurs in *Isaiah*, and is the name of a prince of spirits in cabalistic literature. Miranda is evidently a significant coinage, like Perdita and Marina; and Caliban may be merely an anagram for "cannibal." The island is clearly not meant to be identified with Bermuda or any other.

THE TEMPEST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, } Lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, }
CEBES, } Spirits.
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

[Other Spirits attending on Prospero.]

SCENE: [A ship at sea;] an uninhabited island.

ACT I

SCENE I. [On a ship at sea:] a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a SHIP-MASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Master. Good; speak to the mariners. Fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir. [Exit. 5]

Enter MARINERS.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.— Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men. 11

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient. 16

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 21

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.— Cheerly, good hearts!— Out of our way, I say. [Exit. 24]

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow.

Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exit. 26]

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' the main-course. A plague [A cry within.]

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.— Yet again! What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then. 45

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench. 51

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses off to sea again! Lay her off.

Enter MARINERS wet.

Mariners. All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost! 55

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King and Prince at prayers! Let 's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chapp'd rascal— would thou mightst lie drowning 60

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[A confused noise within.]

Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewell, my wife and
children!

Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink wi' the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.]

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs
of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath,
brown furze, anything. The wills above be
done! but I would fain die a dry death.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [The island. Before Prospero's cell.]

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you
have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's
cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they per-
ish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought know-
ing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'T is time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So.

[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes;
have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which
touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st
sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pros. The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
not

Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? By any other house or per-
son?

Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'T is far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But
how is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou
else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve
year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy fa-
ther

Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence?

Or blessed was 't we did?

Pros. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence,

But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
farther.

Pros. My brother and thy uncle, call'd An-
tonio —

I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,

And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts

Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother

And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant
suits,

How to deny them, who to advance and who so

To trash for overtopping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd
'em,

Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he
was 85

The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind 90
With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great 95
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like
one

Who having into truth, by telling of it, 100
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the Duke. Out o' the substitution,

And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative, hence his ambition growing— 105
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part
he play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough—of temporal royalties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of
Naples

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!— 115

To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event,
then tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy 121
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine 125
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother; whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of dark-
ness, 130

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!

I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint 134
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's, without the which this
story

Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not 140

(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared 145

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again, 150
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble

Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt, 155

Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water
that 160

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his
gentleness, 165

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise.

[Puts on his robe.]

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow. 170
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit

Than other princess can that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I
pray you, sir,
For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm? 175

Pros. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my pre-
science

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more ques-
tions.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dul-
ness,
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

[*Miranda sleeps.*]
Come away, servant, come; I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail!
I come

To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidding
task

Ariel and all his quality.

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade
thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distin-
tly,

Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the
precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momen-
tary

And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,

Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine and quit the ves-
sel,

Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdi-
nand,

With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not
hair, —

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is
empty,

And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st
me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the
isle.

The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the King's ship
The mariners say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where
once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's
hid;

The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suff'ring la-
bour,

I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float

Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship
wreck'd

And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season,
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost
give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast prom-
is'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? No more!

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,

serv'd

Without or grudge or grumbings. Thou did
promise

To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to
tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and
envy

Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot
her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
Speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier, ²⁶⁵
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she
did

They would not take her life. Is not this
true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my
slave, ²⁷⁰

As thou report'st thyself, was then her ser-
vant;

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers ²⁷⁵

And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy
groans ²⁸⁰

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
island —

Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckl'd whelp, hag-born, — not honour'd
with

A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Cali-
ban ²⁸⁵

Whom now I keep in service. Thou best
know'st

What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
breasts

Of ever angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax ²⁹⁰
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made
gape

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
an oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till ²⁹⁵
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master;

I will be correspondent to command

And do my spiriting gently.

Pros. Do so, and after two days

I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what. What shall I
do? ³⁰⁰

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the
sea; be subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible

To every eyeball else. Go take this shape

And hither come in 't. Go, hence with dili-
gence! *[Exit Ariel.]*

Awake, dear heart, awake! Thou hast slept
well; ³⁰⁵

Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pros. Shake it off. Come on,
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'T is a villain, sir,

I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 't is, ³¹⁰

We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,

Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices

That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (Within.) There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other busi-
ness for thee. ³¹⁵

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. *[Exit.]*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! ³²⁰

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
have cramps, ³²⁵

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; ur-
chins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may
work,

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more sting-
ing

Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother, ³³¹

Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st
first,

Thou strok'dst me and made much of me,
wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the less, ³³⁵
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd
thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
fertile.

Curs'd be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have, ³⁴¹
Which first was mine own king; and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from
me

The rest o' the island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,

Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have
us'd thee, 346

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho ! would 't had been done !
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopl'd else 350
This isle with Calibans.

[*Pros.*] Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour

One thing or other. When thou didst not, sav-
age, 355

Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy
vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which
good natures

Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast
thou 360

Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language ; and my profit
on 't

Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid
you 364

For learning me your language !
Pros. Hag-seed, hence !

Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, mal-
ice ?

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old
cramps, 369

Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

[*Aside.*] I must obey. His art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave ; hence ! 375
[*Exit Caliban.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ;
FERDINAND [following].

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.

Curtied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,

Foot it feathery here and there, 380
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden (*dispersedly*). Hark, hark !
Bow-wow.

The watch-dogs bark !
Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer 385

Cry, " Cock-a-diddle-dow."

Fer. Where should this music be ? I' the air
or the earth ?

It sounds no more ; and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wreck, 390
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air ; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 't is gone.
No, it begins again. 395

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade 400
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

Burden. Ding-dong.
[*Ari.*] Hark ! now I hear them, — ding-dong,
bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father. 405

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above
me,

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye ad-
vance

And say what thou seest yond.

Mir. What is 't ? A spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, 410
It carries a brave form. But 't is a spirit.

Pros. No, wench ; it eats and sleeps and
hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant which thou
seest

Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something
stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou
might'st call him 415

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll
free thee 420

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! Vouchsafe my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give

How I may bear me here. My prime request, 425
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid or no ?

Mir. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language ! heavens !
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pros. How ? the best ?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee ? 430

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that won-
ders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, be-
held
The King my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke
of Milan

And his brave son being twain.

Pros. [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

If now 't were fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word,
good sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a
word.

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently?
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make
you

The Queen of Naples.

Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers; but
this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word
more; I charge thee

That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
temple.

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pros. Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.

Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and
hushks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from
moving.*]

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

Pros. What! I say;
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as
he,

Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish
wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,

To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to
me,

Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [*Aside.*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
— Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*]
Follow me.

[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. [*To Ari.*] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. [*To Mir. and Fer.*] Come, follow.
Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Another part of the island.*]

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-
ZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have
cause,

So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the mer-
chant

Have just our theme of woe; but for the mir-
acle,

I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir,
weigh

Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One. Tell. —

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet, —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! Antonio! So you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet, —

Adr. Yet, —

Ant. He could not miss 't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. "Widow Dido" said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy removed

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish

Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,

And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him. His bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt

He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to and importun'd
otherwise

By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have
lost your son, 131

I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
Moe widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss. 136
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well. 140
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather? 140
Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —
Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows. 145
Gon. And were the king on't, what would I
do?

Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by con-
traries

Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate; 149
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure; 155
No sovereignty; —

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth
forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should
produce 159

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring
forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects? 165

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern,
sir,

To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, — do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk no-
thing to me. 171

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and
did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that
they always use to laugh at nothing. 175

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am
nothing to you. So you may continue and laugh
at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given! 180
Seb. An it had not fallen flatlong.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle;
you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if
she would continue in it five weeks without
changing.

Enter ARIEL [*invisible*], *playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry. 186

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adven-
ture my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh
me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us. 190

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine
eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts.
I find

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it.

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, 195
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your
rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses
them! 196

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
might,

Worthy Sebastian, O, what might —? No
more: — 205

And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks
thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st 211

Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking,

moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian, 215

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather;

wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom; you

Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do 220
 Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so. To ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in strip-

ping it, 225

You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on.

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

A matter from thee, and a birth indeed 230

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir :

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

Who shall be of as little memory

When he is earth'd, hath here almost per-

suaded —

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only 235

Professes to persuade — the King his son's

alive,

'T is as impossible that he's undrown'd

As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no-hope

What great hope have you ! No hope that

way is 240

Another way so high a hope that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt discovery there. Will you grant

with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples ?

Seb. Claribel. 245

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis ; she that

dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from

Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post —

The man i' the moon's too slow — till new-

born chins

Be rough and razorable ; she that — from

whom 250

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast

again,

And by that destiny to perform an act

Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come

In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this ! How say you ?

'T is true, my brother's daughter's Queen of

Tunis ; 255

So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel

Measure us back to Naples ? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were

death 260

That now hath seiz'd them ; why, they were

no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule

Naples

As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate

As amply and unnecessarily

As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make 265

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this

For your advancement ! Do you understand

me ?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember 270

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True.

And look how well my garments sit upon me ;

Much feater than before. My brother's ser-

vants

Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience ? 275

Ant. Ay, sir, where lies that ? If't were a

kibe,

'T would put me to my slipper ; but I feel not

This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences,

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be

they

And melt ere they molest ! Here lies your

brother, 280

No better than the earth he lies upon

If he were that which now he's like, that's

dead ;

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches

of it,

Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put 285

This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course. For all the

rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;

They'll tell the clock to any business that 290

We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One

stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou

payest,

And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together ;

And when I rear my hand, do you the like, 295

To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They talk apart.*]

Re-enter ARIEL [*invisible*], with music and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the

danger

That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me

forth —

For else his project dies — to keep them living.

[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie, 305

Open-ey'd Conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware ;

Awake, awake ! 305

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the King. [*Wakes Alon.*]

Alon. Why, how now? Ho, awake! Why
are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your
repose, 310

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellow-
ing

Like bulls, or rather lions. Did't not wake
you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's
ear,

To make an earthquake! Sure, it was the
roar 315

Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a hum-
ming,

And that a strange one too, which did awake
me.

I shak'd you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes
open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn. There was a
noise, 320

That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our
guard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our
weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away. 325

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I
have done.

So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise
of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor
pinch,

Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the
mire, 3

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but

For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at
me

And after bite me, then like hedgehogs
which 10

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their prick at my footfall; sometime am I

All wound with adders who with cloven
tongues

Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me ¹⁵
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear
off any weather at all, and another storm
brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind. Yond same
black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a ²⁰
foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it
should thunder as it did before, I know not
where to hide my head; yond same cloud can-
not choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we
here? A man or a fish? Dead or alive? A ²⁵
fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and
fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England
now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a ³⁰
piece of silver. There would this monster make
a man; any strange beast there makes a man.
When they will not give a doit to relieve a
lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like
arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let ³⁵
loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no
fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered
by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm
is come again! My best way is to creep under
his gaberdine; there is no other shelter ⁴⁰
hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with
strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing [a bottle in his hand].

Ste. "I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die ashore —" 45

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's
funeral. Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

(*Sings.*) "The master, the swabber, the boat-
swain, and I,

The gunner and his mate

Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, ⁵⁰

But none of us car'd for Kate;

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did
itch; 55

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!"

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my com-
fort. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me! Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils
here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages
and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drown-
ing to be afraid now of your four legs; for it
hath been said, "As proper a man as ever went
on four legs cannot make him give ground";
and it shall be said so again while Stephano
breathes at nostrils. 65

Cal. The spirit torments me! Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with
four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague.
Where the devil should he learn our language?

I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather. 73

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle; if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly. 81

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee. 84

Ste. Come on your ways. Open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth; this will shake your shaking; I can tell you, and that soundly. You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again. 89

Trin. I should know that voice; it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils. O defend me! 93

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth. 99

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster. I will leave him; I have no long spoon. 103

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afraid — thy good friend Trinculo. 106

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos? 111

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans escap'd! 117

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [Aside.] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him. 123

Ste. How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither,—I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard — by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore. 128

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn. 133

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by the seaside where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague? 139

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee.

My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush. 144

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afraid of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth! 150

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle. 155

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him—

Ste. Come, kiss. 161

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. 165

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberts and sometimes I'll get thee 175

Young scameles from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here! bear my bottle. Fellow

Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. 181

Cal. (Sings drunkenly.) Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing 185

At requiring;

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
Has a new master, get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! free-
dom, hey-day, freedom! 191
Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of base-
ness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's
dead

And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's
crabbed,

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress 11
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my
labours, 14

Most busy least, when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO [at a distance,
unseen].*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to
pile!

Pray, set it down and rest you. When this
burns,

'T will weep for having wearied you. My
father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; 20
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me
that; 24

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to
it, 30

And yours it is against.

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.

Mir. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning
with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers— 35
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a
time 40

The harmony of their tongues hath into bond-
age

Brought my too diligent ear; for several vir-
tues

Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd 45
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I
seen 50

More that I may call men than you, good
friend,

And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you, 55

Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's pre-
cepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king; 60
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul
speak.

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides, 65
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert 70
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else 't the world
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain
grace 75

On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not
offer

What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself, 80
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
 I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
 If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
 You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant, ⁸⁵
 Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest ;
 And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then ?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't. And
 now farewell ⁹⁰

Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt [Fer. and Mir. severally].*]

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
 Who are surpris'd withal ; but my rejoicing
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
 For yet ere supper-time must I perform ⁹⁵
 Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [Another part of the island.]

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me. When the butt is out, we
 will drink water ; not a drop before ; therefore
 bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster,
 drink to me. ⁴

Trin. Servant-monster ! the folly of this
 island ! They say there's but five upon this
 isle ; we are three of them ; if the other two be
 brain'd like us, the state totters. ⁸

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid
 thee. Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? He
 were a brave monster indeed, if they were set
 in his tail. ¹³

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his
 tongue in sack. For my part, the sea cannot
 drown me ; I swam, ere I could recover the
 shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By
 this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster,
 or my standard. ¹⁸

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no
 standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.
Trin. Nor go neither ; but you'll lie like
 dogs and yet say nothing neither. ²³

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if
 thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? Let me lick
 thy shoe.

I'll not serve him ; he's not valiant. ²⁷

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster ! I
 am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou
 debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a cow-
 ard that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ?
 Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a
 fish and half a monster ? ³³

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me ! Wilt thou let
 him, my lord ?

Trin. "Lord" quoth he ! That a monster
 should be such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ! Bite him to death, I
 prithee. ³⁸

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
 head. If you prove a mutineer, — the next

tree ! The poor monster's my subject and he
 shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
 pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I
 made to thee ? ⁴⁵

Ste. Marry, will I ; kneel and repeat it. I
 will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a
 tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
 cheated me of the island. ⁵⁰

Ari. Thou liest.
Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou.

I would my valiant master would destroy thee !
 I do not lie. ⁵⁴

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more
 in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
 your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ; ⁶⁰
 From me he got it. If thy greatness will
 Revenge it on him, — for I know thou dar'st,

But this thing dare not, —
Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve
 thee. ⁶⁵

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd ? Canst
 thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord. I'll yield him thee
 asleep.

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest ; thou canst not. ⁷⁰

Cal. What a pied ninny's this ! Thou scurvy
 patch !

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
 And take his bottle from him. When that's
 gone

He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not
 show him

Where the quick freshes are. ⁷⁵

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger.
 Interrupt the monster one word further, and,
 by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors
 and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll
 go farther off. ⁸¹

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so ? Take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*]

As you like this, give me the lie another time. ⁸⁵

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits
 and hearing too ? A pox o' your bottle ! this
 can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your
 monster, and the devil take your fingers !

Cal. Ha, ha, ha ! ⁹⁰

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee,
 stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough. After a little time
 I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with
 him, ⁹⁵

I' the afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst
 brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them 100
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is 106
The beauty of his daughter. He himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I
warrant, 113

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man. His
daughter and I will be king and queen, — save
our Graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall
be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent. 118

Ste. Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat
thee; but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue
in thy head. 121

Cal. Within this half hour will he be
asleep.

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Yes, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of
pleasure. 125

Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. 129

[*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em 130

And scout 'em and flout 'em;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played
by the picture of Nobody. 136

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
likeness. If thou be'st a devil, take 't as thou
list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts. I defy
thee. Mercy upon us! 141

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and
hurt not. 145

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dream-
ing,

The clouds methought would open and show
riches 150

Ready to drop upon me, that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. 155

Ste. That shall be by and by. I remember
the story.

Trin. The sound is going away. Let's fol-
low it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would
I could see this taborer; he lays it on. 161

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. [*Another part of the island.*]

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-
ZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, etc.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache. Here's a maze trod in-
deed

Through forth-rights and meanders! By your
patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness 5

To the dulling of my spirits. Sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it

No longer for my flatterer. He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him
go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that
he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they 15
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

*Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO on
the top invisible. Enter several strange shapes,
bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with
gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the
King, etc., to eat, they depart.*

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night. No
more.

Alon. What harmony is this? My good
friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What
were these? 20

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one
phoenix

At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me, 25
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er

did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe
me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders —

For, certes, these are people of the island —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note, 31

Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there
present 35

Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing,

Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we
have stomachs. 41

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When
we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em 45

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which
now we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last. No matter, since I feel 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,

That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea 55
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this
island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst
men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you
mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang and
drown

Their proper selves.

[*Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.*]

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate. The elements, 61

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as
well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at
stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

One dowe that's in my plume. My fellow-
ministers 65

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths

And will not be uplifted. But remember —
For that's my business to you — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero; 70
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
tures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, 75
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard
you from —

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else
falls 80

Upon your heads — is nothing but heart's sor-
row

And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
thou

Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devour-
ing.

Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated 85
In what thou hast to say; so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high
charms work,

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my
power; 90

And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is
drown'd,

And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*]

Gon. I? the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you 94

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of
it;

The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and 100
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant.

I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt [Seb. and Ant.].*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their
great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time
after, 105

Now gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech
you

That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy

May now provoke them to.

Adr.

Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*Before Prospero's cell.*]

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore
Heaven,

I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition

Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before 15
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministr'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren Hate,
Sour-eyed Disdain and Discord shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take
heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion 25

Our worse genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think or Phœbus' steeds are
founder'd 30

Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? Here
I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
service 35

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this
place.

Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
And breathe twice and cry "so, so," 45
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. *[Exit.]*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are
straw

To the fire i' the blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart 55
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well,
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! Be silent. *[Soft music.]*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich
leas 60

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turf mountains, where live nibbling
sheep,

And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep;

Thy banks with pion'd and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy best betrims 65

To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
brown groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o'
the sky, 70

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign
grace, *[Juno descends.]*

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; here peacocks fly amain.
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain. 75

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that
ne'er

Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost
crown 80

My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy
queen

Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate 85
On the blest lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
 Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
 Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
 Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
 Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
 Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows
 And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
 Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

[*Enter JUNO.*]

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
 To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
 And honour'd in their issue.

[*They sing.* 105
Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing,
 Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

[*Cer.* 110
 Earth's increase, foison plenty,
 Barns and garners never empty,
 Vines with clustering bunches growing,
 Plants with goodly burden bowing.
 Spring come to you at the farthest
 In the very end of harvest!
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
 To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
 So rare a wond'ring father and a wise
 Makes this place Paradise.

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously. 125
 There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
 winding brooks,
 With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless
 looks,
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
 land

Answer your summons; *Juno* does command.
 Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
 A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
 Come hither from the furrow and be merry. 135
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
 And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
 In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pros. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140
 Against my life. The minute of their plot
 Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done!
 avoid. No more!

Fer. This is strange. Your father's in some
 passion

That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day 144
 Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
 As if you were dismay'd. Be cheerful, sir,
 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air; 150

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded, 155
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd,—
 Bear with my weakness—my old brain is
 troubled.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. 160
 If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
 And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee,
 Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
 pleasure?

Pros. Spirit, 165
 We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander. When I presented
 Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
 Least I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave
 these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
 drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
 their ears, 175

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses
 As they smelt music. So I charm'd their ears
 That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking gorse,
 and thorns, 180

Which ent'red their frail shins. At last I left
 them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still. ¹⁸⁵
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. ^[Exit.]

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost; ¹⁹⁰
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glittering apparel,
etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero and Ariel remain, invisible.] Enter
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all
wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell. ¹⁹⁵

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
play'd the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at
which my nose is in great indignation. ²⁰⁰

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If
I should take a displeasure against you, look
you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to ²⁰⁵
Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore
speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour
in that, monster, but an infinite loss. ²¹⁰

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting;
yet this is your harmless fairy, monster!

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be
o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou
here, ²¹⁵

This is the mouth o' the cell. No noise, and
enter.

Do that good mischief which may make this
island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have
bloody thoughts. ²²¹

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for
thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what be-
longs to a frippery. O King Stephano! ²²⁶

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this
hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do
you mean ²³⁰

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first. If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches,

Make us strange stuff. ²³⁴

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is
not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under
the line. Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your
hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level,
an't like your Grace. ²⁴⁰

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a gar-
ment for 't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while
I am king of this country. "Steal by line and
level" is an excellent pass of pate; there's an-
other garment for 't. ²⁴⁵

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon
your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't. We shall lose
our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low. ²⁵⁰

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers. Help to
bear this away where my hog'shead of wine is,
or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go to,
carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this. ²⁵⁵

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits,
in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them
about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there!
hark! hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven
out.]

Go charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted
make them ²⁶¹

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this
hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou ²⁶⁴
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
Follow, and do me service. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V

SCENE I. *[Before Prospero's cell.]*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head.
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and
Time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my
lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my
spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your
cell;

They cannot budge till your release. The
King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-
tracted,

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old
lord, Gonzalo,"

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feel-
ing

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being peni-
tent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them. *Ari.*
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.
[Exit.]

Pros. Ye elves of 'hills, brooks, standing
lakes, and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promon-
tory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd
up

The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. *[Solemn music.]*

*Here enters ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBAS-
TIAN and Antonio in like manner, attended
by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the
circle which Prospero had made, and there
stand charmed; which Prospero observing,
speaks.*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh
and blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, whom, with Sebas-
tian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong,

Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive
thee,

Unnatural though thou art. Their understand-
ing

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me!
Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.

Ari. "Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough."

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall
miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.

To the King's ship, invisible as thou art ;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches. The master and the boat-
swain

Being awake, enforce them to this place, 100
And presently, I prithee.

Art. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and
amazement, 104

Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country !

Pros. Behold, sir King,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee and thy company I bid 110
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know. Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave, 116
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero

Be living and be here ?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour can-
not 121

Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends
all ! 125

[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon
you

And justify you traitors. At this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
Pros. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive 131
Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation, 135
How thou hast met us here, whom three hours
since

Were wreck'd upon this shore, where I have
lost —

How sharp the point of this remembrance is ! —
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience 140
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft
grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss !
Pros. As great to me as late ; and, support-
able 145

To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter ?
O heavens, that they were living both in Na-
ples,

The King and Queen there ! That they were, I
wish 150

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter ?

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these
lords

At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words 156
Are natural breath ; but, howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
strangely 160

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,

To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ; 165
This cell's my court. Here have I few atten-
dants,

And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing ;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170
As much as me my dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers FERDINAND and MI-
RANDA playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
wrange,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove 175
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful ;

I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels.*]

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about ! 180

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O, wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here !
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new
world,

That has such people in 't !

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou
wast at play ? 185

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father 195
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros. There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue 205

Should become Kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his duke-
dom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your
hands.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and BOAT-
SWAIN amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us. 215
I prophesied, if a galleys were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the
news? 220

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely
found

Our king and company; the next, our ship —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out
split —

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Sir, all this service 225
Have I done since I went.

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] My tricky spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well
awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapp'd under
hatches; 231

Where but even now with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty; 235
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please
you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. [Aside to *Pros.*] Was't well done?

Pros. [Aside to *Ari.*] Bravely, my dili-
gence. Thou shalt be free. 241

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod;

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege, 245
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At pick'd
leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheer-
ful 250

And think of each thing well. [Aside to *Ari.*]
Come hither, spirit.

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit *Ariel.*] How fares my
gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not. 255

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STE-
PHANO and TRINCULO, in their stolen ap-
parel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
no man take care for himself; for all is but
fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in
my head, here's a goodly sight. 260

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits in-
deed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?

Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable. 265

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men,
my lords,

Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen
knave,

His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and
ebbs, 270

And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-
devil —

For he's a bastard one — had plotted with
them

To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of dark-
ness I 275

Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
butler?

Seb. He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle? 281

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I
saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of
my bones. I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano! 285

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano,
but a cramp.

Pros. You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I
look'd on. [Pointing to Caliban.]

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his man-
ners 290

As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions. As you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise here-
after

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god 295

And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*]

Pros. Sir, I invite your Highness and your
train 300

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll
waste

With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall
make it

Go quick away, — the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by 305
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch 315
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My

Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw
near. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. [*Exit.* 20

*Antioch's power is
to please.*

HISTORIES

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

KING JOHN is the only undoubtedly Shakespearean play not entered in the Stationers' Register, nor is there any trace of its having been printed before there appeared in the First Folio the text on which the present edition is based. A mention in Meres's list in 1598 gives a later limit for the date of production; and an earlier limit is approximately fixed by the date of its source, which was published in 1591, and cannot have been written earlier than about 1587. Within this range of ten years we have no good external evidence. Attempts to find allusions to current politics are negatived by the existence of the supposed allusions in the source also. Modern critics vary in their judgments between 1593 and 1596, and considerations of metre and style point rather to the earlier of these dates, and make it probable that the play was written between *Richard III* and *Richard II*.

About the middle of the sixteenth century Bishop Bale had made the reign of John the subject of an historical morality with a virulently Protestant purpose; but it does not appear that this piece was used in any of the later dramatic treatments of the theme. In 1591 was published *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*, an anonymous historical play in two parts, written in blank verse of considerable power. On this Shakespeare founded the present drama, without seeking either to corroborate or to correct, by reference to the chronicles, the very legendary history of his source. The earlier author not only disregarded chronology, but invented, altered, or ignored the facts with the greatest freedom. Like Bale, though to a less degree, he gave his work an anti-Papal bias. He invented the part played by the Bastard Faulconbridge; he combined in one person the Archduke of Austria, who had imprisoned Richard I and was dead at the time of the play, with the Viscount of Limoges, before whose castle Cœur-de-lion had received his mortal wound; he made Arthur younger than he was, and kept Constance a widow, for purposes of dramatic effectiveness; and he omitted all mention of Magna Charta, and with it of the constitutional element in the quarrel between John and his barons. Such are only a few of the violations of historical accuracy which mark almost every scene.

Shakespeare's method of treating the work of his predecessor was peculiar. He re-wrote practically every line, and he condensed the two parts into five acts of moderate length. He selected some scenes and rejected others, but to the action he added almost nothing. On several occasions he economized by representing an action as just completed (*e. g.*, the second coronation), instead of showing it on the stage. He cut out the long comic scene in which Faulconbridge exposes the immorality of the monasteries; and in general he gave up the attempt to picture John as a Protestant hero.

With much gain in compactness and rapidity of action, these changes involved also some loss. The play was left without a leading motive or a truly central character, and some details are not wholly intelligible. Thus the reasons of the Bastard's hatred of Austria, and of his ill-natured speech on the betrothal of Lewis and Blanch (II. i. 504 ff.), are not clear without the prominence given in *The Troublesome Raigne* to the legendary view of Cœur-de-lion's death at Austria's hands in the one case, and in the other to Eleanor's scheme for marrying Faulconbridge himself to Blanch. More serious is the loss of motive in the poisoning of the King by the monk, — a deed easily intelligible in the older play on account of the prominence given throughout to the hostility between John and the Church.

Shakespeare's additions consist chiefly in the elaboration of character. Most notable are the cases of Constance and the Bastard. The speeches of both are greatly increased in number and length; and the passion of Constance is developed from a slight indication in *The Troublesome Raigne*, to a representation, which, though verging on the sentimental and hysterical, has been taken as the supreme utterance of motherly love in literature. Faulconbridge is made more consistent and more important, being given the rôle embodying the sturdy sense and patriotism of the loyal Englishman, and voicing, especially in his last speech, what comes as near being a central theme as the play possesses.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.

ARTHUR, duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.

The Earl of PEMBROKE.

The Earl of ESSEX.

The Earl of SALISBURY.

The Lord BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.

PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.

JAMES GURNET, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, king of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

LYMOGES, duke of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELEANOR, mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, widow to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Partly in England, and partly in France.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*King John's palace : a room of state.*]

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELEANOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY [*and others*], with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

In my behaviour to the majesty,

The borrowed majesty, of England here.

El. A strange beginning: "borrowed majesty!"

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island and the territories,

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have.
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

El. What now, my son! have I not ever said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole

With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.

El. Your strong possession much more than your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me.
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff [*and whispers to Essex*].

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy

Come from the country to be judg'd by you
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.
—Our abbays and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE and PHILIP.

What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,

A soldier by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou? 85

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;

That is well known; and, as I think, one father; 90

But for the certain knowledge of that truth

I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother.

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

El. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother

And wound her honour with this diffidence. 95

Bast. I, madam? No, I have no reason for it.

That is my brother's plea and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out

At least from fair five hundred pounds a year.

Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land! 100

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land;

But once he slander'd me with bastardy.

But whe'er I be as true begot or no, 105

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my liege,—

Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both 110

And were our father, and this son like him,

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

El. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face; 115

The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, 120

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.

With half that face would he have all my land,—

A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd, 125

Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land.

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there with the Emperor 130

To treat of high affairs touching that time.

The advantage of his absence took the King.
And in the meantime sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak.
But truth is truth. Large lengths of seas and shores 135

Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death. 140

That this my mother's son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will. 145

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate.

Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;

Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 150

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have

kept
This calf bred from his cow from all the world;

In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's, 155

My brother might not claim him, nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes:
My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force 160

To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think.

El. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land, 165

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him;

And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 170

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,—
Would I might never stir from off this place!—

I would give it every foot to have this face; 175

I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

El. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France. 180

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 't is dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

El. Nay, I would have you go before me thither. 185

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun; Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest. 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great, Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land. Now blessed be the hour, by night or day, 165

When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

El. The very spirit of Plantagenet!

I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,

And have is have, however men do catch.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,

And I am I, howe'er I was begot. 175

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire. Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee! 180

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

"Good den, Sir Richard!" "God-a-mercy, fellow!" 185

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;

For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

'Tis too respective and too sociable

For your conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190

—And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth and catechise

My picked man of countries. "My dear sir,"

Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,

"I shall beseech you"—that is question

now; 195

And then comes answer like an Absey book.

"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, sir."

"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at

yours." 200

And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment,

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,

The Pyrenean and the river Po,

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society 205

And fits the mounting spirit like myself,

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smack of observation.

And so am I, whether I smack or no;

And not alone in habit and device, 210

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn; 215
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-ropes?
What woman-post is this? Hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! 't is my mother. How now, good lady! What brings you here to court so hastily? 220

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?

Where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? Old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man? 225

Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son. Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow! James, There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son.

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast. 235

Sir Robert could do well; marry, to confess,

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handiwork. Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg. 240

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.

What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder. 245

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope. Who was it, mother? 250

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make room for him in my husband's bed. 255

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly.

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force 265
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father ! 270

Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin. 275

Who says it was, he lies ; I say 't was not.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II]

SCENE [I. *France.*] *Before Angiers.*

Enter AUSTRIA [and forces, drums, etc., on one side : on the other] KING PHILIP of France [and his power] ; LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE [and attendants].

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave ; 5
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John. 10

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death

The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand, 15
But with a heart full of unstained love.

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss
As seal to this indenture of my love 20

That to my home I will no more return

Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides

And coops from other lands her islanders, 25
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king ; till then, fair boy, 30
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love !

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords 35

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work ! Our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline

To cull the plots of best advantages, 40

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood. 45

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ! Lo, upon thy wish, 50

Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd !

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;

We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege

And stir them up against a mightier task. 55

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I ;

His marches are expedient to this town, 60

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;

With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;

With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd ; 65

And all the unsettled humours of the land,

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery volunteers

With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits

Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er

Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and scath in Christendom. 75

The interruption of their churlish drums

Cuts off more circumstance. They are at hand,

[*Drum beats.*]

To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80

We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion.
Let them be welcome then; we are prepar'd.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELEANOR, BLANCH, the
BASTARD, PEMBROKE, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own; 85
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace. 90

England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king, 95

Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face.
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his; 100

This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of Time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right, 105

And this is Geoffrey's: in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France, 110

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy; 115

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

El. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

El. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true

As thine was to thy husband; and this boy 125
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners, being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot. 130
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

El. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you, 135

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.

Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass.

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back, 145

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference. 150

King John, this is the very sum of all:
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.

Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon. I do defy thee, France. 155

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

El. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace.

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

El. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps. 165

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'er she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170

Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you.

El. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,

Call not me slanderer! Thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights ¹⁷⁶
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's
son,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee.

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him, ¹⁸⁰

Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,

That he is not only plagued for her sin,

But God hath made her sin and her the plague

On this removed issue, plagued for her ¹⁸⁶

And with her plague; her sin his injury,

Her injury the beadle to her sin,

All punish'd in the person of this child,

And all for her. A plague upon her! ¹⁹⁰

El. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce

A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? A will! a
wicked will;

A woman's will; a cank'ered grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more
temperate. ¹⁹⁵

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers. Let us hear them speak

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. ²⁰⁰

Trumpet sounds. Enter a CITIZEN upon the
walls [attended].

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving sub-
jects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Ar-
thur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear
us first. ²⁰⁶

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamage.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, ²¹⁰

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French ²¹⁴

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

That as a waist doth girdle you about,

By the compulsion of their ordinance

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made ²²⁰

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

But on the sight of us your lawful king,

Who painfully with much expedient march

Have brought a countercheck before your
gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threat'ned
cheeks, ²²⁵

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;

And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls,

They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,

To make a faithless error in your ears; ²³⁰

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,

And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed,

Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to
us both. ²³⁵

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right

Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And king o'er him and all that he enjoys. ²⁴⁰

For this down-trodden equity, we tread

In warlike march these greens before your
town,

Being no further enemy to you

Than the constraint of hospitable zeal

In the relief of this oppressed child ²⁴⁵

Religiously provokes. Be pleased then

To pay that duty which you truly owe

To him that owes it, namely this young prince;

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up: ²⁵⁰

Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;

And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,

With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-
bruis'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again ²⁵⁵

Which here we came to spout against your
town,

And leave your children, wives, and you in
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,

'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls

Can hide you from our messengers of war, ²⁶⁰

Though all these English and their discipline

Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.

Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,

In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?

Or shall we give the signal to our rage ²⁶⁵

And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's
subjects.

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and
let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves
the King, ²⁷⁰

To him will we prove loyal. Till that time

Have we ramm'd up our gates against the
world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England
prove the King?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's
breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as
those—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim. 380

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right for both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence,

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet 385
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers!
To arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon,
and e'er since

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,

Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were
I at home, 390

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion
roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where
we'll set forth 395

In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the
field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our
right! [*Exeunt.*]

*Here after excursions, enter the HERALD OF
FRANCE, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates, 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,

Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground.
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies, 305

Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;

And victory, with little loss, doth play

Upon the dancing banners of the French,

Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,

To enter conquerors and to proclaim 310

Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells,

King John, your king and England's, doth ap-
proach,

Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-
bright, 315

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.

There stuck no plume in any English crest

That is removed by a staff of France.

Our colours do return in those same hands

That did display them when we first march'd
forth; 320

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come

Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,

Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

Open your gates and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might
behold, 325

From first to last, the onset and retire

Of both your armies, whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured.

Blood hath bought blood and blows have an-
swer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power
confronted power. 330

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest. While they weigh so
even,

We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Re-enter the two KINGS, with their powers, at sever-
eral doors.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood
to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on? 335

Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,

Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,

Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;

Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks,

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear, 345

Or add a royal number to the dead,

Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory
towers, 350

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with
steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;

And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,

In undetermin'd differences of kings. 355

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havoc! kings. Back to the stained field,

You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The other's peace. Till then, blows, blood, and
death! 360

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England, who's
your king?

Cit. The King of England, when we know
the King.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here, 365

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;

And till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,

Kings of our fear, until our fears, resolv'd, 370

Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers
flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point 375
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town. 380
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawld
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades, 385
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face and bloody point to point; 390
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy? 395

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the
ground, 405

Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you
assault?

K. John. We from the west will send de-
struction

Into this city's bosom. 410

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to
south,

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away! 415

Cit. Hear us, great kings! Vouchsafe a while
to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd
league,

Win you this city without stroke or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field. 420
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on with favour; we are bent
to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady
Blanch,

Is niece to England. Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid. 425

If lusty Love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous Love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If Love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;
If not complete of, say he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want, 435
If want it be not that she is not he.
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440

O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be,
kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them. 445
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this
match, 450

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion, no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay 455

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks
and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! 460

What cannoner begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France. 465
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

El. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470

Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper. Urge them while
their souls 475

Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majes-
ties 480

This friendly treaty of our threat'ned town?
K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
forward first

To speak unto this city. What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy
princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, "I love," 485
 Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;
 For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
 And all that we upon this side the sea,
 Except this city now by us besieg'd,
 Find liable to our crown and dignity, 490
 Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
 In titles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, blood,
 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? Look in
 the lady's face. 495

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,
 Becomes a sun and makes your son a
 shadow. 500

I do protest I never lov'd myself
 Till now infixed I beheld myself
 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her
 brow! 505

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
 Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,
 That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there
 should be

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is
 mine. 510

If he see aught in you that makes him like,
 That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will;
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love. 515

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
 your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate. 520

K. John. What say these young ones? What
 say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to
 do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin. Can
 you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from
 love; 525

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Tou-
 raine, Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530
 Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well. Young princes,
 close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well
 assur'd

That I did so when I was first assur'd. 535

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
 gates,

Let in that amity which you have made;
 For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently
 The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.
 Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540
 I know she is not, for this match made up
 Her presence would have interrupted much.
 Where is she and her son? Tell me, who
 knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your
 Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that
 we have made 545

Will give her sadness very little cure.
 Brother of England, how may we content
 This widow lady? In her right we came,
 Which we, God knows, have turn'd another
 way,

To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all; 550
 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bre-
 tagne

And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair
 town

We make him lord of. Call the Lady Con-
 stance;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair
 To our solemnity. I trust we shall, 555
 If not fill up the measure of her will,
 Yet in some measure satisfy her so
 That we shall stop her exclamation.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp. 560

[*Exeunt [all but the Bastard].*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad com-
 position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part;
 And France, whose armour conscience buckled
 on,

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field 565
 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly
 devil,

That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
 maids, 570

Who, having no external thing to lose
 But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid of
 that,

That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Com-
 modity,

Commodity, the bias of the world, —
 The world, who of itself is peised well, 575

Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent; 580
 And this same bias, this Commodity,

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aim,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war 585

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.

And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm; ⁶⁰⁰
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
 And say there is no sin but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be ⁵⁹⁵
 To say there is no vice but beggary.
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

[Exit.]

ACT [III]

[SCENE I. *The French King's pavilion.*]

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! Gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard.

Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again. ⁵

It cannot be; thou dost but say 't is so.

I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man.

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary. ¹⁰

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of fears,

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,

A woman, naturally born to fears; ¹⁵

And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? ²⁰

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale, ²⁵

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die, ³⁰

And let belief and life encounter so

As doth the fury of two desperate men

Which in the very meeting fall and die.

Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?

France friend with England, what becomes of me? ³⁵

Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight.

This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is ⁴⁰

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou that bid'st me be content wert grim,

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains, ⁴⁵

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,

I would not care, I then would be content;

For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou

Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown. ⁵⁰

But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,

Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.

Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast

And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee; ⁵⁵

She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;

And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,

And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, ⁶⁰

That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!

Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?

Envenom him with words, or get thee gone

And leave those woes alone which I alone

Am bound to under-bear.

Sal.

Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings. ⁶⁵

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt; I will not go with thee.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;

For Grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

To me and to the state of my great grief ⁷⁰

Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great

That no supporter but the huge firm earth

Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Sits herself on the ground.*]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELEANOR, the BASTARD, AUSTRIA [*and Attendants*].

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day ⁷⁵

Ever in France shall be kept festival.

To solemnize this day the glorious sun

Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,

Turning with splendour of his precious eye

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold. ⁸⁰

The yearly course that brings this day about

Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day!

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? What hath it done,

That it in golden letters should be set Among the high tides in the calendar? ⁸⁵

Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,

This day of shame, oppression, perjury.

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child

Pray that their burdens may not fall this day, ⁹⁰

Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd ;
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck ;
No bargains break that are not this day made.
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change ! 155

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd
and tried, 100

Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn !
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace, 105
And our oppression hath made up this league.
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunset, 110
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace !

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! Peace is to me
a war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch,
thou coward ! 115

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !

Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by

To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too, 120
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend 125
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?

Thou wear a lion's hide ! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those
words to me ! 130

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the
Pope. 135

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !

To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here, 140
Do in his name religiously demand

Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn ; and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?

This, in our foresaid Holy Father's name, 145
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthy name to interrotories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name

So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous, 150
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.

Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of
England

Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;

But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head, 155
So under Him that great supremacy,

Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.

So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority. 160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of
Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;

And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust, 165
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man

Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
Though you and all the rest so grossly led

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170

Against the Pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I
have,

Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate ;
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic ; 175
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !

Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen 181
To my keen curses ; for without my wrong

There is no tongue hath power to curse him
right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for
my curse.

Const. And for mine too. When law can do
no right, 185

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,

For he that holds his kingdom holds the law ;
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,

How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ? 190
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,

Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,

Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

El. Look'st thou pale, France ? Do not let
go thy hand. 195

Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France
repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs, 200

Because —

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, 205
Or the light loss of England for a friend.
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That 's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! The devil tempts thee here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith, 210

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up; 215

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The King is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout. 220

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself. 225

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows.

The latest breath that gave the sound of words 230

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands

To clap this royal bargain up of peace, 235
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-

stain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? So jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling Peace to march a bloody host, 245

And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true Sincerity? O, holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace devise, ordain, impose 250

Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore to arms! Be champion of our Church,
Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her

curse, 255

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the

tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 260
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost

hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my

faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to

faith;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven per-

form'd, 265
That is, to be the champion of our Church!

What since thou swor'st is sworn against thy-

self
And may not be performed by thyself,

For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270
Is most amiss when it is truly done,

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect, 275

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools

fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept;
But thou hast sworn against religion, 280

By what thou swear'st against the thing thou

swear'st,
And makest an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;

Else what a mockery should it be to swear! 285
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost

swear.
Therefore thy later vows against thy first

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make 290

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions;

Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

The peril of our curses light on thee 295
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,

But in despair die under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married? 301
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me! Ay, alack, how new 305
Is husband in my mouth! Even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven!

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds, 315

His honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need, England, I will fall from thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

El. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,

Is it as he will? Well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood; fair day, adieu! 326

Which is the side that I must go withal?

I am with both; each army hath a hand;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me. 330

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose; 335

Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [*Exit Bastard.*] 341

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy. 346

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To arrais let's hie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The same. Plains near Angiers.*]

Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with Austria's head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot.

Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

While Philip breathes.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up. 3

My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;

Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.

But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. 10

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELEANOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. [*To Eleanor.*] So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind

So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur.*] Cousin, look not sad.

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief! 5

K. John. [*To the Bastard.*] Cousin, away for England! haste before;

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

Set at liberty. The fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon. 10

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your Highness. Grandam, I will pray,

If ever I remember to be holy, 15

For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.

El. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]

El. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much! Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor, 21

And with advantage means to pay thy love;

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, 25

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet, 30

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so
 slow,
 Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
 I had a thing to say, but let it go.
 The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world, 35
 Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound on into the drowsy ear of night, —
 If this same were a churchyard where we
 stand, 40

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy, thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment, 45
 A passion hateful to my purposes,
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of
 words;

Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
 But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me
 well. 55

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my
 friend, 60

He is a very serpent in my way;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your Majesty.

K. John. Death. 65

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.

Remember. Madam, fare you well.

I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty. 70

El. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. *The same. The French king's
 tent.*]

*Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and
 Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the
 flood,

A whole armada of convicted sail
 Is scattered and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet
 go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have
 run so ill? 5

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur ta'en prisoner? Divers dear friends
 slain?

And bloody England into England gone,
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he forti-
 fied. 10

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
 Doth want example. Who hath read or heard
 Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had
 this praise, 15

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,

In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me. 20

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
 peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
 Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress, 25

Death, death. O amiable lovely death!

Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperity,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones

And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows. 30

And ring these fingers with thy household
 worms

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust

And be a carrion monster like thyself.

Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st

And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love, 35

O, come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to
 cry.

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's
 mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;

And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy 40

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not
 sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;

I am not mad. This hair I tear is mine; 45

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!

For then, 't is like I should forget myself.

O, if I could, what grief should I forget! 50

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;

For being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes, 55

And teaches me to kill or hang myself.

If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will
I do it?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud, 70
"O that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say 75
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven.

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male
child,

To him that did but yesterday aspire, 80
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again, 85
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of
grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your
child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words, 95
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?
Fare you well! Had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do. 100
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! 105

[Exit.]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
her.

[Exit.]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
me joy.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
taste, 110
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil. 115
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most
good,

She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye. 120
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath
lost

In this which he accounts so clearly won.

Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your
blood. 125

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore
mark. 130

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's
veins,

The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand 135
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
fall:

So be it; for it cannot be but so. 140

Lew. But what shall I gain by young
Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch
your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this
old world! 145

John lays you plots; the times conspire with
you;

For he that steeps his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts
Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no customary event, 155
But they will pluck away his natural cause
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's
life, 160

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your
approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him, 165
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,

And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly all on foot ;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you 170
Than I have nam'd ! The bastard Faulcon-
bridge

Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending charity. If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side, 175
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King. 'T is wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence. 180
For England go ; I will whet on the King.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions ;
let us go.

If you say ay, the King will not say no.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A room in a castle.]

Enter HUBERT and EXECUTIONERS.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou
stand

Within the arras. When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful. Hence, and
watch. 5

I. Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out
the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you.
Look to 't. [*Exeunt Executioners.*]
Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title

To be more prince, as may be. You are sad. 11

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !
Methinks nobody should be sad but I.

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night, 15
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long ;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me. 20
He is afraid of me and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?

No, indeed, is 't not ; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his
innocent prate 25

He will awake my mercy which lies dead ;

Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? You look pale
to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,

That I might sit all night and watch with you.

I warrant I love you more than you do me. 31

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession
of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*]

[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum !
Turning dispiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop 35

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it ? Is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your
head did but ache, 41

I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

And like the watchful minutes to the hour, 45

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,

Saying, " What lack you ? " and " Where lies
your grief ? "

Or " What good love may I perform for you ? "

Many a poor man's son would have lien still 50

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think my love was crafty love

And call it cunning. Do, an if you will ;

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine
eyes, 55

These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would
do it ! 60

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears,

And quench his fiery indignation

Even in the matter of mine innocence ;

Nay, after that, consume away in rust, 65

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd
iron ?

An if an angel should have come to me

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him, — no tongue
but Hubert's. 70

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*]

[*Re-enter EXECUTIONERS, with a cord, irons, etc.*]

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! My
eyes are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
here. 75

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-
rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ; 80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive
you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with
him.

1. Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a
deed. [Exeunt Executioners.]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my
friend!

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous
there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of
tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not,
Hubert;

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with
grief,

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes. See else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it,
boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it
blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Hubert.

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;

And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch
thine eye

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this
while

You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace; no more. Adieu.

Your enemy must not know but you are dead.

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more. Go closely in with
me.

Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [King John's palace.]

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This "once again," but that your
Highness pleas'd,

Was once superfluous. You were crown'd be-
fore,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue

Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,

Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face

Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,

It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,

Makes sound opinion sick, and truth sus-
pected

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better
than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach

Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new
crown'd,

We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your
Highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all and every part of what we would

Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double cor-
onation

I have possess'd you with, and think them
strong;

And more, more strong, when lesser is my
fear,

I shall indue you with. Meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not
well,

And well shall you perceive how willingly ⁴⁵
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I—as one that am the tongue
of these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them ⁵⁰
Bend their best studies, — heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose re-
straint

Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:

If what in rest you have in right you hold, ⁵⁵
Why then your fears, which, as they say, at-
tend

The steps of wrong, should move you to mew
up

Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise. ⁶⁰

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depend-
ing, ⁶⁵

Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his
youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with
you? *[Taking him apart.]*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody
deed;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine. ⁷⁰
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do. ⁷⁵

Sal. The colour of the King doth come
and go

Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence ⁸⁰

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand.

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us Arthur is deceas'd to-night. ⁸⁵

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death
he was

Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn
brows on me? ⁹⁰

Think you I bear the shears of Destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 't is
shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell. ⁹⁵

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with
thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

'That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the
while! ¹⁰⁰

This must not be thus borne. This will break
out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.
[Exeunt [Lords].]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent.

Enter a MESSENGER.

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death. ¹⁰⁵

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in
France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such
a power ¹¹⁰

For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,

The tidings comes that they are all arriv'd. ¹¹⁵

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's
care,

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died ¹²⁰

Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died

Three days before; but this from Rumour's
tongue

I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occa-
sion! ¹²⁵

O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!

How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France ¹³⁰

That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the
world

To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full. ¹³⁵

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was
amaz'd

Under the tide; but now I breathe again

Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-
men,

The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams, 145
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I
found

With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding
rhymes, 150

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore
didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison
him; 155

And on that day at noon, whereof he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.

[*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths
are full of it. 161

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-unkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night 165
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again.
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better
foot before. 170

O, let me have no subject enemies
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again. 175

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble
gentleman.

Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.
[*Exit.*] 181

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen
to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons!

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously. 186
Young Arthur's death is common in their
mouths;

And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads

And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's
wrist, 190

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool, 194
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent. 200
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me
with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murd'red him. I had a mighty
cause 205

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill
him.

Hub. No had, my lord! Why, did you not
provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be at-
tended

By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life, 210
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it
frowns

More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I
did. 215

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd, 221

Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy, 225

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, — 230
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or
made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off, 235

And those thy fears might have wrought fears
in me.

But thou didst understand me by my signs

And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
 name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers ;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, 246
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine 251
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never ent'red yet
 The dreadful notion of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form, 256
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee
 to the peers, 260

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood 265
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Before the castle.*]

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap
 down.

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not !
 There's few or none do know me ; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me
 quite.

I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it. 5
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away.
 As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*]

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
 bones ! 10

[*Dies.*]

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Ed-
 mundsbury.

It is our safety, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the
 Cardinal ?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of
 France ; 15

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
 Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him
 then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward ; for 't will
 be
 Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we
 meet. 20

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distem-
 per'd lords !

The King by me requests your presence
 straight.

Sal. The King hath dispossess'd himself
 of us.

We will not line his thin bestained cloak
 With our pure honours, nor attend the foot 25
 That leaves the print of blood where'er it
 walks.

Return and tell him so. We know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I
 think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, rea-
 son now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your
 grief ; 30
 Therefore 't were reason you had manners
 now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'T is true, to hurt his master, no man
 else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies
 here ? [*Seeing Arthur.*]

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
 princely beauty ! 35

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath
 done,

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to
 a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have
 you beheld,

Or have you read or heard, or could you think ?
 Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see ? Could thought, without this
 object,

Form such another ? This is the very top, 45
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
 Of murder's arms. This is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-ey'd wrath or staring rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in
 this ;

And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,

To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;
 And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, 55

Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ! 60

We had a kind of light what would ensue.
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,

The practice and the purpose of the King ;
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,

Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, 65

And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness, 70
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.

Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you. 75

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.

Ayaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? 80
[Drawing his sword.]

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 85

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence,

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget 85
Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks 90
false,

Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulcon-bridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salis- 95
bury.

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from 100
hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-bridge?

Second a villain and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well.
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep 105
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence. 110

Away with me, all you whose souls abhor

The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pem. There, tell the King, he may inquire us out. [Exeunt Lords. 115

Bast. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what; 120
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair; 125
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself, 130

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath 135
Which was embowd in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way 140
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm

Is fled to heaven; and England now is left 145
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth
The unwed interest of proud-swelling state.

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarlleth in the gentle eyes of peace. 150

Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,

The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can 155
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,

And follow me with speed. I'll to the King.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt.]

ACT [V]

SCENE I. [King John's palace.]

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory. [Giving the crown.]

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word. Go
meet the French,
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemp'red humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minist'ed,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet

Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out

But Dover castle. London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again

After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the streets,

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.

But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatener and outface the brow

Of bragging Horror; so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away, and glisten like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field.

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?

O, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce

To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cock'ed silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms.

Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! Yet, I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. [*The Dauphin's camp at Saint Edmundsbury.*]

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.

Return the precedent to these lords again,
That, having our fair order written down,

Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament

And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear

A voluntary zeal and an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings, yet believe me, Prince,

I am not glad that such a sort of time
Should seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,

And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,

That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there

Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!

But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,

We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

And is 't not pity, O my griev'd friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,

Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march

Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks—I must withdraw and

weep

Upon the spot of this enforced cause — 30
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldst re-
move!

That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy-
self, 35

And grapple thee unto a pagan shore,
Where these two Christian armies might com-
bine

The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom 41
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.

O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew. 45

That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;

But this effusion of such manly drops, 49
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,

And with a great heart heave away the storm.
Commend these waters to those baby eyes 55
That never saw the giant world enrag'd,

Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as 60
deep

Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Lewis himself; so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake.
Look, where the holy legate comes apace, 65
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,

And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this, King John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in, 70
That so stood out against the Holy Church,

The great metropolis and see of Rome;
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,

That, like a lion fostered up at hand, 75
It may lie gently at the foot of Peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not
back.

I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control, 80
Or useful serving-man and instrument

To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of
wars

Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this
fire; 85

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out

With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart; 90
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back 95
Because that John hath made his peace with
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I 100
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,

And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out

"Vive le roi!" as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the
game, 105

To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this
work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return 110
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promised

Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest and to win renown 115
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the
world,

Let me have audience. I am sent to speak,
My holy lord of Milan, from the King. 120
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;

And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties. 125
He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury
breath'd,

The youth says well. Now hear our English
King,

For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should. 130
This apish and unmannerly approach,

This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
This unhar'd sauciness and boyish troops,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy
arms, 135

From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,
To dive like buckets in concealed wells,

To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140

To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman; 145
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know the gallant monarch is in arms
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his
nest. 150

And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Nereos, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;
For your own ladies and pale-visag'd maids
Like Amazons come tripping after drums, 155
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee
well! 160

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.
Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here. 165

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine, 170
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at
hand,

Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than
need, 175

Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd Death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this dan-
ger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do
not doubt. [Exeunt. 180]

SCENE III. [The field of battle.]

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O,
tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your Maj-
esty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me
so long,
Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faul-
conbridge, 5
Desires your Majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great
supply

That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin
Sands.

This news was brought to Richard but even
now.

The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me! this tyrant fever burns
me up,

And will not let me welcome this good news, 15
Set on toward Swinstead. To my litter straight.
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [Another part of the field.]

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the King so stor'd with
frends.

Pem. Up once again! Put spirit in the
French.

If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. 5

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath
left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England
here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other
names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought
and sold! 10

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John and fall before his feet;

For if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take 15

By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he
sworn

And I with him, and many moe with me,

Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;

Even on that altar where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love. 20

Sal. May this be possible? May this be
true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my
view,

Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire? 25

What in the world should make me now de-
ceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false, since it is true

That I must die here and live hence by truth? 30

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,

He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east;

But even this night, whose black contagious
breath

Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, 32
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of rated treachery
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert with your king. 40
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this;
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field, 45
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee; and beshrew my soul

But I do love the favour and the form 50
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd, 55

And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight; 60

And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt (leading off Melun).*]

SCENE V. [*The French camp.*]

Enter LEWIS and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,
But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off, 5
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tott'ring colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here: what news?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords 10

By his persuasion are again fallen off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night 15
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night. 20

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.*]

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! Speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Bast. Why may not I demand of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine? 25
Hubert, I think?

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought.
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt; and if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think 30
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night

Have done me shamé. Brave soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear. 35

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,

To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,

Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible. 40
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news.

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk.

I left him almost speechless; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time 45
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The King 50
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not the lords are all come back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them, 55

And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,

Passing these flats, are taken by the tide ; 40
 These Lincoln Washes have devoured them ;
 Myself, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
 Away before ; conduct me to the King.
 I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII. *[The orchard at Swinstead Abbey.]*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late. The life of all his blood
 Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
 Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
 Doth by the idle comments that it makes
 Foretell the ending of mortality. 5

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
 That, being brought into the open air,
 It would allay the burning quality
 Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. 10
 Doth he still rage ? *[Exit Attendants.]*

Pem. He is more patient
 Than when you left him ; even now he sung.
P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes

In their continuance will not feel themselves.
 Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
 Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now 15
 Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies,
 Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
 Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death
 should sing. 20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
 And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince ; for you
 are born 25
 To set a form upon that indigest
 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

KING JOHN is brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room ;
 It would not out at windows nor at doors.
 There is so hot a summer in my bosom, 30
 That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
 I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
 Upon a parchment, and against this fire
 Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your Majesty ?
K. John. Poison'd, — ill fare — dead, forsook,
 cast off ; 35

And none of you will bid the Winter come
 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the
 north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips

And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you
 much, 41
 I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait
 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in
 my tears,
 That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
 Within me is a hell, and there the poison 46
 Is as a fiend confin'd to tyrannize
 On unreprieveable condemn'd blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent mo-
 tion
 And spleen of speed to see your Majesty ! 50

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
 eye.
 The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
 And all the shrouds wherewith my life should
 sail.

Are turned to one thread, one little hair.
 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by, 55
 Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
 And then all this thou seest is but a clod
 And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
 Where Heaven He knows how we shall answer
 him ; 60

For in a night the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the Washes all unwarily
 Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[The king dies.]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
 an ear. 65

My liege ! my lord ! But now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
 stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what
 stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay ?
Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay be-
 hind 70

To do the office for thee of revenge,
 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
 Now, now, you stars that move in your right
 spheres,

Where be your powers ? Show now your
 mended faiths, 75

And instantly return with me again,
 To push destruction and perpetual shame
 Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
 Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
 sought ;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much
 as we.

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
 Who half an hour since came from the Dau-
 phin,

And brings from him such offers of our peace
 As we with honour and respect may take, 85
 With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
 Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already ;
 For many carriages he hath despatch'd ⁹⁰
 To the sea-side, and put his cause and quar-
 rel

To the disposing of the Cardinal ;
 With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
 If you think meet, this afternoon will post
 To consummate this business happily. ⁹⁵

Bast. Let it be so ; and you, my noble
 prince,

With other princes that may best be spar'd,
 Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be in-
 terr'd ;

For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then ; ¹⁰⁰

And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land !

To whom, with all submission, on my knee

I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly. ¹⁰⁵

Sal. And the like tender of our love we
 make,

To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give
 you thanks

And knows not how to do it but with tears. ¹⁰⁹

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again, ¹¹⁵

Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them. Nought shall make

us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Exeunt.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD THE SECOND

RICHARD II was first published in an anonymous quarto in 1597. A second quarto, printed from the first, but with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, appeared in 1598. Neither of these editions contained the abdication scene (iv. i. 154-318), which is supposed to have been suppressed owing to Queen Elizabeth's sensitiveness on such subjects, but it appears in the Third Quarto (1608), and is found in all the later editions. The Fourth Quarto, printed from the third, as the third was from the second, is dated 1615, and was the main source of the text of the First Folio. But in addition to some corrections, alterations, and omissions for acting purposes, the First Folio has been thought to show that its editors had access to a manuscript of the abdication scene from which they amended the imperfect text of that part of the Fourth Quarto. Thus for the main part of the play the best authority is the First Quarto; for the abdication scene, the First Folio; and on these the present text is accordingly based.

Apart from the date of publication we have only internal evidence as to date of production. The subject may have been suggested by Marlowe's *Edward II*; but the style shows a marked departure from the Marlowesque rhetoric of *Richard III*, and takes it out of the period when Shakespeare was most under the influence of his great predecessor. Taking into consideration the frequency of rime on the one hand, and the absence of prose on the other, we may conclude that the drama was composed within a year of 1594.

The main source of the action is Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, supplemented by Stowe's *Annals*, but the chief interest lies in those elements that are due to the dramatist's imagination. The parts played and the speeches uttered by the female characters are entirely Shakespeare's. Historically, the Queen was only eleven years old at the date of her husband's deposition; and the Duchess of York was only the stepmother of Aumerle. The scene at the deathbed of John of Gaunt is represented in the chronicle by the bare statement of the fact of his death; and there is no hint of the great speech on the glory of England. This speech, with others, such as the closing lines of *King John*, point to the inference that Shakespeare deliberately used the opportunity given in the historical plays to appeal to the patriotic enthusiasm of his contemporaries.

But the greatest achievement in the play is in the creation, or interpretation, of the character of Richard himself. The chronicle supplied the outline of his action, but little characterization beyond charges of self-indulgence and subjection to unworthy favorites. Richard's love of the spectacular and his enjoyment of his own emotions even of misery and despair, along with his tendency to substitute fluent and poetical utterance for action, are all the conception of the dramatist. The resignation of the crown actually took place in the presence of a few lords in Richard's chamber in the Tower, so that the amazing exhibition of sentimental vanity in the abdication scene is purely Shakespearean. The hints of the character of Bolingbroke are also mainly invented. Holinshed speaks of his popularity, but gives nothing of such causes of it as are indicated in the description of his courtship of the common people in i. iv. Throughout, even when the details of the episode are borrowed from the chronicle, as in the conspiracy in which Aumerle is involved, the speeches are purely imaginary, hardly any hint of the diction being derived from the sources.

It is at least probable that this was the "play of the deposing of Richard II" which Essex and his associates procured to be performed in the streets of London on the eve of his attempted revolt in 1601. It is clear that it is not the *Richard II* seen by Forman at the Globe in 1611, since that play dealt chiefly with the earlier events of Richard's reign.

The spellings "Bullingbroke," "Herford," "Barkly," "Callice," and "Cotshall" or "Colts-hold" (Cotswold) in the old copies, indicate the Elizabethan pronunciation of these names.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE SECOND

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD II.
JOHN OF GAUNT, duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, duke of York, } King.
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, duke of Hereford, son
to John of Gaunt; afterwards KING HENRY IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the duke of York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
LORD BERKELEY.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } servants to King Richard.
GREEN, }
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.

LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
LORD MARSHAL.
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.
Captain of a band of Welshmen.
Two Gardeners.

QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.
Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. King Richard's palace.*]

Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, with
other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured
Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou
sounded him

If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that
argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him
Aim'd at your Highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*] Face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will
hear

The accuser and the accused freely speak.
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY [with
Attendants].

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness,
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my
speech!

In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellat to this princely presence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword
may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my
zeal.

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your Highness
curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him; 60
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain;
 Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable 65
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Meantime let this defend my loyalty:
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
 my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the King, 70
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to ex-
 cept.

If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else, 75
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mow. I take it up; and by that sword I
 swear,

Which gently laid my knighthood on my
 shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree, 80
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
 bray's charge?

It must be great that can inherit us 85
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall
 prove it true:

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand
 nobles

In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-
 ments, 90

Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,
 Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
 That ever was surveyed by English eye,
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years 95
 Complotted and contrived in this land
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
 spring.

Further I say, and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life to make all this good,
 That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's
 death, 100

Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
 And consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams
 of blood;

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me for justice and rough chastisement; 105
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution
 soars!

Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his
 face 111

And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood
 How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes
 and ears. 115

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 As he is but my father's brother's son,
 Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120
 The unstopping firmness of my upright soul.
 He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou.
 Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
 heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
 liest. 125

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
 Disburs'd I duly to his Highness' soldiers;
 The other part reserv'd I by consent,
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt
 Upon remainder of a dear account, 130
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
 Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's
 death

I slew him not; but to my own disgrace
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
 For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster, 135
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;

But ere I last receiv'd the sacrament
 I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140
 Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault. As for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor;

Which in myself I boldly will defend; 145
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman

Even in the best blood chamber'd in his
 bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150
 Your Highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd
 by me;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood.

This we prescribe, though no physician; 155
 Deep malice makes too deep incision.
 Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your
 son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my
 age. 160
 Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's
 gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
Gaunt. When, Harry, when!
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid;
 there is no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at
 thy foot; 165

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.

The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffl'd here, ¹⁷⁰
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd

spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-
blood

Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood ;
Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots. Take
but my shame, ¹⁷⁵

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest ¹⁸⁰
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die. ¹⁸⁵

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage. Do
you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such
deep sin !

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight,
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height ¹⁹⁰
Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face. ¹⁹⁵ [*Exit Gaunt.*]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to
command ;

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate. ²⁰¹
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.

Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home alarms. ²⁰⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*London. The Duke of Lancaster's
palace.*]

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT with the DUCHESS OF
GLOUCESTER.*

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's
blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life !
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct, ⁵
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven ;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur ?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ? ¹⁰
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root.
Some of those seven are dried by nature's
course,

Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ; ¹⁵
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
faded, ²⁰

By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! That bed,
that womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd
thee

Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death, ²⁵
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair.
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaught'rd,

Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life, ³¹
Teaching stern Murder how to butcher thee.

That which in mean men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say ? To safeguard thine own
life, ³⁵

The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel ; for God's sub-
stitute,

His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caus'd his death ; the which if wrong-
fully,

Let Heaven revenge ; for I may never lift ⁴⁰
An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain my-
self ?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and
defence.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old
Gaunt !

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold ⁴⁵
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.

O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's
spear,

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom, ⁵⁰
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A catiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !

Farewell, old Gaunt ! Thy sometimes brother's
wife

With her companion grief must end her life. ⁵⁵
Gaunt. Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry.

As much good stay with thee as go with me !
Duch. Yet one word more ; grief boundeth
where it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight.
I take my leave before I have begun, ⁶⁰

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all : — nay, yet depart not so ;
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
 I shall remember more. Bid him — ah, what ? —
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me. ⁶⁸
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
 And what hear there for welcome but my
 groans ? ⁷⁰
 Therefore commend me ; let him not come
 there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die.
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [The lists at Coventry.]

Enter the LORD MARSHAL and the DUKE OF
 AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
 arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter
 in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
 bold,
 Stays but the summons of the appellant's
 trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are pre-
 par'd, and stay ⁵

For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

The trumpets sound, and the KING enters with
 his nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN,
 and others. When they are set, enter MOW-
 BRAY in arms, defendant, with a HERALD.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder cham-
 pion

The cause of his arrival here in arms.

Ask him his name, and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause. ¹⁰

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say
 who thou art

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in
 arms,

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy
 quarrel.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;
 And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour ! ¹⁵

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke
 of Norfolk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath —

Which God defend a knight should violate ! —
 Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my King, and my succeeding issue, ²⁰
 Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me ;

And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
 To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my King, and me :

And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven ! ²⁵

The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, ap-
 pellant, in armour, with a HERALD.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in
 arms,

Both who he is and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war,

And formally, according to our law,
 Depose him in the justice of his cause. ³⁰

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore
 com'st thou hither,

Before King Richard in his royal lists ?

Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy
 quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee
 Heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
 Derby ³⁵

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
 To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
 In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
 That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
 To God of heaven, King Richard, and to
 me ; ⁴⁰

And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
 Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
 Except the Marshal and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs. ⁴⁵

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sov-
 ereign's hand,

And bow my knee before his Majesty ;
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave ⁵⁰
 And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your
 Highness,

And craves to kiss your hand and take his
 leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in
 our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right, ⁵⁵
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !

Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear. ⁶⁰

As confident as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;
 Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;

Not sick, although I have to do with death, ⁶⁵
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
 The daintiest last, to make the end most

sweet :

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, ⁷⁰

Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat, ⁷⁵
 And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,

Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee
 prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, ⁸⁰

Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant, and
 live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive!

Mow. However God or Fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,

A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 90
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years.
As gentle and as jocund as to jest 95
Go I to fight; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby, 100

Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry
amen.

Mar. [To an officer.] Go bear this lance to
Thomas, Marshal of Norfolk.

1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and him-
self, 105

On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mow-
bray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2. *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
Courageously and with a free desire 115
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward,
combatants. [A charge sounded.
Stay! The King hath thrown his warder
down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and
their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again. 120
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound
While we return these dukes what we decree.
[A long flourish.

Draw near
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be
soil'd 125

With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
sword;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 130
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's
cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

Which, so rous'd up with boist'rous untun'd
drums,
With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful
bray, 135

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's
blood;

Therefore, we banish you our territories.
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my
comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on
me; 145

And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The sly, slow hours shall not determinate 150
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of "never to return"
Breathes I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness'
mouth. 155

A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo; 160
And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony. 165
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse, 170
Too far in years to be a pupil now.
What is thy sentence then but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassion-
ate.

After our sentence plaining comes too late. 175

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my coun-
try's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath
with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God — 180
Our part therein we banish with yourselves —
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, so help you truth and God!
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face; 185
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This louting tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear. 191

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—

By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wand'ring in the air, 195

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land;

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul. 200

Mow. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were
traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from heaven banish'd as from hence!

But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;

And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue. 205

Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray;

Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
eyes

I see thy griev'd heart. Thy sad aspect

Hath from the number of his banish'd years 210

Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen

winters spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
word!

Four lagging winters and four wanton springs

End in a word: such is the breath of kings. 215

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of
me

He shortens four years of my son's exile;

But little vantage shall I reap thereby,

For, ere the six years that he hath to spend

Can change their moons and bring their times
about, 220

My oil-dri'd lamp and time-bewasted light

Shall be extinct with age and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years
to live. 225

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou
canst give.

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sor-
row,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a
morrow.

Thou canst help Time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage. 230

Thy word is current with him for my death,

But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good ad-
vice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave.

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in diges-
tion sour. 235

You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather

You would have bid me argue like a father.

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more
mild. 240

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Alas, I look'd when some of you should say

I was too strict to make mine own away;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue 245

Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell; and, uncle, bid

him so.

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish. Exit King Richard*

and train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell! What presence must
not know,

From where you do remain let paper show. 250

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will
ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard
thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of
you, 255

When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a
time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that
time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? They are
quickly gone. 260

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes
one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for
pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall
it so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary
steps 265

Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I
make

Will but remember me what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love. 270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages, and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven
visits 275

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the King did banish thee,

But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier
sit 280

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour

And not the King exil'd thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

And thou art flying to a fresher clime. 285

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou
com'st.

Suppose the singing birds musicians,

The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence
strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance ; 391
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ? 395
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
O, no ! the apprehension of the good 300
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
on thy way ;
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ;
sweet soil, adieu ; 305
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The Court.*]

Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN at one door ; and the DUKE OF AUMERLE at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,

But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears
were shed ? 5

Aum. Faith, none for me ; except the north-east wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you
parted with him ? 10

Aum. "Farewell !"
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me
craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's
grave. 15

Marry, would the word "farewell" have
length'n'd hours

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells ;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 't is
doubt, 20

When time shall call him home from banish-
ment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, [Bagot here and Green]
Observ'd his courtship to the common people ;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts 25

With humble and familiar courtesy,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
Woofing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 't were to banish their affects with him. 30
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
friends,"

As were our England in reversion his, 35
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go
these thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means 40
For their advantage and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this
war ;

And, for our coffers, with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm ; 45
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank char-
ters ;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are
rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of
gold 50

And send them after to supply our wants ;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

[Bushy, what news ?]

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
my lord,

Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste 55
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's
mind

To help him to his grave immediately ! 60
The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.

Pray God we may make haste, and come too
late !

[*All.*] Amen.

[*Exeunt.* 65]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*London. Ely House.*]

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT, sick, with the DUKE OF
YORK, etc.*

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may
breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth ?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
your breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying
men 5

Enforce attention like deep harmony.
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent
in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their
words in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught
to glose. 10

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives
before.

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long
past.

Though Richard my life's counsel would not
hear, 15

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering
sounds,

As praises, of whose taste the wise are found,
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen; 20
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy, apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity —
So it be new, there's no respect how vile — 25

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt
thou lose. 30

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new in-
spir'd

And thus expiring do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short; 35

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scept'red isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, 41

This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world, 45

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands,

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England, 50

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their
birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,

As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry, 55
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son,

This land of such dear souls, this dear dear
land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,

Like to a tenement or pelting farm. 60
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer
others, 65

Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

*Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN, AUMERLE,
BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WIL-
LOUGHBY.*

York. The King is come. Deal mildly with
his youth;

For young hot colts being rag'd do rage the
more. 70

Queen. How fares our noble uncle Lancaster?
K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't

with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my compo-
sition!

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old.
Within me Grief hath kept a tedious fast; 75

And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon, 78

Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt.

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with
their names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock
itself. 85

Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with
those that live?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that
die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou
flatter'st me. 90

Gaunt. O, no! thou diest, though I the
sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see
thee ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I see
thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land 95

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy
shame, 105

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease; 110

But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king.
Thy state of law is bonds slave to the law,
And thou —

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool, 115
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, 120
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent
shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son. 125
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy
souls!

May be a precedent and witness good 130
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's
blood.

Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be! 135
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave;
Love they to live that love and honour have.

[*Exit [borne off by his Attendants].*]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and
sullens have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beseech your Majesty, impute
his words 141

To wayward sickness and age in him.
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true. As Hereford's
love, so his; 145
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him
to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
so! 151

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so
doth he;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars. 155
We must supplant those rough-rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah,
how long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banish-
ment, 165

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. 170
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was
first.

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentle-
man. 175

His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was against the French
And not against his friends. His noble hand
Did win what he did spend and spent not
that 180

Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between. 185

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?
York. O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
The royalties and rights of banish'd Here-
ford? 190

Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
Time 195

His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God — God forbid I say true! — 200
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys general to sue
His livery, and deny his off'red homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head, 205
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
And prick my tender patience to those
thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into
our hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his
lands. 210

York. I'll not be by the while. My liege,
farewell!

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wilt-
shire straight. 215

Bid him repair to us to Ely House

To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England; 220
For he is just and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our queen; to-morrow must we part.
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish. Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, and Bagot.*]

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke. 225

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.
North. Richly in both, if Justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence.

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more 230

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him; 235

Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land. 240

The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs. 245

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts; the nobles hath he fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what. 250

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows.

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars. 255

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burdenous taxations notwithstanding, 260

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, 265
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

And unavoids is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death 270

I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland.

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so, 275
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus: I have from Le Port Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord

Cobham,
[The son and heir of the Earl of Arundel,] 280

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and

Francis Coines,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bre- 285

tagne

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland. 290

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself, 295

Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exeunt. 300

SCENE II. [Windsor Castle.]

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad.

You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness

And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the King I did; to please myself 305

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard. Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, 10
Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
With nothing trembles. At something it
grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath
twenty shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so; 15
For sorrow's eyes, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion, ey'd awry
Distinguish form; so your sweet Majesty, 20
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to
wail;

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not.
More 's not seen; 25

Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad 30
As, though on thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and
shrink.

Bushy. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still de-
riv'd

From some forefather grief; mine is not so, 35
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.
'T is in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what,
I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot. 40

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your Majesty! and well met,
gentlemen.

I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'T is better
hope he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope.
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not
shipp'd? 45

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd 50
At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah, madam, 't is too true; and, that
is worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his son young
Henry Percy,

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to 55
him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd North-
umberland

And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have; whereupon the Earl of
Worcester

Hath broken his staff, resign'd his steward-
ship,

And all the household servants fled with him 60
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to
my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir.

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother, 65

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope. He is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper back of death, 70

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged
neck.

O, full of careful business are his looks! 75
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable
words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts.

Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the
earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and
grief.

Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80

Whilst others come to make him lose at home.

Here am I left to underprop his land,

Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit
made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I
came. 85

York. He was? Why, so! go all which way
it will!

The nobles they are fled; the commons they
are cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.

Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester; 90

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.

Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lord-
ship,

To-day, as I came by, I called there,—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest. 95

York. What is 't, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Duchess
died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of
woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do. I would to God, 100

So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The King had cut off my head with my
brother's.

What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these wars?

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me. 105

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts And bring away the armour that is there.

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these affairs

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands, 110

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:

T' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; t' other again

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right. 115

Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkeley.

I should to Plashy too, 120

But time will not permit. All is uneven,

And everything is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power

Proportionable to the enemy 125

Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love

Is near the hate of those love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons, for their love

Lies in their purses; and whose empties them

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate. 131

Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the King.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol castle: 135

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office

The hateful commons will perform for us,

Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us? 140

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his Majesty.

Farewell! If heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes 145

Is numb'ring sands and drinking oceans dry.

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Wilds in Gloucestershire.]

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND [with forces].

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draws out our miles, and makes them weary some;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar, Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company. 10

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel.

But theirs is sweet'ned with the hope to have

The present benefit which I possess;

And hope to joy is little less in joy 15

Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary lords Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company

Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, 21

Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen? 25

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd

The household of the King.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor. 30

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh

To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,

And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover

What power the Duke of York had levied there;

Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh. 35

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not forgot

Which ne'er I did remember. To my knowledge,

I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke. 40

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;

Which elder days shall ripen and confirm

To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure 45

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it. 50

North. How far is it to Berkeley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war? 55

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and Seymour; — 60
None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues

A banish'd traitor. All my treasury 60
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor, 65

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.
Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is — to Lancaster; 70

And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 't is not my meaning

To raze one title of your honour out. 75
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms. 80

Enter YORK [attended].

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;

Here comes his Grace in person. My noble uncle! [Kneels.]

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,

Whose duty is deceiveable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle — 85

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace" —
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs 90
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more "why?" Why have they dar'd to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war
And ostentation of despised arms? 95
Com'st thou because the anointed King is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men, 101

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee
And minister correction to thy fault! 105

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault.

On what condition stands it and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In gross rebellion and detested treason.
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come 110
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace 115
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royal- ties 120

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away

To upstart thrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin; 125
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father
To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
I am deni'd to sue my livery here,

And yet my letters patents give me leave. 130
My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And I challenge law. Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim 135
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this: 140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs

And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be; 145
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is

But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid; 150
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But if I could, by Him that gave me life, 155
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle 160
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices, 165
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you; but yet
I'll pause,

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are. 170
Things past redress are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [A camp in Wales.]

Enter SALISBURY and a Welsh CAPTAIN.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd
ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves. Fare-
well!

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty
Welshman. 5

The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead; we
will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful
change; 11

Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and
leap,

The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,

The other to enjoy by rage and war.

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell! Our countrymen are gone and fled, 15
As well assur'd Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*]

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy
mind

I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,

Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest.
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [Bristol. Before the castle.]

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBER-
LAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLUGHBY, with
BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your
bodies—

With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 't were no charity; yet, to wash your
blood 5

From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean. 10

You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed

And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs. 15

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign
clouds, 20

Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks and fell'd my forest woods,
From my own windows torn my household
coat,

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign, 25
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This and much more, much more than twice
all this,

Condemns you to the death. See them delivered
over

To execution and the hand of death. 30

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death
to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, fare-
well!

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take
our souls

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them
dispatch'd. 35

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others,
with the prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated;
Tell her I send to her my kind commends.
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dis-
patch'd 40

With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords,
away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices.
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*]

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this
at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your Grace
the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep
for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs.

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meet-
ing,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth, 10
And do thee favours with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom, 15
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords.

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king 25

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power that

made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

The means that heavens yield must be em-
brace'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would 30
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too

remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great in substance and in
power. 35

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou
not

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here; 40

But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines

And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs, 45

Stand bare and naked, trembling at them-
selves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, 50

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose 55

The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60

A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards

the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your
power?

Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious
lord,

Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my
tongue 65

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,

Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
men! 70

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy

state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; why looks your

Grace so pale? 75
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thou-

sand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;

And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?

All souls that will be safe fly from my side, 80
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who
you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself; am I not
King?

Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the King's name twenty thousand

names? 85
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; are we not high?

High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But

who comes here? 90

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
liege

Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart

prepar'd.

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 't was my
care;

95

And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, and decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highness is so
arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their
shores,

105

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel and hearts harder than
steel.

110

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hair-
less scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's
voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;

115

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale
so ill.

121

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is
Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

126

I warrant they have made peace with Boling-
broke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him
indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting
my heart!

130

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than
Judas!

Would they make peace? Terrible hell make
war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his pro-
perty,

135

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncure their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands. Those whom
you curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of
Wiltshire dead?

141

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their
heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with
his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no
man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes

145

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors and talk of wills;

And yet not so; for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

150

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,

And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:

155

How some have been depos'd; some slain in
war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have de-
pos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping
kill'd;

All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king

160

Keeps Death his court, and there the antic
sits,

Scorning his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,

165

As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus

Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell
king!

170

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence. Throw away respect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while.

I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,

175

How can you say to me I am a king?
Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,

Gives in your weakness strength unto your
foe,

181

And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight;

And fight and die is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power; inquire of
him,

186

And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well. Proud Bo-
lingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown;

190

An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lies our uncle with his
power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be
sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the
sky

The state and inclination of the day;

195

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be
spoken.

Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern castles yielded up, 201
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thon hast said enough.
[*To Aumerle.*] Beshrew thee, cousin, which
didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to despair! 205
What say you now? What comfort have we
now?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey. 210
That power I have, discharge; and let them
go

To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his
tongue. 216

Discharge my followers; let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair
day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Wales. Before Flint Castle.*]

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE,
YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants [and
forces].*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my
lord. 5
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northum-
berland

To say King Richard. Alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his
head!

North. Your Grace mistakes; only to be
brief 10
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he
would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's
length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should. 15

York. Take not, good cousin, further than
you should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our
heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not my-
self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle
yield? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my
lord,

Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies 25
Within the limits of yon lime and stone;
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord
Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lords, 31
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of
parley

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke 35
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's
hand

And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person, hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that my banishment repeal'd 40

And lands restor'd again be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
And lay the summer's dust with showers of
blood

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd English-
men;

The which, how far off from the mind of Bo-
lingbroke 45

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain. 50

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning
drum,

That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myself should
meet

With no less terror than the elements 55
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him. 60
March on, and mark King Richard how he
looks.

*Parle without, and answer within: then a flour-
ish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD, the*

*BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP,
and SALISBURY.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track 65
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king! Behold, his eye,
 As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
 Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe, 70
 That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long
 have we stood [To North.]
 To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought ourself thy lawful king;
 And if we be, how dare thy joints forget 75
 To pay their awful duty to our presence?
 If we be not, show us the hand of God
 That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
 For well we know, no hand of blood and
 bone
 Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80
 Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
 And though you think that all, as you have
 done,
 Have torn their souls by turning them from
 us,
 And we are barren and bereft of friends,
 Yet know, my master, God omnipotent, 85
 Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
 Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
 Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
 That lift your vassal hands against my head
 And threat the glory of my precious crown— 90
 Tell Bolingbroke—for yon methinks he
 stands—
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason. He is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, 95
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The King of heaven forbid our lord
 the King 101
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy
 hand;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears, 105
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious
 head,
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 And by the worth and honour of himself, 110
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
 His coming hither hath no further scope
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
 Which on thy royal party granted once, 115
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your Majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120
K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King
 returns:
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.

With all the gracious utterance thou hast 125
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
 [Northumberland withdraws to Bolingbroke.]
 [To Aumerle.] We do debase ourselves, cousin,
 do we not,
 To look so poorly and to speak so fair?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die? 130
Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with
 gentle words
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
 swords.
K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this
 tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again 135
 With words of sooth! O that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
 Or that I could forget what I have been,
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope
 to beat, 140
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the King do now?
 Must he submit?
 The King shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
 The King shall be contented. Must he lose 145
 The name of king? O' God's name, let it go.
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
 My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood, 150
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave;
 Or I'll be buried in the King's highway, 155
 Some way of common trade, where subjects'
 feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live,
 And buried once, why not upon my head?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted
 cousin! 160
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears.
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer
 corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding
 tears? 165
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth; and, therein laid,—there
 lies
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping
 eyes.
 Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see 170
 I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke? Will his Maj-
 esty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay. 175

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you, may it please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glist'ring Phaethon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,¹⁸⁰
To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing. [*Exeunt from above.*]

Boling. What says his Majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man; Yet he is come.¹⁸⁶

[*Enter KING RICHARD and his Attendants below.*]

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his Majesty.
[*He kneels down.*]

My gracious lord, —

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee¹⁹⁰
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least [*touching his own head*],
although your knee be low.¹⁹⁵

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve; they well deserve to have,²⁰⁰

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.²⁰⁵
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

For do we must what force will have us do.
Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Langley. The Duke of York's garden.*]

Enter the QUEEN and two LADIES.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.⁵

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.¹⁴

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,

It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,¹⁵

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;

For what I have I need not to repeat,

And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;

But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.²⁶

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a GARDENER and two SERVANTS.

But stay, here come the gardeners.

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.²⁸

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so

Against a change; woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apri-

cocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire³⁴

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth;³⁵

All must be even in our government.

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, which without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a

pale⁴⁰

Keep law and form and due proportion,

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers chok'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges

ruin'd,⁴⁵

Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf.

The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves

did shelter,⁵⁰

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,

Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,

I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke

Hath seiz'd the wasteful King. O, what pity

is it⁵⁵

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land

As we this garden ! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself ;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live ;
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you the King shall be depos'd ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and depos'd 'Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking !
Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee

To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why dost thou say King Richard is depos'd ?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,

Cam'st thou by this ill tidings ? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam ; little joy have I To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true. King Richard, he is in the mighty hold Of Bolingbroke. Their fortunes both are weigh'd.

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.

Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it ? O, thou think'st To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear ; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace,
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [London. Westminster Hall.]

Enter as to the Parliament BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER [and another LORD], Herald, and Officers.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Enter BAGOT.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;
What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,

Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloucester's death was plotted,

I heard you say, " Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head ? "
Amongst much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man ?

Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainer of his slanderous lips.
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. I say, thou liest,

And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear ; thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.

If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest ;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true

In this appeal as thou art all unjust; 45
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel 50
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I task the earth to the like,
forsworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. 55

Aum. Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll
throw at all!

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember
well 60

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true; you were in presence
then,

And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself
is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, 65
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull;
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st. 71

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward
horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies, 75
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.

As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal;

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say 80
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage,

That Norfolk lies. Here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour. 85

Boling. These differences shall all rest under
gage

Till Norfolk be repeal'd. Repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again

To all his lands and signories. When he's re-
turn'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90
Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be
seen.

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens; 95
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself

To Italy; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. 100

Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet Peace conduct his sweet soul
to the bosom

Of good old Abraham! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage 105
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK [attended].

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to
thee

From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with will-
ing soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand. 110

Ascend his throne, descending now from him;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak, 115
Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.

Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! Then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a 120
wrong.

What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's sub-
ject?

Thieves are not judg'd but they are by to
hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty, 125
His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbend it,
God,

That in a Christian climate souls refin'd 130
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a
deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call
king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king; 135
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind con-
found.

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.

O, if you raise this house against this house, 145
It will the woe-fullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you
"woe!"

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for
your pains, 150
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view 155
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
Little are we beholding to your love, 160
And little look'd for at your helping hands.
Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD [and Officers bearing the crown and sceptre].

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me 165
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men. Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, "All hail!" to me?

So Judas did to Christ; but He, in twelve, 170
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.

God save the King! — Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, amen.
God save the King! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. —
To do what service am I sent for hither? 175

York. To do that office of thine own good will

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke. 180

K. Rich. Give me the crown. — Here, cousin,
seize the crown;

Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another, 185
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water.
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign. 190

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine.

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down. 195

My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won.

The cares I give I have, though given away;
They 'tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown? 204

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself.
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand, 205
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart.
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.
All pomp and majesty I do forswear; 211
My manors, rents, revenues I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny.

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd, 215

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit! 219
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
— What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read [Presenting a paper.]

These accusations and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers

Against the state and profit of this land; 225
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record, 230

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath, 235
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates 240

Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;

And yet salt water blinds them not so much 245
But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;

For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king; 250

Made glory base, a sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord, —

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting man, 254

Nor no man's lord. I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 't is usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow, 260
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!
Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight, 265
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass. [Exit an attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torments me e'er I come to hell! 270

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfi'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfi'd. I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself. 275

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring

glass, 280

Like to my followers in prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

Is this the face which fac'd so many follies, 285

That was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face;

As brittle as the glory is the face,

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath

destroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow! Ha! let's see.

'T is very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of laments 295

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.

There lies the substance; and I thank thee,

King,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st 300

Me cause to wail but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. "Fair cousin"? I am greater than a king; 305

For when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask. 310

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights. 315

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey! Conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[Exeunt King Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down

Our coronation. Lords, prepare yourselves. 320
[Exeunt all but the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot To rid the realm of this pernicious blot? 325

Abbot. My lord,

Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears.

Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay

A plot shall show us all a merry day. [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. [London. A street leading to the Tower.]

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the King will come; this is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth 3

Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up, behold,

That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. 6

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,

Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous
inn,

Why should hard-favour'd Grief be lodg'd in
thee,

When Triumph is become an alehouse guest? ¹⁵

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so,

To make my end too sudden. Learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I ²¹

Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to
France

And cloister thee in some religious house.

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have thrown
down. ²⁵

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape
and mind

Transform'd and weak'ned? Hath Bolingbroke
depos'd

Thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?

The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with
rage ³⁰

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

Take the correction, mildly kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion and the king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught
but beasts, ³⁵

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for
France.

Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave. ⁴⁰

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;

And ere thou bid good night, to quit their
griefs

Tell thou the lamentable tale of me

And send the hearers weeping to their beds. ⁴⁵

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And in compassion weep the fire out;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

For the deposing of a rightful king. ⁵⁰

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND [and others].

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder
wherewithal ⁵⁵

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,

The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head

Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all; ⁶¹

And he shall think that thou, which know'st
the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped
throne. ⁶⁵

The love of wicked men converts to fear;

That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both

To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there
an end.

Take leave and part; for you must part forth-
with. ⁷⁰

K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd! Bad men, you
violate

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.

Let me unkind the oath 'twixt thee and me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 't was made. ⁷⁵

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the
clime;

My wife to France; from whence, set forth in
pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,

Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day. ⁸⁰

Queen. And must we be divided? Must we
part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King
with me.

North. That were some love but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me
go. ⁸⁵

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make
one woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;

Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I mine with
groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
moans. ⁹⁰

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly
part; ⁹⁵

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no
good part

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart. —

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. ¹⁰⁰

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this
fond delay.

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [London. The Duke of York's
palace.]

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell
the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows'
 tops
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's
 head.

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great
 Bolingbroke,
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
 Whilst all tongues cried, "God save thee, Bo-
 lingbroke!"
 You would have thought the very windows
 spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls
 With painted imagery had said at once,
 "Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!"
 Whilst he, from the one side to the other turn-
 ing,

Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus: "I thank you, country-
 men."

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he
 the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
 eyes

Did scowl on gentle Richard. No man cried,
 "God save him!"

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose,
 steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have
 melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.
 But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
 To whose high will we bow our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
 But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth
 And lasting fealty to the new made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son! Who are the vio-
 lets now
 That strew the green lap of the new come
 spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, ner I greatly
 care not.

God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring
 of time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
 What news from Oxford? Do these jousts and
 triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without
 thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writ-
 ing.

Aum. My lord, 't is nothing.
York. No matter, then, who see it.
 I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me.
 It is a matter of small consequence,
 Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean
 to see.

I fear, I fear, —
Duch. What should you fear?
 'T is nothing but some band, that he is ent'red
 into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! What doth he
 with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
 Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me. I may
 not show it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
 [He plucks it out of his bosom and
 reads it.]

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

[Enter a Servant.]

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my
 horse.

[Exit Servant.]
 Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
 I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter,
 Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
 Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots; I will unto the
 King.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou
 art amaz'd.

— Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
 Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
 Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
 And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine
 age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name?
 Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty
times my son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind.
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman!
[Exit.]

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his
horse;

Spur post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to rise as fast as York.
And never will I ride up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away,
be gone! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Windsor Castle.]

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty
son?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
the Prince,

And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the
stews,

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet
through both

I see some sparks of better hope, which elder
years

May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, amazed.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he
stares and looks

So wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace! I do beseech
your Majesty,

To have some conference with your Grace
alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us
here alone. [Exeunt Percy and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the
earth, [Kneeling.]

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this
fault?

If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn
the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done:

Boling. Have thy desire.
[Aumerle locks the door.] York
knocks at the door and crieth.

York. [Within.] My liege, beware! Look
to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[Drawing.]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast
no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-
hardy King!

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? Speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou
shalt know

The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy pro-
mise pass'd.

I do repent me; read not my name there.
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set
it down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspir-
acy!

O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy pas-
sages

Hath held his current and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies.
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. (*Within.*) What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry? 75

Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great King; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door!

A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alt'ed from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the King." 80

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.

This fest'ed joint cut off, the rest rest sound;

This let alone will all the rest confound. 85

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man!

Love loving not itself none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear? 90

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [Kneels.]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I walk upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy, 95

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [Kneels.]

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [Kneels.]

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face; 100

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

He prays but faintly and would be deni'd;

We pray with heart and soul and all beside.

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know; 105

Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow.

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy which true prayer ought to have. 110

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, "Stand up";

Say "Pardon" first, and afterwards "Stand up."

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

"Pardon" should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now. 115

Say "pardon," King; let pity teach thee how.

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like "pardon" for kings' mouths so

meet.

York. Speak it in French, King; say, "*Par-donne moi.*"

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy? 120

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,

That set'st the word itself against the word!

Speak "pardon" as 'tis current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there; 125

Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That hearing how our complaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee "pardon" to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand. 130

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again.

Twice saying "pardon" doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. I pardon him with all my heart. 135

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.

Good uncle, help to order several powers 140

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell; and, cousin, adieu!

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true. 145

Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Another room in the same.]

Enter EXTON and SERVANT.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake,

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"

Was it not so?

Serv. These were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he. He spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together, did he not? 5

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me,

As who should say, "I would thou wert the man That would divorce this terror from my heart;"

Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go. I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. 11

[Exeunt.]

SCENE [V. Pomfret Castle. A ward room.]

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare

This prison where I live unto the world;

And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out. 5
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father; and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little
world,

In humours like the people of this world. 10
For no thought is contented. 'The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples and do set the word itself
Against the word:

As thus, "Come, little ones," and then again,
"It is as hard to come as for a camel 15
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars 25
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
That many have and others must sit there;
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like. 30

Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar;
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king; 35
Then am I king'd again; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But whate'er I be,
Nor I nor any man that but man is
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be
eas'd 40

With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*]
Ha, ha! keep time! How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear 45
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me;
For now hath Time made me his numb'ring
clock. 50

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they
jar

Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward
watch,

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is 55
Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my
heart,

Which is the bell. So sighs and tears and
groans

Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock. 60

This music mads me; let it sound no more;

For though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard 65
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a GROOM of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer!
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how com'st thou hither,
Where no man never comes but that sad
dog 70

That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
King,

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's
face. 75

O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bedrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd! 80

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,
gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on
his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal
hand; 85

This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
down,

Since pride must have a fall, and break the
neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, 90
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tir'd by jauncing Boling-
broke.

Enter KEEPER, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer
stay. 95

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou
wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my
heart shall say. [*Exit.*]

Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall
to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont
to do. 99

Keep. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of
Exton, who lately came from the King, com-
mands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster
and thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Help, help, help! 105

Enter EXTON and Servants [armed].

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching an axe from a Servant and killing him.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[He kills another.] Here Exton strikes him down.

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire

That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the King's blood stained the King's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high; Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood! Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me I did well, Says that this deed is chronicled in hell. This dead king to the living king I'll bear: Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE [VI. Windsor Castle.]

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, with other Lords, and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is that the rebels hath consum'd with fire Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire; But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord, what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent.

The manner of their taking may appear At large discoursed in this paper here.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,

Two of the dangerous consorted traitors That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, and the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom: Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life. So as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife;

For though mine enemy thou hast ever been, High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with [Attendants bearing] a coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present

Thy buried fear. Herein all breathless lies The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,

Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,

Nor do I thee. Though I did wish him dead, I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,

But neither my good word nor princely favour.

With Cain go wander through the shades of night,

And never show thy head by day nor light. Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe

That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.

Come, mourn with me for what I do lament, And put on sullen black incontinent.

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.

March sadly after; grace my mournings here In weeping after this untimely bier.

[Exeunt.]

THE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FOURTH

THE Historie of Henry IV was entered in the Stationers' Register in February, 1598, and the First Quarto of Part I was printed in the same year. Meres names the play, but does not indicate whether he refers to one part or both. Part II was entered and printed in 1600, but is referred to by Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour* in 1599. These facts, taken along with the marks of maturity in style and metre, point to 1597 and 1598 as the respective dates of the two parts.

Quartos of Part I were issued in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, and 1622, the version in the First Folio being taken from the Fifth Quarto. Of Part II only one quarto is known to have been issued; and the First Folio text was printed from a copy of this, revised with care but probably without authority. The basis for the present text is, for both parts, the First Quarto.

The political action of the two plays is founded on Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Great freedom is used in converting historical into dramatic time, and the speeches, as usually in the English historical plays, are elaborated from the merest hints. The most marked creation in the serious plot of Part I, aside from the Prince, is the opposing figure of Hotspur, whom Shakespeare clearly conceived for the purpose of psychological contrast. There is no corresponding foil for Prince Hal in Part II; the political action is still more overshadowed by the comic than in the earlier part; and the serious interest centres in the relation of father and son, and the pathetic depression of Henry IV's closing years. For most of this, *e. g.*, the plans for a crusade, and the famous "crown scene," Holinshed affords a basis; but the rich emotional quality is all Shakespeare's.

For the comic scenes Shakespeare gathered some names and incidents from *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, a very crude history-comedy printed in 1598, but licensed in 1594, and acted certainly as early as 1588. The robbery at Gadshill, the tavern in Eastcheap, Hal's relation to his boon companions and to the Lord Chief Justice, his reconciliation to his father, the episode of the crown, and the final banishing of his tavern friends, are all presented in a rude form in *The Famous Victories*. But the method of treatment is such as to offer hardly more suggestion than the bald narrative of Holinshed. The character of Falstaff, especially, owes little to any predecessor. In *Henry IV* as first written, Falstaff's name was Oldecastle, as it is in *The Famous Victories*. Sir John Oldecastle was a well-known peer of the time of Henry V, who was burned as a Lollard. But it is supposed that out of deference to Oldecastle's descendants Shakespeare changed the name to Falstaff before the play was printed, and added in the Epilogue to Part II the statement that "Oldecastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." The new name seems to have been suggested by that of the historical Sir John Fastolfe, who, in *1 Henry VI*, is represented (unjustly, as it seems) as a coward. But the creation is independent of any real or supposed historical prototype.

In the development of the Chronicle History as a distinct type of drama, the most notable feature of *Henry IV* is the importance in it of the element of comedy. For, although the continuation of the exposition of the character of the Bolingbroke of *Richard II* is of great psychological interest, yet the story of Henry's reign did not in itself afford material nearly so intense in interest or so appropriate for dramatic treatment as the author had found in the histories of *Richard III* and *Richard II*. So far as *1 Henry IV* has a culmination at all, it is in the emergence of Prince Henry from his low surroundings as a brilliant warrior who slays Hotspur at Shrewsbury, rather than in his father's suppression of a rebellion. In Part II, the death of Henry IV is presented in the fourth act, and the real culmination of the play is in the new King's final throwing off of his old life and companions, and assuming worthily the dignities and duties of his royal office. Viewing the Prince, then, as the most important factor in the structure of the plays as a whole, we can regard the comic scenes, in which the lighter side of his character is displayed, as more organically related to the main scheme than they have usually been conceived.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY IV.
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, } sons to the King.
JOHN OF LANCASTER,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, earl of Worcester.
HENRY PERCY, earl of Northumberland.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March.
RICHARD SCROOP, archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the archbishop of York.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *England and Wales.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. The palace.*]

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, [SIR WALTER BLUNT] with others.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils

To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore,
friends,

As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'
womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose now is twelve month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go;
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me
hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
tion,

And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman
taken,

A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such mis-
use,

Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this
broil

Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my
gracious lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,

At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious
friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwix that Holmedon and this seat of
ours;

And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited.

Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,

Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took 70

Murdoch Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the Earl of Athole,
Of Moray, Angus, and Menteith:

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize, ha, cousin, is it not? 75

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son, 80

A son who is the theme of Honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,

Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,

See riot and dishonour stain the brow 85
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd

That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,

And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90

But let him from my thoughts. What think
you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,

To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Murdoch Earl of Fife. 95

West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is
Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle 100

up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer
this; 100

And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor. So inform the lords;

But come yourself with speed to us again, 105
For more is to be said and to be done

Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*London. An apartment of the Prince's.*]

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless [s] hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta,

I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. 15

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wand'ring knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art a king, as, God save thy Grace, — Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, — 20

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come, roundly, roundly. 25

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal. 33

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd [s] on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by" and spent with crying "Bring in;" now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows. 43

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? 49

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! What, in thy quips and thy quiddities, what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a fox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern? 54

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there. 60

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit. 63

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent — But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. 70

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman. 75

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it

jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits? 80

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. 84

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 88

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I [94] must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? 100

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I [106] must give over this life, and I will give it over. By the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? 111

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one. An I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal. 'T is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. [117]

Enter POINS.

Points! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand!" to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned. 123

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg? 129

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil. 135

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow

morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London [140] with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester. I have bespoken supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap. We may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff [145] your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. 150

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith. 154

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap. 160

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king. 165

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the Prince and me alone. I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. 169

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap. 176

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer! [Exit Falstaff.]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff [Bardolph, Peto] and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself [182] and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth? 188

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them. 194

Prince. Yea, but 't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves. 197

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to im-mask our noted outward garments. 203

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them

to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back ;
and for the third, if he fight longer than he
sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue ³⁰⁷
of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies
that this same fat rogue will tell us when we
meet at supper ; how thirty, at least, he fought
with ; what wards, what blows, what extremi-
ties he endured ; and in the reproof of this lies
the jest. ²¹³

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee. Provide us
all things necessary and meet me to-morrow
night in Eastcheap ; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while up-
hold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness ;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun, ²²⁰
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself
Being wanted, he may be more wond'ring at
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him. ²²⁶
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for
come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents. ²³⁰
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground, ²³⁵
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill, ²³⁹
Redeeming time when men think least I will.
[Exit.]

SCENE III. *[London. The palace.]*

*Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCES-
TER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with
others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and tem-
perate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience. But be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself, ⁵
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the
proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves ¹⁰

The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own
hands

Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord, —

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do
see ¹⁵

Danger and disobedience in thine eye.

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we
need ²⁰

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit Worcester.]

You were about to speak.

North.

Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your Highness' name de-
manded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength de-
nied ²⁵

As is delivered to your Majesty.

Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done, ³⁰
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new
reap'd

Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home. ³⁵
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held

A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again ; ³⁹

Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff ; and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. ⁴⁵

With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience ⁵⁰

To be so pest'ring with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly — I know not what,
He should, or he should not ; for he made me
mad

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman ⁵⁵
Of guns and drums and wounds, — God save
the mark ! —

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,

This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd ⁶⁰
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord, ⁶⁵

I answered indirectly, as I said ;
And I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good
my lord, ⁷⁰

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die and never rise

To do him wrong or any way impeach 75
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners
But with proviso and exception
That we at our own charge shall ransom
straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer; 80
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,

Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then, 85
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend 90
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that
true 95
Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,

Those mouth'd wounds, which valiantly he
took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour 100
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds, 105
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.

Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let not him be sland'ring with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee, 115
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, hence-
forth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest
means, 120

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumber-
land,

We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry [Blunt, and
train].*]

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for
them, 125

I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? Stay and
pause a while. 128
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. — Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the
dust,

But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer 135
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cank'ring Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your
nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my pris-
oners; 140

And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him. Was not he pro-
claim'd 145

By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation.

And then it was when the unhappy king, —
Whose wrongs in us God pardon! — did set
forth

Upon his Irish expedition; 150
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's
wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Rich-
ard then 155

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains
starve.

But shall it be, that you, that set the crown 160

Upon the head of this forgetful man

And for his sake wear the detested blot

Of murderous subornation, shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo,

Being the agents, or base second means, 165

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?

O, pardon me that I descend so low,

To show the line and the predicament

Wherein you range under this subtle king!

Shall it for shame be spoken in these days, 170

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

As both of you — God pardon it! — have done,

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely
rose, 175

And plant this thorn, this canker, Boling-
broke?

And shall it in more shame be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may re-
deem 180

Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you 185
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more;
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the steadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim.

Send Danger from the east unto the west, 195
So Honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy
leap,

To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd
moon,

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,

And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks; 205
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. 210
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots

That are your prisoners, —

Hot. I'll keep them all!
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them; 214
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not!
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"

Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him, 225
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of
Wales, 230

But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend. 235

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impa-
tient fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and
scourg'd with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke. 241

In Richard's time, — what do you call the
place? —

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire;
'T was where the madeap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York; where I first bow'd my
knee 245

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, —
'Sblood! —

When you and he came back from Ravens-
purgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true. 250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind
cousin;"

O, the devil take such cozeners! — God forgive
me! 255

Good uncle, tell your tale; for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish pris-
oners.

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean 261
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers
reasons

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. Yon, my lord,

[To Northumberland.]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd, 265
Shall secretly into the bosom creep

Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard 270
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.

I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face 275
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still
let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot. 279

And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;

For, bear ourselves as even as we can, 285
The King will always think him in our debt,

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love. 290
Hot. He does, he does. We'll be reveng'd
on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell! No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer; 295
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother! We shall
thrive, I trust. 300

Hot. Uncle, adieu! O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our
sport! [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [Rochester. An inn yard.]

Enter a CARRIER with a lantern in his hand.

1. Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the
day, I'll be hang'd. Charles' wain is over the
new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd.
What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,
put a few flocks in the point. The poor jade
is wrung in the withers out of all cess. 5

Enter another CARRIER.

2. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as
a dog, and that is the next way to give poor
jades the bots. This house is turned upside
down since Robin Ostler died.

1. Car. Poor fellow, never joy'd since the
price of oats rose; it was the death of him. 10

2. Car. I think this be the most villainous
house in all London road for fleas. I am stung
like a tench.

1. Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is
ne'er a king christen could be better bit than
I have been since the first cock. 20

2. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jor-
dan, and then we leak in your chimney; and
your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.

1. Car. What, ostler! come away and be
hang'd! Come away. 25

2. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two
races of ginger, to be delivered as far as Char-
ing-cross. 28

1. Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pan-
nier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague
on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head?
Canst not hear? An't were not as good deed
as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very
villain. Come, and be hang'd! Hast no faith
in thee? 35

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's
o'clock?

[*1.*] *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see
my gelding in the stable.

1. Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick
worth two of that, i' faith. 41

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

2. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy
lantern, quoth he? Marry, I'll see thee hang'd
first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean
to come to London? 45

2. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a
candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs,
we'll call up the gentlemen. They will along
with company, for they have great charge. 51

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand,
quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no
more from picking of purses than giving direc-
tion doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot
how. 57

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It
holds current that I told you yesternight:
there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath
brought three hundred marks with him in
gold. I heard him tell it to one of his com-
pany last night at supper; a kind of auditor;
one that hath abundance of charge too, God
knows what. They are up already, and call for
eggs and butter. They will away presently. 65

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint
Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it. I pray thee, keep
that for the hangman; for I know thou wor-
shipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of
falsehood may. 72

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hang-
man? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of
gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs
with me, and thou know'st he is no starvel-
ing. Tut! there are other Troians that thou
dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are
content to do the profession some grace, [78
that would, if matters should be look'd into,
for their own credit sake, make all whole. I
am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-
staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mus-
tacio purple-hued malt-worms; but with no-
bility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great
oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will
strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner [85
than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and
yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually
to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather,
not pray to her, but prey on her, for they
ride up and down on her and make her their
boots. 91

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots?
Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd
her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we
have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invis-
ble. 96

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are

more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man. ¹⁰¹
Cham. Nay, rather let me have it as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. ¹⁰⁶

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The highway, near Gadshill.*]

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter! I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet. ¹¹¹
[*They step back.*]

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins! ¹¹⁴

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. ¹¹⁹
[*Withdraws.*]

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company. The rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his ¹²⁵ company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd. It could not be else; I have drunk medi- ¹³⁰ cines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever ¹³⁵ chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! (*They whistle.*) Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me ¹⁴⁰ my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

Prince. [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down. Lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers. ¹⁴⁵

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? ¹⁵⁰

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Hang thyself in thine own heir-appar-

ent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it. ¹⁵⁶

Enter GADSHILL [BARDOLPH, and PETO with him].

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. [*Coming forward.*] O, 't is our setter; I know his voice. Bardolph, what news? ¹⁶¹

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards. There's money of the King's coming down the hill; 't is going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 't is going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all. ¹⁶⁶

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us. ¹⁷¹

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal. ¹⁷⁶

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast. ¹⁸¹

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. [*Aside.*] Ned, where are our disguises.

Poins. [*Aside.*] Here, hard by. Stand close. [*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I. Every man to his business. ¹⁸⁶

Enter the TRAVELLERS.

[*I.*] *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill. We'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesus bless us! ¹⁹¹

Fal. Strike; down with them! Cut the villains' throats! Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. Down with them! Fleece them!

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever! ¹⁹⁶

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, faith. ²⁰¹

[*Here they rob them and bind them.*]

Exeunt.

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS [in buckram].

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argu-

ment for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever. 103

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck. 108

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.

The thieves are all scatt' red and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, 115 And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the [fat] rogue roar'd! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. [Warkworth Castle.]

Enter HOTSPIRE, solus, reading a letter.

Hot. "But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." He could be contented: why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves [5] our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous;" — why, that's certain. "Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this [10] flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, [15] cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. [20] What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Sounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, [25] and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal [30] is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in my sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King and lay open all our proceedings. O,

I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim-milk with so [35] honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? 40

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth, And start so often when thou sit'st alone? 45

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,

And given my treasures and my rights of thee

To thick-ey'd musing and curst melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars; 51

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets, 55

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, 60

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden hest. O, what portents

are these? 65

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

[Enter SERVANT.]

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff? 70

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? Roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight. O *Esperance!*

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. 75

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! 80

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you 85

To line his enterprise; but if you go, —

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry, 90
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you triffler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world
To play with mammetts and to tilt with lips. 95
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse!

What say'st thou, Kate? What would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed? 99

Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate; 105
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts.

Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no farther wise. 110
Than Harry Percy's wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate. 115

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. How! so far? It must of force. 120

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*]

Enter the PRINCE and POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hog'sheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. [5] Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king [10] of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me), and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. [15] They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude,

I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his [20] own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never [25] spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time [30] till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step [35] aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*] 40

Enter drawer [FRANCIS].

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis? 45

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. 49

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it? 54

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see — about Michaelmas next I shall be — 61

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 't was a pennyworth, was 't not? 66

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound. Ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it. 70

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis! 75

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, — 80

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Francis.] My lord, old Sir John with half-a-dozen more are at the door; shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

Poins. [Within.] Anon, anon, sir.

Re-enter POINS.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But bask ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of Goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

[Re-enter FRANCIS.]

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

[Exit.] 100

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou kill'd to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff. I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF [GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; FRANCIS following with wine].

Poins. Welcome, Jack! Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[He drinketh.]

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a

dish of butter, pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten her-ring. There lives not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat and grows old. God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. (He drinketh.) A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw — ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen —

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every

man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us — 200

Fal. And unboud the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all? 203

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murd'ered some of them. 210

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them. Two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me — 217

Prince. What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four. 221

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now. 226

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. 230

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack. 234

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of —

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose. 239

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two! 244

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand. 248

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, — 253

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this? 259

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an

I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. 266

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, — 269

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stockfish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck, — 274

Prince. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this: —

Poins. Mark, Jack. 278

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? 293

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct, I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors! Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away. 311

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the Prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me? 318

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you. He says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man; and send him back again to my mother. 323

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer? 336

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*]

Prince. Now, sirs, by 'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie! 333

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. 339

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices. 344

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it? 350

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? Do you behold these exhalations?

[*Pointing to his own face.*]

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses. 355

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee? 361

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad. Here was Sir John [366] Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him? 373

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying. 380

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run. 384

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct. 389

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Murdoch, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away tonight. Thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. 395

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds. 399

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afraid? Thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it? 407

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer. 412

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? Content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown. 417

Prince. Thy state is taken for a join'd-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! 420

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambryses' vein. 426

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain. 431

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. 435

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art [440] accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish [445] hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a [450]

question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth ^[455] defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears; not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. ^[461]

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, ^[465] his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known ^[470] by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poultier's hare. ^[481]

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand. Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap. ^[485]

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith. ^[489]

Prince. Swearst thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen ^[495] parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? ^[500] Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? ^[505]

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you. Whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know. ^[510]

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him

than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly ^[515] deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; ^[520] banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company. Banish ^[525] plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will.

[A knocking heard. *Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door. ^[530]

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the HOSTESS.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter? ^[535]

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit. Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so. ^[541]

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another. ^[548]

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me. [Exit. ^[553]

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

Enter SHERIFF and the CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath followed certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter. ^[558]

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee or any man 585
For anything he shall be charg'd withal.
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.
Prince. It may be so. If he have robb'd
these men, 570

He shall be answerable; and so farwello.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two
o'clock. [*Exeunt [Sheriff and Carrier].*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as
Paul's. Go, call him forth. 575

Peto. Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the
arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath.
Search his pockets. (*He searcheth his pockets,*
and findeth certain papers.) What hast thou
found? 582

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let 's see what they be. Read them.

Peto. [*Reads.*]

Item, A capon	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread	ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny — [591
worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!
What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at
more advantage. There let him sleep till day.
I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to
the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. [595
I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot;
and I know his death will be a march of twelve-
score. The money shall be paid back again
with advantage. Be with me betimes in the
morning; and so, good morrow, *Peto.* 601

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*]

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and
GLENOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties
sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?

And uncle Worcester, — a plague upon it! 5
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and
with

A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him. At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth 15
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same
season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd,
though yourself had never been born. 20

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was
born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the
earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the hea-
vens on fire, 25

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind 30

Within her womb; which, for enlargement
striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men 35

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the
herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; 41

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales, 45

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out that is but woman's son

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better
Welsh. I'll to dinner. 51

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make
him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;

But will they come when you do call for
them? 55

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to
command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
devil

By telling truth. "Tell truth and shame the
devil."

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither, 60

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the
devil!

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofit-
able chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of
Wye 65

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!

How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we
divide our right 70

According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd; 75

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn; 80

Which being sealed interchangeably,

A business that this night may execute,

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I

And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power, 85

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
Within that space you may have drawn to-

gether
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gen-

tlemen. 90

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords;

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no

leave,
For there will be a world of water shed

Upon the parting of your wives and you. 95

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Bur-

ton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.

See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. 100

I'll have the current in this place damm'd
up;

And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly.

It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here. 105

Glend. Not wind? It shall, it must; you see
it doth.

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much. 110

As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench
him here

And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do
it. 115

Glend. I'll not have it alt' red.
Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then;
speak it in Welsh. 120

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as
you;

For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp

Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament, 125

A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart.

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd, 130

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag. 135

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care. I'll give thrice so much

land
To any well-deserving friend;

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140

Are the indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair; you may away
by night.

I'll haste the writer, and withal

Break with your wives of your departure
hence.

I am afraid my daughter will run mad, 145

So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*]

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot. I cannot choose. Sometime he angers
me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150

And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,

A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what: 155

He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys. I cried "hum," and
"well, go to,"

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife; 160

Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman, 165

Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect. 170

And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you come 'cross his humour. Faith, he

does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof. 175
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;

And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault. 180

Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain; 185

The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd. Good manners be your speed! 190

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me;

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you.

She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars. 195

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.]

Glend. She is desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. *[The lady speaks in Welsh.]* 200

Mort. I understand thy looks. That pretty Welsh

Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine, 205
And that 's a feeling disputation.

But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210

With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad. *[The lady speaks again in Welsh.]*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes
lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap, 215
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you

And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference 'twixt day and night 220

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing.

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down. Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap. 225

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. *[The music plays.]*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;

And 't is no marvel he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician. 235

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish. 241

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.
Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 't is a woman's fault. 245
Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.
Lady P. What 's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.
[Here the lady sings a Welsh song.]

Hot. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth. 251

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. "Not you, in good sooth," and "as true as I live," and "as God shall mend me," and "as sure as day;" 255

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk'st further than Fins-

bury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave "in

sooth,"

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread, 260
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.
Hot. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or

be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I 'll away within these two hours;

and so, come in when ye will. *[Exit.]* 267

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn. We 'll but seal, 270

And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *[London. The palace.]*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I

Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you. *[Exeunt Lords]*

I know not whether God will have it so,

For some displeasing service I have done, 5
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for
me;

But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven 10
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to, 15
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must
hear,

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmon-
gers, 25

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wand'ring and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is suppli'd,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood. 35
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession.
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. 45
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wond'ring at;
That men would tell their children, "This is
he;"

Others would say, "Where, which is Boling-
broke?"

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new, 55
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wond'ring at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.

The skipping King, he ambled up and down 60
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools,

Had his great name profaned with their scorn,
And gave his countenance, against his name, 65
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes, 70
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a
little

More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June, 75
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes; 80
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and rend'ring such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd and
full.

And in that very line, Harry, standest thou; 85
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee
more;

Which now doth that I would not have it do, 90
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
lord,

Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh, 95
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
For of no right, nor colour like to right, 100
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms. 105
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital 110
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ.

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once, 115
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northum-
berland,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas,
Mortimer,

Capitulate against us and are up. 120
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen, 125
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd 130

Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood 135
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! For the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange 145

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up, 150
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here;
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your Majesty may save 155
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein. 161

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met 165
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever off'red foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day, 170

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this advertisement is five days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;

On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting

Is Bridgenorth: and, Harry, you shall march 175
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business; let's away.
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. 180
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.]

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking. I shall [5 be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath [10 been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long. 14

Fal. Why, there is it. Come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuously enough, swore little, die'd not above seven times a week, went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour, paid money that I borrowed three or four times, lived well [21 and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John. 26

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral; thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 't is in the nose of thee. Thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. 30

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori; I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in [35 purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel;" but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, [40 but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, [45 thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would [50 have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it! 55

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, [65] servant by servant. The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess. Bardolph was shav'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman,

Host. Who? I? No; I defy thee. God's light, I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me [75] money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I have given them away to bakers' wives; they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? Alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? Look upon his face; what call you rich? Let them coin his nose, let [80] them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup. 'Sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter the PRINCE [and PETO], marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithes, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket pick'd.

This house is turn'd bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? Three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord, and I said I [120] heard your Grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? Why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I [135] would thou shouldst know it. I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast? Why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! Why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so. Thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! A million. Thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art Prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? Nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were anything in thy

pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if ¹⁸⁰ thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone.

[Exit Hostess.]

Now, Hal, to the news at court. For the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous, I land them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. *[Exit Bardolph.]* Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *[Exit Peto.]* Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall at two o'clock in the afternoon. There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either we or they must lower lie. *[Exit.]*

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

[Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. *[The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.]*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot! If speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas have As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By God, I cannot flatter; I do defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour. No man so potent breathes upon the ground But I will beard him.

Enter a MESSENGER with letters.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. — What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father. *Hot.* Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievously sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick

In such a justling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bears his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;

And at the time of my departure thence

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited.

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! This sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;

'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here, that inward sickness —

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul remov'd but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement

That with our small conjunction we should on

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly possess'd Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off.

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good

To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main

On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,

The very list, the very utmost bound

Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;

Where now remains a sweet reversion,

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what

Is to come in. 55

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,

If that the devil and mischance look big

Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here. 60

The quality and hair of our attempt

Brooks no division. It will be thought

By some that know not why he is away,

That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike

Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;

And think how such an apprehension 65

May turn the tide of fearful faction

And breed a kind of question in our cause.

For well you know we of the off'ring side

Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us.

This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear

Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far. 75

I rather of his absence make this use:

It lends a lustre and more great opinion,

A larger dare to our great enterprise,

Than if the earl were here; for men must

think,

If we without his help can make a head 80

To push against a kingdom, with his help

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think. There is not such

a word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear. 85

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm. What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,

The King himself in person is set forth, 91

Or hitherwards intended speedily,

With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales, 95

And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,

And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;

All plum'd like estridges that with the wind

Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;

Glittering in golden coats, like images; 100

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,

His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, 105

Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,

And vaulted with such ease into his seat,

As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus

And witch the world with noble horseman-ship. 110

Hot. No more, no more! Worse than the sun in March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come!

They come like sacrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war

All hot and bleeding will we offer them. 115

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit

Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire

To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh

And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,

Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120

Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales.

Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,

Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.

O that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news.

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along, 125

He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be! 130

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily.

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear

Of death or death's hand for this one-half year. [Exeunt. 135]

SCENE II. [A public road near Coventry.]

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out. 140

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto

meet me at town's end. 145

Bard. I will, captain; farewell. [Exit.]

Fal. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet. I have misus'd the King's

press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and

odd pounds. I press me none but good 150

householders, yeoman's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd

twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum;

such as fear the report of a caliver worse 155

than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter,

with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins!

heads; and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ²⁵ ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters ³⁰ and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old feaz'd ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them as have bought out their services, that you ³⁵ would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No ⁴⁰ eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a ⁴⁵ shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. ⁵⁰ But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt! ⁵⁴

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy! I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury. ⁵⁹

West. Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all. We must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me. I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream. ⁶⁵

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine. ⁶⁹

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. Tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly. ⁷⁵

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste. Percy is already in the field. ⁸¹

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John. I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast ⁸⁵
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night. ⁵

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well. You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas. By my life,

And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honour bid me on, ¹⁰
I hold as little counsel with weak fear As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content. ¹⁵

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are, That you foresee not what impediments Drag back our expedition. Certain horse Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up. ²⁰
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is asleep, Their courage with hard labour tame and dull, That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy ²⁵
In general, journey-bated and brought low. The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours.

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. [*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King, ³⁰

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect,

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those ³⁵

some Envy your great deservings and good name, Because you are not of our quality, But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed majesty. 40
But to my charge. The King hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King 45
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed

You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind; and well we know the King

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears; 55
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unmindful outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster, 61
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too. 65
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow 75
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads 85
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King; 90
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state.
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman
March,

Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engag'd in Wales, 95
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; 100

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,

And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance. 105

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.

Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle 110
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [York. The Archbishop's palace.]

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief

With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make 5
haste.

Sir M. My good lord,

I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10
As I am truly given to understand,
The King with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir
Michael,

What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion, 15
And what with Owen Glendower's absence
thence,

Who with them was a rated sinew too
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the King. 20

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Murdoch, Vernon, Lord
Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen. 25

Arch. And so there is; but yet the King
hath drawn

The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt; 30
And many more corivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;

And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
 For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King³⁵
 Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,
 And 't is but wisdom to make strong against
 him.

Therefore make haste. I must go write again⁴⁰
 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*The King's camp near Shrewsbury.*]

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD
 JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT,
 and FALSTAFF.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky hill! The day looks pale
 At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
 And by his hollow whistling in the leaves⁵
 Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[The trumpet sounds.]

Enter WORCESTER [and VERNON].

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 't is not well
 That you and I should meet upon such terms¹⁰
 As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it? Will you again unknot¹⁵
 This churlish knot of all-aborred war?
 And move in that obedient orb again
 Where you did give a fair and natural light,
 And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
 A prodigy of fear and a portent²⁰
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours; for I do protest,²⁵
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it! How comes
 it, then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found
 it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!
 Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your
 looks³⁰

Of favour from myself and all our house;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night³⁵
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time. You swore to us,⁴⁰
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;

Nor claim no further than your new-fallen
 right,

The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.⁴⁵
 To this we swore our aid. But in short space
 It rain'd down fortune show'ring on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent King,
 What with the injuries of a wanton time,⁵⁰
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the King
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars
 That all in England did repute him dead;
 And from this swarm of fair advantages⁵⁵
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And being fed by us you us'd us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,⁶⁰
 Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 That even our love durst not come near your
 sight

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly⁶⁵
 Out of your sight and raise this present head;
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth⁷⁰
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articu-
 late,
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye⁷⁵
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation.
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause;⁸⁰
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a
 soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,⁸⁵
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
 world

In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
 This present enterprise set off his head,
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant or more valiant-young,⁹⁰
 More daring or more bold, is now alive
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant bent to chivalry;
 And so I hear he doth account me too;⁹⁵
 Yet this before my father's majesty:
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.¹⁰⁰

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we
 venture thee,
 Albeit considerations infinite
 Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love

That are misled upon your cousin's part ; 105
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he and they and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again and I'll be his.
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do. But if he will not yield, 110
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
 We will not now be troubled with reply.
 We offer fair ; take it adviſedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester [and Vernon].*]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together 115
 Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,

For, on their answer, will we set on them ;
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just ! 120

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Halſtaff.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle
 and bestride me, so ; 't is a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
 that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 't were bed-time, Hal, and all well. 125

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death,

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'T is not due yet ; I would be loath to
 pay him before his day. What need I be so
 forward with him that calls not on me ?
 Well, 't is no matter ; honour pricks me on. 130
 Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I
 come on ? How then ? Can honour set to a leg ?
 No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief
 of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in sur-
 gery, then ? No. What is honour ? A word. 135
 What is in that word honour ? What is that
 honour ? Air ; a trim reckoning ! Who hath
 it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel
 it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. 'T is insensible,
 then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live 140
 with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will
 not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour
 is a mere scutcheon : and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*The rebel camp.*]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
 Richard,

The liberal and kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
 The King should keep his word in loving us. 5
 He will suspect us still, and find a time
 To punish this offence in other faults.
 Supposition all our lives shall be stuck full of
 eyes ;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. 11
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
 Interpretation will misquote our looks,
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,

The better cherish'd, still the nearer death. 15
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot ;
 It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
 And an adopted name of privilege,
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
 All his offences live upon my head 20
 And on his father's. We did train him on,
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
 In any case, the offer of the King. 25

Ver. Deliver what you will ; I'll say 't is so.
 Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR [and DOUGLAS].

Hot. My uncle is return'd ;
 Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
 Uncle, what news ? 30

Wor. The King will bid you battle pre-
 sently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmore-
 land.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. 35

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the
 King.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
 By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
 He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge 40
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen ; to arms ! for I have
 thrown
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
 And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear
 it ;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth
 before the King, 45

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our
 heads,

And that no man might draw short breath to-
 day

But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
 How show'd his tasking ? Seem'd it in com-
 tempt ? 51

Ver. No, by my soul ; I never in my life
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
 Unless a brother should a brother dare
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms. 55

He gave you all the duties of a man,
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
 Making you ever better than his praise

By still dispraising praise valued with you ; 60
 And, which became him like a prince indeed,
 He made a blushing cital of himself,

And chid his truant youth with such a grace
 As if he mast'rd there a double spirit
 Of teaching and of learning instantly. 65

There did he pause ; but let me tell the world,
 If he outlive the envy of this day,

England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured 70
On his follies. Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. 75
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers,
friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour. 85
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another MESSENGER.

[2.] *Mess.* My lord, prepare; the King comes
on apace. 90

Hot. I thank him that he cuts me from my
tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal. 95
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now *Esperance!* Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall 100
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*They embrace [and exeunt].*]

[SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*]

*The trumpets sound. The King enters with his
power and passes over. Alarum to the battle.
Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER
BLUNT.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle
thus
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king. 5

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day
hath bought

Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him. So shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner. 10

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
don thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. 15

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breath-
less lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? No. I know this face
full well.

A gallant knight he was, his name was
Blunt; 20

Sensibly furnish'd like the King himself.

Doug. Ah! "fool" go with thy soul, whither
it goes!

A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his
coats. 25

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,

Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. 30
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at Lon-
don, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring
but upon the pate. Soft! who are you? Sir
Walter Blunt. There's honour for you! Here's
no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as
heavy too. God keep lead out of me! I need
no more weight than mine own bowels. I [35
have led my ragamuffins where they are pep-
per'd. There's not three of my hundred and
fifty left alive; and they are for the town's
end, to beg during life. But who comes here? 40

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What, stands thou idle here? Lend
me thy sword.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I prithee,
lend me thy sword. 44

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to
breathe a while. Turk Gregory never did such
deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have
paid Percy, I have made him sure,

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill
thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword. 50

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be
alive, thou gets not my sword; but take my
pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot. There's
that will sack a city. 56

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds
it to be a bottle of sack.*]

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally
now? [*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.
If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if
I come in his willingly, let him make a car- [61

bonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *[Exit. 65]*

SCENE [IV. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE [wounded], LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee, Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your Majesty, make up, lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.

My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: 10

And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a field as this, Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on, And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland, 15

Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point With luster maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy Lends mettle to us all! *[Exit. 25]*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads. 25

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those That wear those colours on them. What art thou,

That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30

And not the very King. I have two boys

Seek Percy and thyself about the field;

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit; 35

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king.

But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! The spirits 40

Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee, Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[They fight: Douglas flies.]

Cheerly, my lord, how fares your Grace?

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent, 45

And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while.

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion, And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. 50

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury

That ever said I hear'd need for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you,

Which would have been as speedy in your end

As all the poisonous potions in the world, 55

And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton. I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. *[Exit. 60]*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name. 60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign. 65

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come

To end the one of us; and would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I'll make a greater ere I part from thee; 70

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. *[They fight. 75]*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you. 80

Re-enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead [and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls].

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.

They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh. 85

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's a fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue. No, Percy, thou art dust, ⁴⁵
And food for — [Dies.]

Prince. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee
well, great heart!

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound; ⁹⁰
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee
dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal; ⁹⁵
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave, ¹⁰⁰
But not rememb'ed in thy epitaph!

[He speth Falstaff on the ground.]
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee, ¹⁰⁵
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by; ¹¹⁰
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

Fal. (Rising up.) Embowell'd! if thou em-
bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder
me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas
time to counterfeit, or that hot terragant Scot
had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I
lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a ¹¹⁵
counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a
man who hath not the life of a man; but to
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth,
is to be no counterfeit, but the true and per-
fect image of life indeed. The better part ¹²⁰
of valour is discretion; in the which better
part I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am
afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be
dead. How, if he should counterfeit too and
rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would ¹²⁵
prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll
make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd
him. Why may not he rise as well as I? No-
thing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me.
Therefore, sirrah [stabbing him], with a new ¹³⁰
wound in your thigh, come you along with me.
[Takes up Hotspur on his back.]

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD JOHN
OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely
hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead? ¹³⁵

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art
thou alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou
seem'st. 140

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double
man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a
Jack. There is Percy [throwing the body down].
If your father will do me any honour, so; if
not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look
to be either earl or duke, I can assure you. ¹⁴⁵

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this
world is given to lying! I grant you I was
down and out of breath, and so was he; but
we rose both at an instant and fought a ¹⁵⁰
long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be
believed, so; if not, let them that should re-
ward valour bear the sin upon their own heads.
I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this
wound in the thigh. If the man were alive ¹⁵⁵
and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him
eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I
heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back. ¹⁶⁰
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the
field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead. ¹⁶⁵
[Exeunt [Prince of Wales and Lan-
caster].]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward.
He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do
grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and
leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman
should do. [Exit.]

SCENE [V. Another part of the field.]

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE
OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER
and VERNON prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenuous of thy kinsman's trust? ⁵
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence. ¹⁰

Wor. What I have done my safety urg'd me
to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Ver-
non too.

Other offenders we will pause upon. ¹⁵

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon
[guarded].]

How goes the field?
Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when
he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest; 20
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you 25

This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valours shown upon our crests to-day
Have taught us how to cherish such high 30
deeds

Even in the bosom of our adversaries. 31

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland 35
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,

To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,

Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, 40
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

KING HENRY IV.

HENRY, PRINCE [OF WALES], afterwards crowned King Henry V.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, } sons to Henry
[PRINCE] HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, } IV and brethren to Henry V.

THOMAS [DUKE] OF CLARENCE,

[EARL OF] NORTHUMBERLAND,

[SCROOP,] archbishop of York,

[LORD] MOWBRAY,

[LORD] HASTINGS,

LORD BARDOLPH,

TRAVERS, } retainers of North-

MORTON, } umberland,

[SIR JOHN] COLVILLE,

[EARL OF] WARWICK,

[EARL OF] WESTMORELAND,

[EARL OF] SURREY,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,

} opposites against
King Henry IV.

} of the King's Party.

[SIR JOHN] FALSTAFF,

HIS PAGE,

POINS,

BARDOLPH,

PISTOL,

PETO,

SHALLOW,

SILENCE,

DAVY, servant to Shallow.

FANG and SNARE, two Sergeants.

MOULDER,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEEBLE,

BULLCALF,

} country soldiers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

QUICKLY, hostess [of a tavern in Eastcheap].

DOLL TEARSHEET.

} irregular Humourists.

[Lords and attendants; Porter] Drawers, Beadles, Grooms [Servants, etc. A Dancer as] Epilogue.

[SCENE: *England.*]

INDUCTION

[*Warkworth. Before the castle.*]

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this ball of earth. 5

Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world; 10

And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,

Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe 15

Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop

That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wav'ring multitude, 20

Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?

I run before King Harry's victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his
troops,

Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30
And that the King before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant
towns

Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone, 35
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick. The posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
true wrongs. [Exit. 40]

ACT I

SCENE [I. *The same.*]

Enter LORD BARDOLPH at one door.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

[*The PORTER opens the gate.*]

Where is the Earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the Earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the
orchard.

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate, 5
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

L. Bard. Here comes the Earl.
[*Exit Porter.*]

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every
minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose 10
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

L. Bard. As good as heart can wish.
The King is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son, 15
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the
Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince
John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir
John,

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day, 20
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? Came you from Shrews-
bury?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that
came from thence, 25

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely rend'red me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, who
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
way; 30

And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings
comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me
back

With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard 35
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied
horse.

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury. 40

He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.

With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels

Against the panting sides of his poor jade 45
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so

He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha! Again.
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?

Of Hotspur Coldspur? That rebellion 50
Had met ill luck?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,

Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode
by Travers 55

Give then such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more
news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
leaf, 60

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the strand whereon the imperious
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrews-
bury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask 65

To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy
cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was
burnt;

But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it. 75
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus
and thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
las; "

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother
yet;

But, for my lord your son, —

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not
know 85

Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak,
Morton;

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain-
said; 91

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye.
Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear or
sin 95

To speak a truth. If he be slain, [say so;]
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Rememb'red tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son
is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to be-
lieve 105

That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
breath'd,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
From whence with life he never more sprung
up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd; 115
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble
Worcester 125

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
King,

Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his
flight, 130

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the King hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn. 135

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me
well.

And as the wretch, whose fever-weak'n'd
joints, 140

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weak'n'd with grief, being now enrag'd with
grief,

Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch! 145

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly
quoif!

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
bring 151

To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not Nature's
hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage 155

To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! 160

[*Tra.*] This strained passion doth you wrong,
my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom
from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give
o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay. 165

[You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And sum'm'd the account of chance, before you
said,

"Let us make head." It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop.

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, 170
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger
rang'd;

Yet did you say, "Go forth!" and none of this, 174
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action. What hath then be-
fallen,

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought
forth,

More than that being which was like to be?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this
loss 180

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 't was ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again, 185
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time; and, my most
noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
[The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers. He is a man 190
Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls; 195

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and
souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop 200
Turns insurrection to religion.

Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret
stones; 205

Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less do flock to follow him.]

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
truth, 210

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge.

Get posts and letters, and make friends with
speed, —

Never so few, and never yet more need. 215
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [II. London. A street.]

*Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his
sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor
to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a
good healthy water; but, for the party that
ow'd it, he might have moe diseases than he
knew for. 6

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at
me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay
man, is not able to invent anything that intends
to laughter, more than I invent or is invented
on me. I am not only witty in myself, but [10
the cause that wit is in other men. I do here
walk before thee like a sow that hath over-
whelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince
put thee into my service for any other reason
than to set me off, why then I have no judge- [15
ment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art
fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my
heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till
now; but I will inset you neither in gold nor
silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back [20
again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal,
the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet
fiedg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the
palm of my hand than he shall get one off his
cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his [25
face is a face royal. God may finish it when he
will, 't is not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it
still at a face royal, for a barber shall never
earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crow-
ing as if he had writ man ever since his [30
father was a bachelor. He may keep his own
grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure
him. What said Master Dommelton about the
satin for my short cloak and my slops? 34

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him
better assurance than Bardolph. He would not
take his hand and yours. He lik'd not the
security. 38

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton!
Pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson
Achitophel! a rascally yea-for-sooth knave!
to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand
upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do
now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches
of keys at their girdles; and if a man is
through with them in honest taking up, then [45
they must stand upon security. I had as lief
they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer
to stop it with security. I look'd 'a should have
sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am
a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, [50
he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn
of abundance, and yet the lightness of his wife
shines through it; and yet cannot he see,
though he have his own lanthorn to light him.
Where's Bardolph? 55

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your
worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy
me a horse in Smithfield. An I could get me
but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, [61
and wiv'd.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and SERVANT.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that
committed the Prince for striking him about
Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him. 65

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the
robbery? 68

Serv. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again. 75

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf. 79

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John! 83

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it. 90

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so. 94

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiiership aside; and give me leave to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I am any other than an honest man. 98

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter; hence! avaunt! 103

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say your lordship was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by [108] advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time in you; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health. 114

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales. 119

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you. 126

Fal. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is. 130

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of deafness. 134

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

[*Fal.*] Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 140

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician. 143

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself. 149

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come. 155

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles himself in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means is very slender, and your waste is great. 161

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog. 166

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-heal'd wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action. 171

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so. Wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as smell a fox. 176

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow. If I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 181

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair in your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel. 186

Fal. Not so, my lord. Your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go. I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers' [190] times that true Valour is turned bear-herd; Pregnancy is made a tapster, and his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. [195] You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and

we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 300

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, [205] your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John! 200

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack. 222

Ch. Just. Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him. 226

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you [and Prince Harry]. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland. 230

Fal. Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. If it be a hot day, and [238] I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever; but it was always yet the trick of our English [240] nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion. 247

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well! Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. 254

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, flip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy! 260

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence. 263

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin. [270] About it. You know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything. I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.* 278

SCENE [III. *York. The Archbishop's palace.*]

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.

And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; 8

But gladly would be better satisfied

How in our means we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file 10

To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus: 15

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point! But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgement is, we should not step too far [20] [Till we had his assistance by the hand; For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids uncertain should not be admitted].

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed 25

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air, and promise of supply, Flatt'ring himself in project of a power

Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts; And so, with great imagination 31

Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,

And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt

To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. 35

L. Bard. [Yes, if this present quality of war
Needed the instant action. A cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds, which to prove
fruit

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair 40
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability, 45
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great
work,

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey 50
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else] 55
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men;
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half
through,

Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of
fair birth,

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation, 65
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

L. Bard. What, is the King but five and
twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much,
Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads: one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. 75

Arch. That he should draw his several
strengths together

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
To French and Welsh he leaves his back un-
arm'd,

They saying him at the heels. Never fear
that. 80

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces
hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmore-
land;

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth;

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice. 85

[*Arch.* Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90
O thou fond many, with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, heastly feeder, art so full of him, 95
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times? 100

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him
die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave.
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke, 105
Cris't now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men ac-
curs'd!

Past and to come seems best; things present
worst.]

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set
on?

Hast. We are Time's subjects, and Time
bids be gone. [Exeunt. 110

ACT II

SCENE I. [London. A street.]

Enter HOSTESS, FANG [and his Boy with her,]
and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you ent'red the ac-
tion?

Fang. It is ent'red.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty
yeoman? Will 'a stand to 't? 5

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Fal-
staff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have ent'red
him and all. 11

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our
lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him. He
stabbd me in mine own house, [and that] most
beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what mis-
chief he does, if his weapon be out. He will
foin like any devil; he will spare neither man,
woman, nor child. 19

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither. I'll be at your el-
bow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an 'a come but
within my vice, — 24

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant
you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score.
Good Master Fang, hold him sure. Good Master

Snare, let him not scape. 'A comes continually to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle; and he is indicted to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to [50] Master Smooth's the silk-man. I pray you, since my exion is ent'red and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, [55] and borne, and borne, and have been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a [60] beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices. 65

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? What's the matter?

Fang. [Sir John,] I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head. Throw the quean in the channel. 62

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller. 60

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? Do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hempseed! 64

Page. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? Keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me. 70

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York. Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st thou upon him? 74

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum? 75

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare. 78

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own? 80

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, [85] when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, [90] the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green [95] wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people, saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath. Deny it, if thou canst. 113

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them. 118

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, [125] can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord. 126

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her. The one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance. 132

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneak without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty rememb'ed, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs. 140

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. 144

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before. 149

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers. 154

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 't were not for thy humours, there's not a bet-¹⁶⁰ter wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this. 165

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles. I' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift. You'll be a fool still. 170

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on. 175

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord? 180

Ch. Just. Where lay the King to-night?

Gow. At [Basingstoke], my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back? 185

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster.

Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Let the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently. 190

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner? 195

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go. 200

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair. 207

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*London. Another street.*]

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.
Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood. 4

Prince. Faith, it does me, though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Dost it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition. 10

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to ¹⁵know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz., these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use! ²⁰But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low countries have [made a shift to] eat ²⁵up thy holland. And God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened. 30

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins? 35

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell. 41

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject. 47

Prince. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow. 54

Poins. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite. 59

Prince. It would be every man's thought;

and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what acites your most worshipful thought to think so? 65

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee. 68

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears. The worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph. 74

Enter BARDOLPH and PAGE.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff. 'A had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Bard. God save your Grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph! 79

Poins. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead? 84

Page. 'A calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window. At last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's [new] petticoat and so peep'd through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited? 90

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away! 94

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation. There 'tis, boy. 100

Poins. O, that this [good] blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong. 105

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master? 110

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him. Though that be sick, it dies not. 114

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog, and he holds his place, for look you how he writes. 117

Poins. [Reads.] "John Falstaff, knight," — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself; even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their

finger but they say, "There's some of the King's blood spilt." "How comes that?" [124] says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, "I am the King's poor cousin, sir."

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter: 128
"Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace! 138

"I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity."

Poins. He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.

[*Prince.*] "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell. 141

"Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe." 146

Poins. My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister? 151

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London? 157

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in East-cheap. 162

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet. 167

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper? 173

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town. There's for your silence. 178

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road. 188

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow

himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen? ¹⁸⁸

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers. ¹⁹¹

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! That shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. ¹⁹⁶

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Warkworth. Before the castle.*]

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs;
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more. ⁵

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;

And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word, ¹⁰

When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home? ¹⁵
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!
For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move ²⁰
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
[He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant; ²⁵
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him; so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood, ³⁰
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!

O miracle of men! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war ³⁵
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice ⁴⁰
With others than with him! Let them alone.

The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.]

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me ⁴⁵

With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go and meet with danger there,

Or it will seek me in another place

And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons ⁵¹
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves, ⁵⁵

First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suff'ring; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband. ⁶¹

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind

As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop, ⁶⁵

But many thousand reasons hold me back.

I will resolve for Scotland. There am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*London. The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*]

Enter two DRAWERS.

1. *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? Apple-johns? Thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john. ³

2. *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights." It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that. ¹⁰

1. *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down; and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise. Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch! The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight. ¹⁵

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word, ²⁰

1. *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis; it will be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*]

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality. Your ²⁵

pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, "What's this?" How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [Singing.] "When Arthur first in court"—Empty the jordan. [*Exit 1. Drawer.*]
—[Singing.] "And was a worthy king." How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. A pox damn you, you muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll. We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you. Grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and ouches. For to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely, —

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord. You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confimities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you; you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter [FIRST] DRAWER.

[1.] *Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither. It is the foul-mouth'd st rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here; no, by my faith. I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here. I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John. There comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; and your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day; and, as he said to me, 't was no longer ago than Wednesday last, "I' good faith, neighbour Quickly," says he; Master Dumble, our minister, was by then; "neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill name." Now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." There comes none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit 1. Drawer.*]

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth. I am the worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an't were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets. I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? Much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave, for what? For tearing ¹⁵⁵ a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! Hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word "occupy"; ¹⁶⁰ which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted; therefore captains had need look to 't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll. ¹⁶⁵

Pist. Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her. I'll be reveng'd of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damn'd lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fautors! Have we not Hiren here? ¹⁷³

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 't is very late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day, ¹⁷⁹
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals
And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with

King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words. ¹⁸⁵

Bard. Be gone, good ancient. This will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. [Die] men like dogs! Give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here? ¹⁸⁹

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give 's some sack. ¹⁹⁴

"*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.*"
Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire.

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. ^[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet. ¹⁹⁹

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him downstairs. I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him downstairs! Know we not Galloway nags? ²⁰⁵

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downstairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? Shall we imbrue? ^[Snatching up his sword.] ²¹⁰

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward! ²¹⁴

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you downstairs. ²¹⁸
^[Drawing, and driving Pistol out.]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritris and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. ²²³

^[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? Methought 'a made a shrewd thrust 'at your belly. ²²⁸

^[Re-enter BARDOLPH.]

Fal. Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir; the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me! ²³²

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face. Come on, you whoreson chops. Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies. Ah, villain! ²³⁹

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou dar'st for thy heart. An thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets. ²⁴⁴

^{Enter Music.}

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! The rogue fled from me like quicksilver. ²⁴⁸

Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven? ²⁵³

^{Enter [behind,] PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised.}

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head. Do not bid me remember mine end?

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow. 'A would have made a good pantler; 'a would ha' chipp'd bread well. ²⁵⁹

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! His wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard;

there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet. 253

Dol. Why does the Prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon join'd stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, like unto the sign of The Leg, and [270] breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him. For the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois. 277

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

Prince. Look, wh'er the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot. 282

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! What says the almanac to that? 287

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering bushes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart. 293

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all. 296

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday. Shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come! It grows late; we'll to bed. Thou't forget me when I am gone. 300

Dol. By my troth, thou't set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis. 305

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir.

Poins. }

[*Coming forward.*]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead! 310

Fal. A better than thou. I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears. 314

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy Grace! By my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. 321

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your

revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat. 325

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth. 330

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill. You knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience. 335

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse. 340

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse? 344

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none. 351

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked? 357

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him; but the devil blinds him too. 363

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you. 369

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl. 374

Host. All victuallers do so. What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Peto knocks at door.*] 380

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster; 386

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, 390

So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night. 395

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

[*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*]

How now! what's the matter? 400

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after. The undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches; if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go. 408

Dol. I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Falstaff [and Bardolph].*]

Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well. 415

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet!

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come. (*She comes blubbered.*) Yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.* 421

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Westminster. The palace.*]

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep, 425

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 430
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile 435
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch

A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge 440

And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them

With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? 445

Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,

And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down! 450

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords. 455

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it. 460

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
Which to his former strength may be restor'd

With good advice and little medicine.

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate, 465

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,

Wearied of solid firmness, melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beauly girdle of the ocean 470
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances

mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue, 475
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone

Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,

Did feast together, and in two years after

Were they at wars. It is but eight years since 480

This Percy was the man nearest my soul,

Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was
by—

You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—

[*To Warwick.*]

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—"
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss;—
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head,

Shall break into corruption;" so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, who in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of
time;

And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater false-
ness;

Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities.
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord.
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your
Grace

To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must
add

Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.*]

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE [meeting];
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-
CALF [a Servant or two with them].*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give
me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. An

early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? And your fairest daughter and mine,
my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and no, sir, I dare say my
cousin William is become a good scholar. He is
at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. 'A must, then, to the Inns o' Court
shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn, where I
think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd anything;
and I would have done anything indeed too,
and roundly too. There was I, and little John
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes,
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a
Cots'ol' man. You had not four such swinge-
bucklers in all the Inns o' Court again; and I
may say to you, we knew where the bona-
robas were and had the best of them all at
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now
Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. Cousin, this Sir John that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I
see him break Skogan's head at the court-
gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high; and
the very same day did I fight with one Samp-
son Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn.
Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent!
And to see how many of my old acquaintance
are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very
sure. Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain
to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bul-
locks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! 'A drew a good
bow; and dead! 'A shot a fine shoot. John o'
Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money
on his head. Dead! 'a would have clapp'd 'i'
the clout at twelve score; and carried you a
forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a
half, that it would have done a man's heart
good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be, a score of good
ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's
men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice
Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor es-
quire of this county, and one of the King's jus-

tices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me? 85

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth? 71

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*. Very good; a good phrase. 79

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. [64 Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes [80 good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think? 85

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome. 100

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you. 105

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir. Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy? 111

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? A good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy? 115

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! Things that are mouldy lack use. Very singular good! In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him. 121

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have

prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I. 126

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; know you where you are? For the other, Sir John, let me see. Simon Shadow! 132

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou? 137

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow. So the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance! 143

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book. 145

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart? 150

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins. Prick him no more. 155

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it; I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

[*Fal.*] What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir. 161

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat? 166

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor. Well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow. 173

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir. 180

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir. 185

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd? 190

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir. 195

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all? 199

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have to four here, sir. And so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow. 205

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, [good] Master Shallow [no more of that].

Shal. Ha! 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive? 211

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow. 215

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow. 219

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago. 224

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow. 229

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword was "Hem, boys!" Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. Jesu, the days that we have seen! Come, come. 234

[*Exeunt [Falstaff and the Justices].*]

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much. 239

Bard. Go to; stand aside. 243

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my [old] dame's sake, stand my friend. She has nobody to do anything about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside. 249

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind. An't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next. 255

Bard. Well said; th' art a good fellow.
Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the JUSTICES.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. [*Aside to Fal.*] Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf. 261

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow. 267

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf! for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best. 274

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is. 'A shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that glibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow; give me this man. He presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 280

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well; go to; very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab. Hold, there's a tester for thee. 295

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, — I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, — there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in. "Rah, tah, tah," would 'a say; "bounce" would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow. 305

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both; I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats. 311

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure I will with ye to the court. 316

Fal. 'Fore God, would you would [Master Shallow].

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you! ³³⁰

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [Exit Justices.] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exit Bardolph, recruits, etc.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of ³³⁵ lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turn-bull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. ³⁴⁰ I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When 'a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife. 'A was so for- ³⁴⁵ lorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible. 'A was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. 'A came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd huswives that he ³⁵⁰ heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ³⁵⁵ ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an ³⁶⁰ eel-skin. The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ³⁶⁵ see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Yorkshire.] Within the Forest of Gaultree.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS [and others].

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus: Here doth he wish his person, with such pow-

ers

As might hold sortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers That your attempts may overlive the hazard ¹⁵ And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy; ²⁰ And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here? ²⁵

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,

The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,

What doth concern your coming.

West. [Then, my lord,]

Unto your Grace do I in chief address ³¹

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary, — ³⁶

I say, if damnd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection ⁴⁰

With your fair honours. You, Lord Arch-

bishop,

Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath

touch'd,

Whose learning and good letters peace hath

tutor'd,

Whose white investments figure innocence, ⁴⁵

The dove, and very blessed spirit of peace,

Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself

Out of the speech of peace that bears such

grace,

Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war;

Turning your books to graves, your ink to

blood, ⁵⁰

Your pens to lances and your tongue divine

To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this? so the question

stands.

Briefly to this end: we are all diseas'd,

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours ⁵⁵

Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,

And we must bleed for it; of which disease

Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.

10.

But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician, 60
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace
 Troop in the throngs of military men;
 But rather show awhile like fearful war
 To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
 And purge the obstructions which begin to
 stop 65

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
 we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth
 run, 70

And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the King, 75
 And might by no suit gain our audience.
 When we are wrong'd and would unfold our
 griefs,

We are deny'd access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us
 wrong.]

The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
 Not to break peace or any branch of it, 85
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?

Wherein have you been galled by the King? 89
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the common-
 wealth,

To brother born an household cruelty. 95
 I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
 That feel the bruises of the days before, 100
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

West. [O, my good Lord Mowbray,
 Construe the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time, 105
 And not the King, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me
 Either from the King or in the present time
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd 110
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
 Your noble and right well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
 lost,

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
 The King that lov'd him, as the state stood
 then, 115

Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him;
 And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
 down, 120

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
 steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have
 stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, 124
 O, when the King did throw his warder down —
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw, —
 Then threw he down himself and all their lives
 That by indictment and by dint of sword
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you
 know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman.
 Who knows on whom Fortune would then have
 smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry; 135
 For all the country in a general voice
 Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and
 love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
 And bless'd and grac'd and did, more than the
 King, —]

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
 Here come I from our princely general 141
 To know your griefs; to tell you from his
 Grace

That he will give you audience; and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just, 145
 You shall enjoy them, everything set off
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this
 offer;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear. 150
 For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms, 155
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
 Then reason will our hearts should be as good.
 Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no
 parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your
 offence. 160

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commis-
 sion,

In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon? 165

West. That is intended in the general's name.
 I urge you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland,
 this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances.

Each several article herein redress'd, 170
All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills 175
To us and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace, which God so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords 181
Which must decide it. [*Exit West.*

Arch. My lord, we will do so.
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me

That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that. If we can make our peace 185

Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
tains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause, 190
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
Shall to the King taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff 195

And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this: the King is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances;
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land 205
As his misdoubts present occasion.
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend;
So that this land, like an offensive wife, 210
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods 215

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;
And therefore be assured, my good Lord Mar-
shal, 220

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The Prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship 225
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace. My lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. Another part of the forest.]

Enter [from one side, MOWBRAY, attended; afterwards the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others: from the other side,] PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER [and WESTMORELAND; Officers, and others with them].

Lan. You are well encount'ed here, my cousin Mowbray.

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell, 5
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death. 10
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the King,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord Bishop, 15

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in His parliament;
To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer 20
Between the grace, the sanctities, of Heaven
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name, 25
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeit zeal of God,
The subjects of His substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of Heaven and him

Have here upswarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace; 31
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misord'ed doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace 35
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep

With grant of our most just and right de-
sires; 40

And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt. 45
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow, 50

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly

How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,

And swear here, by the honour of my blood, 55
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 60

Discharge your powers unto their several counties,

As we will ours; and here between the armies
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home

Of our restored love and amity. 65

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word;

And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

[*Hast.*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part. 70

I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain. [*Exit [Officer].*]

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your Grace; and, if you knew what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely. But my love to ye 75
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray,

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus, some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit. 85

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts [within].*]

Lan. The word of peace is rend'red. Hark, how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest; For then both parties nobly are subdu'd, 90
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.

And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men

We should have cop'd withal. [*Exit [Westmoreland].*]

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit [Hastings].* 96

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place. 105

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason;

And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable? 110

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care. 115

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion [and such acts as yours].

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatt' red stray.

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. 121

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Another part of the forest.]

Alarums. Excursion. Enter FALSTAFF and COLVILLE [meeting].

Fal. What's your name, sir? Of what condition are you, and of what place, [I pray]?

Col. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colville of the Dale. 4

Fal. Well, then, Colville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale. Colville shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colville of the Dale. 10

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy. 17

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply [23] the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, [BLUNT] and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now. 27

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. [*Exit Westmoreland.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come. These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back. 32

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the [37] very extreme inch of possibility; I have found red ninescore and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame."

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deservings. 43

Fal. I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colville kissing my foot; to the which course if I be enforce'd, if you do not all show like gilt [53] twopenies to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount. 61

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will. 66

Lan. Is thy name Colville?

Col. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him. 70

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are That led me hither. Had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee. 76

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colville with his confederates To York, to present execution. 80
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt* [Blunt and others] with Colville.]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords;

I hear the King my father is sore sick. Our news shall go before us to his Majesty, Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him, And we with sober speed will follow you. 86

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go

Through Gloucestershire; and, when you come to court,

Stand my good lord, [pray,] in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition, 90
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt* [all but Falstaff].]

Fal. I would you had [but] the wit; 't were better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but [95] that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. [100] They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy [105] vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property [110] of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extremes. It illumineth the [115] face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and

then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, [130] doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act [135] and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd with excellent endeavour of drinking good [140] and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack. 135

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone. *Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. 142

[Exeunt.]

SCENE [IV. Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.]

Enter the KING, the PRINCES THOMAS OF CLARENCE and HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, WARWICK [and others].

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctifi'd. 5
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish.
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government. 10

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him? 15

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers. Cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead, 25
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd; 30
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day. 35
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently;
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him time and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40
Confound themselves with working. Learn
this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion, 45
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As acornitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas? 50

Clar. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? [Canst thou tell that?]

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,

And he, the noble image of my youth, 55
Is overspread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon 60
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly 65
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.

The Prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word 70
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,

Your Highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,

The Prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory 75
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,

By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,

Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness 81

Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand.

Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law. 83

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,

But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

The manner how this action hath been borne

Here at more leisure may your Highness read,

With every course in his particular. 90

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your Majesty;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall 96

As those that I am come to tell you of!

The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bar-
dolph,

With a great power of English and of Scots,

Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.

The manner and true order of the fight 100

This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good
news make me sick?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,

But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

She either gives a stomach and no food; 105

Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast

And takes away the stomach; such are the
rich,

That have abundance and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news;

And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.

O me! come near me; now I am much ill. 111

Glou. Comfort, your Majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up.

War. Be patient, Princes; you do know,
these fits

Are with his Highness very ordinary. 115

Stand from him, give him air. He'll straight
be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these
pangs.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine
it in

So thin that life looks through [and will break
out]. 120

Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature.
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them
over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
between; 125

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,

Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and
died.

War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King
recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end.

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
hence 131

Into some other chamber. [Softly, pray.]

[*Exeunt. The King is borne out.*]

[SCENE V. Another chamber.]

*The King lying on a bed: CLARENCE,
GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others in atten-
dance.*

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow
here. 5

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes
much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and
none abroad!

How doth the King? 10

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover
without physic. 15

War. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet

Prince, speak low;

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along
with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by
the King. [*Exeunt all but the Prince.*] 20

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet 25

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day, 30

That scald'st with safety. By his gates of
breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not.
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my
father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep 35
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously. 40
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. [*Puts on the crown.*] Lo,
where it sits,

Which God shall guard; and put the world's
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force 45
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me. [*Exit.*
King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE
[and the rest].

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? [How
fares your Grace?] 50

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here,
my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he?
Let me see him.

He is not here. 55

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? Who took it
from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left
it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence. Go,
seek him out. 60

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him
hither. [*Exit Warwick.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me. See, sons, what things
you are! 65

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their
brains with care,

Their bones with industry; 70

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The cank' red heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises;

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
[The virtuous sweets], 75

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murd' red for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father. 80

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the
next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow 85
That Tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his
knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me,
Harry. 90

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* [Warwick and the rest].]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak
again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair 95
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100

That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that which after some few
hours

Were thine without offence; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not, 105

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy
thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an
hour? 110

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head; 115

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the Fifth is crown'd! Up, vanity! 120

Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum!

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,
dance, 125

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more.

England shall double gild his treble guilt,
 England shall give him office, honour, might; 150
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
 When that my care could not withhold thy
 riots, 155

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
Prince. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my
 tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 160
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more 165
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,

[*Kneels.*]
 Which my most inward, true, and duteous
 spirit

Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
 God witness with me, when I here came in, 160
 And found no course of breath within your
 Majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed! 165
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
 I spake unto this crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee de-
 pending

Hath fed upon the body of my father; 160
 Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
 Preserving life in medicine potable;
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
 nown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
 liege, 165

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it, as with an enemy
 That had before my face murder'd my father,
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.
 But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it,
 Let God for ever keep it from my head 175
 And make me as the poorest vassal is
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

King. [O my son,]
 God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's
 love, 180

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
 That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways 185
 I met this crown; and I myself know well

How troublesome it sat upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous
 hand,

And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-
 shed, 195

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument; and now my death
 Changes the mode; for what in me was pur-
 chas'd, 200

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I
 could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are
 green;

And all [my] friends, which thou must make
 thy friends, 205

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en
 out;

By whose fell working I was first advanc'd
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displac'd; which to avoid,
 I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne
 out, 215

May waste the memory of the former days.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
 That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
 And grant it may with thee in true peace
 live! 220

Prince. [My gracious liege,]
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
 Then plain and right must my possession be,
 Which I with more than with a common pain
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully main-
 tain. 225

*Enter LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER and WAR-
 WICK.*

King. Look, look, here comes my John of
 Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my
 royal father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
 son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is
 flown

From this bare wither'd trunk. Upon thy
 sight 230

My worldly business makes a period.
 Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

King. Doth any name particular belong
 Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
King. Laud be to God! even there my life
must end. 236

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *[Exeunt.]* 241

ACT V

SCENE I. *[Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.]*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not
away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert
Shallow. 4

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be
excus'd; excusals shall not be admitted; there
is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be ex-
cus'd. Why, Davy!

[Enter DAVY.]

Davy. Here, sir. 9

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see,
Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see, Yea,
marry, William cook, bid him come hither.
Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts have
not be serv'd; and, again, sir, shall we sow the
headland with wheat? 16

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for Wil-
liam cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's
note for shoeing and plough-irons. 20

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you
shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket
must needs be had; and, sir, do you mean to
stop any of William's wages, about the sack he
lost [the other day] at Hinckley fair? 26

Shal. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons,
Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of
mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws,
tell William cook. 30

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night,
sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy; I will use him well. A
friend if the court is better than a penny in
purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are
arrant knaves, and will backbite. 36

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten,
sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy busi-
ness, Davy. 40

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance
William Visor of Woncot against Clement
Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy,
against that Visor. That Visor is an arrant
knave, on my knowledge. 46

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a
knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a
knave should have some countenance at his

friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to
speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have
serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight [51]
years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quar-
ter bear out a knave against an honest man, I
have [but a very] little credit with your wor-
ship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir;
therefore, I beseech you, let him be counte-
nanc'd. 57

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong.
Look about, Davy. *[Exit Davy.]* Where are
you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with
your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bar-
dolph. 62

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with [all] my heart, kind
Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow
[to the Page.] Come, Sir John. 66

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert
Shallow. *[Exit Shallow.]* Bardolph, look to
our horses. *[Exeunt Bardolph and Page.]* If
I were saw'd into quantities, I should make
four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as [70]
Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see
the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and
his. They, by observing [of] him, do bear them-
selves like foolish justices; he, by conversing
with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serv- [75]
ing-man. Their spirits are so married in con-
junction with the participation of society that
they flock together in consent, like so many
wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow,
I would humour his men with the imputa- [80]
tion of being near their master; if to his men,
I would curry with Master Shallow that no man
could better command his servants. It is cer-
tain that either wise bearing or ignorant car-
riage is caught, as men take diseases, one of [85]
another; therefore let men take heed of their
company. I will devise matter enough out of
this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual
laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which
is four terms, or two actions, and 'a shall
laugh without intervallums. O, it is much [90]
that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a
sad brow will do with a fellow that never had
the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him
laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid
up. 95

Shal. *[Within.]* Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come,
Master Shallow. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *[Westminster. The palace.]*

*Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE
[meeting].*

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice?
whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all
ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me
with him.

The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves
you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm
myself 10

To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER
[*WESTMORELAND, and others.*]

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead
Harry:

O that the living Harry had the temper 15
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be over-
turn'd!

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good
morrow. 20

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to
speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath
made us heavy! 25

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be
heavier!

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend
indeed;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace
to find, 30

You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier; would't were otherwise!

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John
Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour, 35

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocence fail me,

I'll to the King my master that is dead, 40

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH [attended].

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your
Majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, *majesty*,

Sits not so easy on me as you think. 45

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear.

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you. 50

Sorrow so royally in you appears

That I will deeply put the fashion on

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all. 55

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your
cares.

Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears

By number into hours of happiness. 61

Princes. We hope no other from your
Majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me, and you
most.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd
rightly, 65

Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to
prison. 70

The immediate heir of England! Was this
easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father;

The image of his power lay then in me;

And, in the administration of his law, 75

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your Highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the King whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgement;

Whereon, as an offender to your father, 81

I gave bold way to my authority

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought? 85

To pluck down justice from your awful bench?

To trip the course of law and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your per-
son?

Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image

And mock your workings in a second body? 90

Question your royal thoughts, make the case
yours:

Be now the father and propose a son,

Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disinherited; 95

And then imagine me taking your part

And in your power soft silencing your son.

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state

What I have done that misbecame my place, 100

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh
this well,

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword;

And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine 105

Offend you and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words:

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son 110

That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice." You did commit
me;

For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to
bear;

With this remembrance, that you use the
same 115

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand.

You shall be as a father to my youth,
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents 120

To your well-practic'd wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,

My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive, 125

To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now: 130
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go 135

In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite, 140

As I before rememb'ed, all our state;
And, God consigning to my good intents,

No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! 145

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY,
BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where,
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of
mine own grafting, with a dish of carraways,
and so forth,—come, cousin Silence,—and
then to bed. 5

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly
dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all,
beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread,
Davy; spread, Davy. Well said, Davy. 10

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he
is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very
good varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have
drunk too much sack at supper. A good var-
let. Now sit down, now sit down. Come,
cousin. 15

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall
[*Singing.*]

"Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and females dear, 20

And lusty lads roam here and there

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily."

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master
Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon. 25

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine,
Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon;
most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master
page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat,
we'll have in drink; but you must bear. The
heart's all. [*Exit.*] 32

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my
little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Be merry, be merry, my
wife has all;

For women are shrews, both short and
tall.

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide. 35

Be merry, be merry."

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been
a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who? I? I have been merry twice and
once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for
you. [*To Bardolph.*] 40

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you
straight. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*] "A cup of wine that's brisk
and fine,

And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a." 45

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in
the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master
Silence. 50

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Fill the cup, and let it
come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom."

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou
want'st anything, and wilt not call, beshrew
thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the Page*],
and welcome indeed too. I'll drink
to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros
about London. 55

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I
die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—
Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart to-
gether, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot. 60

Shal. By God's liggers, I thank thee. The
knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee
that. 'A will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir. 65

[*One knocks at door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack no-
thing; be merry! Look who's at door there.
Ho! who knocks? [*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right. 70

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a
bumper.*]

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Do me right,
And dub me knight:
S'amingo."

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

[*Re-enter DAVY.*]

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! Let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be, but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff i' thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys

And golden times and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Singing.*] "And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John."

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? Speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou

wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, — be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward — get on thy boots. We'll ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph! [*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and withal devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

"Where is the life that late I led?" say they. Why here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*London. A street.*]

Enter BEADLES, [dragging in] HOSTESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd. Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1. *Bead.* The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on! I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain!

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry.

1. *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this, — you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famish'd corrector, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1. *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, Goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

1. *Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*A public place near Westminster Abbey.*]

Enter two GROOMS, strewing rushes.

1. *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

2. *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

1. *Groom.* 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. ⁴
[*Exeunt.*]

Trumpets sound, and the King and his train pass over the stage. After them enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace. I will leer upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight. ⁹

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth him better; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him. ¹⁵

[*Shal.*] It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection, —

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion, —

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. ²⁰

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, —

Shal. It is best, certain. ²⁴

[*Fal.*] But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. ²⁹

Pist. 'Tis "*semper idem*," for "*obsque hoc nihil est*." 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, ³⁵
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Hal'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand.

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell
Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her. ⁴¹

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING and his train, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal Hal! ⁴⁴

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep,
most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee,
my heart! ⁵⁰

King. I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream. ⁵⁵
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth
gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.

Presume not that I am the thing I was; ⁶⁰

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast, ⁶⁵

The tutor and the feeder of my riots;

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you, ⁷⁰

That lack of means enforce you not to evils;

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will, according to your strengths and qualities,

Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenour of my word. ⁷⁵

Set on. [*Exeunt King [etc.].*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me. ⁸⁰

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow.

Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great. ⁸⁵

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour. ⁹¹

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. I shall be sent for soon at night. ⁹⁵

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE [Officers with them].

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord, —

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon. ¹⁰⁰

Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spera contenta,*
[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief Justice.*]

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.

He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for ; 106

But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament,
my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath. 110

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year ex-

pire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the

King.

Come, will you hence ? [Exeunt. 115

EPILOGUE

[Spoken by a DANCER.]

First my fear ; then my curtsy ; last my
speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my
curtsy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your
pardons. If you look for a good speech now,
you undo me ; for what I have to say is of mine
own making ; and what indeed I should say [5
will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But
to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it

known to you, as it is very well, I was lately
here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray
your patience for it and to promise you a bet- [10
ter. I meant indeed to pay you with this ; which,
if like an ill venture it come unluckily home,
I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose.
Here I promis'd you I would be, and here I
commit my body to your mercies. Bate me [15
some and I will pay you some and, as most
debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit
me, will you command me to use my legs ? And
yet that were but light payment, to dance out
of your debt. But a good conscience will [20
make any possible satisfaction, and so would I.
All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ;
if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen
do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was
never seen before in such an assembly. 25

One word more, I beseech you. If you be
not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble
author will continue the story, with Sir John
in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine
of France ; where, for anything I know, [30
Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a
be kill'd with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle
died a martyr, and this is not the man. My
tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will
bid you good night ; and so kneel down be- [35
fore you ; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

IN the case of *Henry V* the date of composition can be fixed with more exactness and assurance than usual. The Chorus prefixed to Act v contains in lines 30-34 a clear allusion to the expedition led by the Earl of Essex, who left for Ireland on April 15, 1599, and returned on September 28 of the same year. The nature of the reference is such as to date the passage between these limits.

A quarto edition appeared in 1600, and was reprinted in 1602 and 1608. This is, however, not the source of the text of the First Folio, on which the present edition is based. The Quarto is less than half the length of the version in the Folio, and the text is so badly mangled and corrupted that it is to be concluded that it is a pirated edition printed from notes taken at a performance, and perhaps from other sources surreptitiously obtained. The theory that it represents an earlier draft of the play, afterwards elaborated into the form found in the Folio, is negated by a close comparison of the texts.

The source of the serious plot of this history is, as usual, the *Chronicles* of Holinshed. Shakespeare follows the main thread of the actual events, altering the order only slightly, but condensing the action from six years. The long speeches throughout are, but for a few hints, altogether his, with the exception of the genealogical argument of the Archbishop of Canterbury in i. ii., which follows Holinshed with remarkable closeness. The scenes in which Pistol and his fellows appear have, of course, no original; and the group of subordinate officers, Fluellen, Macmorris, and Captain Jamy, with Williams and Bates and the glove episode, are all purely Shakespearean. The pardoning of the man who had railed against the king is a skilful invention to lead up to the unmasking and self-condemnation of the conspirators. Changes in the comparative prominence of details are managed in such a way as to produce the characteristic patriotic temper of the play. Thus, the tennis-ball message and reply are emphasized and elaborated; and the happy personal relations existing among the English are brought out in Henry's speeches to old Erpingham, in the description of the deaths of Suffolk and York, in the conversation between the king and the common soldiers, in the splendid eloquence of such speeches as those of Henry before Harfleur and on St. Crispin's Day, all of which are absent from the chronicles; and, conversely, the vain boasting of the French lords before the battle is created out of a mere hint that they passed the night in merriment and were contemptuous of their opponents. Again, additional stress is laid by Shakespeare on Henry's piety, his soliloquy and prayer before Agincourt being without historical basis. Yet the main lines of his character are those laid down by Holinshed and earlier writers.

The French lesson of the Princess is original; but the wooing is foreshadowed in the crude play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which had already supplied hints for *Henry IV*. This play also uses the Dauphin's gift of tennis-balls, and contains dialect parts which may have suggested the Welsh, Scottish, and Irish parts here; and a scene in which a Frenchman tries to hold an Englishman for ransom bears a certain resemblance to Pistol's treatment of his French captive. The stealing of the pyx and the fate, though not the character, of Bardolph are historical. The Dauphin was not in fact present at the battle of Agincourt, and in this detail the Quarto follows history more accurately than the Folio. The simile of the bees in Canterbury's speech (i. ii. 187-204) may have been suggested by a passage in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, which in turn is based on Pliny.

The style of the sonnet Epilogue suggests some doubts as to its authorship, — a point of some importance in view of the stress laid on it in discussions on *Henry VI*.

With the exception of the doubtful *Henry VIII*, this play was the last to be written of Shakespeare's histories. The crises in English history before the Tudor period which gave good dramatic opportunity were well-nigh exhausted, and the limitations of the form of the chronicle play must have been increasingly irksome to Shakespeare's developed artistic sense. *Henry V* forms an appropriate close to the series, bringing, as it does, the patriotic fervor underlying them all to its highest expression, and embodying it in the heroic figure of the ideal English king.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY V.
 DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
 DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
 DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
 EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
 ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
 BISHOP OF ELY.
 EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
 LORD SCROOP.
 SIR THOMAS GREY.
 SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, } officers in King Henry's
 GOWER, } army.
 FLUELLEN, }
 MACMORRIS, } soldiers in the same.
 JAMY, }
 BATES, }
 COURT, }
 WILLIAMS, }
 PISTOL.
 NYM.

BARDOLPH.
 Boy.
 A Herald.

CHARLES VI, king of France.
 LEWIS, the Dauphin.
 DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
 The Constable of France.
 RAMBURES, } French Lords.
 GRANDPRÉ, }
 Governor of Harfleur.
 MONTJOY, a French Herald.
 Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, queen of France.
 KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
 ALICE, a lady attending on her.
 Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

CHORUS.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *England ; afterwards France.*]

PROLOGUE

Enter [CHORUS].

[*Chor.*] O for a Muse of fire, that would
 ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention,
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, s
 Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
 and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
 all,

The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
 So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France ? Or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
 O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may 15
 Attest in little place a million ;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder ;
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance ; 25
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
 them

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving
 earth.
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck
 our kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er
 times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
 Into an hour-glass : for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history ;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience
 pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.
 [*Exit.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. An ante-chamber in the
 King's palace.*]

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and
 the BISHOP OF ELY.*

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you : that self bill is
 urg'd,
 Which in the eleventh year of the last king's
 reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question. a
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it
 now ?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass
 against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession ;

For all the temporal lands, which men devout

By testament have given to the Church, 10
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age, 15
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well suppli'd;
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention? 21

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body, 25
But that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise 30

To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness 35
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate; 40

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rend'ring you in music;
Turn him to any cause of policy, 45
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow, 55
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, 60

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty. 66

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no? 70

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his Majesty, 75
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages 86
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off? 90

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come

To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare, 96
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. The presence chamber.*]

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND [*and Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne

And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold 100

Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul 15
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20
Therefore take heed how you impawn our
person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
We charge you, in the name of God, take
heed;

For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless
drops 25

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the
swords

That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart 30
That what you speak is in your conscience
wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
you peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar 35
To make against your Highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond:

"*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*,"
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land;"
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond 41
The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe; 45
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, to wit, no female 50
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.

Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France; 55

Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
Who died within the year of our redemption 60
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the
Great

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala; in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, 65
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clo-
thair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown 60
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir
male

Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and
naught,

Convey'd himself as the heir to the Lady Lin-
gare,

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son 75
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also, King Lewis the
Tenth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of
Lorraine;

By the which marriage the line of Charles the
Great

Was re-united to the crown of France. 85

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.

So do the kings of France unto this day, 90
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors. 95

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience
make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sover-
eign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, 100
Stand for your own! Unwind your bloody flag!
Look back into your mighty ancestors!
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's
tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike
spirit,

And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black
Prince. 105

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,

Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp

Forage in blood of French nobility. 110

O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France

And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
dead, 115

And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renown'd them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant
liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Ere. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause
and means and might; 125

So hath your Highness. Never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in
England

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear
liege, 130

With blood and sword and fire to win your
right;

In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time

Bring in to any of your ancestors. 135

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade
the French,

But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sov-
ereign, 140

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us; 145

For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France

But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,

With ample and brim fullness of his force, 150
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,

Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,

Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege; 155

For hear her but exampl'd by herself:

When all her chivalry hath been in France,

And she a mourning widow of her nobles,

She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray 160

The King of Scots; whom she did send to
France

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner
kings,

And make her chronicle as rich with praise

As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures. 165

West. But there's a saying very old and
true,

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin."

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170

Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,

To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Ere. It follows then the cat must stay at
home;

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity, 175
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and
lower, 180

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion, 185
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts, 190
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home 195

To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference 205
To one consent, may work contrariously.
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one
town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre; 210
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France, 215
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from
the Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]
Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll
sit, 225

Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly duke-
doms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth 230
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter AMBASSADORS of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear ²³⁵
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

1. Amb. May 't please your Majesty to give
us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? ²⁴⁰

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king,

Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fett'ed in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plain-
ness

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1. Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your Highness, lately sending into France, ²⁴⁶
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our mas-
ter

Says that you savour too much of your
youth, ²⁵⁰

And bids you be advis'd there's nought in
France

That can be with a nimble galliard won.
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, mester for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this, ²⁵⁵
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so plea-
sant with us.

His present and your pains we thank you
for. ²⁶⁰

When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls,

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a
wrangler

That all the courts of France will be dis-
turb'd ²⁶⁵

With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give our-
self ²⁷⁰

To barbarous license; as't is ever common
That men are merriest when they are from
home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France. ²⁷⁵

For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on
us. ²⁸⁰

And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-
geance

That shall fly with them; for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-
bands, ²⁸⁵

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down;

And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn.

But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name ²⁹⁰

Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.

So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit, ²⁹⁵

When thousands weep more than did laugh at
it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you
well. *[Exeunt Ambassadors.]*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour ³⁰⁰

That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our busi-
ness.

Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought
upon ³⁰⁵

That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,

We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought, ³¹⁰

That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

[PROLOGUE.]

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

[Chor.] Now all the youth of England are on
fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's
thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse, ⁵

Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point

With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets, ¹⁰
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,

Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes. ¹⁵

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,

What might'st thou do, that honour would thee
do,

Were all thy children kind and natural !
But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found
out 30

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted
men,

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the
second,

Henry Lord Seroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France, — O guilt in-
deed ! — 35

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in South-
ampton. 36

Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance, force a play.
The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
The King is set from London ; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton. 38
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit ;
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

[SCENE I. London. A street.]

Enter CORPORAL NYM and LIEUTENANT BAR-
DOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you
friends yet ? 4

Nym. For my part, I care not. I say little ;
but when time shall serve, there shall be
smiles ; but that shall be as it may. I dare not
fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron.
It is a simple one, but what though ? It will
toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another
man's sword will ; and there's an end. 11

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you
friends ; and we'll be all three sworn brothers
to France. Let it be so, good Corporal Nym. 14

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may,
that's the certain of it ; and when I cannot
live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my
rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is mar-
ried to Nell Quickly ; and certainly she did you
wrong, for you were troth-plight to her. 21

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they
may. Men may sleep, and they may have their
throats about them at that time ; and some say
knives have edges. It must be as it may.
Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will
plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I can-
not tell. 27

Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS.

Bard. Here come Ancient Pistol and his
wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How
now, mine host Pistol ! 30

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host ?

Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term ;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. 33

Host. No, by my troth, not long ; for we
cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen
gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of
their needles, but it will be thought we keep a
bawdy house straight. [Nym and Pistol draw.]
O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now !
We shall see wilful adultery and murder com-
mitted. 40

Bard. Good lieutenant ! good corporal ! offer
nothing here.

Nym. Pish !

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog ! thou prick-
ear'd cur of Iceland !

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour,
and put up your sword. 45

Nym. Will you shog off ? I would have you
solus.

Pist. "Solus," egregious dog ! O viper
vile !

The "solus" in thy most mervailous face ; 50
The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy,

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth !
I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels ;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow. 56

Nym. I am not Barbason ; you cannot con-
jure me. I have an humour to knock you in-
different well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol,
I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in
fair terms. If you would walk off, I would
prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I
may ; and that's the humour of it. 63

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious
wight !

The grave doth gape, and doting death is
near,

Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say. He
that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to
the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.]

Pist. An oath of mickle might ; and fury
shall abate. 70

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give.
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or
other, in fair terms : that is the humour of it.

Pist. "Couple a gorge !" 75
That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to
get ?

No ! to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 80
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her spouse.
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she ; and — *pauca*, there's enough.
Go to. 84

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my
master, and you, hostess. He is very sick, and
would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face

between his sheets, and do the office of a warm-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue! 90

Host. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt [Hostess and Boy].*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats? 96

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. 100

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home. 106

[*They draw.*]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will. 106

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithce, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won from you at betting? 111

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me, 115 Is not this just? For I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid. 120

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter HOSTESS.

Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. 126

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right.

His heart is fractured and corroborate. 130

Nym. The king is a good King; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Southampton. A council-chamber.]

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat Crowned with faith and constant loyalty. 5

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10 His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, and GREY.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.

Think you not that the powers we bear with us Will cut their passage through the force of France, 16

Doing the execution and the act For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence That grows not in a fair consent with ours, Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd 25

Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you 30

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

According to the weight and worthiness. 35

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,

And labour shall refresh itself with hope, To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter, Enlarge the man committed yesterday, 40

That rail'd against our person. We consider It was excess of wine that set him on,

And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security. Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example 45

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy if you give him life 50 After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care
of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding out of temper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch
our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and
digested,

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that
man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their
dear care

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes.

Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord.

Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
there is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboad to-night. — Why, how now,
gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? — Look ye, how they
change!

Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you
there,

That have so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault,

And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but
late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd.

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,

These English monsters! My Lord of Cam-
bridge here,

You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd

And sworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.

But, O
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou
cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy
use,

May it be possible that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'T is so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them;

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons

Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being
fetch'd

From glist'ring semblances of piety.
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,

Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do
treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus

Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,

And tell the legions, "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?

Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and
learned?

Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble fam-
ily?

Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,

Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting nei-
ther?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot

To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;

For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.

Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the
name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
[Henry] Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath dis-
cover'd,

And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,

Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not
seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended.

But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers

Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.

Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death,

The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance

Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt [Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded].*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now

But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen! Let us deliver

Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea! The signs of war advance!
No king of England, if not king of France!

[*Flourish.*]

[*SCENE III. London. Before a tavern.*]

Enter PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, BOY, and HOSTESS.

Host. Prithee honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Ar-

thur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child. 'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I

as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, [and they were as cold as any stone;] and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire. That 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables.
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay."

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *Caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

Nym. I cannot kiss; that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.]

[*SCENE IV. France. The King's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE [the CONSTABLE, and others].

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us.

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defend-
ant;

For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10
It fits us then to be as provident
As fears may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; 15
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in
question,

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France.
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that Eng-
land

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance; 25
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her note.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king. 30
Question your Grace the late ambassadors
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution, 35
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my Lord High Con-
stable;

But though we think it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd; 45
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet
him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon
us; 50

And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand 55
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
Wales;

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface 60

The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of
England 65

Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.

*[Exeunt Messenger and certain
Lords.]*

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for cow-
ard dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem
to threaten 70

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter EXETER.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your
Majesty: 75

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, longs 80
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may
know

'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim 85
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree; 90
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger. 95

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the
crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest he is coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head 105
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my mes-
sage; 110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from Eng-
land? 116

Exe. Scorn and defiance, Slight regard,
contempt,

And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's High-
ness 120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your
mock 125

In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake
for it,

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe;
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found, 135
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs
time

Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full. [Flourish. 140]

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that
our king

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions.

A night is but small breath and little pause 145
To answer matters of this consequence.

[Exeunt.]

ACT [III]

[PROLOGUE]

Flourish. Enter CHORUS.

[*Chor.*] Thus with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
seen

The well-appointed king at [Hampton] pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet 5
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
ning.

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaten sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind, 11
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea,

Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing; 15
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, fol-
low!

Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight
still,

Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old wo-
men, 20

Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance.
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France?

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
siege; 25

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French
comes back,

Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to
dowry, 30

Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.
[Alarum, and chambers go off.]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your
mind. [Exit. 35]

[SCENE I. France. Before] Harfleur.

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BED-
FORD, GLOUCESTER, [and Soldiers, with] scal-
ing-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear
friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears, 5
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head 10
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-
whelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean. 14
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest Eng-
lish,

Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-
ment. 21

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest

That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!

Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

[*Exeunt.*] *Alarum, and chambers go off.*

[SCENE II. *The same.*]

Enter Nym, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot; that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound.

"Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame."

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I.

"If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie."

Boy. "As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough."

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!

[*Driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,

Abate thy rage, great Duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! Your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt [all but Boy].*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a

killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit.*]

Enter GOWER [and FLUELLEN].

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, 'a faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and CAPTAIN JAMY.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? Have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! 'tish ill done. The work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour, O, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done; by my hand, 'tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, I look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'Tis shame for us all. So God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I'll de gud service, or I'll lig' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and I'll pay 't as valourously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you ake the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gov. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Ah! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded].

Gov. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. The same.] Before the gates.

[The GOVERNOR and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below.] Enter KING HENRY and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit; Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves, Or like to men proud of destruction Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best, If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lies buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.

What is it then to me, if impious War, Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends, Do with his smirch'd complexion all fell feats Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil

As send precepts to the leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command, Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid, Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end. The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, Returns us that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing ⁵⁵
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish. [The King and his train enter the town.*

[SCENE IV. *The French King's palace.*]

Enter KATHARINE and [ALICE] an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois? ⁶

Alice. La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres. ¹¹

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vitelement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles? ¹⁵

Alice. Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois. ²⁰

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. D' elbow. ²⁴

Kath. D' elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: D' hand, de fingres, de nails, d' arma, de bilbow. ³¹

Alice. D' elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! D' elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De nick, madame. ³⁵

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin. ³⁹

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps. ⁴⁴

Alice. N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je réciterai à vous promptement: d' hand, de fingres, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow. ⁵⁰

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; d' elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun. ⁵⁴

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: d' hand, de fingres, de nails, d' arm, d' elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun. ⁵⁸

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *The same.*]

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, [the DUKE OF BOURBON,] the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. An if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France; let us quit all And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions put in wild and savage stock, Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! ¹⁰

Mort de ma vie! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle? ¹⁵

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,

Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat? ²⁰

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields! Poor we may call them in their native lords. ²⁵

Dau. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out, and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth ³⁰

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos; Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways. ³⁵

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance, Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field !
 Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France ; 40
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy ;
 Jacques Châtillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolois ; 45
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
 knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great
 shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
 land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few, 55
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march ;
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste
 on Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty. 65

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain
 with us.

Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*]

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN [meeting].

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen ! come you
 from the bridge ?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent
 services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe ? 5

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous
 as Agamemnon ; and a man that I love and
 honour with my soul, and my heart, and my
 duty, and my live, and my living, and my ut-
 termost power. He is not—God be praised
 and blessed !—any hurt in the world ; but 10
 keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent
 discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant
 there at the pridge, I think in my very con-
 science he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony ;
 and he is a man of no estimation in the world, 15
 but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him ?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not. 20

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me fa-
 vours.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God ; and I have merited
 some love at his hands. 25

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of
 heart,

And of buxom valour, bath, by cruel fate,
 And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
 That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone— 30

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol.
 Fortune is painted blind, with a muffer afore
 his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind ;
 and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify
 to you, which is the moral of it, that she is
 turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and 35
 variation ; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon
 a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and
 rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most
 excellent description of it. Fortune is an excel-
 lent moral. 40

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns
 on him ;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a
 be,—

A damned death !

Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free,
 And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate. 45

But Exeter hath given the doom of death
 For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak ; the Duke will hear thy
 voice ;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
 With edge of penny cord and vile reproach. 50

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee
 requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly under-
 stand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore. 54

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing
 to rejoice at ; for if, look you, he were my
 brother, I would desire the Duke to use his
 good pleasure, and put him to execution ; for
 discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd ! and figo for thy
 friendship ! 60

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain. [*Exit.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit ras-
 cal. I remember him now ; a bawd, a cutpurse. 65

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave
 words at the pridge as you shall see in a sum-
 mer's day. But it is very well ; what he has
 spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when
 time is serve. 69

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that
 now and then goes to the wars, to grace him-
 self at his return into London under the form of
 a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the
 great commanders' names ; and they will learn
 you by rote where services were done ; at such
 and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such 75
 a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot,
 who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on ;
 and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war,
 which they trick up with new-tuned oaths : and
 what a beard of the general's cut and a hor- 80
 rid suit of the camp will do among foaming

bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter KING HENRY, [GLOUCESTER], and his poor Soldiers.

God bless your Majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge. The French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most brave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of the athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own per-

son, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy King I do not seek him now, But could be willing to march on to Calais. Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus! This your air of France Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent. Go therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbour

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself. If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'ed, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle, as we are;

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.

So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness. [*Exit.*]

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*]

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBOURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. ¹⁰

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; ¹⁵ he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg. ²⁰

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts. ²⁵

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage. ³¹

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the ³⁵ sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their ⁴⁰ particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature,"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress. ⁴⁵

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress. ⁵⁰

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled. ⁵⁴

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship. ⁵⁹

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then; they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair. ⁶⁵

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. "*Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier.*" Thou mak'st use of anything. ⁷⁰

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mis-

treus, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it? ⁷⁵

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away. ⁸¹

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces. ⁸⁸

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way. But I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English. ⁹²

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them. ⁹⁶

Dau. 'T is midnight; I 'll go arm myself. ^[Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills. ¹⁰⁰

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France. ¹⁰⁶

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow. He will keep that good name still. ¹¹¹

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he? ¹¹⁵

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him. ¹¹⁹

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey. 'T is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. "I'll never said well."

Con. I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship." ¹²⁵

Orl. And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due."

Con. Well plac'd. There stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the devil." ¹²⁹

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground? ¹³⁷

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do. ¹⁴¹

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away. ¹⁴⁶

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatched courage. ¹⁵²

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. ¹⁵⁷

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then, give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. ¹⁶²

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is the time to arm. Come, shall we about it? ¹⁶⁷

Orl. It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT [IV]

[PROLOGUE]

[*Enter CHORUS.*]

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of
night

The hum of either army stilly sounds, ⁵
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful
neighs ¹⁰

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the
tents

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, ¹⁵
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-justy French

Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And hide the cripple tardy-gaited Night ²⁰
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned Eng-
lish,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, ²⁵
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to
tent, ³⁰

Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and country-
men.

Upon his royal face there is no note ³⁵
How dread an army hath enrouned him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; ⁴⁰
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all ⁴⁵
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils, ⁵⁰
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries
be. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*]

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in
great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil, ⁵
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end. ¹⁰
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France. ¹⁵

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me
better,
Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their
present pains

Upon example ; so the spirit is eased ; 19
 And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers

both, 20
 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace ?

K. Hen. No, my good knight ;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England. 20
 And my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
 Harry ! [*Exeunt [all but King].*]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou
 speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là ?* 25

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me ; art thou officer ?
 Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ? 40

K. Hen. Even so. What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the
 King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of
 gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame ; 45
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
 I love the lovely bully. What is thy name ?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy ! a Cornish name. Art thou of
 Cornish crew ? 50

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his
 pate

Upon Saint Davy's day. 55

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in
 your cap that day, lest he knock that about
 yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then ! 60

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you !

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen ! 64

Flu. So ! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak
 lower. It is the greatest admiration in the
 universal world, when the true and aunchient
 prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept.
 If you would take the pains but to examine the
 wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I
 warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle 70
 nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant

you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars,
 and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the
 sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be
 otherwise. 75

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud ; you hear him
 all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and
 a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that
 we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool
 and a prating coxcomb ? In your own con-
 science, now ? 81

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you
 will. [*Exeunt [Gower and Fluellen].*]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of
 fashion, 85

There is much care and valour in this Welsh-
 man.

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER
 COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.*

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the
 morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be ; but we have no great
 cause to desire the approach of day. 90

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the
 day, but I think we shall never see the end of
 it. Who goes there ?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ? 95

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most
 kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of
 our estate ?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand,
 that look to be wash'd off the next tide. 101

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the
 King ?

K. Hen. No ; nor it is not meet he should.
 For, though I speak it to you, I think the King
 is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to [105
 him as it does to me ; the element shows to him
 as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human
 conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his
 nakedness he appears but a man ; and though
 his affections are higher mounted than ours, [110
 yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like
 wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears
 as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the
 same relish as ours are ; yet, in reason, no man
 should possess him with any appearance of fear,
 lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his
 army. 117

Bates. He may show what outward courage
 he will ; but I believe, as cold a night as 't is,
 he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck ;
 and so I would he were, and I by him, at all
 adventures, so we were quit here. 122

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con-
 science of the King : I think he would not wish
 himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ; so
 should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many
 poor men's lives saved. 128

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill
 to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak
 this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I

could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable. 134

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us. 139

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, choppt off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 153

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of Peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think

that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare. 196

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him. 201

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 208

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying. 215

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round. I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live. 220

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel. 225

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear. 232

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company. 237

Will. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. *[Exeunt soldiers.]* 241

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins lay on the King! We must bear all. O hard condition, Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy! And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings
in?

O Ceremony, show me but thy worth! 261
What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and
form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd 265

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage
sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great great-
ness,

And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out 270

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beg-
gar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; 275
I am a king that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The intertissed robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the King, 280

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony, —
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, 285
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful
bread,

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set 290

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,

Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,

With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, 295

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots

What watch the King keeps to maintain the
peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages. 301

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent.

I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. 305

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers'
hearts.

Possess them not with fear. Take from them
now

The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O
Lord,

O, not to-day, think not upon the fault 310
My father made in compassing the crown!

I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears

Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, 315

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have

built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn
priests

Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth, 320

Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploping pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee. 325

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. *The French camp.*]

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES,
and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my
lords!

Dau. *Montez à cheval!* My horse, varlet!
lackey! ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. *Via! les eaux et la terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis? L'air et le feu.* 3
Dau. *Ciel, cousin Orleans.*

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present ser-
vice neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in
their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha! 11

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood?

How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. The English are embattl'd, you French
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight
to horse! 15

Do but behold yond poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,

That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but

blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, 25

That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
Took stand for idle speculation,
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount; 35
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall crouch down in fear and
yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords
of France?

Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field. 40
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd
host

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks 45
With torch-staves in their hand; and their
poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and
hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead
eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still, and motion-
less; 50

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself. 55

Con. They have said their prayers, and they
stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and
fresh suits

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard; on to the
field! 60

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *The English camp.*]

*Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ER-
PINGHAM, with all his host: SALISBURY and
WESTMORELAND.*

Glou. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their
battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-
score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all
are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful
odds. 5

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good
luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-
day!

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[Exit Salisbury.]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness, 15
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 25
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-
land. 30

God's peace! I would not lose so great an
honour

As one man more, methinks, would share from
me

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one
more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight, 35
Let him depart. His passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.

We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian. 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, 45
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispian's
day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages 50
What feats he did that day. Then shall our
names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'red. 55

This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispian Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. ⁶⁰
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not
 here, ⁶⁵
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any
 speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
 speed.
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us. ⁷⁰
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds
 be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is back-
 ward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
 England, coz?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and
 I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this royal
 battle! ⁷⁵
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five
 thousand men,
 Which likes me better than to wish us one.
 You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,
 King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, ⁸⁰
 Before thy most assured overthrow;
 For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in
 mercy,
 The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls ⁸⁵
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their
 poor bodies
 Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer
 back: ⁹⁰
 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
 thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting
 him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt ⁹⁵
 Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
 And those that leave their valiant bones in
 France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dung-
 hills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall
 greet them, ¹⁰⁰

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your
 clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in
 France.

Mark then abounding valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, ¹⁰⁵
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day.
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd ¹¹⁰
 With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host —
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly —
 And time hath worn us into slovenry;
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim; ¹¹⁵
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers'
 heads

And turn them out of service. If they do this —
 As, if God please, they shall, — my ransom
 then ¹²⁰

Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy
 labour.

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my
 joints;

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable. ¹²⁵

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee
 well;

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again
 for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I
 beg

The leading of the vaward. ¹³⁰

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
 march away;

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
 [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*]

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, FRENCH
 SOLDIER, and BOY.*

Pist. Yield, cur!
Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme
 de bonne qualité.*

Pist. *Qualitie calmeie custure me! Art thou
 a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.* ¹³⁵

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentle-
 man.

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
 O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
 Except, O signieur, thou do give to me ¹⁴⁰
 Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de
 moi!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty
 moys,

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat ¹⁴⁵
 In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras ?

Pist. Brass, cur !
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, 20
Offer'st me brass ?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi !

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? Is that a ton of moys ?

Come hither, boy ; ask me this slave in French
What is his name. 25

Boy. Écoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé ?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firke him,
and ferret him. Discuss the same in French
unto him. 31

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Pist. Bid him prepare ; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur ? 35

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt ; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge, permafoy,
Peasant ; unless thou give me crowns, brave
crowns ; 40
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour le Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus. 45

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I 50
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement. 55

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre. 61

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees, a thousand thanks ; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me ! 65

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart ; but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil ! the old play, that every one may pare his 75 nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hang'd ; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp. The

French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.* 83

[SCENE V. Another part of the field.]

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES.

Con. O diable !

Orl. O seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !

Dau. Mort de ma vie ! all is confounded, all !
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune ! 85

Do not run away. [*A short alarm.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame ! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for ?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom ?

Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame ! 90

Let's die in honour !—Once more back again !
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog, 95
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs, 100
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng.

Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VI. Another part of the field.]

Alarm. *Enter* KING HENRY and his train, with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.

But all's not done ; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle ? Thrice within this hour

I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting.
From helmet to the spur all blood he was. 105

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 110

Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk ! 115
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry! " 19
 Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up.
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck 24
 He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me which I would have
 stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me, 30
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[*Alarum.*
 But, hark! what new alarum is this same? 35
 The French have reinforce'd their scatter'd men.
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
 Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'Tis
 expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as
 arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can
 be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not? 4

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left
 alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from
 the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides,
 they have burn'd and carried away all that was
 in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most
 worthily, hath caus'd every soldier to cut his
 prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king! 11

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain
 Gower. What call you the town's name where
 Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great. 15

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The
 pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or
 the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save
 the phrase is a little variations. 19

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born
 in Macedon. His father was called Philip of
 Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexan-
 der is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in
 the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you shall find,
 in the comparisons between Macedon and 25
 Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is
 both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and
 there is also moreover a river at Monmouth.
 It is call'd Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of
 my prains what is the name of the other 30
 river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers
 is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.
 If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of
 Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent
 well; for there is figures in all things. 35
 Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his
 rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his

cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures,
 and his indignations, and also being a little in-
 toxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his
 angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus. 41
Gow. Our King is not like him in that. He
 never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to
 take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is
 made and finished. I speak but in the figures 45
 and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd his
 friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups;
 so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits
 and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat
 knight with the great belly doublet. He 50
 was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and
 mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you there is good
 men porn at Monmouth. 56

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. *Enter KING HENRY and [forces;*
WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER,] with
prisoners. Flourish.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to
 France

Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill. 60
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
 If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings. 65
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French,
 my liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to
 be. 70

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
 Know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ran-
 som?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great King;

I come to thee for charitable license,
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field: 75
 To book our dead, and then to bury them;
 To sort our nobles from our common men.
 For many of our princes — woe the while! —
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs 80
 In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead
 masters,

Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great
 King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose 85
 Of their dead bodies!

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not if the day be ours or no;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer
 And gallop o'er the field.

Mont.

The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is rememb'ed of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases His grace, and His majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it. I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!

Enter WILLIAMS.

Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[Exeunt Herald with Montjoy.]

Ere. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your Majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjurd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod

upon God's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriev'd at this glove; that is all. But I would fain see it once, an please God of His grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear.
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[SCENE VIII. Before King Henry's pavilion.]

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King. There is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.]

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor. 16

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's. 19

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is — praised be God for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter? 25

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon. 28

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap. I promis'd to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 34

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me; in your conscience, now? 40

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.

"Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An it please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world. 47

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty. 51

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself. You appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me. 60

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap Till I do challenge it. Give him his crowns; And, captain, you must needs be friends with him. 65

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you. 71

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it. 77

Enter [an English] HERALD.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numb'red?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle? 80

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt; Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French 85

That in the field lie slain; of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six; added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, 90

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality. 95

The names of those their nobles that lie dead: Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;

Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin, 100

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,

The brother to the Duke of Burgundy, And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,

Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Le- 105

strale. Here was a royal fellowship of death!

Where is the number of our English dead? [*Herald shows him another paper.*]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;

None else of name; and of all other men 110

But five and twenty. — O God, thy arm was here;

And not to us, but to thy arm alone, Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock and even play of battle, Was ever known so great and little loss 115

On one part and on the other? Take it, God, For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village;

And be it death proclaimed through our host To boast of this or take that praise from God 120

Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for us. 125

Flu. Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites,
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then, 130
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.]

ACT V

[PROLOGUE]

Enter CHORUS.

[*Chor.*] Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life 5
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and
boys, 10

Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-
mouth'd sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London. 15
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city. He forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious
pride; 20

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of
thought,

How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort, 25
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;
As, by a lower but loving likelihood, 29
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland com-
ing,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! Much more, and much more
cause,

Did they this Harry. Now in London place
him; 35

As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home, —
The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; — and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40

Till Harry's back-return again to France.
There must we bring him; and myself have
play'd

The interim, by rememb'ring you 't is past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes ad-
vance

After your thoughts, straight back again to
France. [Exit. 45]

[SCENE I. France. The English camp.]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you
your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why
and wherefore in all things. I will tell you
asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally,
scald, beggarly, lousy, praggling knave, Pis- [5]
tol, which you and yourself and all the world
know to be no petter than a fellow, look you
now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings
me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid
me eat my leek. It was in a place where I 10
could not breed no contention with him; but I
will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see
him once again, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a
turkey-cock. 16

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his
turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol!
you scurfy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou
thirst, base Trojan, 20

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurfy, lousy
knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my
petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because,
look you, you do not love it, nor your affec- [25]
tions and your appetites and your disgestions
doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to
eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.
Flu. There is one goat for you. (*Strikes*
him.) Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat
it? 31

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when
God's will is. I will desire you to live in the
mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there
is sauce for it. (*Strikes him.*) You call'd me [35]
yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make
you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you,
fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a
leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd
him. 41

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of
my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.
Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green
wound and your bloody coxcomb. 45

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and
out of question too, and ambiguities,

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear — ⁵⁰

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat. ⁵⁴

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good. ⁶⁰

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat. ⁶⁶

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. ⁷¹

[*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, [76] and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeing and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an [80] English cudgel. You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? ⁸⁵

News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn, ⁹⁰
And something lean to cuspouse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. ⁹⁵

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. *France. A royal palace.*]

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, [GLOUCESTER,] WARWICK, [WEST-MORELAND,] and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, [the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE, and other Ladies;] the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and other French.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;

And, as a branch and member of this royalty, ⁵
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met! ¹⁰
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them ¹⁵

Against the French that met them in their bent

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. ²⁰

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, ²⁵

To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye, ³⁰

You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,

What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births, ³⁵

Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility. ⁴⁰

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory ⁴⁵

Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, ⁵⁰

Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,

Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness. ⁵⁵

Even so our houses and ourselves and children

Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;

But grow like savages, — as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood, — 60
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,

And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace 65
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would
the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands; 71
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the
which as yet. 74

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles. Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed 80
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,

And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,

Warwick, and Huntingdon, go with the King;
And take with you free power to ratify, 86
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageous for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister, 90

Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
with us: 95

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine and Alice.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I
cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love
me soundly with your French heart, I will be
glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your
English tongue. Do you like me, Kate? 107

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell wat is
“like me.”

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you
are like an angel. 111

Kath. *Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les
anges?*

Alice. *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi
dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I
must not blush to affirm it. 117

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes
sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? That the
tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be
full of deceits: dat is de Princess.* 123

K. Hen. The Princess is the better English-
woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
understanding. I am glad thou canst speak
no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou
wouldst find me such a plain king that thou
wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my
crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but
directly to say, “I love you”; then if you 130
urge me farther than to say, “Do you in
faith?” I wear out my suit. Give me your
answer; I' faith, do; and so clap hands and a
bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, me understand
well.* 136

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to
verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why
you undid me; for the one, I have neither
words nor measure, and for the other I have no
strength in measure, yet a reasonable mea- 140
sure in strength. If I could win a lady at
leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with
my armour on my back, under the correc-
tion of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly
leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for 145
my love, or bound my horse for her favours,
I could lay on like a butcher and sit like
a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God,
Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my
eloquence, nor I have no cunning in pro-
testation; only downright oaths, which 150
I never use till urg'd, nor never break for
urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this
temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-
burning, that never looks in his glass for love
of anything he sees there, let thine eye be 155
thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou
canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say
to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy
love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And
while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow
of plain and uncoined constancy; for he per- 161
force must do thee right, because he hath not
the gift to woo in other places; for these fel-
lows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme them-
selves into ladies' favours, they do always reason
themselves out again. What! a speaker 165
is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A
good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop;
a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate
will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full
eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, 170

Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? [176] Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France? 179

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 186

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je* [190] *quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to [195] speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.* 201

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English: canst thou love me? 206

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your [210] closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, [215] Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shalt not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, [220] half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat. 225

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus-belle Katharine du monde, mon très-cher et dévot dresseé*? 232

Kath. Your Majesty ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. 235

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and [240] untempering effect of my visage. Now, be-shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I [245] fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; [250] and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which [255] word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow [260] with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Will thou have me? 266

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de roi mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me. 270

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaïssez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.* 271

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur nocés, il n'est pas la coutume de France.* 281

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell wat is *baiser* en English. 286

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your Majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's [295] fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and [300]

yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. 306

Re-enter the FRENCH POWER and the ENGLISH LORDS.

Bur. God save your Majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. 311

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. 317

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to. 326

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking. 332

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on. 338

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves. 342

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way. 346

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them respectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath [never] ent'red. 350

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. 356

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article;

His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures. 363

Eze. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: where your Majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France*; and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.* 376

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest;

And thereupon give me your daughter. 375

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction 380

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all, 385

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen, [*Flourish.*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,

Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!

As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, 390

That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,

Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,

To make divorce of their incorporate league; That English may as French, French Englishmen, 395

Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. 400 Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me; And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Sennet. Exeunt.*]

[EPILOGUE]

Enter CHORUS.

[*Chor.*] Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,

Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,

In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their
glory.
Small time, but in that small-most greatly
lived
This star of England. Fortune made his
sword,
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king suc-
ceed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England
bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for
their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
[Exit.]

THE THREE PARTS OF HENRY THE SIXTH

THE three parts of *Henry VI* present a more difficult problem with regard to authorship than any other group contained in the First Folio. The obscurities caused by the processes of revision and collaboration are increased by the fact that the plays belong to the period of Shakespeare's apprenticeship, when it is to be presumed that his style was less individual and more under the influence of his predecessors than it was later.

The First Part of Henry VI is not found in print till it appears in the First Folio. But on March 3, 159½, a play called *Henry VI* was acted at the Rose Theatre by Lord Strange's company, and had a successful run. From a reference by Nash we learn that Talbot had been a popular figure in a recent play, and this may have been our *1 Henry VI*, either as we have it, or in an earlier form.

As to authorship, there is no external evidence but the fact of its inclusion in the First Folio. Internal evidence has led almost all critics to the conclusion that it is the work of several hands. But there is little general agreement as to who the other dramatists were, and which parts ought to be assigned to each. Shakespeare is usually credited with the scene (ii. iv.) in the Temple Gardens, in which the red and white roses are chosen as emblems of the rival houses; by many with the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (v. iii.); and by others, with the last fight of Talbot (iv. ii.-vii.). His collaborators, or, according to others, his predecessors, in the construction of the drama, are supposed to have been Marlowe and Greene, with less assurance Peele, and with still less Lodge. But the grounds of the assignment of the various passages to these authors are in the highest degree precarious.

The material for the plot was drawn chiefly from the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, or of Halle, whose narrative for this period Holinshed paraphrases. A few details may have been derived from Fabian. The material thus obtained was treated with great freedom. Verbal borrowings are very rare, and chronological sequence is often entirely disregarded. Thus the calamities to the English reported by the First Messenger in i. i. as having occurred by the date of the funeral of Henry V in 1422 are either quite unhistorical, as in the case of the loss of Orleans and Poitiers, which were not held by the English at that time, or are antedated by from seven to twenty-nine years, as in the case of the loss of Rheims, Guisors, Paris, and Guienne. Again, Talbot's death in the drama precedes the capture of Jeanne d'Arc; but in fact he lived till 1453, while the Maid was burned in 1431. The reconciliation which she is represented as bringing about between Burgundy and Charles VII did not occur till four years after her death. Nor is there more care for internal consistency. Paris is represented as lost by the English in i. i., yet Henry VI is crowned there in iv. i., and in v. ii. the Parisians are revolting to the French. Several picturesque incidents have no basis in the chronicle. Such are the interview of Talbot with the Countess of Auvergne in ii. iii., and the plucking of the roses in iii. iv. 28-45, with its sequel in iv. i. 78-161. The device of disguising soldiers as countrymen bearing sacks for the capture of Rouen is unhistorical. Rouen was not lost by the English till 1449; but a trick similar to that in the play is described by Holinshed as having been used by the French for the capture of Cornill in 1441.

In the case of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*, the situation is complicated by the existence of two other plays on the same subject, which contain a large amount of matter in common with the two Shakespearean dramas. *The First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* was printed in quarto in 1594, reprinted in 1600, and again with alterations in 1619. *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke* appeared in quarto in 1595, was reprinted in 1600,

and again with alterations in 1619. These two third editions formed a single quarto, called *The Whole Contention*. The *Second* and *Third Parts of Henry VI* are found first in the Folio of 1623. "Out of 3075 lines, there are in Part 2 some 1715 new lines; some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered); and some 520 old lines. In Part 3, out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and about 1010 old lines." (J. Lee.) With regard to the authorship of these plays a great variety of views has been put forth, ranging from the ascription of all four to Shakespeare to the substantial denial of any significant Shakespearean element in any of them. As to chronological order, some have argued that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are corrupt transcripts of 2 and 3 *Henry VI*; others, and these greatly in the majority, that 2 and 3 *Henry VI* are founded upon the other two plays. The following positions may now be regarded as accepted by the safer modern critics: — (1) that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are the earlier plays; (2) that these are the work of several authors, including Marlowe and Greene, and perhaps Peele; (3) that 2 and 3 *Henry VI* are a revision by Shakespeare of the other two plays. Opinion is still divided on these points: — (1) whether Shakespeare had a hand in the earlier plays; (2) whether he had the assistance of Marlowe in the revision. Miss J. Lee's conclusion is as follows: — "I believe that Shakespeare was the author of *Henry VI*, Parts 2 and 3, and that there is some ground for concluding that Marlowe was his fellow-worker: that *Henry VI*, Parts 2 and 3, were written about the year 1590: that they were not original plays, but were founded on . . . *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*: and that Marlowe and Greene, and possibly Peele, were the writers of these older plays, which were written some time, perhaps some years, before 2 and 3 *Henry VI*."

The most important modification of this view by later critics is in the direction of finding Shakespearean elements in the two earlier plays, especially in the scenes in which Jack Cade plays a part. This may be accounted for by supposing either that Shakespeare had an incidental share in them when they were first composed, or (as is perhaps more likely) that "passages in the impressions of 1594 and 1595 of the two old plays were borrowed for use from the *Second* and *Third Parts*, as then performed on the stage." (Ward.) The chief objection to the former alternative lies in the charge of plagiarism implied in a famous passage in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*; which, being undoubtedly aimed at Shakespeare, tends, but not conclusively, to exclude him from collaboration in the plays to which Greene is supposed to allude as the source of the plagiarism.

The more general argument against Shakespeare's having had to do with the writing of any of these plays lies in the facts that the two earlier were acted by a company for whom he is not known to have written, and that the two later are not known to have been acted by his own company. These points seem more than counterbalanced, however, by the fact of their inclusion in the First Folio by Heminge and Condell.

The results of modern investigation, then, while far from conclusive, tend to the belief that there may be a slight Shakespearean element in the two older plays, that 2 and 3 *Henry VI* were produced by Shakespeare, working on the basis of the earlier plays, probably with the assistance of Marlowe, and that they were re-cast between 1590 and 1592.

The present text is based upon that of the First Folio, for all three parts.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY VI.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, duke of Exeter, } great-uncles to
HENRY BEAUFORT, bishop of Winchester, } the King.
and afterwards cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, earl, afterwards duke, of Somerset.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late earl of Cambridge, afterwards duke of York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, afterwards earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, earl of March.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.
WOODVILLE, lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White Rose or York faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose or Lancaster faction.
A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.
REIGNIER, duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans and his Son.
General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.
COUNTNESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Wardens of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE : *Partly in England and partly in France.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Westminster Abbey.*]

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY THE FIFTH, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France; the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, etc.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command.
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? His deeds exceed all speech.

He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought;
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The Church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector

And lookest to command the Prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,

And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st

Except it be to pray against thy foes

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace;
 Let's to the altar. Heralds, wait on us. 45
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
 Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
 Our isle be made a marish of salt tears, 50
 And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make 55
 Than Julius Cæsar or bright —

Enter a MESSENGER.

1. *Mess.* My honourable lords, health to you all!
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture.
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
 Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
 Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up? 65
 If Henry were recall'd to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? What treachery was us'd?

1. *Mess.* No treachery, but want of men and money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered, 70
 That here you maintain several factions,
 And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;
 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings; 75
 A third thinks, without expense at all,
 By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, English nobility!
 Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot.
 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms; 80
 Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.

Give me my steeled coat; I'll fight for France.
 Away with these disgraceful wailing robes! 85
 Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them a second MESSENGER.

2. *Mess.* Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite, 90
 Except some petty towns of no import.
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
 The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
 The Duke of Alençon fleeth to his side. 95

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! All fly to him!
 O, whether shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness? 100

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third MESSENGER.

3. *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight 105
 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame?
 Is 't so?

3. *Mess.* O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown.

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of August last this dreadful lord, 110

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,

By three and twenty thousand of the French
 Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men. 115
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;

Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of
 hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued, 120
 Where valiant Talbot above human thought

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand

him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew.
 The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;

All the whole army stood amaz'd on him, 125
 His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

"A Talbot! a Talbot!" cried out amain
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130
 If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.

He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,

Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck and massa-

cre; 135
 Enclosed were they with their enemies.

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,

Whom all France with their chief assembled
 strength

Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140
Bed. Is Talbot slain? Then I will slay myself

For living idly here in pomp and ease
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,

Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd. 144
 3. *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,

And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford.

Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend. ¹⁵⁰
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters! To my task will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take, ¹⁵⁵
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleans is besieged.

The English army is grown weak and faint.

The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, ¹⁶⁰
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Eze. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave, ¹⁶⁵

To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*]

Glou. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,

To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*]

Eze. To Eltham will I, where the young King is, ¹⁷⁰

Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend.

I am left out; for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack out of office. ¹⁷⁵
The King from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*]

A flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, marching with drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;

Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have? ⁵

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale

ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves.

Either they must be dieted like mules ¹⁰
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear;

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury, ¹⁵
And he may well in fretting spend his gall.
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! We will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me ²⁰

When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like? What men have I!

Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; ²⁵
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Olivers and Rolands bred ³⁰
During the time Edward the Third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified,
For none but Samsons and Goliases

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose ³⁵

They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth

The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. ⁴⁰

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmicks or device

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.

By my consent, we'll even let them alone. ⁴⁵
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand. ⁵⁰

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of

France. ⁵⁵
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;

What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*]

But first, to try her skill, ⁶⁰
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place;

Question her proudly ; let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter [the BASTARD of Orleans, with] JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me.

In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity.

Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success;
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me

That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.

My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.*]

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! Thou art an Amazon

And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant and not sovereign be.
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above.

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know.

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? What devise you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says I'll confirm. We'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise.

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Not yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fallen down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours.

Drive them from Orleans and be immortaliz'd.

Char. Presently we'll try; come, let's away about it.

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. London. Before the Tower.]

Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his SERVING-MEN [in blue coats].

Glos. I am come to survey the Tower this day;

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

1. *Warder.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1. *Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

2. *Warder.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1. *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1. *Warder.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him.

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none Protector of the realm but I. Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize. Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within.*]

Woodv. What noise is this? What traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodv. Have patience, noble Duke, I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids.

From him I have express commandment

That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the King.

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the Lord Protector,

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly. [*They rush again at the gates.*]

Enter to the Lord Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor, And not Protector, of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, Thou that contriv'st to murder our dead lord, Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot.

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What! am I dar'd and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;

Blue coats to tawny coats! Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly. Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat.

In spite of Pope or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the Pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, "A rope! a rope!"

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.

Out, tawny coats! Out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the MAYOR of London and his OFFICERS.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor, thou know'st little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens, One that still motions war and never peace, O'ercharging your free purses with large fines, That seeks to overthrow religion

Because he is Protector of the realm, And would have armour here out of the Tower, To crown himself king and suppress the Prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife

But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst, Cry.

[*2. Off.*] All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you, in his Highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure.

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell; thou dost but what thou mayst.

Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;

For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt [severally, Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men].*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *France. Before Orleans.*]

Enter [on the walls,] a MASTER GUNNER and his BOY.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me.

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

Something I must do to procure me grace.

The Prince's espials have informed me

How the English, in the suburbs close in-trench'd,

Went through a secret grate of iron bars

In yonder tower to overpeer the city

And thence discover how with most advantage

They may vex us with shot or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;

And even these three days have I watch'd

If I could see them.

Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

[*Exit.*]

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care.

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

[*Exit.*]

Enter, on the turret, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, [SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE,] and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

How wert thou handled being prisoner?

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner

Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;

For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far

Once in contempt they would have barter'd

me;

Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death

Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all.

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scarecrow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me,

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them were spread

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant;

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had

That walk'd about me every minute while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endure'd,

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans.

Here, through this secret grate, I count each one

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.

Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stands lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,

Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot [from the town], and Salisbury*

[and Gargrave] fall.]

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speak.

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accurs'd tower! accurs'd fatal hand

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame.

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars.

Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field. Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech

doth fail,

One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace;

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 90
Thou shalt not die whiles —
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French."
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, [Nero,] 95
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head. 100

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd. 105
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.

Pucelle, or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.

Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Alarum. Exeunt [bearing out the bodies].

[SCENE V. The same.]

Here an alarum again: and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him. Then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her [and exit after them]. Then re-enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee. 5
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee. [Here they fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage 10

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come.

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum: then La Pucelle enters the town with soldiers.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength. 15

Go, go, cheer up thy hungry, starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament.

This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do. 20
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists;

So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. 25
[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat,

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead.
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the

wolf, 30
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[Alarum. Another skirmish.

It will not be. Retire into your trenches.
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,

For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is ent'red into Orleans 35

In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.

[SCENE VI. The same.]

Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English!
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success? 5

Thy promises are like Adonis' garden
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans.

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state. 10
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud

throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires

And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy, 15

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

For which I will divide my crown with her,

And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
 Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was.
 In memory of her when she is dead,
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious
 Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius, 25
 Transported shall be at high festivals
 Before the kings and queens of France.
 No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
 Come in, and let us banquet royally, 30
 After this golden day of victory.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I. [Before Orleans.]

Enter a [French] SERGEANT, with two SENTINELS.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
 If any noise or soldier you perceive
 Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
 Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1. Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [Exit Sergeant.]

These are poor servitors,
 When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
 Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and
 cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, [and
 forces,] with scaling-ladders, their drums beat-
 ing a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
 By whose approach the regions of Artois,
 Wallon and Picardy are friends to us, 10
 This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
 Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
 Embrace we then this opportunity
 As fitting best to quittance their deceit
 Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery. 15

Bed. Coward of France! how much he
 wrongs his fame,
 Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
 To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
 But what's that Pucelle whom they term so
 pure? 20

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere
 long,

If underneath the standard of the French
 She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse
 with spirits. 25

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
 Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow
 thee.

Tal. Not all together. Better far, I guess,
 That we do make our entrance several ways; 30
 That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
 The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.
 Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make
 his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right 35
 Of English Henry, shall this night appear
 How much in duty I am bound to both.

Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make as-
 sault!

[Cry: "St. George," "A Talbot."
 [The English scale the walls.]

The French leap over the walls in their shirts.
 Enter, several ways, the BASTARD of Orleans,
 ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and
 half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready
 so?

Bast. Unready! Ay, and glad we scap'd so
 well. 40

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and
 leave our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd
 arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturesome or desperate than this. 45

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, fa-
 vour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how
 he sped.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive
 guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful
 dame? 50

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with
 his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike? 55

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been
 good,

This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your de-
 fault, 60

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely
 kept

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd. 65

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this
 night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels. 70

Then how or which way should they first break
 in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the
 case,

How or which way. 'Tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this, ⁷⁵
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an [English] SOLDIER, crying,
"A Talbot! a Talbot!" *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils, ⁸⁰
Using no other weapon but his name. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE II. Orleans. Within the town.]

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY [a CAPTAIN, and others].

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *[Retreat sounded.]*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place, ⁵
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold ¹⁰
What ruin happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd;
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans, ¹⁵
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, ²⁰

Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field. ²⁵

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves ³⁰
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts ³⁵
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe ⁴⁰

To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport, ⁴⁵
When ladies crave to be encount'ed with.

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd; ⁵⁰

And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, 't is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests ⁵⁵

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. *(Whispers.)* You perceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. ⁶⁰
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. Auvergne. The Countess's castle.]

Enter the COUNTESS [and her PORTER].

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. *[Exit.]*

Count. The plot is laid. If all things fall out right

I shall as famous be by this exploit ⁵
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account;

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports. ¹⁰

Enter MESSENGER and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,

By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad ¹⁵

That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see report is fabulous and false.
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect, ²⁰
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!

It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you. [*Going.*]

Count. What means he now? Go ask him
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! To whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth
shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's
shadow

Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself.
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame
here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here.

How can these contrarities agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up:
a peal of ordnance. [The gates
are forced.]*]

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? Are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse.
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor mis-
construe

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you

have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them

well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me
honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE IV. London. The Temple-garden.*]

*Enter the EARLS of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET [VER-
NON, and another Lawyer].*

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what
means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too
loud;

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the
truth;

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick,
then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the
higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper
mouth;

Between two blades, which bears the better
temper;

Between two horses, which doth bear him best;

Between two girls, which hath the merriest
eye;

I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judge-
ment;

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbear-
ance.

The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well appar-
ell'd,

So clear, so shining, and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath
to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him that is a true-born gentleman

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flat-
terer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery 35

I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset

And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more

Till you conclude that he upon whose side 40

The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected.

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I. 45

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,

Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red

And fall on my side so, against your will. 51

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; who else? 55

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,

The argument you held was wrong in you;

[*To Somerset.*]

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. 61

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing

The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet, 'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks 65

Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth; 70

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand, 75

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat. 79

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole! We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence, Third son to the third Edward King of England. 84

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege, Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou tainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not tainted, 96

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension.

Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;

And know us by these colours for thy foes, 105

For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever and my faction wear,

Until it wither with me to my grave 110

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be chok'd with thy ambition!

And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*]

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*]

Plan. How I am brav'd and must perforce endure it! 115

War. This blot that they object against your house

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;

And if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset and William Pole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose;

And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,

Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden, 125

Shall send between the red rose and the white A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*]

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair, and*
GAOLERS.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying
age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care, 6
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is
spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening
grief, 10

And pitiless arms, like to a withered vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is
numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave, 15
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

1. *Gaol.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will
come.

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come. 20

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satis-
fied.

Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had; 25
And even since then hath Richard been ob-
scur'd,

Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me
hence, 30

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1. *Gaol.* My lord, your loving nephew now is
come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he
come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd, 35
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his
neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert des-
pis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against
mine arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case, 45
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and
me;

Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him. 50

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that impris-
on'd me 55

And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause
that was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess. 60

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir 65
Of Edward king, the third of that descent;
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this
Was, for that — young King Richard thus re-
mov'd, 71

Leaving no heir begotten of his body —
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son 75
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.

But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir, 80
I lost my liberty and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was, 85
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem.
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl 90
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the
last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue
have 94

And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather,
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
me.

But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic.
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster
And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are
cloy'd 106

With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my
young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that
slaughterer doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will
kill. 110

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;

Only give order for my funeral.

So and farewell, and fair be all thy hopes

And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul! 115

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage

And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.

Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself 120

Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt [Gaolers, bearing out the
body of Mortimer].*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,

Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort;

And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries

Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house, 125

I doubt not but with honour to redress.

And therefore haste I to the parliament,

Either to be restored to my blood,

Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I. [London. The Parliament-house.]

Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOUCESTER,
WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLAN-
TAGENET [and others]. Gloucester offers to
put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, and
tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated
lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,

Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,

Do it without invention, suddenly; 5

As I with sudden and extemporal speech

Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glow. Presumptuous priest! this place com-
mands my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I prefer'd 10

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen.

No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride. 16

Thou art a most pernicious usurer,

Froward by nature, enemy to peace;

Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems

A man of thy profession and degree; 20
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,

As well at London Bridge as at the Tower.

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

The King, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt 25

From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords,
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse, 30

As he will have me, how am I so poor?

Or how haps it I seek not to advance

Or raise myself, but keep my wanted calling?

And for dissension, who preferreth peace

More than I do? — except I be provok'd.

No, my good lords, it is not that offends; 35

It is not that that hath incens'd the Duke.

It is because no one should sway but he,

No one but he should be about the King;

And that engenders thunder in his breast

And makes him roar these accusations forth. 40

But he shall know I am as good —

Glow. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I
pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

Glow. Am I not Protector, saucy priest? 45

Win. And am not I a prelate of the Church?

Glow. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps

And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloucester!

Glow. Thou art reverend

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life. 50

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither, then.

[*Som.*] My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

[*War.*] Ay, see the Bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious

And know the office that belongs to such. 55

War. Methinks his lordship should be hum-
bler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King? 60

Plan. [Aside.] Plantagenet, I see, must hold
his tongue,

Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you
should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Win-
chester, 65

The special watchmen of our English weal,

I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell

Civil dissension is a viperous worm

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within, "Down with the
tawny-coats!"*

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant, ⁷⁵
Began through malice of the Bishop's men.

[*A noise again, "Stones! stones!"*]

Enter the MAYOR [of London, attended].

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!

The Bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's
men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones ⁸⁰
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd
out.

Our windows are broke down in every street
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops. ⁸⁵

Enter [SERVING-MEN of both parties, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourselves,

To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the
peace.

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

1. *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll
fall to it with our teeth. ⁹⁰

2. *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*]

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish
broil

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Serv.* My lord, we know your Grace to be
a man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth, ⁹⁵
Inferior to none but to his Majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight ¹⁰⁰
And have our bodies slaught'ring by thy foes.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our
nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[*Begin again.*]

Glou. Stay, stay, I say!

And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while. ¹⁰⁵

King. O, how this discord doth afflict my
soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace, ¹¹⁰

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my Lord Protector; yield, Win-
chester;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief and what murder too ¹¹⁵
Hath been enacted through your enmity.

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the King commands
me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest ¹²⁰
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the
Duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothen'd brows it doth appear.

Why look you still so stern and tragical? ¹²⁵

Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
you preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same? ¹³⁰

War. Sweet king! the Bishop hath a kindly
gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield
to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give. ¹³⁵

Glou. [Aside.] Ay, but, I fear me, with a
hollow heart. —

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not! ¹⁴⁰

Win. [Aside.] So help me God, as I intend
it not!

King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract!

Away, my masters! trouble us no more; ¹⁴⁴
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1. *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2. *Serv.* And so will I.

3. *Serv.* And I will see what physic the
tavern affords.

[*Exeunt* [Serving-men, Mayor, etc.].

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sov-
ereign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet ¹⁵⁰
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick; for,
sweet prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;

Especially for those occasions ¹⁵⁵
At Eltham Place I told your Majesty.

King. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force.

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd. ¹⁶¹

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give

That doth belong unto the house of York, ¹⁶⁶
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

King. Stoop then and set your knee against
my foot;

And, in reuerdion of that duty done, ¹⁷⁰
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes
may fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they 175
That grudge one thought against your Majesty!
All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke
of York!

Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble
Duke of York!

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love 181
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King
Henry goes;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes. 185

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt [all but*
Exeter].]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love, 190
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fest'ring members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy 195
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry born at Windsor lose all.
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish 200
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*France. Before Rouen.*]

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, with four SOL-
DIERS with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of
Rouen,

Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn. 5

If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1. *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the
city, 10

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knock.*]

Watch. [*Within.*] *Qui est là?*

Puc. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France;*
Poor market folks that come to sell their
corn. 15

Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is
rung.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks
to the ground. [*Exeunt [to the town].*]

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans,
ALENÇON [REIGNIER, and forces].*

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy strata-
gem!

And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here ent'red Pucelle and her practi-
sants. 20

Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
tower;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her mean-
ing is,

No way to that, for weakness, which she en-
t'red. 25

*Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a
torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding
torch

That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*]

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
friend;

The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

Char. Now shine it like a comet of re-
venge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous
ends.

Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch. 35

[*Alarum. [Exeunt.]*]

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. 40
[*Exit.*]

*An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in
sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY
without: within LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BAS-
TARD, [ALENÇON,] and REIGNIER, on the
walls.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn
for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast

Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless cour-
tezan! 45

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own
And make thee curse the harvest of that
corn.

Char. Your Grace may starve perhaps be-
fore that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge
this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard?
Break a lance, 50

And run a tilt at Death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all de-
spite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit with cowardice a man half dead? 55

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*The English whisper together in council.*]

God speed the parliament! Who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate, But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! Base muleteers of France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.

God b'uy, my lord! we came but to tell you That we are here.

[*Exeunt [La Pucelle, etc.,] from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long, Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house, Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in

France,

Either to get the town again or die:

And I, as sure as English Henry lives And as his father here was conqueror,

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,

So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince, The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me. You here will I sit before the walls of Rouen

And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read

That stout Pendragon in his litter sick Came to the field and vanquished his foes.

Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!

Then be it so. Heavens keep old Bedford safe!

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand

And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt [into the town all but Bedford and Attendants].*]

An alarum: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE and a CAPTAIN.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay, All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

[*Exit.*]

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit [into the town].*]

Retreat: excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and CHARLES [enter from the town and] fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their scoffs

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*]

An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recovered in a day again! This is a double honour, Burgundy;

Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects

Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What, all amot? Rouen hangs her head for grief That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the King,

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd,

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen.

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court.

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,

For that 's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The plains near Rouen.*]

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD of Orleans, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE [and forces].

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident, Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while

And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto

And of thy cunning had no diffidence.

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,

And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint. ¹⁵
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions mix'd with sug'red words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us. ²⁰

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd
from France ²⁵

And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive

Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward. ³⁰

Here sound an English march. [Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT and his forces.]

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. [Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and forces.]

Now in the rearward comes the Duke and his.
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him. ³⁵

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*
Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words. ⁴⁰

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd ⁴⁵
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France!

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, ⁵⁰

Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.

O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore. ⁵⁵

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France ex-claims on thee, ⁶⁰

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill, ⁶⁵

Who then but English Henry will be lord
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner? ⁷⁰

But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid.

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy country-
men

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-
men. ⁷⁵

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord!

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished. These haughty words of hers

Have batt'red me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees. ⁸⁰

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace;

My forces and my power of men are yours.
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside.*] Done like a Frenchman; turn,
and turn again! ⁸⁵

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, ⁹⁰

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Paris. The palace.*]

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER [VERNON, BASSET, and others]. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars

To do my duty to my sovereign;
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd

To your obedience fifty fortresses,

Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lest fall his sword before your Highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your Grace.

[Kneels.]
King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glou. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been requerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face.
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,

We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[Sennet. Flourish. *Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York;
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage

The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? As good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye, not so; in witness, take ye that.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such

That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to vengeance this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Paris. A hall of state.]

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the GOVERNOR of Paris [and others].

Glou. Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,

That you elect no other king but him;

[*Governor kneels.*]
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state.

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt Governor, etc.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the Garter from thy craven's leg,

[*Plucking it off.*]

Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers,

When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous

And ill beseming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,

Knights of the Garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort

Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,

And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain

That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st

thy doom!

Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the King!"

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?

[*Reads.*] "I have, upon especial cause,⁵⁵
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of
France."

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling
guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy re-
volt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your
foe.⁵⁶

King. Is that the worst this letter doth con-
tain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall
talk with him

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? Are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes. But that I am
prevented,⁵⁷

I should have begg'd I might have been em-
ploy'd.

King. Then gather strength and march unto
him straight.

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.⁵⁸

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sov-
ereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat
too.

York. This is my servant; hear him, noble
prince.⁵⁹

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour
him.

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them
leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with
whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done
me wrong.⁶⁰

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me
wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you
both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into
France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear,⁶¹

Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law⁶²

Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him:

With other vile and ignominious terms;
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.¹⁰⁰

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord.
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,¹⁰⁵
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.¹¹⁰

K. Hen. Good Lord, what madness rules in
brainsick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.¹¹⁵

York. Let this dissension first be tried by
fight,

And then your Highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us
alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somer-
set.¹²⁰

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd¹²⁵

With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less to take occasion from their mouths¹³⁰
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves.

Let me persuade you take a better course.
Ere. It grieves his Highness. Good my lords,
be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be
combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our fa-
vour,¹³⁵

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle, wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks

And that within ourselves we disagree,¹⁴⁰
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,¹⁴⁵

King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of
France!

O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo

That for a trifle that was bought with blood!¹⁵⁰
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York.
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both. 155
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach;
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France;
 And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of
 foot; 165
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progeni-
 tors,
 Go cheerfully together and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest
 After some respite will return to Calais; 170
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous
 rout.

[*Exeunt all but York, Warwick,
 Exeter and Vernon.*]

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the
 King
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator. 175
 York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
 War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame
 him not.
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no
 harm.

York. An if I wist he did, — but let it rest;
 Other affairs must now be managed. 181

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress
 thy voice;
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging
 broils, 185
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howso'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
 But that it doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much when sceptres are in children's
 hands;
 But more when envy breeds unkind division.
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II.] *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with trumpet and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trum-
 peter;
 Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter GENERAL [and others,]
 aloft.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England,

And thus he would: Open your city gates; 5
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects;
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 10
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing
 fire;

Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thon ominous and fearful owl of
 death, 15

Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;
 For, I protest, we are well fortified
 And strong enough to issue out and fight. 20
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
 On either hand thee there are squadrons
 pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for re-
 dress 25
 But death doth front thee with apparent
 spoil,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacra-
 ment

To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
 man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
 This is the latest glory of thy praise
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run, 35
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and
 dead. [Drum afar off.]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
 bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt [General, etc.].*]

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their
 wings.

O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale, 45
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, 50
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of
 steel

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my
 friends.

God and Saint George, Talbot and England's
 right, 55

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
 [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*]

Enter YORK, with trumpet and many Soldiers: to him a MESSENGER.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along, s
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply 10
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am louted by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity! 15
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France!

Enter another Messenger [SIR WILLIAM LUCY].

[*Lucy.*] Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron 20
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux,
York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour!

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place! 25

So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

[*Lucy.*] O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! 30

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;

All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

[*Lucy.*] Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,
And on his son young John, who two hours since 35

I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sund' red friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away, 45
Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit* [with his soldiers].]
[*Lucy.*] Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror, 50
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss.
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. *Other plains in Gascony.*]

Enter SOMERSET, with his army [a CAPTAIN of Talbot's with him].

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted. All our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot 5
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me 10
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? From bought and sold Lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset 15
To beat assailing death from his weak legions;
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yield up his life unto a world of odds. 25
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace exclaims, 30
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France, 35
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horse-
men straight. 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue. He is ta'en or
slain;

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then
adieu! 45

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame
in you. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The English camp near Bourdeaux.*]

Enter TALBOT and [JOHN] his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for
thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair. 5
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger.

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
horse;

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10
By sudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your
son?

And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me! 15
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to
die. 20

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you
fly.

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost. 25
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay, 30
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my
mother's womb. 35

Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in
thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in
me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not
lose it. 40

John. Yes, your renowned name. Shall flight
abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee
from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight
and die? 45

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such
blame?

No more can I be severed from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I; 50
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair
son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. 55
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *A field of battle.*]

*Alarum: excursions, wherein JOHN TALBOT is
hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, sol-
diers, fight!

The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy
breath;

I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death. 5
John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy
son!

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,

To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy
sword struck fire, 10

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike
rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee. 15

The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace 20
Bespoke him thus: "Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of
mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
boy."

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy, 25
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's
care,

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou
fare?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead; 30
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age. 35
 By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
 fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
 All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made
 me smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
 heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame, 45

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
 Crete,

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet. 55
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;

And, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*]

*Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT led [by
 a SERVANT].*

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is
 gone.

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant
 John?

Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiv'd me sink and on my knee, 5
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me;

And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;

But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin and assail'd of none, 10

Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His over-mounting spirit, and there died, 15
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter [Soldiers,] with the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is
 borne!

Tal. Thou antic Death, which laugh'st us
 here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall scape mortality.

O thou, whose wounds become hard-favoured
 Death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
 Brave Death by speaking, whether he will or 25

no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.

Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should
 say,

Had Death been French, then Death had died
 to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's
 arms.

My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's
[Dies.]

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BAS-
 TARD, LA PUCELLE [and forces].*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought res-
 cue in,

We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's,

raging wood, 35
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encount'ed him, and thus I
 said:

"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a
 maid!"

But, with a proud majestic high scorn,
 He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not 40

born
 To be the pillage of a giglot wench."

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble
 knight.

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms 45
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
 asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's won-
 der.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we
 have fed

During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY [attended; Herald
 of the French preceding].*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's
 tent

To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou 55

sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere
 French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means. 55
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en

And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our

prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the
 field, 60

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
 Created, for his rare success in arms,

Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Va-
 lence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
 Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of 65

Alton,
 Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
 Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge ;
Knight of the noble Order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece ;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed !
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet. 75

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces !
O, that I could but call these dead to life ! 81
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them
hence 85

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's
ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding
spirit.

For God's sake, let him have him. To keep
them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence ; but from their
ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with them
what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein ; 95
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT V]

SCENE [I. London. The palace.]

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

King. Have you perus'd the letters from the
Pope,

The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac ?

Glou. I have, my lord ; and their intent is
this :

They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of 5

Between the realms of England and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion ?

Glou. Well, my good lord ; and as the only
means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side. 10

King. Ay, marry, uncle ; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural

That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect 15
And surer bind this knot of amity,

The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,

Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle ! Alas, my years are
young ! 21

And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet call the ambassadors ; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one. 25

I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter WINCHESTER [in Cardinal's habit, a
LEGATE, and two] Ambassadors.

Exe. What ! is my Lord of Winchester in-
stall'd,

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree ?
Then I perceive that will be verified 30

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
" If once he come to be a cardinal,

He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

King. My lords ambassadors, your several
suits

Have been consider'd and debated on. 35
Your purpose is both good and reasonable ;

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;

Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your
master,

I have inform'd his Highness so at large ;
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,

Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen. 45

King. [To the Amb.] In argument and proof
of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded

And safely brought to Dover ; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

[*Exeunt* [all but Winchester and
Legate].

Win. Stay, my lord legate ; you shall first
receive

The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's 55

leisure.
Win. [Aside.] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive

That, neither in birth or for authority,
The Bishop will be overborne by thee. 60

I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [II. France. Plains in Anjou.]

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, LA PUCELLE [and forces].

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our
drooping spirits.

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French. 65

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance. 5
Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter SCOUT.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak. 10

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;

But we will presently provide for them. 15

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there.

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,

Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Before Angiers.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents. [Thunder.]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd 10

Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you 15

In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress? My body shall

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul, my body, soul, and all,

Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come

That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest

And let her head fall into England's lap. 25

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*]

Excursions. Enter BURGUNDY and YORK fighting hand to hand. The French fly. [LA PUCELLE is brought in captive.]

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast. 30

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms

And try if they can gain your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,

As if with Circe she would change my shape! 35

Puc. Chang'd to a worse shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper

man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles

and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold

thy tongue!

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, misereant, when thou com'st

to the stake. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly, 45

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee. 50

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a

king,

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me; 55

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*]

O, stay! [*Aside.*] I have no power to let her

pass; 60

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak. 65

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, De la Pole! disable not thyself,

Hast not a tongue? Is she not here?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such, 70

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses

rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk — if thy name be

so —

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. [*Aside.*] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit, 75
Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?

Suf. [*Aside.*] She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no, 80

Suf. [*Aside.*] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. [*Aside.*] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad. 85

Suf. [*Aside.*] And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king. Tush, that's a wooden thing!

Mar. He talks of wood; it is some carpenter.

Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied, 91

And peace established between these realms. But there remains a scruple in that too;

For though her father be the King of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor, 95

And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield. Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100

Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthralld? He seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy. 105

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. [*Aside.*] Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 110

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you, If happy England's royal king be free. 115

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand

And set a precious crown upon thy head, If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What? 120

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am To woo so fair a dame to be his wife

And have no portion in the choice myself. 125

How say you, madam, are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy? I am a soldier and unapt to weep

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord. 135

Consent, and for thy honour give consent, Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty. 140

Suf. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Reig. Fair Margaret knows That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Suf. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming. 145

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER [below].

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories!

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit? 150

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord;

Upon condition I may quietly Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war, 155

My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her; And those two counties I will undertake Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name, 160

As deputy unto that gracious king,

Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king.

[*Aside.*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content 165

To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes,
praise, and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark
you, Margaret; 175

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a
maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly
directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again; 180
No loving token to his Majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted
heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the King.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself; I will not so pre-
sume 185

To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]
Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk,
stay,

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasurs lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise; 190
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's
feet,

Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with won-
der. [*Exit.* 195

[SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of York in
Anjou.*]

Enter YORK, WARWICK [and others].

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd
to burn.

[*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a SHEP-
HERD.*]

Skep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart
outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death? 5

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with
thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood.

Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Skep. Out, out! My lords, an please you,
it is not so. 10

I did beget her, all the parish knows.
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parent-
age?

York. This argues what her kind of life
hath been, 15

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Skep. Pie, Joan, that thou wilt be so ob-
stacle!

God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear.

Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

Puc. Peasant, avaunt! — You have suborn'd
this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Skep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest

The morn that I was wedded to her mother. 24

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would the milk

Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her
breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs
a-field, 30

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd
too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities. 35

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have
condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above, 40

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits;

But you, that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents, 45

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No; misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been 50

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a
maid, 55

Spare for no faggots, let there be enow.

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting
hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity, 60

That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.

I am with child, ye bloody homicides!

Murder not then the fruit within my womb,

Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forbid! the holy maid
with child! 65

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye
wrought!

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling.

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live, 70

Especially since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his.

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives. 75

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you.

'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well, 80

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee.

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. 85

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams

Upon the country where you make abode,

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you, till mischief and despair 90

Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

[Exit guarded].

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL [BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, attended].

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence

With letters of commission from the King. 95

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace

Between our nation and the aspiring French;

And here at hand the Dauphin and his train 100

Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,

That in this quarrel have been overthrown 105

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,

Our great progenitors had conquered? 110

O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief

The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York. If we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby. 115

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER [and others].

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes 120

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,

By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

Of mere compassion and of lenity, 125

To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,

You shall become true liegemen to his crown;

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear 130

To pay him tribute and submit thyself,

Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,

And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,

And yet, in substance and authority, 135

Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and unreasonable.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories,

And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king: 140

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,

Detract so much from that prerogative

As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep

That which I have than, coveting for more, 145

Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means

Used intercession to obtain a league,

And, now the matter grows to compromise,

Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? 150

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,

Of benefit proceeding from our king

And not of any challenge of desert,

Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy 155

To cavil in the course of this contract.

If once it be neglected, ten to one

We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre 160

And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen

By our proceeding in hostility;

And therefore take this compact of a truce,

Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? Shall our condition stand? 165

Char. It shall;

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest

In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey 170
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
[Charles and his party give signs of
fidelity.]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. 175
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE] V. [London. The palace.]

Enter SUFFOLK in conference with the KING;
GLOUCESTER and EXETER [following].

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble
earl,

Of beauties Margaret hath astonish'd me.
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts 5
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial
tale 10

Is but a preface of her worthy praise.
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit; 15
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord. 21

King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
sume.

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin. 25
You know, my lord, your Highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem.

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths; 30
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence. 35

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king, 40
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles. 45

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a lib-
eral dower,

Where Reigner sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so
your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love. 50

Henry is able to enrich his queen
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth 55
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
[It] most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace. 65
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king.

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve 75
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be Queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your
report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd 80

With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear, 85

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to

France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd. 90

King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,

Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,

I rest perplexed with a thousand cares. 95
And you, good uncle, banish all offence.

If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse

This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company, 100

I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.]

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
last. [Exeunt Gloucester [and Exeter].]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus
he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love, 105

But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King;

But I will rule both her, the King, and realm.
[Exit.]

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY VI.

HUMPHREY, duke of Gloucester, his uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

YOUNG CLIFFORD, his son.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.

ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer.

PETER, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, an impostor.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, MICHAEL, etc., followers of Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, duchess of Gloucester.

MARGERY JORDAN, a witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

A Spirit.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Apprentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

SCENE : *England.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. The palace.*]

Flourish of trumpets : then hautboys. Enter the KING, HUMPHREY DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side ; the QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial Majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your Excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace, So, in the famous ancient city Tours, In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon, Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,

I have perform'd my task and was espous'd ; And humbly now upon my bended knee, In sight of England and her lordly peers, Deliver up my title in the Queen To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent ; The happiest gift that ever marquess gave, The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret !

I can express no kinder sign of love Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,

By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,

With you, mine alder-lieft sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king

With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish ; but her grace
in speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys,

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my

love.

All (kneeling). Long live Queen Margaret,
England's happiness !

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your
Grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king

Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. (Reads.) "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador

for Henry King of England, that the said ⁴⁵
Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter
unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and
Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England
ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. *Item*,
that the duchy of Anjou and the county of
Maine shall be released and delivered to the
King her father." — [*Lets the paper fall.* ⁵²

King. Uncle, how now!
Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the
heart
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no
further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on. ⁵⁵
Car. [*Reads.*] "*Item*, It is further agreed
between them, that the duchies of Anjou and
Maine shall be released and delivered over to
the King her father, and she sent over of the
King of England's own proper cost and charges,
without having any dowry." ⁶²

King. They please us well. Lord marquess,
kneel down.

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen
months

Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick; ⁷⁰

We thank you all for this great favour done
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
state, ⁷⁵

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field, ⁸⁰

In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious War-
wick, ⁹⁰

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm, ⁹⁵

Studied so long, sat in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in
awe,

And hath his Highness in his infancy

Crowned in Paris in despite of foes? ⁹⁴

And shall these labours and these honours
die?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?

O peers of England, shameful is this league,

Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,

Blotting your names from books of memory, ¹⁰⁰

Razing the characters of your renown,

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate
discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance? ¹⁰⁵

For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Glou. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the

roast,

Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine ¹¹⁰

Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for

all,

These counties were the keys of Normandy.

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant

son? ¹¹⁵

War. For grief that they are past recovery;

For, were there hope to conquer them again,

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no

tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both.

Those provinces these arms of mine did con-
quer; ¹²⁰

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,

Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffo-
cate,

That dims the honour of this warlike isle! ¹²⁵

France should have torn and rent my very heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league.

I never read but England's kings have had

Large sums of gold and dowries with their

wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own, ¹³⁰

To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,

That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth

For costs and charges in transporting her!

She should have stay'd in France and starv'd ¹³⁵

in France,

Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloucester, now ye grow

too hot.

It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

Glou. My Lord of Winchester, I know your

mind.

'T is not my speeches that you do mislike, ¹⁴⁰

But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.

Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face

I see thy fury. If I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesied France will be lost ere long. ¹⁴⁵

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage.

'T is known to you he is mine enemy,

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I fear me, to the King. ¹⁵⁰

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the English crown.

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it. ¹⁵⁵

Look to it, lords! Let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts. Be wise and circum-spect.

What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,"

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice, 160

"Jesu maintain your royal Excellence!"

With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign, 165

He being of age to govern of himself?

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay. 170

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. *[Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal.

His insolence is more intolerable 175

Than all the princes in the land beside.

If Gloucester be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be Pro-
tectors,

Despite Duke Humphrey or the Cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him. 180

While these do labour for their own prefer-
ment,

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester

Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Of late I seen the haughty Cardinal, 185

More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,

Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age, 190

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeep-
ing,

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline, 195

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the
people.

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress 200

The pride of Suffolk and the Cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the
land, 205

And common profit of his country!

York. *[Aside.]* And so says York, for he
hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look
unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is
lost!

That Maine which by main force Warwick did
win, 210

And would have kept so long as breath did
last!

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant
Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the
French;

Paris is lost; the state of Normandy 215
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles,

The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair
daughter.

I cannot blame them all; what is 't to them? 220

'T is thine they give away, and not their own;

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
pillage

And purchase friends and give to courtezans,

Still revelling like lords till all be gone;

While as the silly owner of the goods 225

Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head and trembling stands

aloof,

While all is shar'd and all is borne away,

Ready to starve and dare not touch his own;

So York must sit and fret and bite his
tongue, 230

While his own lands are bargain'd for and
sold.

Methinks the realms of England, France, and
Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd

Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon. 235

Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,

Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come when York shall claim his
own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts 240

And make a show of love to proud Duke Hum-
phrey;

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,

For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 245

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,

Whose church-like humours fits not for a
crown.

Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve.

Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,

To pry into the secrets of the state; 250

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love

With his new bride and England's dear-bought
queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fallen at
jars.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd,²⁶⁵
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. *The Duke of Gloucester's house.*]

*Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his wife ELEA-
NOR.*

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd
corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his
brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,⁵
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.¹⁰
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with
mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low.¹⁵
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love
thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts!
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!²¹
My troublous dreams this night doth make me
sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? Tell me, and
I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge
in court,²⁵

Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the Cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of
Somerset,

And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk,
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God
knows.³¹

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's
grove

Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet Duke.
Methought I sat in seat of majesty³⁶
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;

Where Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to
me

And on my head did set the diadem.⁴⁰

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
right.

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,⁴⁵
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!⁵⁰

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so
choleric

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness'
pleasure⁵⁶

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with
us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow pre-
sently.⁶⁰

[*Exeunt Gloucester [and Messenger].*]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble
mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack⁶⁶
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! Nay, fear not,
man,

We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal Majesty!⁷⁰

Duch. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am
but Grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
advice,

Your Grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? Hast thou
as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jordan, the cunning witch,⁷⁵
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to show
your Highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions⁸⁰
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the
questions.

When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward. Make merry,
man,⁸⁶

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit.*]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the
Duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John
Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum;
 The business asketh silent secrecy. 90
 Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch.
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 Yet have I gold flies from another coast,
 I dare not say from the rich Cardinal
 And from the great and new-made Duke of
 Suffolk. 96
 Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
 They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 Have hired me to undermine the Duchess
 And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
 They say, "A crafty knave does need no
 broker;" 100
 Yet am I Suffolk and the Cardinal's broker.
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
 Hume's knavery will be the Duchess' wreck,
 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall. 106
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.]

[SCENE III. *The palace.*]

Enter three or four PETITIONERS, [PETER] the
Armourer's man being one.

1. *Petit.* My masters, let's stand close. My
 Lord Protector will come this way by and by,
 and then we may deliver our supplications in
 the quill.

2. *Petit.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for
 he's a good man! Jesu bless him! 6

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN.

Peter. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the
 Queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2. *Petit.* Come back, fool. This is the Duke
 of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything
 with me? 12

1. *Petit.* I pray, my lord, pardon me. I took
 ye for my Lord Protector.

Queen. [Reading.] "To my Lord Protec-
 tor!" Are your supplications to his lordship?
 Let me see them. What is thine? 17

1. *Petit.* Mine is, an 't please your Grace,
 against John Goodman, my Lord Cardinal's
 man, for keeping my house, and lands, and
 wife, and all from me. 21

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, in-
 deed. What's yours? What's here! [Reads.]
 "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing
 the commons of Melford." How now, sir
 knave! 25

2. *Petit.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner
 of our whole township.

Peter. [Giving his petition.] Against my
 master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the
 Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown. 30

Queen. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of
 York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth.
 My master said that he was, and that the King
 was an usurper. 35

Suf. Who is there? (Enter Servant.) Take

this fellow in, and send for his master with a
 pursuivant presently. We'll hear more of your
 matter before the King.

[*Servant with Peter.*]
Queen. And as for you, that love to be pro-
 tected. 40

Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
 Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*]
 Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the
 guise, 45

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still

Under the surly Gloucester's governance? 50

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France, 55

I thought King Henry had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion.

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number Ave-Maries on his beads.

His champions are the prophets and apostles, 60

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canonized saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him Pope and carry him to

Rome, 65

And set the triple crown upon his head.

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient. As I was cause

Your Highness came to England, so will I

In England work your Grace's full content. 70

Queen. Beside the haughty Protector, have
 we Beaufort

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buck-
 ingham,

And grumbling York; and not the least of
 these

But can do more in England than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of
 all 75

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.

Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so
 much

As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
 She sweeps it through the court with troops of

ladies, 80

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's

wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the Queen.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty.

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her? 85

Contemtuously base-born callet as she is,

She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,

The very train of her worst wearing gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands,

Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daugh-
 ter. 90

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,

And placed a quire of such enticing birds
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me, 95
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.

As for the Duke of York, this late complaint 100
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, [SOMERSET,] SALISBURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Or Somerset or York, all's one to me. 105

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be Regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no, 110

Dispute not that York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all. 115

Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.

Queen. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

Glou. Madam, the King is old enough himself

To give his censure. These are no women's matters. 120

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be protector of his Excellence?

Glou. Madam, I am Protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence. 125

Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck,
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty. 130

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law
And left thee to the mercy of the law. 135

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. 140

[*Exit Gloucester. [The Queen drops her fan.]*]

Give me my fan. What, minion! can ye not?
[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I! Yea, I it was, proud French-woman.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face. 145

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.

Though in this place most masters wear no breeches, 149

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.

She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being overblown 155

With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;

But God in mercy so deal with my soul, 160

As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand,

I say, my sovereign, York is meekest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave 165

To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place, 170

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here
Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost. 175

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter [HORNER, the] *Armourer*; and his man
[PETER, guarded].

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason.¹⁸⁰
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man That doth accuse his master of high treason.¹⁸⁵ His words were these: that Richard Duke of York

Was rightful heir unto the English crown And that your Majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words? ¹⁸⁹

Hor. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords [holding up his hands] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.¹⁹⁵

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this traitor's speech. I do beseech your royal Majesty,

Let him have all the rigour of the law.¹⁹⁹

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.²⁰⁶

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge: Let Somerset be regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion;²¹⁰ And let these have a day appointed them For single combat in convenient place, For he hath witness of his servant's malice. This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.²¹⁵

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevail-eth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!²²¹

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.^[Flourish. Exeunt. 226]

[SCENE IV. Gloucester's garden.]

Enter the witch [MARGERY JORDAN], the two priests, HUME and SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the Duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefor pro-

vided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? Fear you not her courage.⁷

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit; but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [Exit Hume. Mother Jordan, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.¹⁵

Enter DUCHESS aloft [HUME following].

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this gear, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, The time of night when Troy was set on fire,²⁰ The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl

And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you and fear not. Whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.²⁵

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, "Conjuro te," etc. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jord. Asmath, By the eternal God, whose name and power Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask; For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.³⁰

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Boling. "First of the King: what shall of him become?" [Reading out of a paper.]

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Bolingbroke writes the answer.]

Boling. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"³⁵

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

Spir. Let him shun castles.

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains Than where castles mounted stand.⁴⁰

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.]

Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.

Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch. 45
What, madam, are you there? The King and
commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains.
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's
king, 50

Injurious duke, that threatest where's no
cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call
you this? [*Showing the papers.*]

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee. 55

[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume,
guarded.*]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away!

[*Exeunt [guard with Jordan, South-
well, etc.].*]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you
watch'd her well.

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon! 60
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?

[*Reads.*]
"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just
"Aio [te.] *Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*" 65

Tell, to the rest:
"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suff-
olk?"

By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains 70
Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood. 75

The King is now in progress towards Saint Al-
ban's.

With him the husband of this lovely lady.
Thither goes these news, as fast as horse can
carry them,

A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York, 80

To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[SCENE I. Saint Alban's.]

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, CARDI-
NAL, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers, halloing.*

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the
brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day;

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your fal-
con made, 5

And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all His creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,

My Lord Protector's hawks do tower so well. 10
They know their master loves to be aloft
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's
pitch.

Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much. He would be above
the clouds. 15

Glou. Ay, my Lord Cardinal? How think
you by that?

Were it not good your Grace could fly to hea-
ven?

King. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart, 20
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-
weal!

Glou. What, Cardinal, is your priesthood
grown peremptory?

Tantene animis celestibus ira?
Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, hide such
malice. 25

With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well be-
comes

So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glou. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An't like your lordly Lord-protectorship. 30

Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine
insolence.

Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.
King. I prithee, peace, good queen,
And whet not on these furious peers;

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth. 35
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I
make,

Against this proud Protector, with my sword!
Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle,
would 't were come to that!

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou
dar'st.

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious
numbers for the matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou dar'st
not peep. An if thou dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.
King. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so sud-
denly, 45

We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come
with thy two-hand sword.

Glou. True, uncle.
[*Car. Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advis'd? The
east side of the grove.

Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.
King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!
Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.
[Aside to Car.] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this,
 Or all my fence shall fail.
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] *Medice, teipsum* — Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.
King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
 How irksome is this music to my heart!
 When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
 I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.
Enter [a TOWNSMAN of Saint Alban's,] crying,
 "A miracle!"
Glou. What means this noise?
 Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the King and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
 Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
 A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
King. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
 Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
Enter the MAYOR of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing the man [SIMPCOX] between two in a chair [SIMPCOX's WIFE and others following].
Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
 To present your Highness with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
 Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glou. Stand by, my masters. Bring him near the King;
 His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
 That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
 What, hast thou been long blind and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.
King. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your Grace.
King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee.
 Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
 Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
 By good Saint Alban, who said, "Simpeox, come;
 Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
 Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glou. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glou. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some daimsons,
 And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
 Let me see thine eyes. Wink now; now open them.
 In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glou. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glou. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glou. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glou. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glou. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpeox, an if it please you, master.
Glou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
Simp. O master, that you could!
Glou. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things call'd whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glou. Then send for one presently. 139

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone. 145

You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a BEADLE with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly. 151

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, "A miracle!"*]

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long? 155

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. 160

[*Exeunt [Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.].*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I;

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham? 165

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent, Under the countenance and confederacy Of Lady Eleanor, the Protector's wife, The ringleader and head of all this rout, Have practis'd dangerously against your state, Dealing with witches and with conjurers; Whom we have apprehended in the fact, Raising up wicked spirits from under ground, Demanding of King Henry's life and death, And other of your Highness' privy-council, As more at large your Grace shall understand. 170 175

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my Lord Protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London. This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge; 180

'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee, Or to the meanest groom. 185

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best. *Glou.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal. 190

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal; And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard. Noble she is, but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such As, like to pitch, defile nobility, 195

I banish her my bed and company And give her as a prey to law and shame,

That hath dishonoured Gloucester's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us here; 200

To-morrow toward London back again, To look into this business thoroughly

And call these foul offenders to their answers, And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.* 205

[SCENE II. London. The Duke of York's garden.]

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave In this close walk to satisfy myself,

In craving your opinion of my title, Which is infallible, to England's crown. 210

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command. *York.* Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 215 The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;

The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York; The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester; 220

William of Windsor was the seventh and last. Edward the Black Prince died before his father

And left behind him Richard, his only son, Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd

as king, 225 Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth, Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came, 230

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not
by right;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without
an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from
whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daugh-
ter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
March;

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Boling-
broke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was
son 45

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
son.

By her I claim the kingdom. She was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence; 50
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain
than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of
Gaunt,

The fourth son; York claims it from the
third. 55

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign.
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee

And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;

And in this private plot be we the first 60
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, Eng-
land's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not
your king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be
stain'd 65

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,

But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days;

Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,

Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Hum-
phrey.

'T is that they seek, and they in seeking that 75
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your
mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of
Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself, 80
Richard shall live to make the Earl of War-
wick

The greatest man in England but the King.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *A hall of justice.*]

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING [the QUEEN,
GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALIS-
BURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MAR-
GERY JORDAN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and
BOLINGBROKE, under guard].

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloucester's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great.
Receive the sentence of the law for sins

Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again; 5

From thence unto the place of execution.
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to

ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10

Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,

With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome

were my death.
Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath

judged thee. 15
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[*Exeunt Duchess and other pris-
oners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age

Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go; 20

Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.
King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester!

Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff. Henry will to himself

Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet; 25

And go in peace, Humphrey, no less belov'd
Than when thou wert Protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.

God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30
Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.

Glou. My staff? Here, noble Henry, is my
staff.

As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it 35
As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king! When I am dead and
gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne!
[*Exit.*]

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raght, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit.

Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door [HORNER,] the Armourer, and his NEIGHBOURS, drinking to him so much that he is drunk: and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door [PETER,] his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'PRENTICES drinking to him.

1. Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3. Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour. Drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1. 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2. 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master. Fight for credit of the 'prentices.

Peter. I thank you all. Drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! What more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! Then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a

knave and myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch. This knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[Alarum.] They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,

For by his death we do perceive his guilt;
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Sound a flourish. Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. A street.]

Enter GLOUCESTER and his SERVING-MEN, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.

Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,

With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER [bare-foot], in a white sheet [with verses pinned upon her back], and a taper burning in her hand; with [SIR JOHN STANLEY,] the SHERIFF, and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!

See how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine! 25

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief,

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!

For whilst I think I am thy married wife
And thou a prince, Protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh 35
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoys the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell. 41
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess, 45
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all him'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle 55
thee.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glou. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry.

I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scath
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away, 65
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell.
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a HERALD.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament, 70

Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!

This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My Nell, I take my leave; and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commis-
sion. 75

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission stays,

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace. 80

Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray

You use her well. The world may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindness if

You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell!

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell! 85

Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt Gloucester [and Serving-men].*]

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,

For none abides with me. My joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;

There to be us'd according to your state. 95

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach;

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady.

According to that state you shall be us'd.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell; and better than I fare, 100

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet, 105

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet.

No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. 110

[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.*]

A sennet. *Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and WARWICK to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come;

'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see, or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? 5
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike him-
self?

We know the time since he was mild and
affable,

And if we did but glance a far-off look, 10
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye 15
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears
And his advantage following your decease, 25
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted;

Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the
garden

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke. 35
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can, 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this
duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Grace's tale.
The Duchess by his subornation, 45
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man 55
Unsound yet and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm 61
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it,
By means whereof the towns each day revolted?

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults
unknown

Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey. 65

King. My lords, at once; the care you have
of us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our
foot,

Is worthy praise; but, shall I speak my con-
science,

Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person 70
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what's more dangerous than this
fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? His feathers are but bor-
row'd, 75

For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? His skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news
from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territo-
ries

Is utterly bereft you. All is lost. 85

King. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's
will be done!

York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me; for I had
hope of France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud 90

And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the King!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art
come too soon, 95

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me
blush

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 100

The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France, 104

And, being Protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay,
By means whereof his Highness hath lost
France.

Glou. Is it but thought so? What are they
that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night, 110
Ay, night by night, in studying good for Eng-
land,

That do it that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store, 115
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I
was Protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me; 125
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passen-
gers,

I never gave them condign punishment. 130
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer'd;

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself. 135
I do arrest you in his Highness' name;
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special
hope

That you will clear yourself from all suspect. 140
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dan-
gerous.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand.
Foul subornation is predominant, 145
And equity exil'd your Highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness; 150
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate; 155
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life; 160

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together — 165
Myself had notice of your conventicles —
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn
me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt.

The ancient proverb will be well effected, 170
"A staff is quickly found to beat a dog."

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at, 175
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly
couch'd,

As if she had suborned some to swear 180
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to
chide.

Glou. Far truer spoke than meant. I lose,
indeed.

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me
false!

And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense and hold us
here all day. 186

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard
him sure.

Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away
his crutch

Before his legs be firm to bear his body. 190
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee
first.

Ah, that my fear were false! Ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exit guarded].

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best, 195

Do or undo, as if myself were here.

Queen. What, will your Highness leave the
parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd
with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery, 200
For what's more miserable than discontent?

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd these false or fear'd thy
faith. 205

What luring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?

Thou never didst them wrong nor no man
wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf 210
And binds the wretch and beats it when it
strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down, 214
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd
eyes

Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, "Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is
none."

[*Exeunt [all but Queen, Cardinal,
Suffolk, and York; Somerset
remains apart].*]

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the
sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile 226
With sorrow snares relenting passengers.
Or as the snake roll'd in a flow'ring bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a
child

That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230
Believe me, lords, were none more wise
than I—

And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the
world,

To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy, 235
But yet we want a colour for his death.

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy.
The King will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy
death.

York. So that, by this you would not have
him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for
his death. 245

But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of
Suffolk,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the King's Pro-
tector? 250

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of
death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and, were 't not
madness, then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over, 255
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my
liege. 260

And do not stand on quilets how to slay him;
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends de-
ceit. 265

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely
spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were
done,

For things are often spoke and seldom meant;

But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord
of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say you consent and censure well the deed, 275
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy
doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have spoke
it, 280

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
again,

To signify that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage be-
time, 285

Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedi-
ent stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as Regent
thither. 290

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the Regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France 300
long. 295

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin. 300
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still.
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been Regent
there, 305

Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? Nay, then,
a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest
shame!

Car. My Lord of York, try what your for-
tune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms 310
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his Maj-
esty. 315

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms.

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers,
lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke Hum-
phrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent. 325
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that
event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
days

At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of
York. [Exeunt all but York. 330

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fear-
ful thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution.
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born
man, 335

And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought
on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 341

Well, nobles, well, 't is politely done,
To send me packing with an host of men.
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.

'T was men I lack'd and you will give them
me. 345

I take it kindly ; yet be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or
hell ; 350

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent, 355
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine ;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco, 365
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again
And given me notice of their villainies. 370
This devil here shall be my substitute,
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured, 375
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my
strength 380
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

[SCENE II. *Bury St. Edmund's. A room of
state.*]

Enter two or three [MURDERERS] running over
the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphrey.

1. Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk ; let
him know
We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he com-
manded.

2. Mur. O that it were to do ! What have
we done ?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1. Mur. Here comes my lord. 5
Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this
thing ?

1. Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to
my house ;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The King and all the peers are here at hand. 10
Have you laid fair the bed ? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions ?

1. Mur. 'T is, my good lord.
Suf. Away ! be gone. [Exeunt [Murderers].

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN,
CARDINAL, SOMERSET, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence
straight. 15

Say we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

King. Lords, take your places ; and, I pray
you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester
Than from true evidence of good esteem 21
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should pre-
vail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion ! 25

King. I thank thee, [Meg ;] these words
content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now ! why look'st thou pale ? Why
tremblest thou ?

Where is our uncle ? What's the matter, Suf-
folk ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloucester
is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend!
Car. God's secret judgement. I did dream
 to-night

The Duke was dumb and could not speak a
 word. [*The King swoons.*]

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords!
 the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the
 nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope
 thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again. Madam, be
 patient.

King. O heavenly God!

Queen. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
 comfort!

King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk com-
 fort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

Hide not thy poison with such sug'red words.

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say!

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou bateful messenger, out of my sight!

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-

ing.

Yet do not go away. Come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy;

In life but double death, now Gloucester's

dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk

thus?

Although the Duke was enemy to him,

Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;

And for myself, foe as he was to me,

Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans

Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,

I would be blind with weeping, sick with

groans,

Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking

sighs,

And all to have the noble Duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me,

For it is known we were but hollow friends?

It may be judg'd I made the Duke away;

So shall my name with slander's tongue be

wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester,

wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than

he is.

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper; look on me.

What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?

Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?

Why, then, Dame [Margaret] was ne'er thy joy.

Erect his statuë and worship it,

And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this high wreck'd upon the sea

And twice by awkward wind from England's

bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boded this, but well forewarning wind

Did seem to say, "Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore!"

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts

And he that loos'd them forth their brazen

caves;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed

shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee.

The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd

on shore,

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkind-

ness.

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking

sands

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish [Margaret].

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm;

And when the dusky sky began to rob

My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,

A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,

And threw it towards thy land. The sea re-

ceiv'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.

And even with this I lost fair England's view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart

And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,

The agent of thy foul inconstancy,

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did

When he to madding Dido would unfold

His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy!

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false

like him?

Ay me, I can no more! Die, [Margaret!]

For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, [SALISBURY,]

and many COMMONS.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,

That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is

mur'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees

That want their leader, scatter up and down

And care not who they sting in his revenge.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,

Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is

too true;

But how he died God knows, not Henry.

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. 135
[Exit Warwick and Salisbury, severally.]

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgement only doth belong to thee. 140
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.
But all in vain are these mean obsequies; 146

Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.

And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made; 150

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him

To free us from his father's wrathful curse, 155
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, 161
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy; 165

Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tug'd for life and was by strength subdu'd.

Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged, 175

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.

It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the Duke to death?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection, 180
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep.

'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 't is well seen he found an enemy. 185

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter? 190

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?

Where's your knife? 195
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire, 201

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller, 205
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! 210

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern, untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art

And never of the Nevils' noble race. 215

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence make me mild, 219

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;

And after all this fearful homage done,

Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell, 225

Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence. 229

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's
ghost. [*Exeunt [Suffolk and Warwick].*]

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart
untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*]

Queen. What noise is this? 236

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their
weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful
weapons drawn

Here in our presence! Dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men
of Bury 240

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. [*To the Commons.*] Sirs, stand apart; the
King shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by
me,

Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories, 245

They will by violence tear him from your palace
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey
died;

They say, in him they fear your Highness'
death;

And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250
Free from a stubborn opposite intent.

As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,

And charge that no man should disturb your
rest 256

In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your Majesty, 260

It were but necessary you were wak'd,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, wh'er you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is, 266

With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. (*Within.*) An answer from the
King, my Lord of Salisbury! 270

Suf. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd
hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign.
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To show how quaint an orator you are;
But all the honour Salisbury hath won 275

Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Commons. (*Within.*) An answer from the
King, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from
me,

I thank them for their tender loving care; 280
And had I not been cited so by them,

Yet did I purpose as they do entreat,
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy

Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means;
And therefore, by His majesty I swear, 285

Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air

But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle
Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle
Suffolk! 290

No more, I say! If thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.

If, after three days' space, thou here be'st
found 295

On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt [all but Queen and Suffolk].*]

Queen. Mischance and Sorrow go along with
you! 300

Heart's Discontent and sour Affliction

Be playfellows to keep you company!

There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execra-
tions, 305

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted
wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should
I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's
groan, 310

I would invent as bitter searching terms,

As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave, 315
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest

words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban;

And even now my burden'd heart would
break, 320

Should I not curse them. Poison be their
drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!

Their softest touch as smart as lizards'
stings! 325

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,

And boding screech-owls make the consort
full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk! Thou torment'st thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain top
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,

That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
for thee! 345

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief.
'T is but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeat thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself; 350
And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Leather a hundred times to part than thee. 355

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;

Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.

'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence.
A wilderness is populous enough, 360

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more. Live thou to joy thy life; 365
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his Majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, 370
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,

Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side; sometime he calls the King
And whispers to his pillow as to him 375

The secrets of his overcharged soul;
And I am sent to tell his Majesty

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the King.

[*Exit Vaux.*
Ay me! what is this world! What news are these! 380

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,

Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrow's? 385

Now get thee hence; the King, thou know'st, is coming.

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? 390

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe

Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes, 395
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth.

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest; 400

From thee to die were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,

It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk! Let me hear from thee; 405

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.
Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woefullest cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.
[*Exeunt [severally].*]

[SCENE III. London. Beaufort's bedchamber.]

Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL in bed.

King. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?

Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess. 415

Alive again? Then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands up-
right, 420

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair !

War. See, how the pangs of death do make
him grin !

Sal. Disturb him not ; let him pass peace-
ably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
sure be !

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope. —
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive
him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous
life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close ;
And let us all to meditation. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV

[SCENE I. *The coast of Kent.*]

Alarm. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off.

*Enter a LIEUTENANT, [a MASTER, a MAS-
TER'S MATE, WALTER WHITMORE, and
others ; with them] SUFFOLK [disguised, and
other gentlemen, prisoners].*

Lieu. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea ;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night ;

Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
wings,

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize ;

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the
sand,

Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee ;

And thou that art his mate, make boot of this ;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1. *Gent.* What is my ransom, master ? Let
me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down
your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off
goes yours.

Lieu. What, think you much to pay two
thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?
Cut both the villains' throats ; for die you shall.

The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum !

1. *Gent.* I'll give it, sir ; and therefore spare
my life.

2. *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it
straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize
aboard,

And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die ;
[To Suffolk.]

And so should these, if I might have my will.
Lieu. Be not so rash ; take ransom, let him
live.

Suf. Look on my George ; I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I ; my name is Walter
Whitmore.

How now ! why start'st thou ? What, doth
death affright ?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound
is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth
And told me that by water I should die :

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ;
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

Whit. Gualtier, or Walter, which it is, I
care not.

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot ;

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world !
[Lays hold of Suffolk.]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a
prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in
rags !

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the
duke :

[Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I ?]
Lieu. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt
be.

Suf. Obscure and lousy swain, King Henry's
blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my
stirrup ?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my
head ?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the
board,

When I have feasted with Queen Margaret ?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fallen,

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride,
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth.

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the for-
lorn swain ?

Lieu. First let my words stab him, as he
hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt and so
art thou.

Lieu. Convey him hence and on our long-
boat's side

Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.

[*Lieu.* Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole!]

Lieu. Pool! Sir Pool! lord! 70

As kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England
drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm.
Thy lips that kiss'd the Queen shall sweep the
ground; 75

And thou that smil'd'st at good Duke Hum-
phrey's death

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again;
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord 80

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart. 85

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms;

And now the house of York, thrust from the
crown

By shameful murder of a guiltless king 95

And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful col-
ours

Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ, "*Invitis nubibus.*"

The commons here in Kent are up in arms; 100

And, to conclude, reproach and beggary

Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges! 105

Small things make base men proud. This vil-
lain here,

Being captain of a pinnacle, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives.

It is impossible that I should die 110

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me.

I go of message from the Queen to France;

I charge thee waft me safely cross the Chan-
nel.

Lieu. Walter, — 115

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to
thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*: it is thee I
fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before
I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? Now will ye
stoop?

1. *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him,
speak him fair. 120

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and
rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for fa-
vour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With humble suit. No, rather let my head

Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any

Save to the God of heaven and to my king; 125

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear;

More can I bear than you dare execute. 130

Lieu. Hail him away, and let him talk no
more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
can,

That this my death may never be forgot!

Great men oft die by vile besonians.

A Roman sworder and banditto slave 135

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand

Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore with Suffolk.*

Lieu. And as for these whose ransom we have

set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart; 140

Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body

lie,

Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the King. 145

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the Queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit with the body.*]

[SCENE II. Blackheath.]

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though

made of a lath. They have been up these two
days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now,
then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier
means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it,

and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare.

Well, I say it was never merry world in Eng-
land since gentlemen came up. 150

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not re-
garded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in
leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the King's council are no
good workmen. 155

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy
vocation; which is as much to say as, let the
magistrates be labouring men; and therefore
should we be magistrates. 160

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no
better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham, —

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of. 26

Holl. And Dick the Butcher, —

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the weaver, — 30

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father, —

Dick. [Aside.] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. 38

Cade. For our enemies shall fail before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, — Command silence.

Dick. Silence! 40

Cade. My father was a Mortimer, —

Dick. [Aside.] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet, — 44

Dick. [Aside.] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

Dick. [Aside.] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces. 49

Smith. [Aside.] But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [Aside.] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage. 66

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [Aside.] 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much. 60

Dick. [Aside.] No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [Aside.] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof. 65

Dick. [Aside.] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. 68

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass; and when I am king, as king I will be, — 76

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people, — there shall be no money. All shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers. 84

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there? 91

Enter [some, bringing forward the] CLERK [of Chatham].

Smith. The clerk of Chatham. He can write and read and cast account.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain! 96

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand. 101

Cade. I am sorry for't. The man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel. 106

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters; 't will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man? 111

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd! Away with him! He's a villain and a traitor. 115

Cade. Away with him, I say! Hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Exit one with the Clerk.]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow. 119

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encount'ed with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is 'a? 125

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels.] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [Rises.] Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his BROTHER, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, 130

Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down! Home to your cottages, forsake this groom! The King is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,

If you go forward; therefore yield, or die. 135

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not.

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign,
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain, thy father was a plasterer, ¹⁴⁰
And thou thyself a shearmen, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl
of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did
he not? ¹⁴⁶

Staff. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say,
'tis true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse, ¹⁵⁰
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall
be king. ¹⁵⁵

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's
house, and the bricks are alive at this day to
testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's
words,

That speaks he knows not what? ¹⁶⁰

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye
gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath
taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies; for I invented it
myself. — ¹⁶³

Go to, sirrah, tell the King from me, that, for
his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose
time boys went to span-counter for French
crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll
be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord
Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine. ¹⁷⁰

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is Eng-
land maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but
that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I
tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the
commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and
more than that, he can speak French, and
therefore he is a traitor. ¹⁷⁷

Staff. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can. The French-
men are our enemies. Go to, then, I ask but
this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an
enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not pre-
vail, ¹⁸⁴

Assail them with the army of the King.

Staff. Herald, away; and throughout every
town

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors. ¹⁹⁰

And you that be the King's friends, follow me.

[*Ereunt* the two Staffords, and
soldiers].

Cade. And you that love the commons, fol-
low me.

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman.

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon; ¹⁹⁵

For they are thrifty honest men and such

As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march
toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are
most out of order. Come, march forward. ²⁰⁰

[*Ereunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Another part of Blackheath.*]

*Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAF-
FORDS are slain. Enter CADE and the rest.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and
oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou
hadst been in thine own slaughter-house;
therefore thus will I reward thee: the Lent
shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt
have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more. ¹⁰

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest
no less. This monument of the victory will I
bear [*putting on Stafford's armour*]; and the
bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse heels till I
do come to London, where we will have the
mayor's sword borne before us. ¹⁶

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good,
break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come,
let's march towards London. ²⁰

[*Ereunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *London. The palace.*]

*Enter the KING with a supplication, and the
QUEEN with Suffolk's head; the DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY.*

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens
the mind

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace? ⁶

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to
the rebels' supplication?

King. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat,
For God forbid so many simple souls ¹⁰

Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,

Will parley with Jack Cade their general.

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this
lovely face ¹⁵

Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,

And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to
have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall
have his. ²⁰

King. How now, madam!

Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a MESSENGER.

King. How now! what news? Why comest thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your Grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless.
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge.
The citizens fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret. God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

King. Farewell, my lord; trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. London. The Tower.]

*Enter LORD SCALES upon the Tower, walking.
Then enter two or three CITIZENS below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1. Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain;

for they have won the Bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,

But I am troubled here with them myself.
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe.

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so, farewell, for I must hence again.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. London. Cannon Street.]

Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city.
And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge
and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a SOLDIER, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.

[They kill him.]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more. I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them.
But first go and set London Bridge on fire;
and, if you can, burn down the Tower too.
Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VII. London. Smithfield.]

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter JACK CADE with his company.

Cade. So, sirs. Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holl. *[Aside.]* Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. *[Aside.]* Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm. My mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. *[Aside.]* Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

[21]

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 25

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of Nor-³⁰ mandy unto Mounsieur Basimeon, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth³⁵ of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou⁴⁰ hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about⁴⁵ matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? 53

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent? 60

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis "*bona terra, mala gens.*"

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ, 65
Is term'd the civil't place of all this isle.
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy, 70
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the King, the realm, and you? 75

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the King;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, 80
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof, —

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field? 85

Say. Great men have reaching hands. Oft have I struck

Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! What, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good. 90

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet. 95

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him. 105

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most? Have I affected wealth or honour? Speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? 108

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live! 110

Cade. [*Aside.*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it. He shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither. 115

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life. 120

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute. There shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell. 125

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-side and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads [of Say and Cromer].

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [Exeunt. 145]

[SCENE VIII. Southwark.]

Alarum and retreat. Enter again CADE and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! Kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames! *(Sound a parley.)* What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill? 5

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD [attended].

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the King

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? Will ye relent 11

And yield to mercy whilst 't is offered you; Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the King and will embrace his pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say, "God save his Majesty!" 15

Who hateth him and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King! 19

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? Will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never 25 have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom. But you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all! 34

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him? Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; 40

Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us. Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you? 45

Methinks already in this civil broil

I see them lording it in London streets,

Crying "Villago!" unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. 50

To France, to France, and get what you have lost!

Spare England, for it is your native coast.

Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! We'll follow the King and Clifford. 55

Cade. *[Aside.]* Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together 60 to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! And heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [Exit. 67]

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;

And he that brings his head unto the King Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]
Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean 71 To reconcile you all unto the King. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE IX. Kenilworth Castle.]

Trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle

But I was made a king, at nine months old.

Was never subject long'd to be a king As I do long and wish to be a subject. 85

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty!

King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter [below,] multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; 90

And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, Expect your Highness' doom, of life or death.

King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise !
 Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your
 lives 15
 And show'd how well you love your prince and
 country.

Continue still in this so good a mind,
 And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
 Assure yourselves, will never be unkind.
 And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the
 King!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Please it your Grace to be advertised
 The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
 And with a puissant and a mighty power 25
 Of gallowglasses and stout kerns
 Is marching hitherward in proud array,
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 His arms are only to remove from thee
 The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a
 traitor. 30

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
 York distress'd;

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
 Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a
 pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dis-
 pers'd,

And now is York in arms to second him. 35

I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

Som. My lord,
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in
 terms;

For he is fierce and cannot brook hard lan-
 guage. 45

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to
 deal

As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
 govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched
 reign. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

[SCENE X. *Kent. Iden's garden.*]

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! Fie on myself, that
 have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
 These five days have I hid me in these woods
 and durst not peep out, for all the country is
 laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I
 might have a lease of my life for a thousand 5
 years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a
 brick wall have I climb'd into this garden, to
 see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another
 while, which is not amiss to cool a man's
 stomach this hot weather. And I think this 10
 word "sallet" was born to do me good; for
 many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had

been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time,
 when I have been dry and bravely marching, it
 hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink
 in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me
 to feed on. 17

Enter IDEN.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the
 court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
 This small inheritance my father left me 20
 Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
 I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
 Or gather wealth, I care not, with what envy.
 Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
 And sends the poor well pleased from my
 gate. 25

Cade. [*Aside.*] Here's the lord of the soil
 come to seize me for a stray, for entering his
 fee-simple without leave. — Ah, villain, thou
 wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of
 the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll
 make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swal-
 low my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I
 part. 30

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou
 be,

I know thee not; why, then, should I betray
 thee?

Is 't not enough to break into my garden, 35

And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
 Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
 But thou wilt brave me with these saucy
 terms? 40

Cade. Brave thee? Ay, by the best blood
 that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too.
 Look on me well. I have eat no meat these
 five days; yet, come thou and thy five men,
 and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-
 nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more. 44

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while Eng-
 land stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
 Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
 See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.

Set limb to limb, and thou art far the
 lesser; 50

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
 Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou
 hast;

And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. 54

As for words, whose greatness answers words,
 Let this my sword report what speech for-
 bears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete
 champion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou
 turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd
 clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy
 sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayst
 be turn'd to hobnails. 60

[*Here they fight. [Cade falls.]*]

O, I am slain! Famine and no other hath
 slain me. Let ten thousand devils come against
 me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost,

and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled. ⁷⁰

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed, And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead. Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point; But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat, ⁷⁵ To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.* ⁸¹

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword, So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. ⁸⁵

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, And there cut off thy most ungracious head; Which I will bear in triumph to the King, Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. ⁹⁰

[*Exit.*]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*]

Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head. Ring, bells, aloud! burn, bonfires, clear and bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king! Ah! *sancta majestas*, who would not buy thee dear? ⁵

Let them obey that knows not how to rule; This hand was made to handle nought but gold,

I cannot give due action to my words, Except a sword or sceptre balance it. ¹⁰ A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

The King hath sent him, sure. I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting. ¹⁵

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace; Or why thou, being a subject as I am, Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, ²⁰

Should raise so great a power without his leave, Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint, I am so angry at these abject terms; ²⁵

And now, like Ajax Telamonius, On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the King, More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;

But I must make fair weather yet a while, ³⁰ Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.— Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,

That I have given no answer all this while; My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this army hither Is to remove proud Somerset from the King, ³⁵ Seditious to his Grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;

But if thy arms be to no other end, The King hath yielded unto thy demand. ⁴⁰

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves. ⁴⁵ Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay and everything you wish. And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons, As pledges of my fealty and love; ⁵⁰

I'll send them all as willing as I live. Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have,

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission.

We twain will go into his Highness' tent. ⁵⁵

Enter KING and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm? *York.* In all submission and humility

York doth present himself unto your Highness. *King.* Then what intends these forces thou dost bring? ⁶⁰

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,

And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade, Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition May pass into the presence of a king, ⁶⁵

Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head, The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!

O, let me view his visage, being dead, That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him? ⁷¹

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

King. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

Idea. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
 A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king. 75
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not
 amiss
 He were created knight for his good service.
King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise
 up a knight.
 We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
 And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
 And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*]

Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes
 with the Queen.
 Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide
 his head, 85
 But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
 Then, York, unloose thy long-imprisoned
 thoughts,
 And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
 Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90
 False king! why hast thou broken faith with
 me,
 Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
 King did I call thee? No, thou art not King,
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a
 traitor. 95
 That head of thine doth not become a crown,
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
 That gold must round engirt these brows of
 mine,
 Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles'
 spear, 100
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
 And with the same to act controlling laws.
 Give place! By heaven, thou shalt rule no
 more
 O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.
Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee,
 York, 106
 Of capital treason 'gainst the King and crown.
 Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel? First let me
 ask of these,
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110
 Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.
 [*Exit Attendant.*]
 I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
 ment.
Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
 amain,
 To say if that the bastard boys of York 115
 Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
 [*Exit Buckingham.*]
York. O blood-besotted Neapolitan,
 Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
 The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
 Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
 That for my surety will refuse the boys! 121

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with forces.

See where they come; I'll warrant they'll
 make it good.

*Enter CLIFFORD [and his Son, YOUNG CLIF-
 FORD, with forces].*

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their
 bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the
 King! [*Kneels.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford. Say, what
 news with thee? 125

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look.
 We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
 For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mis-
 take;

But thou mistakes me much to think I do. 130
 To Bedlam with him! Is the man grown
 mad?

King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
 humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
 And chop away that factious pate of his. 135

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey.
 His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will
 serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weap-
 ons shall. 140

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we
 here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.
 I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
 Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
 That with the very shaking of their chains 145
 They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.
 Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

*Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY
 [with forces].*

Clif. Are these thy bears? We'll bait thy
 bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains, 150
 If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening
 cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
 Who being suffer'd, with the bear's fell paw,
 Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and
 cried;

And such a piece of service will you do, 155
 If you oppose yourselves to match Lord War-
 wick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested
 lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly
 anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn
 yourselves. 160

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot
 to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the
ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles? 165
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old and want'st experience? 171
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! In duty bend thy knee to me
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have considered with myself 175

The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have. 180

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for
such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man, 185
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath? 190

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends
thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams
prove true. 195

War. You were best to go to bed and dream
again.

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, 200
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's
crest,

The rampant bear chaif'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows 205
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy
bear

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear. 210

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not
in spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than
thou canst tell. 215

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in
hell. [*Exeunt severally.*]

[SCENE II. *Saint Alban's, near the Castle inn.*]

[*Alarums to the battle.*] Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick
calls!

An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me. 5
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
steed,

But match to match I have encount'ed him 10
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some
other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death. 15

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown
thou fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit.*]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? Why
dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be
in love, 20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise
and esteem,

But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy
sword

As I in justice and true right express it. 25

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee in-
stantly. [*They fight, and Clifford falls.*]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
thou art still.

Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will! 30
[*Exit.*]

Enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the
roust;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of
hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part 35

Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially but by circumstance

The name of valour. [*Seeing his dead father.*]

O, let the vile world end,

And the premised flames of the last day 40

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father, 45
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 't is
mine, 50

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes. Tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax. 55
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. 65
[Exit, bearing off his father.]

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight. [SOMERSET is killed.]

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
still. 70
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[Exit.]

Fight: excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for
shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? Good
Margaret, stay.

Queen. What are you made of? You'll nor
fight nor fly.

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence, 75
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape, 79
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter YOUNG CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mis-
chief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly. 85
But fly you must. Uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt. 90]

[SCENE III. Fields near Saint Alban's.]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD,
WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drum and col-
ours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day 95
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him
off,
Persuaded him from any further act: 10
But still, where danger was, still there I met
him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou
fought to-day; 15
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you,
Richard.

God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd Him that three times to-
day

You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we
have. 20

'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament. 25
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.

What says Lord Warwick? Shall we after
them?

War. After them? Nay, before them, if we
can.

Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious
day.

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York 30
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[Exeunt.]

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY VI.
 EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.
 LEWIS XI. KING OF FRANCE.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET.
 DUKE OF EXETER.
 EARL OF OXFORD.
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
 LORD CLIFFORD.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, duke of York.
 EDWARD, earl of March, afterwards King }
 Edward IV, } his sons.
 EDMUND, earl of Rutland,
 GEORGE, afterwards duke of Clarence,
 RICHARD, afterwards duke of Gloucester, }
 DUKE OF NORFOLK.
 MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.
 EARL OF WARWICK.
 EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD HASTINGS.
 LORD STAFFORD.
 SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } uncles to the duke of York.
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }
 HENRY, earl of Richmond, a youth.
 LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
 Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
 Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
 Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
 A Son that has killed his father.
 A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
 LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
 BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE: *England and France.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. The Parliament-house.*]

Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the King escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away and left his men;
 Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
 Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
 Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
 Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking
 in

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerous;
 I cleft his beaver with a downright blow.
 That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encount' red as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.

[*Showing the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.

But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne
 Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
 I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
 This is the palace of the fearful king,
 And this the regal seat. Possess it, York;
 For this is thine and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords;

And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

York. The Queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
 And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
 Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[*York takes the throne.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest [*wearing red roses*].

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state. Belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,

To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he.
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

West. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.
Eze. For shame, come down. He made thee Duke of York.

York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Eze. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I.

When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head,

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first. Hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No! First shall war unpeople this my realm;
 Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
 And now in England to our heart's great
 sorrow,
 Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you,
 lords?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
 King.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got
 the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [Aside.] I know not what to say;
 my title's weak. —

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? — 135
York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful
 king;

For Richard, in the view of many lords,
 Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
 Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

York. He rose against him, being his sov-
 ereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it uncon-
 strain'd,

Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his
 crown 145

But that the next heir should succeed and
 reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of
 Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon
 me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and an-
 swer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful
 king. 150

K. Hen. [Aside.] All will revolt from me,
 and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou
 lay'st,

Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd. 'Tis not thy
 southern power, 155

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
 Which makes thee thus presumptuous and
 proud,

Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
 Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence. 160

May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
 Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive
 my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
 What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of
 York. 165

Or I will fill the house with armed men,
 And over the chair of state, where now he
 sits,

Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps with his foot, and the
 Soldiers show themselves.]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear but one
 word. 170

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine
 heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

King. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
 Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. 175

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince
 your son!

War. What good is this to England and
 himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself
 and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the Queen
 these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degener-
 ate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a-prey unto the house of
 York. 185

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be over-
 come,

Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!

[Exeunt North., Clif., and West.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
 them not.

Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will
 not yield. 190

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick,
 but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. [To York.] I here entail
 The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever,

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath 195
 To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

York. This oath I willingly take and will
 perform.

War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet,
 embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy
 forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are recon-
 cil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make
 them foes! 205

[Sennet. Here they come down.]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to
 my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I
 came.

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to
 the court. 210

[Exeunt York and his sons, War-
 wick, Norfolk, Montague, their
 Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Enter QUEEN MARGARET [*and the PRINCE OF WALES*].

Eze. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger.
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? 215

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir

And disinherited thine only son. 225

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son.

The Earl of Warwick and the Duke enforce'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforce'd thee! art thou King, and wilt be forc'd? 230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, 235
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The Duke is made Protector of the realm; 240
And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have granted to that act. 245
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour;

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd
Whereby my son is disinherited. 250

The northern lords that have forsworn thy col-
ours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away.
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them. 255

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field 261

I'll see your Grace; till then I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* Queen Margaret and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke, 266
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart. 270

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Eze. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Sandal Castle.]

Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?

What is your quarrel! How began it first? 2

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? Not till King Henry be dead. 10

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign. 11

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken.

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears.

Henry had none, but did usurp the place: 25

Then, seeing 't was he that made you to de-
pose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium 50
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be King, or
die. 35

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, 40
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
more
But that I seek occasion how to rise, 45
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter [a MESSENGER].

But, stay, — What news? Why com'st thou in
such post?

[*Mess.*] The Queen with all the northern earls
and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle. 50
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st
thou that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London. 55
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it
not. 60

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit.*]

*Enter SIR JOHN MORTIMER and SIR HUGH
MORTIMER.*

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
mine uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the Queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we'll meet her
in the field. 65

York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a
need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their drums. Let's set our men
in order,

And issue forth and bid them battle straight. 70

York. Five men to twenty! Though the odds
be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success? 75
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE III. Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle
and Wakefield.*]

[*Alarums.*] *Enter RUTLAND and his TUTOR.*

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to scape their
hands?

Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD [and Soldiers].

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves
thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die. 5

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent
child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[*Exit [dragged off by soldiers].*]

Clif. How now, is he dead already? Or is it
fear 10
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open
them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder. 15
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. 20

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it
again.

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives
and thine 25

Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York 30
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore — [*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me! 35

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou
slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me. 40

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause. 45

Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[Stabs him.]
Rut. *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tunc!*
[Dies.]

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[Exit.]

[SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field.

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them;

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encount'ed him.

And when the hardest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"

And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"

With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!
We budg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are numb'ed that makes up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTH-UMBERLAND, the young PRINCE, and Soldiers.

Come bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? What! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,

And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes

I would prolong a while the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That rag'd at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preaching of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dickie your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York! I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? Thou shouldst
be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and
dance.

Thou wouldest be fee'd, I see, to make me sport.
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him;
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on. 95

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,

And this is he was his adopted heir.

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be King 101

Till our King Henry had shook hands with
death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath? 105

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his
head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him
dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons
he makes. 110

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than
wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's
tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates! 115

But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom
deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
not shameless. 120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud
queen. 125

Unless the adage must be verifi'd,

That beggars mounted run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.

'Tis virtue that doth make them most ad-
mir'd; 130

The contrary doth make thee wond'ring at.

'T is government that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good

As the Antipodes are unto us, 135

Or as the south to the septentrion.

O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!

How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to wear a woman's face? 140

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-
less.

Bid'st thou me rage? Why, now thou hast
thy wish.

Wouldst thou me weep? Why, now thou hast
thy will;

For raging wind blows up incessant showers, 145

And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;

And every drop cries vengeance for his death

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false
Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves
me so 150

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,

O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania. 155

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

There, take the crown, and, with the crown,
my curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee 165

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world.

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him, 170

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord
Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my
father's death. [Stabbing him.] 175

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
hearted king. [Stabbing him.]

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
Thee. [Dies.]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on
York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York. 180

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

[SCENE I. A plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Herefordshire.]

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their
power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father
scap'd,

Or whether he be scap'd away or no

From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the
news;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the
news;

Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have
heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.

How fares my brother? Why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become. 10
I saw him in the battle range about.

And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.

Methought he bore him in the thickest troop

As doth a lion in a herd of neat;

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs, 15
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies;

So fled his enemies my warlike father.

Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son. 20

See how the morning opes her golden gates,

And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

How well resembles it the prime of youth,

Trimmi'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three
suns? 25

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
sun,

Not separated with the racking clouds,

But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable. 30

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet
never heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,

That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, 35

Each one already blazing by our meeds,

Should notwithstanding join our lights together

And over-shine the earth as this the world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I slay,

Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters; by your

leave I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter [a MESSENGER] blowing.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on 45

When as the noble Duke of York was slain,

Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too
much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes, 50

And stood against them, as the hope of Troy

Against the Greeks that would have ent'red.

Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;

And many strokes, though with a little axe,

Hews down and fells the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd; 55

But only slaught'red by the ireful arm

Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,

Who crown'd the gracious duke in high de-
spite,

Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he
wept, 60

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood

Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
slain.

And after many scorns, many foul taunts, 64

They took his head, and on the gates of York

They set the same; and there it doth remain,

The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean
upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.

O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford! thou hast slain

The flower of Europe for his chivalry; 71

And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison;

Ah, would she break from hence, that this my
body 75

Might in the ground be closed up in rest!

For never henceforth shall I joy again,

Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's mois-
ture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
heart; 80

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
burden,

For self-same wind that I should speak withal

Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,

And burns me up with flames that tears would
quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief. 85

Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me.

Richard. I bear thy name; I'll venge thy
death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left
with thee;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun;

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
say,

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter WARWICK, MARQUESS OF MON-
TAGUE, and their army.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare?
What news abroad? 95

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should
recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliver-
ance

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,

The words would add more anguish than the
wounds.

O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain! 100

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantage-
net,

Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemp-
tion,

Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen. ¹⁰⁶
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest
gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the King, ¹¹¹
Muster'd my soldiers, gathered flocks of
friends,

[And very well appointed, as I thought,]
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the
Queen,

Bearing the King in my behalf along; ¹¹⁵
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament
Touching King Henry's oath and your succe-
sion.

Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely
fought. ¹²¹

But whether 't was the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 't was report of her success; ¹²⁵
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail, ¹³¹
Fell gently down, as if they struck their
friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards.
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight, ¹³⁵
And we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the King unto the Queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my-
self,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were, ¹⁴⁰
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to
England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with
the soldiers;

And for your brother, he was lately sent ¹⁴⁵
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant
Warwick fled.

Off have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. ¹⁵⁰

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
thou hear;

For thou shalt know this strong right hand of
mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war ¹⁵⁵
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame
me not.

'T is love I bear thy glories make me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, ¹⁶⁰
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords. ¹⁶⁵

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumber-
land,

And of their feather many more proud birds, ¹⁷⁰
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside ¹⁷⁵
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.

Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of
March, ¹⁷⁹

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry "Charge!" upon our foes,
But never once again turn back and fly. ¹⁸⁵

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great War-
wick speak.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries "Retire!" if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I
lean;

And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the
hour!— ¹⁹⁰

Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forbend!
War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of
York;

The next degree is England's royal throne,
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along; ¹⁹⁵

And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. ²⁰⁰

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard
as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums. God and Saint
George for us!

Enter a MESSENGER.

War. How now! what news? ²⁰⁵

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word
by me

The Queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts. Brave warriors,
let's away. ^[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. *Before York.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy That sought to be encompass'd with your crown. Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck.

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault, Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks? Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick? Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting? Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on, And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown, Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows;

He, but a duke, would have his son a king, And raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son, Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father. Unreasonable creatures feed their young;

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes, Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them, even with those wings Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest, Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

Were it not pity that this goodly boy Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child, "What my great-grandfather and grandsire got

My careless father fondly gave away?" Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force. But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear

That things ill-got had ever bad success? And happy always was for that son

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell? I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,

And would my father had left me no more! For all the rest is held at such a rate

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits! Our foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son. Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;

And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown, And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness; For with a band of thirty thousand men

Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York; And in the towns, as they do march along,

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him. Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the field;

The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords

And hearten those that fight in your defence. Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry

"Saint George!"

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edu. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head; Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edu. I am his king, and he should bow his knee.

I was adopted heir by his consent; Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament, To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too.

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
 Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
 When you and I met at Saint Alban's last, Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
 Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain The execution of my big-swoln heart
 Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
 As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland; But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue.
 I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
 Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
 By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
 A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day, That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
 For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
 There is no wrong, but everything is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
 For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
 But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic, Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided
 As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king,
 As if a channel should be call'd the sea — Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art
 extraught,
 To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns
 To make this shameless callet know herself.
 Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou, Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
 And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd By that false woman, as this king by thee.
 His father revell'd in the heart of France,
 And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop;
 And had he match'd according to his state, He might have kept that glory to this day;
 But when he took a beggar to his bed, And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
 Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home. For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
 And we, in pity of the gentle king, Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
 And that thy summer bred us no increase, We set the axe to thy usurping root;
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike, We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee,
 Not willing any longer conference, Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.
 Sound trumpets! Let our bloody colours wave! And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay.
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
 [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.
War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe;
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid, Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And spite of spite needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD, running.
Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap?
What hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. 10
What counsel give you? Whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;

And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk, 15

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;

And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"

So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood!

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here, 25

Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
—And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold 35

face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,

Beseeking thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!

Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and,
gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms. 45
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe

That winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,

farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay, 50

And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing 55

breasts;

For yet is hope of life and victory. 55
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. Another part of the field.]

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.

Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone. 5

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rut-

land;

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself. 10
And so, have at thee!

[They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. Another part of the field.]

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now ways it this way, like a mighty sea 5

Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now ways it that way, like the self-same sea

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the 10

wind;

Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror nor conquered;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.

Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory! 15

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both

They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;

For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20
O God! methinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run, 25

How many makes the hour full complete,
How many hours brings about the day,

How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock, 30

So many hours must I take my rest,

So many hours must I contemplate,
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young, 55
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean,
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.
 So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
 lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? 45
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates, —
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When Care, Mistrust, and Treason waits on
 him.

*Alarum. Enter a SON that hath killed his father
 [dragging in the dead body].*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns; 57
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me. 60
 Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
 O heavy times, begetting such events!
 From London by the King was I press'd forth;
 My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his mas-
 ter; 65

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have, by my hands, of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! 70
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words till they have flow'd their
 fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody
 times!

Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. 75
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for
 tear;

And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd
 with grief.

Enter a FATHER, bearing of his son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, 80
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye! See, see what showers
 arise, 85
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,

Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye and
 heart!

O, pity, God, this miserable age!
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, 90
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than
 common grief!

O that my death would stay these ruthless
 deeds! 95

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses;
 The one his purple blood right well resembles,
 The other his pale cheeks, methinks, present-
 eth. 100

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother for a father's
 death

Take on with me and ne'er be satisfi'd!
Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my
 son 105

Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfi'd!
K. Hen. How will the country for these
 woeful chances

Misthink the King and not be satisfi'd!
Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for sub-
 jects' woe? 111

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep
 my fill. *[Exit with the body.]*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy
 winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre, 115
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall
 go;

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons, 120
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that
 will,

For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[Exit [with the body].]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone
 with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MAR-
 GARET, the PRINCE, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends
 are fled, 125

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
 Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Ber-
 wick post again.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-
 hounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130
 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Eze. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed; 135
Or else come after. I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward; away! 140
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*]

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,

Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee; 5
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melts.
Impairing Henry, strength'ning misproud York,

[The common people swarm like summer flies;]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies? 10
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorched the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

Or as thy father and his father did, 15
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace. 20

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?

Bootless are plights, and cureless are my wounds.

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
The foe is merciless, and will not pity, 25

For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest; 30

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*]

Alarm and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.

Edu. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust, 35
Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave; 40

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans [and dies].*]

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
See who it is.

Edu. And, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used. 45

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;

Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,

But set his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring, 50

I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;

Instead whereof let this supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered. 55

Edu. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours.
Now death shall stop his dismal threat'ning sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft. 60

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth.

'T is but his policy to counterfeit, 65
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

Edu. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence. 70
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edu. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's that Captain Margaret, to fence you now? 75

War. They mock thee, Clifford; swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? Nay, then the world goes hard

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80

That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy. 85

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head, ⁸⁵

And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king;
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen. ⁹⁰
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatt' red foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears. ⁹⁵

First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat, ¹⁰⁰
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence. Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best. ¹⁰⁵

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation.

Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,

To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.* ¹¹⁰

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. *A forest in the north of England.*]

Enter [two KEEPERS,] *with cross-bows in their hands.*

[1. Keeper.] Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund anon the deer will come;

And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

[2. Keeper.] I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot. ⁵

1. Keeper. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best;

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day ¹⁰

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2. Keeper. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter KING HENRY [*disguised*], *with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine; ¹⁵

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou was anointed.

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee; ²⁰
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1. Keeper. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.

This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour Adversity,

For wise men say it is the wisest course. ²⁵

2. Keeper. Why linger we? Let us lay hands upon him.

1. Keeper. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister ³⁰

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much. ³⁵

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse, ⁴⁰

To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give;

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd; ⁴⁵
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her, ⁵⁰

With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

2. Keeper. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens? ⁵⁵

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to.

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2. Keeper. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough. ⁶⁰

2. Keeper. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen. My crown is called content;

A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy. ⁶⁵

2. *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear and break an oath?

2. *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

2. *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;

My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

1. *Keep.* No;

For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? Do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeys with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men;

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the King shall be commanded;

And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

1. *Keep.* We are true subjects to the King, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry, if he were seated as King Edward is.

1. *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the King's

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd.

And what God will, that let your king perform;

And what He will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. London. The palace.]

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and LADY GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,

His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror.

Her suit is now to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit.

It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game;
how true he keeps the wind!

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time to know our mind.

[*L. Grey.*] Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.

May it please your Highness to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? Then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? Tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, then whip me; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'T were pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave. I'll try this widow's wit.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. ⁵⁰

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! Nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee. ⁵⁵

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. ⁶⁰

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did. ⁶⁵

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. ⁷⁰

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me. ⁷⁵

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination Accords not with the sadness of my suit.

Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;

No, if thou dost say no to my demand. ⁸⁰

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks doth argue her replete with modesty;

Her words doth show her wit incomparable; ⁸⁵

All her perfections challenge sovereignty.
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord. ⁹⁰

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee

I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love. ⁹⁵

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow. I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your Grace my sons should call you father. ¹⁰⁰

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons. ¹⁰⁵

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad. ¹¹⁰

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To who, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes. ¹¹⁵

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a NOBLEMAN.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower; ¹²⁰

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all, ¹²⁵

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire and me —
The lustful Edward's title buried —
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Ed-
ward, 130

And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory 135
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from
thence,

Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way.
So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweenes too
much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal
them. 145

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and
looks. 150

O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe, 155
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part, 160
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me, 165
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but
hell,

Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this
head 170

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the
thorns, 175

Seeking a way and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out, —
Torment myself to catch the English crown;
And from that torment I will free myself, 180
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry "Content" to that which grieves my
heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions. 185

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid
shall;

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. 195
[Exit.]

[SCENE III. France. The King's palace.]

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his
sister BONA, his Admiral, call'd BOURBON;
PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and
the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth
up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy
Margaret,

Sit down with us. It ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis
doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France; now
Margaret

Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself. 11

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence
springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine
eyes with tears

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like
thyself, 15

And sit thee by our side. (*Seats her by him.*)
Yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to
speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man, 25
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret, 30
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help.
Our people and our peers are both misled, 35
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience
calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger
grows our foe. 40

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll sac-
cour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true
sorrow.

And see where comes the breeder of my sor-
row!

Enter WARWICK.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to
our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's
greatest friend. 45

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What
brings thee to France?

[He descends. She ariseth.]

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to
rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Al-
bion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love, 51

First, to do greetings to thy royal person;

And then to crave a league of amity;

And lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister, 56

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. *[Aside.]* If that go forward,
Henry's hope is done.

War. *(To Bona.)* And, gracious madam, in
our king's behalf, 59

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand and with my tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;

Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear
me speak 65

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest

love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;

For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 70

To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,

Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's
son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour; 75

For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth

wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of
Gaunt, 81

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;

And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;

And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France. 86

From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,

You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90

Methinks these peers of France should smile at
that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
against thy liege, 95

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! Leave Henry, and call Edward 100

king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious
doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my

father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,

When nature brought him to the door of
death? 105

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward,
and Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110

While I use further conference with Warwick.
[They stand aloof.]

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's
words bewitch him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour, 115

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's
eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set
aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120

Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseech a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's 125

sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve, 130

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
mine;

Yet I confess that often ere this day, [To War.
When I have heard your king's desert re-
counted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister
shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn ¹³⁵
Touching the jointure that your king must
make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a wit-
ness

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English
king. ¹⁴⁰

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy
device

By this alliance to make void my suit.

Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Mar-
garet.

But if your title to the crown be weak, ¹⁴⁵

As may appear by Edward's good success,

Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd

From giving aid which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand

That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his
ease, ¹⁵¹

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.

And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you;

And better 'twere you troubled him than
France. ¹⁵⁵

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless
Warwick, peace,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings!

I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance and thy lord's false love;

[*Post blows a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us
or thee. ¹⁶³

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you, [To War.

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

These from our king unto your Majesty: ¹⁶⁵
[To Lewis.

And, madam, these for you; from whom I
know not. [To Margaret.

[*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and
mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at
his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he
were nettled.

I hope all's for the best. ¹⁷⁰

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and
yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with
unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-
content.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the
Lady Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his, ¹⁷⁵

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your Majesty as much before.
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's
honesty. ¹⁸⁰

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight
of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,

No more my king, for he dishonours me,

But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget that by the house of York ¹⁸⁵

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right? ¹⁹⁰

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is honour;

And to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass, ¹⁹⁵

And henceforth I am thy true servitor.

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd
my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults, ²⁰⁰

And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast ²⁰⁵

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him;

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him

For matching more for wanton lust than hon-
our, ²¹⁰

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be re-
veng'd

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor
Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair? ²¹⁵

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's
are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with
yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and
Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid. ²²⁰

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all
at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return
in post,

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over masquers

To revel it with him and his new bride. ²²⁵

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king
withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on. 230

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long. There's thy reward; be gone. [Exit Post.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men, Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle; 235

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt, What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty? 239

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty, That if our queen and this young prince agree, I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous, 245
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable, That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250
[He gives his hand to Warwick.]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral, Shall waft them over with our royal fleet. I long till Edward fall by war's mischance, For mocking marriage with a dame of France. 255

[Exeunt all but Warwick.]
War. I came from Edward as ambassador, But I return his sworn and mortal foe.

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me, But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me? 260
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown, And I'll be chief to bring him down again;

Not that I pity Henry's misery, But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. 265

[Exit.]

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I. London. The palace.]

Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey? Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return? 2

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the King.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD [attended], LADY GREY [as Queen], PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS [and others]. Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

Glou. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgement That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick. I am Edward, 15

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glou. And shall have your will, because our king.

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glou. Not I. 20

No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey 25
Should not become my wife and England's queen.

And you too, Somerset and Montague, Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd

By such invention as I can devise? 35

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance

Would more have strength'n'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself? 40

Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France.

Let us be back'd with God and with the seas Which He hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves. 45
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? It was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law. ⁵⁰
Glou. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood. ⁵⁵

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement, ⁶¹

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me or tarry, Edward will be king, ⁶⁵

And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent; ⁷⁰
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns. ⁷⁵

What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; ⁸⁰
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. ^[Aside.]

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France? ⁸⁵

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them. ⁹⁰

What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:

"Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride." ⁹⁵

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? Belike he thinks me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utt'red with mild disdain:

"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake." ¹⁰⁰
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?

For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on." ¹⁰⁵

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words: ¹⁰⁹

"Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd.
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret? ¹¹⁵

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage ¹²¹

I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

Glou. *[Aside.]* Not I;
My thoughts aim at a further matter. I ¹²⁵

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf ¹³⁰
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed.

Myself in person will straight follow you.
[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague, ¹³⁴

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance.

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience, ¹⁴⁰

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us? ¹⁴⁵

Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *A plain in Warwickshire.*]

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord. ⁵

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,

And welcome, Somerset! I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's
brother, ¹⁰

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter
shall be thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about, ¹⁵
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy,
That as Ulysses and stout Diomed
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
tents ²⁰

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds,

So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him. ²⁵

You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry, "Henry!"*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort.
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
George! ^[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Edward's camp, near Warwick.*]

Enter three WATCHMEN, to guard the King's tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man
take his stand.

The King by this is set him down to sleep.

2. *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1. *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a
solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest ⁵
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2. *Watch.* To-morrow then belike shall be
the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman
is that

That with the King here resteth in his tent? ¹⁰

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the
King's chiefest friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands
the King

That his chief followers lodge in towns about
him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because
more dangerous. ¹⁵

3. *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and
quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up
his passage. ²⁰

2. *Watch.* Ay, wherefore else guard we his
royal tent

But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand
his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours. ²⁵

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all,*

"Warwick! Warwick!" and

set upon the Guard, who fly,

crying, "Arm! arm!"

Warwick and the rest following them.

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter

WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing

the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair.

Richard and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings. Let them go;
here is

The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! Why, Warwick, when
we parted, ³⁰

Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you Duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom, ³⁵

That know not how to use ambassadors,

Nor how to be contented with one wife,

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,

Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? ⁴⁰

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou
here too?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king. 45
Though Fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: *[Takes off his crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request, 51
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer 55
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

[They lead him out forcibly.]

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit guarded.]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do 60

But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free King Henry from imprisonment
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE IV. London. The palace.]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn

What late misfortune is befallen King Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person. 5

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares;

And, as I further have to understand, 10
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may.

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day. 15

Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay;

And I the rather wean me from despair

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb.

This is it that makes me bridle passion

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear 21

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become? 25

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down,

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, —
For trust not him that hath once broken faith, — 35

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly; 35
If Warwick take us we are sure to die.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE V. A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.]

Enter GLOUCESTER, LORD HASTINGS, and SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands 5
He hath good usage and great liberty;

And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advertis'd him by secret means
That if about this hour he make this way 10

Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men

To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a HUNTSMAN with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand. 15

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the Bishop's deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord,
And, shipp'd from thence, to Flanders. 21

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'Tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? Wilt thou go along? 25

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell! Shield thee from Warwick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown. 35

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. *London. The Tower.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and LIEUTENANT of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees? ⁵
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? For well using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness, ¹⁰

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty. ¹⁵

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee.

He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer Fortune's spite

By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land ²¹

May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,

I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds. ²⁵

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars.

Yet in this one thing let me blame you Grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place. ³¹

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,

To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjug'd an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war; ³⁵
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for Protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government. ⁴⁰
I make you both Protectors of this land,

While I myself will lead a private life
And in devotion spend my latter days,

To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will? ⁴⁵

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content.

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place; ⁵⁰
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than need-
ful

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate. ⁵⁵
Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,

Let me entreat, for I command no more, ⁵⁹
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward

Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that, ⁶⁵

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.
(Lays his hand on his head.) If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty, ⁷¹
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,

His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords, for this is he ⁷⁵
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? ⁸⁰

Post. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side

And from the Bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him;
For hunting was his daily exercise. ⁸⁵

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, ⁹⁰
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young

Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him to his harm and ours. ⁹⁵

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall
down. ¹⁰⁰

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. ^[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VII. Before York.]

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,
HASTINGS, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hast-
ings, and the rest,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the
seas [■]

And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of
York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glow. The gates made fast! Brother, I like
not this; ¹⁰

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not
now affright us.

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us. ¹⁵

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to
summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the MAYOR of York, and
his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves,
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be
your king, ²⁰

Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for
no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but
my dukedom,

As being well content with that alone.

Glow. [Aside.] But when the fox hath once
got in his nose, ²⁵

He'll soon find means to make the body fol-
low.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in
a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? The gates shall then
be opened. ^[They descend.]

Glow. A wise stout captain, and soon per-
suaded! ³⁰

Hast. The good old man would fain that all
were well,

So 't were not long of him; but being ent'red,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the MAYOR and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor; these gates
must not be shut ³⁵

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the
keys; ^[Takes his keys.]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with drum and
SOLDIERS.

Glow. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Out trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. ⁴¹

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why
come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of
storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but
we now forget ⁴⁵

Our title to the crown and only claim

Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again;

I came to serve a king and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. ⁵⁰
^[The drum begins to march.]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and
we'll debate

By what safe means the crown may be re-
cover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? In few
words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune and be gone. ⁵⁵

To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glow. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then
we'll make our claim.

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our mean-
ing. ⁶⁰

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! Now arms
must rule.

Glow. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my
right, ⁶⁵

And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
himself;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd.

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclama-
tion. ^{[Giving him a paper.] Flourish. 70}

Sold. [Reads.] "Edward the Fourth, by the
grace of God, King of England and France, and
Lord of Ireland," etc.

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays King Ed-
ward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight. ⁷⁵
^[Throws down his gauntlet.]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness. Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;

And when the morning sun shall raise his ear⁸⁰ Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.

Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!⁸⁵

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.

Come on, brave soldiers! doubt not of the day, And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VIII. *London. The palace.*]

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE, [EXETER,] and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,

With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders, Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas, And with his troops doth march amain to London;

And many giddy people flock to him.⁵

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out, Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;¹⁰ Those will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find¹⁵

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st;

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends. My sovereign, with the loving citizens,

Like to his island girt in with the ocean,²⁰ Or, modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,

Shall rest in London till we come to him. Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.²⁵

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord! and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus [*kissing Henry's hand*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,³⁰

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords! Let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt [all but King Henry and Exeter].*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks the power that Edward hath in field³⁵

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands, Nor posted off their suits with slow delays.⁴⁰

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dried their water-flowing tears. I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies, Nor forward of revenge, though they much

err'd.⁴⁵ Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace; And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.⁵⁰

[*Shout within, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, [GLOUCESTER,] and soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence;

And once again proclaim us King of England. You are the fount that makes small brooks to

flow;

Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,⁵⁵

And swell so much the higher by their ebb. Hence with him to the Tower, let him not

speak. [*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains. The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,⁶⁰

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join, And take the great-grown traitor unawares.

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. *Coventry.*]

Enter WARWICK, the MAYOR of Coventry, two MESSENGERS, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

[1.] *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague? Where is the post that came from Montague? ⁵

[2.] *Mess.* By this at Daintry with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence. [Drum heard.]

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum. 11

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? Belike unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know. 15

March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee, Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy, And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence, 25

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down, Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;

Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give.

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift. 35

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight;

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again, And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner.

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40
What is the body when the head is off?

Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten, The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the Bishop's palace, ⁴⁵
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

And with the other fling it at thy face, Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair, 54

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off, Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood:

"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster! [He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too. 58

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt Will issue out again and bid us battle.

If not, the city being but of small defence, We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same. 65

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster! [He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory. 70

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster! [He and his forces enter the city.]

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York; 74
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle; With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love! Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call. 80

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[Taking his red rose out of his helmet.]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee.
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou,
Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath.
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's when he sacrific'd his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee —
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad —
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times
more below'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjurd and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave
the town and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
leads the way.

Lords, to the field! Saint George and victory!
[*Exeunt [King Edward and his company].* March. Warwick
and his company follow.]

[SCENE II. *A field of battle near Barnet.*]

Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD,
bringing forth WARWICK wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there. Die thou, and
die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend
or foe,

And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? My mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shows

That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
tree

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
blood,

Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou
as we are,

We might recover all our loss again.
The Queen from France hath brought a puis-

sant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou
fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath
breath'd his last;

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick.
And said, "Commend me to my valiant
brother."

And more he would have said, and more he
spoke,

Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and
save yourselves;

For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great
power!

[*Here they bear away his body.*
Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*]

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph;
with GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an up-
ward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed.

I mean, my lords, those powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud

And blow it to the source from whence it came.
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glow. The Queen is valued thirty thousand
strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her.
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends

That they do hold their course toward Tewks-
bury.

We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be aug-
mented

In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum! Cry, "Courage!" and
away.

[SCENE IV. Plains near Tewksbury.]

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE
EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and
wait their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea
And give more strength to that which hath too
much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of
these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tac-
kles?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind
say no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly
sink.

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the
brothers

More than with ruthless waves, with sands and
rocks.

Why, courage then! What cannot be avoided
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant
spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these
words,

Infuse his breast with magnanimity
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,

He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another

And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here—as God forbid!—

Let him depart before we need his help.
Oxf. Women and children of so high a cour-
age,

And warriors faint! Why, 'twere perpetual
shame.

O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee. Long may'st thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a
hope

Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wond'ered at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet
Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath
nothing else.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand,

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less. It is his policy

To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your
forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will
not budge.

Flourish and march. Enter KING EDWARD,
GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say

My tears gainsay; for, every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.

Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your
sovereign

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name,
lords, ⁸¹
Be valiant and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum. Retreat. Excursions.*
Exeunt.

[SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*]

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, [and soldiers; with] QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET [prisoners].

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words. ⁵

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt [Oxford and Somerset, guarded].*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world.

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? ¹⁰

Glou. It is; and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter [soldiers, with] PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects, ¹⁵

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee, ²⁰

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night; ²⁵

His currish riddles sorts not with this place.

Glou. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather. ³⁰

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful.

Lascivious Edward, and thou perjurd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all ³⁵

I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. ^[Stabs him.]

Glou. Sprawl'st thou? Take that, to end thy agony. ^[Stabs him.]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. ^[Stabs him.] ⁴⁰

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glou. Marry, and shall. ^[Offers to kill her.]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? Use means for her recovery. ⁴⁵

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. ^[Exit.] ⁵⁰

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it. ⁵⁵

He was a man; this, in respect, a child,
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. ⁶⁰

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;

But if you ever chance to have a child, ⁶⁵
Look in his youth to have him so cut off

As, deathmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! Go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death. ⁷⁰

What, wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself; 75

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher, Richard,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [Exit [led out forcibly].]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower. 85

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence. Discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London

And see our gentle queen how well she fares. By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. 90

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. London. The Tower.]

Enter KING HENRY and GLOUCESTER, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather.

'T is sin to flatter; "good" was little better. "Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord." 5

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves. We must confer. [Exit Lieutenant.]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind. 11

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, 15

Have now the fatal object in my eye Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl! And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. 20

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus; Thy father, Minos, that deni'd our course;

The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life. 25 Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words! My breast can better brook thy dagger's point Than can my ears that tragic history. But wherefore dost thou come? Is 't for my life?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art. If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume, 35

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand, Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye— 40 Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death— Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign; The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time; 45

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top, And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain, And yet brought forth less than a mother's 50

hope,

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump, Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signify thou cam'st to bite the world; And, if the rest be true which I have heard, 55

Thou cam'st— *Glou.* I'll hear no more; die, prophet, in thy speech. [Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! 60

[Dies.]

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster

Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

O, may such purple tears be alway shed From those that wish the downfall of our house! 65

If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee

thither, [Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;

For I have often heard my mother say 70 I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste, And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?

The midwife wonder'd and the women cried, "O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!" 75

And so I was; which plainly signified

That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother; ⁸⁰
And this word "love," which greybeards-eall divine,

Be resident in men like one another

And not in me. I am myself alone.

Clarence, beware! Thou keep'st me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee; ⁸⁵

For I will buzz abroad such prophecies

That Edward shall be fearful of his life,

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry and the Prince his son are gone.

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest, ⁹⁰

Counting myself but bad till I be best.

I'll throw thy body in another room

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit [with the body].*]

[SCENE VII. *London. The palace.*]

Flourish. KING EDWARD, [*upon the throne*];
QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,
HASTINGS, a Nurse [*with the young Prince,*] and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!

Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd ⁵

For hardy and undoubted champions;

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,

And two Northumberlands; two braver men

Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague, ¹⁰

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion

And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat

And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy. ¹⁵

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's

night,

Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. ²⁰

Glou. [Aside.] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid,

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.

Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen; ²⁵

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your Majesty I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

[*Q. Eliz.*] Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks. ³⁰

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,

And cried, "All hail!" when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights, ³⁵

Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France

Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom. ⁴⁰

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,

Such as befits the pleasure of the court?

Sound drums and trumpets! Farewell sour annoy! ⁴⁵

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

THE only external evidence for the date of *Richard III* is the publication of the First Quarto in 1597. The marks of Shakespeare's early style, and especially of the influence of Marlowe, are, however, so pronounced as to have led to a general agreement that the play was composed some years before that date, probably about 1593.

The Quarto of 1597 was reprinted in 1598, with the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, but without further change. Other quartos appeared in 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, and 1634, but all derive ultimately from the text of 1597. The version in the First Folio is independent, and differs widely in detail from the text of the Quartos. The question of the comparative authority of these texts is exceedingly complicated. Each contains passages essential to the context but lacking in the other. The Folio has besides many additions quite apposite and in the manner of Shakespeare, though the corresponding place in the Quartos shows no lacuna. The difficulty is thus to determine which goes back to the earlier original, and whether Shakespeare himself is responsible for the variations. Opinions still differ widely on these points, but are for the most part agreed that the Folio is to be regarded as the more authentic version; and it is, accordingly, made the basis of the present text. A striking peculiarity of the case is that the variations are too numerous to be plausibly accounted for as mistakes of copyist or printer, and are often so slight in their effect on meaning or rhythm that it is hard to believe them the result of conscious revision. They are very frequently such differences as might be explained by lapse of memory; and it is probable that in the First Quarto we have an exceptionally correct short-hand writer's report of the play, the variations being largely due to the slips of the actors.

The chief basis of the action is, as usual, Holinshed, who, in dealing with the events of Acts I, II, III, and part of IV, follows the history of the reigns of Edward V and Richard III ascribed to Sir Thomas More, as it had been transmitted in the Chronicles of Hardyng and Halle; and who, in the story corresponding to the rest of Act IV and to Act V, follows Halle. But before Shakespeare's there had been two, if not more, dramatic treatments of the theme. The *Richardus Tertius* of Dr. Legge is a Latin chronicle play written, perhaps as early as 1573, for performance at the University of Cambridge. The *True Tragedie of Richard III* is anonymous and of uncertain date, but was apparently a sequel to 3 *Henry VI*. Both of these contributed to the dramatic tradition of Richard, but whether they affected Shakespeare directly or through a lost intermediary remains to be proved. Details seem also to have been gathered from such narratives as those in *The Mirror for Magistrates*.

But it was the Chronicles of Holinshed or Halle which supplied almost all the episodes and the outlines of most of the characters, especially the men. These outlines, however, are in every case filled in by Shakespeare, whose imagination caught up and vitalized the merest hints of character. Most of the famous speeches are purely the invention of the dramatist. The opening soliloquy, the wooing of Anne, the two great cursing scenes in which Margaret of Anjou plays the chief part, the dream and the murder scene of Clarence, and the exchange of repartee between Gloucester and the little Duke of York, are all without foundation in Holinshed. Gloucester's hypocritical pre-occupation with holy exercises on the occasion of the visit of the Mayor and Buckingham with the offer of the crown, is based on the parenthetical phrase, "with a bishop on every hand of him." The substance and tone of the addresses of the rival leaders to their armies in v. iii. are suggested by the Chronicle.

The historical accuracy, in its main lines, of the portrait of Richard is still a matter of dispute among historians. But the falsification, if such there be, is only in a small degree due to Shakespeare; it had already occurred in the authorities from whom he drew the facts for which he supplied a plausible psychological explanation.

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD IV.
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards } sons to
KING EDWARD V. } the King.
RICHARD, duke of York, }
GEORGE, duke of Clarence, } brothers to
RICHARD, duke of Gloucester, afterwards } the King.
KING RICHARD III,
A young son of Clarence.
HENRY, earl of Richmond, afterwards KING HENRY VII.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHEHAM, archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his son.
EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.
MARQUIS OF DORSET, } sons to
LORD GREY, } Elizabeth.
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.
LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest.
Another Priest.
TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the
Lady Anne.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.
MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.
LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to
King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.
A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III.; Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. A street.*]

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus.*

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds ¹⁰
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass; ¹⁵
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
majesty

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time ²⁰
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time, ²⁵
Unless to see my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity.

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determin'd to prove a villain ³⁰

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the King

In deadly hate the one against the other; ³⁵
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,

This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. ⁴⁰

Dive, thoughts, down to my soul; here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed
guard

That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty,
Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower. ⁴⁵

Glou. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his Majesty hath some intent

That you should be new christ'ned in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know, for I protest

As yet I do not; but, as I can learn, He hearkens after prophecies and dreams, And from the cross-row plucks the letter G, ⁵⁵ And says a wizard told him that by G His issue disinherited should be; And, for my name of George begins with G, It follows in his thought that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these ⁶⁰ Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women,

'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower; My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she That tempts him to this harsh extremity. ⁶⁵ Was it not she and that good man of worship, Anthony Woodville, her brother there, That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

From whence this present day he is delivered? We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. ⁷⁰

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure

But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress Shore.

Heard you not what an humble suppliant Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery? ⁷⁵

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what; I think it is our way, If we will keep in favour with the King,

To be her men and wear her livery. ⁸⁰

The jealous o'erworn widow and herself, Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-

women,

Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me;

His Majesty hath straitly given in charge ⁸⁵ That no man shall have private conference, Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glou. Even so? An't please your worship, Brakenbury,

You may partake of anything we say. We speak no treason, man. We say the King

Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen ⁹¹ Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;

We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing

tongue;

And that the Queen's kindred are made gentle- ⁹⁵ folks.

How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one, Were best to do it secretly, alone. ¹⁰⁰

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glou. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, and withal

Forbear your conference with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey. ¹⁰⁵

Glou. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell! I will unto the King; And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister, I will perform it to enfranchise you. ¹¹⁰

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long; I will deliver you, or else lie for you. ¹¹⁵

Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell. [*Exeunt Clarence [Brakenbury, and Guard].*]

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so, That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands. But who comes here? The new-delivered ¹²¹ Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glou. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to the open air. How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must; ¹²⁵

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, ¹³⁰ And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagles should be mew'd,

Whiles kites and buzzards play at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home. ¹³⁵

The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint John, that news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long, And overmuch consum'd his royal person. ¹⁴⁰

'T is very grievous to be thought upon. Where is he? In his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you. [*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die ¹⁴⁵ Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence

With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
 And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Clarence hath not another day to live ; 150
 Which done, God take King Edward to his
 mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in !
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest
 daughter.
 What though I kill'd her husband and her
 father ?

The readiest way to make the wench amends
 Is to become her husband and her father ; 156
 The which will I ; not all so much for love
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market. 160
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and
 reigns ;
 When they are gone, then must I count my
 gains. [Exit.]

SCENE II. [The same. Another street.]

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY VI, [GENTLE-
 MEN] with halberds to guard it, [among them
 TRESSEL and BERKELEY ;] LADY ANNE
 being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
 load,
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

[The coffin is set down.]
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, 10
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
 wounds !

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 O cursed be the hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do
 it ! 15

Cursed the blood that let this blood from
 hence !

More direful hap betide that hated wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of
 thee,

Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives ! 20
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness ! 25
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee !
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy
 load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there ; 30
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corpse.
 [The bearers take up the coffin.]

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corpse, and set
 it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
 fiend

To stop devoted charitable deeds ? 35

Glou. Villains, set down the corpse ; or, by
 Saint Paul,

I'll make a corpse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin
 pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I
 command.

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
 Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
 [The coffin is set down again.]

Anne. What, do you tremble ? Are you all
 afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. 45
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be
 gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so
 curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
 trouble us not ; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
 O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds 55
 Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood
 dwells.

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his
 death !

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
 death !

Either heaven with lightning strike the mur-
 derer dead,

Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick, 65
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for
 curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God
 nor man. 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of
 pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am
 no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the
 truth !

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so
 angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 75
 Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave
 By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defus'd infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80
Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
 No excuse current but to hang thyself.
Glou. By such despair I should accuse myself. 85
Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd
 For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
 That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glou. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say they were not slain.
 But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90
Glou. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glou. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hands.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest! Queen Margaret saw
 Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
 The which thou once didst bend against her breast, 95
 But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
 That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
 That never dreamst on aught but butcheries. 100
 Didst thou not kill this king?
Glou. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? Then, God grant me too
 Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
 O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!
Glou. The better for the King of heaven, that hath him. 105
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glou. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;
 For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it. 110
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glou. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!
Glou. So will it, madam; till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
 To leave this keen encounter of our wits 115
 And fall something into a slower method,
 Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
 Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
 As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect. 120
Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
 Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
 To undertake the death of all the world,
 So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, 125
 These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glou. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
 You should not blemish it, if I stood by.
 As all the world is cheered by the sun,
 So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
 To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee. 135
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
 To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
 Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth. 140
Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glou. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glou. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glou. Here. (*She spits at him.*) Why dost thou spit at me? 145
Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!
Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
 Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glou. I would they were, that I might die at once;
 For now they kill me with a living death.
 Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
 Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops. 155
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
 No, when my father York and Edward wept
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
 When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child, 160
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain,—in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear; 165
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;

But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee, 170
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive, 174
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry.
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me. 181

Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that stabb'd
young Edward,

But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She falls the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler! Though I wish 185
thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.
Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do 190
it.

Anne. I have already.
Glou. That was in thy rage.

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy 195
love,

Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glou. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false. 200
Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Glou. But shall I live in hope? 205

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
[Glou.] Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[Anne. To take is not to give.]
[*Puts on the ring.*]

Glou. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart. 208
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it? 210

Glou. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House;

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At Chertsey monastery this noble king, 215
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys 220
me too,

To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. 225

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]

[Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.]
Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long. 230
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of my hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars 235
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,

The spacious world cannot again afford. 245
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halts and am misshapen thus? 250
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while.
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man. 255
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,

And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.

Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost. 260

But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. [*The palace.*]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his Majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,

And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young, and his minority is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet; But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and DERBY.

Grey. Here comes the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Der. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen. Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe The envious slanders of her false accusers;

Or, if she be accus'd on true report, Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Derby?

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I

Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam. He desires to make atonement

Between the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,

And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be.

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOUCESTER [HASTINGS, and DORSET].

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

Who is it that complains unto the King That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his Grace but lightly. That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours. Because I cannot flatter and look fair, Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and

cog, Duck with French nods and apish courtesy, I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm, But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To who in all this presence speaks your Grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction? A plague upon you all! His royal Grace, —

Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.

The King, on his own royal disposition, And not provok'd by any suitor else,

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred, That in your outward action shows itself

Against my children, brothers, and myself, Makes him to send that he may learn the ground.

Glou. I cannot tell. The world is grown so bad

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

Since every Jack became a gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloucester;

You envy my advancement and my friends' God grant we never may have need of you!

Glou. Meantime, God grants that I have need of you.

Our brother is imprison'd by your means, Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions Are daily given to ennoble those

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, I never did incense his Majesty

Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury, Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the mean

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for —

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers! Why, who knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that. She may help you to many fair preferments,

And then deny her aiding hand therein,

And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, ay, marry, may she, —

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glou. What, marry, may she! Marry with a king, 100

A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.

I wis your grandam had a wouser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs.
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majesty 108

Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid

Than a great queen, with this condition,

To be thus baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at.

Small joy have I in being England's Queen. 110

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. And less'n'd be that small, God I beseech Him!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glou. What! threat you me with telling of the King?

[Tell him, and spare not. Look, what I have said]

I will avouch 't in presence of the King. 115

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'T is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Glou. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends.

To royalize his blood I spent mine own. 125

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere this, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick; 135

Ay, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon! —

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; 140

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine.

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days 145

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king.
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glou. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar.

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose 151

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy you may suppose in me,

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless. 156

I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160

Not that I am queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd; 165

That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me; 170

And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance.

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper, 175

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rut-

land, —

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee; 180

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported. 185

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses! 196

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder to make him a king!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence! 201
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's
death,

And see another, as I see thee now, 205
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in
mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And, after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's Queen!
Rivers and Dorset, for me that was a queen,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God I pray
him,

That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful
with'er'd hag! 215

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for
thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 220
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou
liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine, 225
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell! 230
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested —

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glou. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter
names. 235

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no
reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in "Mar-
garet."

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself. 240

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish
of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottl'd spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thy-
self.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for
me 245

To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd
toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic
curse.

Least to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be
taught your duty. 250

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do
me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my sub-
jects.

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that
duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are
malapert; 255

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce cur-
rent.

O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to
shake them;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to
pieces. 260

Glou. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it,
marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glou. Ay, and much more; but I was born
so high,

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas!
alas! 265

Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy
wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Thy aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it!
As it is won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for
charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to
me.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt, 275
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss
thy hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never
pass 285

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
[Aside to Buck.] O Buckingham, take heed of
yonder dog!

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he
bites, — 290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on
him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-
ingham? 295

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious
lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my
gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess! 301

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse why she's
at liberty. 305

Glou. I cannot blame her. By God's holy
mother,

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent

My part thereof that I have done to her,

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my know-
ledge.

Glou. Yet you have all the vantage of her
wrong. 310

I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains.

God pardon them that are the cause thereof! 315

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like con-
clusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glou. So do I ever, being well advis'd.

[Speaks to himself.

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for
you; 320

And for your Grace; and yours, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come. Lords, will you
go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to
brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad 325
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, who I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do bewep to many simple gulls,

Namely, to Derby, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them 't is the Queen and her allies 330
That stir the King against the Duke my
brother.

Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Grey.

But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil; 335
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two MURDERERS.

But, soft! here come my executioners.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates! 340

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1. Murd. We are, my lord; and come to
have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon; I have it here
about me. [Gives the warrant.] 345

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place. 345

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not
stand to prate. 350

Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd

We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'
eyes fall tears.

I like you, lads; about your business straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

1. Murd. We will, my noble lord. 355
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [London. The Tower.]

Enter CLARENCE and KEEPER.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-
day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

I would not spend another such a night, 5

Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Keep. What was your dream, my lord? I
pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from
the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches. There we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster 15

That had befallen us. As we pac'd along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloucester stumbled, and, in
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to
drown!

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methoughts I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon; 25

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatt'rd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in the
holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, ⁵¹
That wou'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatt'rd
by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of
death

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep? ⁵⁵

Clar. Methought I had. And often did I
strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, ⁶⁰
Who almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life.

O, then began the tempest to my soul.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood, ⁶⁵
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned War-
wick;

Who spake aloud, "What scourge for perjury ⁷⁰
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabb'd in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
"Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjur'd
Clarence, ⁷⁵

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury.
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto torment!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise ⁸⁰
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Keep. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted
you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it. ⁸⁵

Clar. Ah! Keeper, Keeper, I have done
these things

That now give evidence against my soul
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites
me!

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds, ⁹⁰
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone!
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor chil-
dren!

Keeper, I prithee, sit by me a while.

My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my lord. God give your Grace
good rest! [Clarence sleeps.] ⁹⁵

Enter BRAKENBURY, the Lieutenant.

Brak. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing
hours,

Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations, ⁹⁹
They often feel a world of restless cares,
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two MURDERERS.

1. Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow, and how
cam'st thou hither? ¹⁰⁵

2. Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1. Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.
Let him see our commission, and talk no
more. [Brakenbury reads it.] ¹¹¹

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning. ¹¹⁵
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

[Exit (with Keeper)].

1. Murd. You may, sir, 'tis a point of wis-
dom. Fare you well. ¹²⁰

2. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he
sleeps?

1. Murd. No; he'll say 't was done cowardly,
when he wakes.

2. Murd. Why, he shall never wake until
the great judgement-day. ¹²⁵

1. Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd
him sleeping.

2. Murd. The urging of that word "judge-
ment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me. ¹³⁰

1. Murd. What, art thou afraid?

2. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant;
but to be damn'd for killing him, from the
which no warrant can defend me.

1. Murd. I thought thou hadst been reso-
lute. ¹³⁵

2. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1. Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloucester
and tell him so.

2. Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little. I hope
this passionate humour of mine will change. It
was wont to hold me but while one tells
twenty. ¹⁴⁰

1. Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

1. Murd. Remember our reward, when the
deed's done.

2. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies! I had forgot the
reward. ¹⁴⁵

1. Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2. Murd. O, in the Duke of Gloucester's
purse.

1. Murd. When he opens his purse to give us
our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go. There's
few or none will entertain it. ¹⁵⁰

1. Murd. What if it come to thee again?

2. Murd. I'll not meddle with it; [it is a
dangerous thing:] it makes a man a coward.

A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shamefac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom. It fills a man full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found. It beggars any man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it. [Zounds,] 'tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

[1.] *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

[2.] *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

[1.] *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man that respects thy reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

[2.] *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

[1.] *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

[2.] *Murd.* Soft! He wakes.

[1.] *Murd.* Strike!

[2.] *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

[1.] *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

[2.] *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

[2.] *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

[2.] *Murd.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

[2.] *Murd.* To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

[1.] *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

[2.] *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope [to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins.]

That you depart and lay no hands on me.

The deed you undertake is damnable.

[1.] *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

[2.] *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder. Will you, then, Spurn at His edict and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for He holds vengeance in His hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

[2.] *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth He hurl on thee

For false forswearing and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

[1.] *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade

Unripp'd'st the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

[2.] *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

[1.] *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, He doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;

He needs no indirect or lawless course

To cut off those that have offended Him.

[1.] *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

[1.] *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me!

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of his death.

[2.] *Murd.* You are deceiv'd. Your brother Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear.

Go you to him from me.

[1.] *Murd.* Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

[And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,]

He little thought of this divided friendship.
 Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep. 246

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest.

Come, you deceive yourself;

'T is he that sends us to destroy you here. 250

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs

That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven. 255

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
 And are you yet to your own souls so blind,

That you will war with God by murd'ring me? 260

O, sirs, consider, they that set you on
 To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent! No! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish. 265

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
 Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks. 270

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
 Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.
 A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord. 275

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that. If all this will not do, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Exit [with the body].

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
 Of this most grievous murder! 280

Re-enter FIRST MURDERER.

1. *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the Duke shall know how slack you have been!

2. *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
 For I repent me that the Duke is slain. 285

1. *Murd.* So do not I. Go, coward as thou art. [Exit.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole
 Till that the Duke give order for his burial;

And when I have my meed, I will away;
 For this will out, and then I must not stay. 290
 [Exit.

ACT II

SCENE I. [London. The palace.]

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, WOODVILLE [GREY, and others].

K. Edw. Why, so: now have I done a good day's work.

You peers, continue this united league.

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence; 4

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king,

Lest He that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end. 15

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, your self is not exempt from this,

Nor you, son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you;
 You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly. 21

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord marquess. 25

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
 Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [They embrace.]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30

And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon your Grace [to the Queen], but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
 With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend, 35

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile

Be he unto me! This do I beg of Heaven,

When I am cold in love to you or yours. 40

[They embrace.]
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, 45
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliff and the Duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER and RATCLIFF.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen; 46
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

Gloucester, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord,

Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise, 55
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.

'Tis death to me to be at enmity; 60
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; 65
Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset;
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you;

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds 70
More than the infant that is born to-night.
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your High- 75
ness

To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I off'red love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? 80
[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.
K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks. 85
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was revers'd.

Glou. But he, poor man, by your first order died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried. 90
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter DERBY.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done! 95
[*Kneels.*]

K. Edw. I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou requests.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death. 105
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? Who spoke of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me 115
Even in his garments, and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you. 125
[*Derby rises.*]

But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once beg for his life. 130
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah,
poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*]

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not

How that the guilty kindred of the Queen 135
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?

O, they did urge it still unto the King!

God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your Graces. 140

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The palace.*]

*Enter the old DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two
CHILDREN of Clarence.*

Boy. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Girl. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your
breast,

And cry, "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake
your head, 5

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,

If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
both.

I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;

It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost. 11

Boy. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is
dead.

The King mine uncle is to blame for it.

God will revenge it, whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect. 15

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth
love you well.

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's
death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle
Gloucester 20

Told me the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him.

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father, 25

And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such
gentle shape,

And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is
this?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about
her ears; RIVERS and DORSET after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail
and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself? 35

I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impa-
tience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. 40

Why grow the branches when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,

That our swift-winged souls may catch the
King's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him 45
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy
sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband!

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And liv'd with looking on his images; 50

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,

And I for comfort have but one false glass,

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother, 55

And hast the comfort of thy children left:

But death hath snatch'd my husband from

mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble
hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,

Thine being but a moiety of my moan, 60

To overgo thy woes and drown thy cries!

Boy. Ah! aunt, you wept not for our father's

death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left un-
moan'd;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept! 65

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth complaints.

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

May send forth plenteous tears to drown the
world! 70

Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah for our father, for our dear lord

Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and

Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and

he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and

he's gone. 75

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they

are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss! 80

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!

Their woes are parcell'd, mine is general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;

These babes for Clarence weep, [and so do I;

I for an Edward weep,] so do not they. 85

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother. God is much
displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness His doing. 90

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you. 95

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful
mother,

Of the young prince your son. Send straight for him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne,

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF.

Glou. Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause 101

To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing. 106

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glou. [*Aside.*] Amen; and make me die a good old man!

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing. 110
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrow-ing peers,

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love.

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son. 116

The broken rancour of your high-sworn hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet 121

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out; 126

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet un-govern'd.

Where every horse bears his commanding rein
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, 130
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glou. I hope the King made peace with all of us;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put 135
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I. 140

Glou. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[Q. Eliz.] With all our hearts. 145

[Duch.] *[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.]*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince. 150

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Toward Ludlow then, for we'll not stay be-hind. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [*London. A street.*]

Enter one CITIZEN at one door, and another at the other.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour; whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the King is dead.
2. *Cit.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better.

I fear, I fear 't will prove a giddy world. 155

Enter another CITIZEN.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.
3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2. *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

3. *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign. 160

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage, council under him,
And in his full and ripened years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

1. *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth 165
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the King 170
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

2. *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,

Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest, 175
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester,
And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud!

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before. 180

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for
night ?

Untimely storms makes men expect a dearth. ³⁵
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2. *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of
fear.

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread. ⁴⁰

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it
so.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ? ⁴⁵

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the jus-
tices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I. I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [London. The palace.]

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young
DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the
DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at
Northampton ;

At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night.
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the
Prince.

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. ⁵
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say my son of
York

Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother ; but I would not have it
so.

Duch. Why, my good cousin, it is good to
grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at
supper, ¹⁰

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. "Ay," quoth my uncle

Gloucester,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
apace ;"

And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds
make haste. ¹⁵

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did
not hold

In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing when he was

young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gra-
cious. ²⁰

[*Arch.*] And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious
madam.

Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers
doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been re-
memb'rd,

I could have given my uncle's Grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd
mine. ²⁵

Duch. How, my young York ? I prithee, let
me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so
fast

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. ³⁰

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee
this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere
thou wast born.

York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who
told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy ! Go to, you are too
shrewd. ³⁵

Duch. Good madam, be not angry with the
child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news ?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to
report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the Prince ?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news ? ⁴¹
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent
to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty dukes
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence ? ⁴⁵
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd.

Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the ruin of my house !
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind ; ⁵⁰

Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and aweless throne.

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ! ⁵⁵

My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss ;
And being seated, and domestic broils ⁶⁰

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves, brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self against self. O, preposter-
ous

And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on earth no more ! ⁶⁵

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to
sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [To the Queen.] My gracious lady, go ;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace ⁷⁰
The seal I keep ; and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours !
Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*London. A street.*]

The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, the DUKES OF GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL [BOURCHIER, CATESBY,] and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign.

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way

Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy. ⁵
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit.

No more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows, ¹⁰

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous; Your Grace attended to their sug'red words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.

God keep you from them, and from such false friends! ¹⁵

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glou. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the LORD MAYOR [and his train].

May. God bless your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all. [*Mayor and train retire.*]

I thought my mother and my brother York ²⁰
Would long ere this have met us on the way.

Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come? ²⁵

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I, The Queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken sanctuary. The tender prince Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld. ³⁰

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course

Is this of hers! Lord Cardinal, will your Grace Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently? ³⁵

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him per-

force. ⁴⁰

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,

Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God [in heaven] forbid ⁴⁰
We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional. ⁴⁵

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserv'd the

place, ⁵⁰
And those who have the wit to claim the place.

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it, ⁵¹

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it. Then, taking him from thence that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Off have I heard of sanctuary men, ⁵⁵

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. ⁶⁰

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]
Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glou. Where think'st best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower;

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit ⁶⁵

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord? ⁷⁰

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edif'd.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported

Successfully from age to age, he built it? ⁷⁵

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not regist'ed,

Methinks the truth should live from age to age, ⁸⁰
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? ⁸⁵

Glou. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit, ⁹⁰
His wit set down to make his valour live.

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror; For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham, — ⁹⁵

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glou. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have
a forward spring.

Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the
Duke of York. 95

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our
noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call
you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is
yours.

Too late he died that might have kept that
title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of
York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle? 105

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you
than I.

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glou. My dagger, little cousin? With all my
heart. 111

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will
give;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to
give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my
cousin. 115

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword
to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with
light gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too weighty for your Grace to
wear. 120

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glou. What, would you have my weapon,
little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as
you call me.

Glou. How?

York. Little. 125

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross
in talk.

Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear
with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130

He thinks that you should bear me on your
shoulders.

Buck. [*Aside to Hastings.*] With what a
sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

So cunning and so young is wonderful. 135

Glou. My lord, will 't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my
lord? 140

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have
it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the
Tower.

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry
ghost.

My grandam told me he was murder'd there. 145

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not
fear.

But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt. O, 't is a perilous
boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable. 155

He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither,
Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we in-
tend

As closely to conceal what we impart. 159

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the
way;

What think'st thou? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the
Prince, 165

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley?
Will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go,
gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hast-
ings, 170

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons. 175

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination;

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Glou. Commend me to Lord William. Tell
him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soudly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed
I can.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere
we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby House, there shall you find
us both. *[Exit Catesby.]*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if
we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glou. Chop off his head; something we will
determine.

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the King my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's
hand.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all
kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Before Lord Hastings' house.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. My lord! my lord!

Hast. *[Within.]* Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. *[Within.]* What is 't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Can't my lord Stanley sleep these
tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship that this
night

He dreamt the boar had razed off his helm.

Besides, he says there are two councils kept;

And that may be determin'd at the one

Which may make you and him to rue at the
other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils.

His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him his fears are shallow, without in-
stance;

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what
you say. *[Exit.]*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early
stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tott'ring
state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord,
And, I believe, will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! Dost thou
mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from
my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you
forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at Pom-
fret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that
news,

Because they have been still my adversaries;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious
mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-
month hence,

That they which brought me in my master's
hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious
lord,

When men are unprepar'd and look not for
it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do
With some men else, that think themselves as
safe

As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The Princes both make high account
of you,

[Aside.] For they account his head upon the
bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well de-
serv'd it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

—Come on, come on *[to Stanley]*; where is your
boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow,
Catesby.

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as
yours; 80

And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London, 85

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were
sure,

And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! 90
What, shall we toward the Tower? The day
is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better
wear their heads

Than some that have accus'd them wear their
hats. 95

But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good
fellow. [*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*]

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with
thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please
to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me
now 100

Than when thou met'st me last where now we
meet.

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death, 105
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good
content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that
for me. [*Throws him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit.*]

Enter a PRIEST.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see
your honour. 110

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all
my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content
you.

Priest. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, Lord
Chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the
priest; 115

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy
man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay
there. 120

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner
there.

Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although
thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. 125
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Pomfret [Castle].

*Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, with halberds,
carrying RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to
death.*

[*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.]

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee
this:

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the Prince from all the pack
of you! 5

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this
hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody
prison, 10

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon
our heads, 15

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd
she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
Be satisfi'd, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste; the hour of death is ex-
piate.

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us
here embrace.

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. 25
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [The Tower of London.]

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, the
BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, with
others, [and take their seats] at a table.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we
are met

Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Is all things ready for the royal time?

Der. It is, and wants but nomination. 5

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the royal Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. [Who, I, my lord?] 10

We know each other's faces; for our hearts, He knows no more of mine than I of yours,

Or I of his, my lord, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well; 15

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;

And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice, 20 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust, My absence doth neglect no great design 25

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—

I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the King.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder; 30

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

[*Hast.* I thank your Grace.]

Glou. My Lord of Ely!

[*Ely.* My lord?] 35

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there. I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*]

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,

And finds the testy gentleman so hot That he will lose his head ere give consent 40

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while; I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt* [Gloucester and Buckingham].]

Der. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden; For I myself am not so well provided 45

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloucester? I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning. 50

There's some conceit or other likes him well When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I think there's never a man in Christendom Can lesser hide his love or hate than he; For by his face straight shall you know his heart. 55

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face

By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

[*Der.* I pray God he be not, I say.] 60

Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve

That do conspire my death with devilish plots Of damned witchcraft, and that have pre-vail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord, 65

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be.

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up. 71

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore, That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord, — 75

Glou. If! Thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor!

Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear, I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done. 80

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.*]

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this. Stanley did dream the boar did raze our helmets,

And I did scorn it and disdain to fly. 85

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And started, when he look'd upon the Tower, As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me; I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90

As too triumphing, how mine enemies To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour. O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head! 95

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast, 101
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England! 105

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*]

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou were distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian; 5

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. Ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices, 10
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the MAYOR and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord Mayor, —
Glou. Look to the drawbridge there! 15

Buck. Hark! a drum.
Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent —
Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us! 20

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings' head.

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature 25
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts.
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue

That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe, 35

Were't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good lord of Gloucester?

May. Had he done so? 40

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety

Enforc'd us to this execution? 45

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;

And your good Graces both have well proceeded

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands, 50

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Something against our meanings, have prevented; 55

Because, my lord, I would have had you heard

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treasons;

That you might well have signify'd the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may 60

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your Grace's words shall serve

As well as I had seen and heard him speak;

And do not doubt, right noble princes both,

That I'll acquaint our duteous citizens 65

With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend. 70

And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,

Infer the bastardy of Edward's children. 75

Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,

Only for saying he would make his son

Heir to the crown; meaning indeed his house,

Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80

And bestial appetite in change of lust;

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart,

Without control, lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;

And, by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;

Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw;

[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker; bid them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt [all but Gloucester].*
Now will I go to take some privy order,

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner person

Have any time recourse unto the princes.

[*SCENE VI. The same. A street.*]

Enter a SCRIVENER with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.

And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,

For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing;

And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.

Here's a good world the while! Who is so gross

That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.

[*SCENE VII. Baynard's Castle.*]

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors.

Glou. How now, how now, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France;
The unsatiate greediness of his desire,

And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,

As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.

Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse.

And when my oratory drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their country's good

Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glou. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statuettes or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale;

Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor what meant this wilful

silence.
His answer was, the people were not used

To be spoke to but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,

"Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke in-
fer'd";

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine

own,
At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their

caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save King

Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,

"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause and cheerful shout

Argues your wisdom and your love to Rich-
ard:"

And even here brake off, and came away.
Glou. What tongueless blocks were they!

Would they not speak?

[*Buck.* No, by my troth, my lord.]

Glou. Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,

And stand between two churchmen, good my lord,—

For on that ground I'll make a holy descendant—
And be not easily won to our requests.

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glou. I go; and if you plead as well for them

As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads; the Lord Mayor knocks.

[*Exit [Gloucester].*]

Enter the MAYOR and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord ! I dance attendance here ;
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY [from the castle].

[Here comes his servant.]

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your Grace, my noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow or next day. 60
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious Duke ; 65

Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. 70

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward ! 71

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtézans,
But meditating with two deep divines ; 75
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince

Take on his Grace the sovereignty thereof ;
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it. 80

May. Marry, God defend his Grace should say us nay !

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his Grace ? 85

Cate. [My lord,]
He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before. 90

He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should suspect me, that I mean no good to him.
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ; 95

And so once more return and tell his Grace. 100

[*Exit Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them
thence,

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.
[*CATESBY returns.*]

May. See, where his Grace stands 'tween
two clergymen ! 95

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity ;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,

True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 100
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology.
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me, 105

Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye,

And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord. Would it might
please your Grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault ! 115

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house, 121

To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,

Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want his proper limbs ; 125

His face defac'd with scars of infamy,
His royal stock graft with ignoble plants,

And almost should' red in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion. 130

Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge

And kingly government of this your land,
Not as protector, steward, substitute,

Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively from blood to blood, 135

Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,

Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,

In this just cause come I to move your Grace. 140

Glou. I cannot tell if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best fitteth my degree or your condition.
If not to answer, you might haply think

Tongue-ti'd ambition, not replying, yielded 145
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,

Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends,
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 151

And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you :

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request. 155

First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,

As my right revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects, 160

That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need. 166

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial, 178
All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;

For first was he contract to Lady Lucy —
Your mother lives a witness to his vow — 180

And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow, 185
Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190

This Edward, whom our manners call the
Prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self 195

This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,

Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200
May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd
love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant them lawful
suit!

Glou. Alas, why would you heap this care on
me?

I am unfit for state and majesty. 205
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,

Loath to depose the child, your brother's
son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart 210
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally indeed to all estates, —

Yet know, wh'er you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne, 215
To the disgrace and downfall of your house;

And in this resolution here we leave you. —
Come, citizens! ['Zounds!'] we'll entreat no
more.

[*Glou.* O, do not swear, my Lord of Buck-
ingham.] 220

[*Exit Buckingham [with the Citizens].*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept
their suit.

If you deny them all the land will rue it.
Glou. Will you enforce me to a world of
cares?

Call them again. [*Catesby goes to the Mayor, and
exit.*] I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties, 225
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, [CATESBY] and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my back,

To bear her burden, wh'er I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load. 230

But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your mere enforcement shall acquaintance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God doth know, and you may partly see, 235
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your Grace! we see it, and
will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the
truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title:
Long live King Richard, England's worthy
king! 240

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be
crown'd?

Glou. Even when you please, for you will
have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your
Grace;

And so most joyfully we take our leave. 245
Glou. [*To the Bishops.*] Come, let us to our
holy work again.

Farewell, my cousins; farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*Before the Tower.*]

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, the DUCHESS OF
YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET at one
door; ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,*

*[leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET,
Clarence's young Daughter] at another door.*

Duch. Who meets us here? My niece Plan-
tagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester?

Now, for my life, she's wandering to the
Tower,

On pure heart's love to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day! 6

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister!
Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there. ¹⁰

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the lieutenant [BRAKENBURY].

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the Prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience, ¹⁵

I may not suffer you to visit them;

The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The King! Who's that?

Brak. [I cry you mercy!] I mean the Lord Protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title! ²⁰

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother;

Then bring me to their sights. I'll bear thy blame ²⁵

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so.

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[Exit.]

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your Grace of York as mother

And reverend looker on of two fair queens. ³¹
[To Anne.] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace asunder, that my pent heart

May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon ³⁵
With this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O displeasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer. Mother, how fares your Grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone!

Death and destruction dogs thee at thy heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children. ⁴¹

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead; ⁴⁵

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son ⁵⁰

In your behalf, to meet you on the way.

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!

O my accursed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, ⁵⁵

Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.

O, would to God that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal that must round my brow ⁶⁰

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brains!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom,

And die, ere men can say, "God save the Queen!"

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. ⁶⁵

Anne. No! why? When he that is my husband now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands

Which issued from my other angel husband

And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd; ⁷⁰

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,

This was my wish: "Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,

For making me, so young, so old a widow!

And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife—if any be so mad— ⁷⁵

More miserable by the life of thee

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Within so small a time, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words ⁸⁰

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,

Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick; ⁸⁵

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory! ⁹⁰

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. [To Dorset.] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[To Anne.] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!

[To Queen Eliz.] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me! ⁹⁵

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
 Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
 Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones! —401
 Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
 For tender princes, use my babies well!
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [London. The palace.]

*Sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned;
 BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY [a PAGE, and
 others].*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck. My gracious sovereign?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. *(Here he ascendeth the throne. Sound.)* Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated;
 But shall we wear these glories for a day? 5
 Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed.

Young Edward lives: think now what I would speak. 10

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
 That Edward still should live! "True, noble prince!" 15

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? Speak suddenly; be brief. 20

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this. 25
 I will resolve you herein presently. *[Exit.]*

Cate. *[Aside to a stander by.]* The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools

And unrespective boys; none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes. 30

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
 Boy!

Page. My lord?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death? 35

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
 Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit.

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him hither. *[Exit Page.]* 41

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
 And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news? 46

Stan. Know, my loving lord,

The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

[Stands apart.]

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby. Rumour it abroad 51

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter; 55

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out

That Anne my queen is sick and like to die.

About it; for it stands me much upon

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. *[Exit Catesby.]*

I must be married to my brother's daughter, 61

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin! 65
 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter [Page, with SIR JAMES] TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine? 70

Tyr. Please you;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

Are they that I would have thee deal upon. 75

Tyrrel. I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel.

Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear. *[Whispers.]*

There is no more but so; say it is done, 81
 And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight,

[*K. Rich.* Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel,
ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord.] [*Exit.* 85

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my
mind

The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled
to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well,
look unto it. 90

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is
pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford and the movables

Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife. If she
convey 95

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just
request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100
A king, perhaps, [perhaps, —

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not
at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill
him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earl-
dom, — 105

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at
Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont; at which name I

started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in
mind

Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike? 115

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou
keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you
will or no. 120

K. Rich. Tut, tut,]

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*

Buck. And is it thus? Repays he my deep
service

With such contempt? Made I him king for
this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone 125
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[*Exit.*

[SCENE III. *The same.*]

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, who I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery, 5

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compas-
sion,

Wept like two children in their death's sad
story.

"O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle
babes;"

"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one
another 10

Within their alabaster innocent arms.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,

Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each
other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay;

Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd
my mind; 15

But O! the devil!" — there the villain stopp'd;

When Dighton thus told on: "We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,

That from the prime creation e'er she framed,"
Hence both are gone with conscience and re-
morse; 20

They could not speak; and so I left them
both,

To bear this tidings to the bloody King.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign
lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy
news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in
charge 25

Beget your happiness, be happy then,

For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know. 30

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after-
supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then. 35

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up
close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in mar-
riage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good-
night.

Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, 41

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly? ⁴⁵

Rat. Bad news, my lord. Morton is fled to Richmond; And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near ⁴⁹

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength. Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.

Then fiery expedition be my wing, Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king! ⁵⁵

Go, muster men! My counsel is my shield; We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. Before the palace.]

Enter old QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to, ⁵

And will to France, hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret; who comes here? [*Retires.*]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! ¹⁰

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right ¹⁵

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. Somany miseries have craz'd my voice,

That my wee-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. ²¹

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son. ²⁵

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days, Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood! ³⁰

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we? [*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. [*Coming forward.*] If ancient sorrow be most reverend, ³⁵

Give mine the benefit of seniority,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*]

[*Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.*]

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; ⁴⁰

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him. ⁴⁵

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death.

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, ⁵⁰

That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God, ⁵⁵

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!

God witness with me, I have wept for thine. ⁶⁰

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;

Young York he is but boot, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss: ⁶⁵

Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my

Edward;

And the beholders of this frantic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,

Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. ⁷⁰

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls

And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end.

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence. ⁷⁵

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse ⁸⁰

That bottl'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was;
 The flattering index of a direful pageant; 35
 One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
 A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. 91
 Where is thy husband now? Where be thy
 brothers?

Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou
 joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says, "God save the
 Queen?"

Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that followed
 thee? 96

Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that tails the name;
 For queen, a very catiff crown'd with care; 100
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time; 108
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou
 art.

Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 110
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd
 yoke,

From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-
 chance;

These English woes shall make me smile in
 France. 115

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay
 a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast
 the day;

Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they
 were, 120

And he that slew them fouler than he is.
 Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken
 them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp,
 and pierce like mine. [Exit. 125

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client
 woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries,

Let them have scope! though what they will
 impart 130

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ti'd; go with
 me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

The trumpet sounds; be copious in exclams. 135

*Enter KING RICHARD and his train, marching,
 with drums and trumpets.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted
 thee,

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
 done!

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a
 golden crown, 140

Where should be branded, if that right were
 right,

The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that
 crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and bro-
 thers?

Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my chil-
 dren?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy
 brother Clarence? 145

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers,
 Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
 drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!

[Flourish. Alarums. 151

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
 Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I down your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and
 yourself. 155

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your
 condition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am
 in haste. 161

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for
 thee,

God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort
 you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it
 well, 165

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
 A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
 Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
 furious, 170

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and ven-
 turous,

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and
 bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in
 hatred.

What comfortable hour canst thou name
That ever grac'd me with thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,
that call'd your Grace 175

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word,

For I shall never speak to thee again. 181

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just
ordenance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish 185

And never more behold thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most grievous
curse,

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou
wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight; 190

And there the little souls of Edward's chil-
dren

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death
attend. [Exit. 195]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much
less spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must talk a word
with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal
blood

For thee to slaughter; for my daughters, Rich-
ard, 200

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping
queens;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Eliza-
beth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let
her live, 205

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her
beauty,

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,

Throw over her the veil of infamy.

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal
princess. 211

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not
so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her
brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their birth good stars were
opposite. 215

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were
contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of
destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes
destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain
my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction. 225

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and
blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief
tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my
boys 230

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enter-
prise 235

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face
of heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose
their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of for-
tune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of
it; 245

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself
and all

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
wrongs

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of
thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I
love thy daughter. 255

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it
with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul.

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her
brothers,

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for
it. 260

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my
meaning.

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen. Who else should be? 265

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so. How think you of it?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you, As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers, 271

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave Edward and York; then haply will she weep. Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret 274

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,— A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain The purple sap from her sweet brother's body; And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal. If this inducement move her not to love, Send her a letter of thy noble deeds. 280

Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence, Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake, Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way 284

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way; Unless thou couldst put on some other shape, And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended. 291

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, Which after hours gives leisure to repent. If I did take the kingdom from your sons, To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter. If I have kill'd the issue of your womb, To quicken your increase, I will beget Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter. A grandam's name is little less in love Than is the doting title of a mother; 300

They are as children but one step below, Even of your mettle, of your very blood; Of all one pain, save for a night of groans Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth, 305 But mine shall be a comfort to your age. The loss you have is but a son being king, And by that loss your daughter is made queen. I cannot make you what amends I would, Therefore accept such kindness as I can, 310

Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul Leads discontented steps in foreign soil, This fair alliance quickly shall call home To high promotions and great dignity. The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife, 315

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king, And all the ruins of distressful times Repair'd with double riches of content. What! we have many goodly days to see. 320

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl, Advantaging their loan with interest Of ten times double gain of happiness. Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go; 325

Make bold her bashful years with your experience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale; Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys; And when this arm of mine hath chastised 331

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham, Bound with triumphant garlands will I come And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed; To whom I will retail my conquest won. 335

And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? Her father's brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle? Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncle? Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340

That God, the law, my honour, and her love, Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her the King, that may command, entreats. 345

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the King's king forbids.

K. Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last? 350

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low. 355

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest in too harsh a style. 360

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves,

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ;
that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-
strings break. ³⁶⁵

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my Garter,
and my crown, —

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the
third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear —

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly
honour ;

Thy Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly
virtue ; ³⁷⁰

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldst swear to be be-
liev'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not
wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world —

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death —

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd. ³⁷⁵

K. Rich. Then, by myself —

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.

K. Rich. Why then, by God —

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou did'st fear to break an oath with Him,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, ³⁸¹
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust, ³⁸⁵
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for
worms.

What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the
time o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast
slaughter'd, ³⁹¹

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age ;
The parents live, whose children thou hast
butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come ; for that thou
hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast. ³⁹⁵

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms ; myself myself confound ;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ; ⁴⁰⁰
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy
rest ;

Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness and thine ; ⁴⁰⁵
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided but by this ; ⁴¹⁰

It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, — I must call you
so —

Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve. ⁴¹⁵
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil
thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do
good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be my-
self ?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance
wrong yourself. ⁴²¹

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I
bury them ;

Where in that nest of spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture. ⁴²⁵

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy
will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the
deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and
so, farewell. [*Exit Queen Elizabeth.* ⁴³⁰

Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF [*CATESBY following*].

How now ! what news ?

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back. ⁴³⁵
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
Duke of Norfolk ; ⁴⁴⁰

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the Duke. ^{442 a}

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient
haste. ^{442 b}

K. Rich. [*Ratcliff*], come hither. Post to
Salisbury.

When thou com'st thither, — [*To Catesby.*] Dull
unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the
Duke ? ⁴⁴⁵

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your High-
ness' pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby. Bid him
levy straight

The greatest strength and power that he can
make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. ⁴⁵⁰

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at
Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there
before I go ?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stanley, what news with you?
Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but may well be reported.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?

Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me! What do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King.

Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace

Where and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond;

But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men; but leave behind

Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[Exit.]

Enter a MESSENGER.

1. *Mess.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another MESSENGER.

2. *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;

And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another MESSENGER.

3. *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[He striketh him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3. *Mess.* The news I have to tell your Majesty

Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wand'red away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy;

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3. *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter another MESSENGER.

4. *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,

'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,

The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest.

Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat

Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks

If they were his assistants, yea or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Bucking-
ham

Upon his party. He, mistrusting them,
Hoist'd sail and made his course again for Brit-
tany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;

That is the best news. That the Earl of Rich-
mond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! While we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. ⁵⁴⁰
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE [V. *Lord Derby's house.*]

Enter DERBY and SIR CHRISTOPHER [URSWICK].

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of the most deadly boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head.
The fear of that holds off my present aid. ⁵
So get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
Withal say that the Queen hath heartily consented

He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in Wales. ¹⁰

Der. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew, ¹⁵
And many other of great name and worth;
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Der. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand.

My letter will resolve him of my mind. ²⁰
Farewell. [*Gives letter, and* *exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Salisbury. An open place.*]

Enter [the SHERIFF, and] BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,

Holy King Henry and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried ⁵
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,

If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not? ¹⁰

Sher. It is [my lord].

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children and his wife's allies; ¹⁵
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.

That high All-Seer, which I dallied with, ²⁰
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest;
Thus doth He force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms.

Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart
with sorrow, ²⁵

Remember Margaret was a prophetess."
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The camp near Tamworth.*]

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley ⁵
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful

vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes

his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine ¹⁰
Is now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace ¹⁵
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,

To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear, ²⁰

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march!

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*]

Enter KING RICHARD, in arms, with NORFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, RATCLIFF [and others].

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk, —
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks;
ha! must we not? ⁵

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. 10

K. Rich. Why, our battalia treble that account;

Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent! Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground. 15
Call for some men of sound direction;
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter [on the other side of the field] RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, DORSET [BLUNT, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent].

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge, 25
And part in just proportion our small power.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon, And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me. The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment; Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30

And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much, 35

Which well I am assur'd I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the King.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him, 40

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good-night, good Captain Blunt.

Come, gentlemen, [*Exit Blunt.*]

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business. 45

Into my tent; the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

Enter [to his tent] KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY [and others].

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was, 50
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord. 55

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Rich. [*Catesby!*]

Cate. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall 61
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy. 65

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers. 71

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready? 75

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me, Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent

And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff [and the other Attendants. Richard sleeps].*]

Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent. [Lords and others attending.]

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford 80

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
So much for that. The silent hours steal on, 85

And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, — for so the season bids us be, —

Prepare thy battle early in the morning,

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement

Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90

I, as I may — that which I would I cannot, —

With best advantage will deceive the time,

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George, 95

Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell! The leisure and the fearful time

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sund'red friends should dwell
upon. 100

God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu! Be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.

I'll strive with troubled thoughts, to take a
nap, 104

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye! 109
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement
That we may punish Thee in the victory!
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul 115
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes.
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!
[*Sleeps.*]

*Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to
Henry the Sixth.*

Ghost. (To Richard.) Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of
youth

At Tewksbury. Despair, therefore, and die!
(To Richmond.) Be cheerful, Richmond; for
the wronged souls 121
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf.
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY THE SIXTH.

Ghost. (To Richard.) When I was mortal,
my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes. 125
Think on the Tower and me. Despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.
(To Richmond.) Virtuous and holy, be thou
conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep. Live, and flourish!

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. (To Richard.) Let me sit heavy in thy
soul to-morrow! 131
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and
die!

(To Richmond.) Thou offspring of the house of
Lancaster, 136
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee.
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and
flourish!

*Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and
VAUGHAN.*

Ghost of R. (To Richard.) Let me sit heavy
in thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and
die! 140

Ghost of G. (To Richard.) Think upon Grey,
and let thy soul despair!

Ghost of V. (To Richard.) Think upon
Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance. Despair, and die!
All. (To Richmond.) Awake, and think our
wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! Awake, and win the day!

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.

Ghost. (To Richard.) Bloody and guilty,
guiltily awake, 146
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings. Despair, and die!
(To Richmond.) Quiet untroubled soul, awake,
awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's
sake! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. (To Richard.) Dream on thy cousins
smothered in the Tower.
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and
death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!
(To Richmond.) Sleep, Richmond, sleep in
peace, and wake in joy; 155
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE.

Ghost. (To Richard.) Richard, thy wife,
that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die!
(To Richmond.) Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a
quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory! 165
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. (To Richard.) The first was I that
help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness! 170
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and
death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
(To Richmond.) I died for hope ere I could
lend thee aid;

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride! 175
[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard
starts out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse! Bind up
my wounds!
Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead mid-
night, 180
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What! do I fear myself? There's none else by.

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am.

Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why, ¹⁸⁵

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?

Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

For hateful deeds committed by myself! ¹⁹⁰

I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well; fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain. ¹⁹⁵

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;

And if I die, no soul shall pity me. ²⁰¹

Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself?

Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent; and every one did threat ²⁰⁵

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. ['Zounds!] who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn; ²¹⁰

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. [O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.]

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows. ²¹⁵

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; ²²⁰

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,

To hear if any mean to shrink from me. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter the LORDS to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here. ²²⁵

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-bodied dreams

That ever ent'red in a drowsy head

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd, ²³⁰

Came to my tent, and cried on victory.

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four. ²³⁵

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this,

God and our good cause fight upon our side; ²⁴⁰

The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide; ²⁴⁵

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil ²⁵⁰

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy.

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down, ²⁵⁵

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors; ²⁶⁰

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quits it in your age.

Then, in the name of God and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt ²⁶⁵

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt

The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully; ²⁷⁰

God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, CATESBY [Attendants and Forces].

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, "The better for our purpose."

K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is. [Clock strikes. 275]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine, for by the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.

A black day will it be to somebody. 280

Rateliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me 285

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle; caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain, 291

And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst; 295

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou, Norfolk? 301

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper.]

[K. Rich. Reads.] "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold." 305

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls,

For conscience is a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe; 310

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal; 315

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest; 320

You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life 325

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquered, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretons; whom our

fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and

thump'd,

And on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our

wives? 335

Ravish our daughters? (*Drum afar off.*) Hark!

I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in

blood; 340

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a MESSENGER.

What says Lord Stanley? Will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh;

After the battle let George Stanley die. 345

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within

my bosom.

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! 350

Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter [NORFOLK and forces fighting; to him] CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The King enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger.

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death, 355

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die. 360

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond; they fight; Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, [enjoy it,] and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town; ¹⁰

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as become their births. ¹⁵

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red.
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, ²⁰
That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son, ²⁵
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire.
All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house, ³⁰
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd
Peace,
With smiling Plenty and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, ³⁵
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's

peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives

again;
That she may long live here, God say amen! ⁴¹

[*Exeunt.*]

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH

A PLAY called *Henry VIII* or *All is True* was being played in the Globe Theatre on June 29, 1613, when the theatre caught fire and was burned down. Contemporary descriptions of this piece fit the present history so exactly that there remains little doubt that the Shakespearean drama is meant. We have here, then, a later limit for its composition. Wotton, writing of the burning of the Globe, calls *All is True* "a new play." The chief reason urged against taking this literally lies in the reference to Elizabeth in III. ii. 50-52, and in the eulogy in V. v. 18-39, 58-63, to which the praise of James may have been added later. But eulogies of the great queen did not cease with her death; and there is much in the treatment of her parents that could hardly have been pleasing to her. In the style and metre of the undoubted Shakespearean part of the drama we find nothing pointing to a date before 1603, but much to the latest years of his activity; and it is a fairly safe conclusion that in the parts of the present play written by him we have the last of his extant work.

No edition of *Henry VIII* appeared till it was published in the First Folio, and on that version the present text is based.

The chief historical basis for the play is Holinshed's Chronicles. Some details seem to have come direct from Halle; and the scenes presenting the attempt to crush Cranmer (v. i., ii., iii.) are taken from Foxe's *Actes and Monuments*, better known as *The Book of Martyrs*. These sources are followed at times almost slavishly, much of the actual diction being derived from the prose narratives. Yet with all this borrowing of detail, much freedom is used in the selection and arrangement of incident, historical time is disregarded, and even the identity of personages is confused.

The characterization of Queen Katherine alone shows any great creative imagination. Though all her acts and much of her language are taken from the Chronicles, the dramatist has bestowed on her a pathetic dignity which elevates her to such a pitch that in spite of her passive rôle she stands out as the real heroine of the play. Wolsey's farewell speech (except III. ii. 455-457) is also invented; but his other important utterances and almost all his actions are based directly on Holinshed, who here drew from a variety of sources varying much in their estimate of the Cardinal. Some details seem to have been suggested by Samuel Rowley's *When You See Me You Know Me* (printed 1605). The low comedy scenes in the palace yard and Cranmer's closing prophecies are, of course, without historical basis.

This drama is singularly lacking in unity. The material is simply translated into dialogue or pageant; and there results a succession of brilliant stage pictures, sketches of character, and fine speeches, entirely without dramatic coherence. Buckingham, Katherine, the King, Wolsey, and Cranmer hold in succession the centre of the stage, but no causal connection is apparent in the sequence; nor is there consistency in the demand for sympathy with men or factions. This fragmentary quality alone is sufficient to suggest a doubt as to unity of authorship; and examination of the technical qualities of style and metre has confirmed this suspicion. It is now fairly generally, though not universally, conceded that the greater number of scenes are to be credited to John Fletcher, and to Shakespeare only I. i., ii.; II. iii., iv.; III. ii. 1-203; and with less assurance of purity, V. i.

Attempts have been made to deny to Shakespeare any share in the authorship, and to assign it to other authors, especially to Massinger. But various internal reasons, besides the unchallenged appearance of the play in the First Folio, prevent the acceptance of this extreme view.

No speculation on the method of collaboration has resulted in anything more than mere conjecture.

The pronunciation of "Abergavenny" is indicated by the spelling found in the Folio, "Aburgany."

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE EIGHTH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY VIII.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDYS (called also SIR WILLIAM SANDYS).
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, gentleman usher to Queen Katherine.
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHERINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katherine.
Spirits.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *London; Westminster; Kimbolton.*

THE PROLOGUE

I COME no more to make you laugh: things
now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to
see

Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye; think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery;

And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I

SCENE I. [*London. An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How
have ye done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your Grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory. Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married

To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
 All clinkant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English; and, to-morrow,
 they
 Made Britain India: every man that stood
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages
 were

As cherubins, all gilt; the madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting. Now this masque
 Was crled incomparable; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye,
 Still him in praise; and, being present both,
 'T was said they saw but one; and no dis-
 cerner

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
 suns—

For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds
 challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass, that former fabu-
 lous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck.

O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of everything
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was
 royal;

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view; the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck.

Who did guide, 's

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
 In such a business.

Buck.

I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was ord'ed by the good dis-
 cretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
 freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
 That such a keech can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays of the beneficial sun
 And keep it from the earth.

Nor.

Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these
 ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
 For high feats done to the crown; neither al-
 lied

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
 The force of his own merit makes his way;
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the King.

Aber.

I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him,—let some graver
 eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him. Whence has he
 that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

Buck.

Why the devil,

Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
 Without the privy o' the King, to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the
 file

Of all the gentry, for the most part such
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
 The honourable board of council out,
 Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber.

I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck.

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on
 'em

For this great journey. What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

Nor.

Grievingly I think

The peace between the French and us not values
 The cost that did conclude it.

Buck.

Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
 The sudden breach on 't.

Nor.

Which is budded out;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
 attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber.

Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor.

Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
 At a superfluous rate!

Buck.

Why, all this business

Our reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor.

Like it your Grace,

The state takes notice of the private differ-
 ence

Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you—
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards
 you

Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
 The Cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together, to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants not
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge; it's long, and, 't may be
 said,

It reaches far, and where 't will not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
 that rock

That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two SECRETARIES, with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?

Where's his examination?

I. Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

I. Secr. Ay, please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and his train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book Outworts a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd? Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance

only

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks Matter against me, and his eye revild

Me as his abject object. At this instant He bores me with some trick. He's gone to the

King;

I'll follow and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills

Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England Can advise me like you; be to yourself

As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King; And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,

By violent swiftness, that which we run at, And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,

In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd.

I say again, there is no English soul More stronger to direct you than yourself,

If with the sap of reason you would quench, Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir, I am thankful to you; and I'll go along

By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but From sincere motions, by intelligence,

And proofs as clear as founts in July when We see each grain of gravel, I do know

To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not "treasonous."

Buck. To the King I'll say 't, and make my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox, Or wolf, or both, — for he is equal ravenous

As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief As able to perform 't; his mind and place

Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally — Only to show his pomp as well in France

As here at home, suggests the King our master To this last costly treaty, the interview,

That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified

As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-

cardinal Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows, — Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy

To the old dam, treason, — Charles the Emperor,

Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt, — For 't was indeed his colour, but he came

To whisper Wolsey, — here makes visitation. His fears were, that the interview betwixt

England and France might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily Deals with our Cardinal; and, as I trow, —

Which I do well, for I am sure the Emperor Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was

granted

Ere it was ask'd — but when the way was made, And pav'd with gold, the Emperor thus desir'd,

That he would please to alter the King's course, And break the foresaid peace. Let the King

know,

As soon he shall by me, that thus the Cardinal Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases

And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry To hear this of him; and could wish he were

Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable: I do pronounce him in that very shape

He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, a SERGEANT-AT-ARMS before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir, My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord. The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish

Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on ²⁰⁵
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on
me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will
of Heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey. ²¹⁰
O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.
The King [To Abergavenny.]
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's
pleasure ²¹⁵
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King to attach Lord Montacute, and the
bodies

Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I
hope? ²²⁰

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, [Nicholas] Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
Cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd
already.

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, fare-
well. [Exeunt. ²²⁵

SCENE II. [The same. The council-chamber.]

Cornets. Enter the KING, leaning on the CARDI-
NAL'S shoulder, the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS
LOVELL; the Cardinal places himself under
the King's feet on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the
level

Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person ^s
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen!"
Enter QUEEN KATHERINE, ushered by the
DUKE OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK;
she kneels. The King riseth from his
state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by
him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am
a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us. Half your
suit ¹⁰
Never name to us, you have half our power;

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given.

Repeat your will and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your Majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor ¹⁵
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been com-
missions ²⁰

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master — ²⁵
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil! — even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not "almost appears,"
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, ³⁰
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-
roar, ³⁶

And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My Lord
Cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir, ⁴⁰
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that
file

Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord?
You know no more than others? But you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not
wholesome ⁴⁵

To those which would not know them, and
yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-
tions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
are

Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say ⁵⁰
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bold'ned
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'
grief ⁵⁶

Comes through commissions, which compels
from each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied

Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes
bold mouths ;

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them ; their curses now
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear

To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow

That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
Things done without example, in their issue

Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take

From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber ;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deni'd

The force of this commission. Pray, look to't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[To the Secretary, aside.]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter SURVEYOR.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buck-
ingham

Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many.

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker ;

To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teach-
ers,

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove

Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once cor-
rupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so com-
plete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,

Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall
hear —

This was his gentleman in trust — of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof

We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he'll carry it to
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny ; to whom by oath he men-
ac'd

Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown ?
Upon our fail ? To this point hast thou heard
him

At any time speak aught ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

King. What was that Henton ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this ?
Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to
France,

The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey. I repli'd,

Men fear the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he
doubted

'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, "that oft," says he,

"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment;
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke 158
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd: 'Neither the King nor's
heirs,
Tell you the Duke, shall prosper. Bid him
strive 160
To gain the love o' the commonalty. The Duke
Shall govern England.'"

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your
office
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good
heed

You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on. 176
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the devil's illu-
sions

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forg'd him some design; which, being be-
liev'd,

It was much like to do. He answer'd, "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further
That, had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha! 186
There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir William Bulmer, —

King. I remember 190
Of such a time; being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what
hence?

Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been
committed,"
—As, to the Tower, I thought, — "I would
have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon 195
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if
granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

King. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his Highness live
in freedom, 200

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of
thee; what say'st?

Surv. After "the Duke his father," with
"the knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger, 204
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd. 210
Call him to present trial. If he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD
SANDYS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France
should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

San. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our Eng-
lish 5

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold 'em, you would swear di-
rectly

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

San. They have all new legs, and lame ones.
One would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

How now! 15
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gal-
lants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
tailors. 20

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there. Now I would
pray our monsieus

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants

Of fool and feather that they got in France, 25
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,

Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blist'rd breeches, and those types of
travel, 31

And understand again like honest men,

Or pack to their old playfellows. There, I take it,

They may, "*cum privilegio*," wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at.
San. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases

Are grown so catching.
Cham.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies. 40
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

San. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they
are going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em. Now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song

And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r Lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sandys;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

San. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true: 51
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

San. He may, my lord; has wherewithal; in
him

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine. 60

Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge

stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir

Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be, 65
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford

This night to be comptrollers.
San. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [A Hall in York Place.]

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the
Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then
enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other Ladies
and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another
door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
Grace*

Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates

To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with merry
One care abroad. He would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good wel-

come,

Can make good people.

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDYS,
and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

O, my lord, you're tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry
Guildford.

San. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal 10
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em. By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now
confessor

To one or two of these!

San. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

San. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit?
Sir Harry,

Place you that side; I'll take the charge of
this.

His Grace is ent'ring. Nay, you must not
freeze;

Two women plac'd together makes cold
weather.

My Lord Sandys, you are one will keep 'em
waking;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

San. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies.

If I chauce to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

San. O, very mad, exceeding mad; in love
too;

But he would bite none. Just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]
Cham. Well said, my lord.

So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen, 31
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

San. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

*Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and takes
his state.*

Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests. That
noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;

And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*]

San. Your Grace is noble.
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sandys, 40
I am beholding to you; cheer your neighbours.

Ladies, you are not merry. Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

San. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall
have 'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sandys.

San. Yes, if I make my play. ⁴⁶
Here 's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot show me.

San. I told your Grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear
not; ⁶¹

By all the laws of war you 're privileg'd.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Cham. How now! what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem. They 've left their barge and
landed,

And hither make as great ambassadors ⁶⁵
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the
French tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend
him. ⁶⁰

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended.*] *All*
rise, and tables remov'd.

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll
mend it.

A good digestion to you all; and once more
I shower a welcome on ye. Welcome all!

Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as
masquers, habited like shepherds, usher'd by
the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly
before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd ⁶⁵

To tell your Grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no
less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair
conduct, ⁷⁰

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for
which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures.

[*They choose Ladies [for the dance].*]

The King chooses Anne Bullen.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O
beauty, ⁷⁵

Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his per-
son,

More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty ⁸⁰
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Whispers [the Masquers].*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your
Grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I 'll
make ⁸⁵

My royal choice.

King. Ye have found him, Cardinal.

[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord.

You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad ⁸⁹

Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither. What fair lady 's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter, —

The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness' ⁹⁰
women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.

Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out ⁹⁵

And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet
ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated. ¹⁰⁰

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you; let 's be merry.
Good my Lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen ¹⁰⁵
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream

Who 's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [*Westminster. A street.*]

Enter two GENTLEMEN at several doors.

1. *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2. *Gent.* O, God save ye!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1. *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the
ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. *Gent.* Were you there?

1. *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2. *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1. *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2. *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1. *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
upon 't.

2. *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.

1. *Gent.* So are a number more.

2. *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great
Duke

Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The King's attorney on the contrary

Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witnesses; which the Duke desir'd

To have brought *viva voce* to his face;

At which appear'd against him his surveyor;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John
Car,

Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,

Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. *Gent.* That was he

That fed him with his prophecies?

1. *Gent.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he
could not.

And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2. *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear him-
self?

1. *Gent.* When he was brought again to the
bar, to hear

His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty.

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1. *Gent.* Sure, he does not;

He never was so womanish. The cause

He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gent.* Certainly

The Cardinal is the end of this.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,

Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,

Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,

Lest he should help his father.

2. *Gent.* That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gent.* At his return

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,

And generally, whoever the King favours,

The Cardinal instantly will find employment,

And far enough from court too.

2. *Gent.*

All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep. This duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous
Buckingham,

The mirror of all courtesy, —

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tip-
staves before him; the axe with the edge towards
him; halberds on each side: accompanied with
SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX,
Sir [William] Sandys, and common people.*

1. *Gent.*

Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

2. *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose
me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die; yet, Heaven bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death;

'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;

But those that sought it I could wish more
Christians.

Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,

Nor build their evils on the graves of great
men,

For then my guiltless blood must cry against
'em.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgive me
frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive
you

As I would be forgiven. I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with; no
black envy

Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his
Grace;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven. My vows and
prayers

Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever below'd and loving may his rule be!

And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your Grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming. See the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable

And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun.

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;

And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,

Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me

A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;

A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels

Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye; never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye. The last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell!

And when you would say something that is sad,

Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!

1. Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2. Gent. If the Duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inking
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1. Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

2. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require

A strong faith to conceal it.

1. Gent. Let me have it.
I do not talk much.

2. Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katherine?

1. Gent. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain

The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple

That will undo her. To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1. Gent. 'Tis the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. Gent. I think you have hit the mark; but
is 't not cruel

That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. Gent. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [An ante-chamber in the palace.]

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading this letter:

[Cham.] "My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by [s commission and main power, took 'em from me, with this reason: His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, sir." I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them; He will have all, I think.

Enter, to the Lord Chamberlain, the DUKES OF NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal.
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,

Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,

He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair; and all these for his marriage.

And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the King. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel!
'Tis most true

These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for 't. All that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day

open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the King

From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him.

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The King has sent me elsewhere. Besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain; Norfolk
draws the curtain, and discovers
the King reading pensively.]

Suf. How sad he looks! Sure, he is much
afflicted.

King. Who's there, ha?

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences

Malice ne'er meant. Our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business.

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission.

Who's there? My good Lord Cardinal? O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [To Camp.]

You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;

Use us and it. [To Wol.] My good lord, have
great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your Grace would give us but an hour

Of private conference.

King. [To Nor. and Suf.] We are busy; go.
Nor. [Aside to Suf.] This priest has no pride
in him?

Suf. [Aside to Nor.] Not to speak of.
I would not be so sick, though, for his place.

But this cannot continue.

Nor. [Aside to Suf.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [Aside to Nor.] I another.

[Exit Nor. and Suf.]
Wol. Your Grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.

Who can be angry now? What envy reach
you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian king-
doms

Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of
judgement,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Cam-
peius,

Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves.
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your Highness' hand I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my Lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her

So dear in heart not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have, and my favour

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary.
I find him a fit fellow. *[Exit Wolsey.]*

Re-enter [WOLSEY, with] GARDINER.

Wol. *[Aside to Gard.]* Give me your hand.
Much joy and favour to you;

You are the King's now.

Gard. *[Aside to Wol.]* But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner.
[Walks and whispers.]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envi'd him,

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough. For living murderers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen.
[Exit Gardiner.]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience!

O, 't is a tender place; and I must leave her.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *[An ante-chamber of the Queen's apartments.]*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY.

Anne. Not for that neither. Here's the pang that pinches:

His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing — O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire, — after this process,

To give her the avaunt, it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will, much better
She ne'er had known pomp! Though 't be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts,

Saving your mincing, the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth. You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange. A three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? Have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made; pluck
off a little. 40

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen 45
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing. I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there
long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't
worth to know 50

The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becom-
ing
The action of good women. There is hope 55
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Maj-
esty 60

Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know 65
What kind of my obedience I should tender.
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers
and wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 70
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedi-
ence,

As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. [*Aside.*] I have perus'd 75
her well.

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the King; and who
knows yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the King,
And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Anne. My honour'd lord.
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see! 81
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate! 85
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!—have your mouth
fill'd up

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty
pence, no.

There was a lady once, 't is an old story, 90
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt. Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect! 95
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mee thousands; Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess. Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular
fancy, 101

And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot. It faints me,
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful 105
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*A hall in Black-Friars.*]

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Ver-
gers, with short silver wands; next them, two
SCRIBES, in the habit of doctors; after them, the
[ARCH]BISHOP of CANTERBURY alone; after
him, the BISHOPS of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHE-
STER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with
some small distance, follows a Gentleman bear-
ing the purse, with the great seal, and a car-
dinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a
silver cross; then a GENTLEMAN USHER bare-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms
bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen
bearing two great silver pillars; after them,
side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noble-
men with the sword and mace. The KING takes
place under the cloth of state; the two Cardi-
nals sit under him as judges. The QUEEN
takes place some distance from the King. The
Bishops place themselves on each side the court,
in manner of a consistory: below them, the
Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The
rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order
about the stage.*

Vol. Whilst our commission from Rome is
read,

Let silence be commanded.

King.

What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd; 4
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so. Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come
into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, etc.
King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queen of England,
come into the court. 11

Crier. Katherine Queen of England, etc.
[*The Queen makes no answer, rises
out of her chair, goes about the
court, comes to the King, and
kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

[*Q. Kath.*] Sir, I desire you do me right and
justice,

And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, 15

Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance

Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause

Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20
That thus you should proceed to put me off

And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, 25
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine

That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice

He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife in this obedience 35
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,

And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40

Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul't contempt

Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,

The King, your father, was reputed for 45
A prince most prudent, of an excellent

And unmatch'd wit and judgement; Ferdi-
nand,

My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by

many
A year before; it is not to be question'd 50

That they had gather'd a wise council to
them

Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful; wherefore I

humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose coun-
sel 55

I will implore. If not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers;

men
Of singular integrity and learning.

Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore

bootless
That longer you desire the court; as well

For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, 65

madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,

And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam? 70

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that

We are a queen, or long have dream'd so,
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay,

before, 75
Or God will punish me. I do believe,

Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge

You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,

Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say 80
again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once

more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not

At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself, who ever yet 85
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do

me wrong.
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice

For you or any. How far I have proceeded, 90
Or how far further shall, is warranted

By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You

charge me
That I have blown this coal. I do deny it.

The King is present: if it be known to him 95
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,

And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know

That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100

It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you; the which

before
His Highness shall speak in. I do beseech

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, 105
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his Highness' fa-
vours, 111

Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are
mounted
Where powers are your retainers, and your
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
you, 115

You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness, 120
And to be judg'd by him.

*[She curtsies to the King, and offers
to depart.]*

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again. 125

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come
into the court.

Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? Pray you,
keep your way;

When you are call'd, return. Now, the Lord
help!

They vex me past my patience. Pray you,
pass on. 130

I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate,
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted, 135
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens. She's noble
born; 141

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, — for, where I am robb'd and
bound, 146

There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once and fully satisfi'd, — whether ever I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour, 154
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs, 159
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. You're excus'd;
But will you be more justifi'd? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
desir'd

It to be stirr'd; but oft have hind' red, oft,
The passages made toward it. On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point, 164
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me
to 't,

I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;
give heed to 't:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, 174
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this
business, 178

Ere a determinate resolution, he,
I mean the Bishop, did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
shook 181

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to trem-
ble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such
way,

That many maz'd considerations did throng 185
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought

I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than 190
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a
thought

This was a judgement on me; that my king-
dom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should
not 198

Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood
in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
By all the reverend fathers of the land 205
And doctors learn'd. First I began in private

With you, my Lord of Lincoln. You remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.
King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say 210

How far you satisfi'd me.

Lin. So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't
And consequence of dread, that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt; 215
And did entreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons. Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike I' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drives this forward. 225
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katherine our queen, before the primest crea-
ture

That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your Highness, 230
The Queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day.
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness.

King. [*Aside.*] I may perceive
These Cardinals trifle with me; I abhor 235
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome,
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return. With thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the
court! 240

I say, set on.

[*Exeunt in manner as they enter'd.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*London. The Queen's apartments.*]

The QUEEN and her women, as at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench; my soul
grows sad with troubles.
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave
working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain tops that freeze
Bow themselves when he did sing. 5
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by. 10

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Q. Kath. How now! 15
Gent. An't please your Grace, the two great
Cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their Graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from
favour? 20

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs as
righteous.

But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAM-
PEIUS.*

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Q. Kath. Your Graces find me here part of a
housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords? 25

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science, 30

Deserves a corner. Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em, 35
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly. Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, re-
gina serenissima,*— 41

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious; 45

Pray, speak in English. Here are some will
thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'
sake.

Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord
Cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady, 50
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his Majesty and you,
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow; 55

You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far, 66
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me. —
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills.
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove
so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—

More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows,
looking 76

Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! 80

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love
with these fears.

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness'
pleasure, 86

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth; my friends,
They that much weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here.
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your Grace 91
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's
protection;

He's loving and most gracious. 'T will be much
Both for your honour better and your cause; 96
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
—my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! Holy men
I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye.
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords! Is this your
comfort, 106

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,

A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once 110

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing! Woe
upon ye

And all such false professors! Would you have
me— 116

If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates
me?

Alas, he's banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too, long ago! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? All your
studies

Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me
speak myself, 126

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true
one?

A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next Heaven?
obey'd him? 134

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded! 'T is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-
sure; 136

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself
so guilty,

To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master wed me to. Nothing but death

Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this Eng-
lish earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your
hearts. 146

What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your for-
tunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
No no grave allow'd me. Like the lily, 151
That once was mistress of the field and flour-
ish'd,

I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are
honest.

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we,
good lady, 165
Upon what cause, wrong you? Alas, our
places,

The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly 160
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this
carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper, 165
A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us
Those we profess, peacemakers, friends, and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong
your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble
spirit

As yours was, put into you, ever casts 170
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King
loves you;

Beware you lose it not. For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords; and,
pray, forgive me 175

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his Majesty;
He has my heart yet, and shall have my
prayers 180

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Ante-chamber to the King's apart-
ment.*]

*Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF
SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your com-
plaints

And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces, 5
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have unconcern'd gone by him, or at least 10
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time 15

Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out. The King hath found 20
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true. 25
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope mis-
carried, 30

And came to the eye o' the King; wherein was
read,

How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to 35
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how
he coasts

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death. The King already 40
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord!

For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all my joy 44
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her coronation.
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which
shall 51

In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Campeius 56

Is stolen away to Rome, hath ta'en no leave;
He's left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you 60
The King cried "Ha!" at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry "Ha!" louder!
Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce, 55
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager 70
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

The Cardinal!

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody. 75
Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd, 80
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while. [*Exit Cromwell.*]
[*Aside.*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alen- 85
çon,

The French king's sister; he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for
him;

There's more in 't than fair visage. Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of
Pembroke! 90

Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late queen's gentlewo-
man, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's
queen! 95

This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff
it;
Then out it goes. What though I know her
virtuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung 101
up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule [and Lov-
ELL].*

Sur. I would 't were something that would
fret the string, 105
The master-cord on 's heart!

Suf. The King, the King!
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumu-
lated

To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of
thrift,

Does he rake this together! Now, my lords, 110
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange com-
motion

Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight 115
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange pos-
tures

We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning 120
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
There,—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household;
which 125

I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will!
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think 130
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lov-
ell, who goes to the Cardinal.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me! 135
Ever God bless your Highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the in-
ventory

Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er. You have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which 145
I bear i' the state; and Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together, 150
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well
 With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
 And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well;
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd
 you;
 He said he did; and with his deed did crown
 His word upon you. Since I had my office, 156
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
 Employ'd you where high profits might come
 home,
 But par'd my present havings, to bestow
 My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?
Sur. [*Aside.*] The Lord increase this business!

King. Have I not made you 161
 The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell
 me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true;
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,
 If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal
 graces, 166
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
 could

My studied purposes requite, which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
 Yet fill'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
 Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I 175

Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
 My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
 Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd.
 A loyal and obedient subject is 180
 Therein illustrated. The honour of it
 Does pay the act of it, as i' the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
 more 185

On you than any, so your hand and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of
 duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess 190
 That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own, that am, have, and will
 be—

Though all the world should crack their duty
 to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils
 did

Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em,
 and 195

Appear in forms more horrid, — yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken.
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200
 For you have seen him open 't. Read o'er this;
 [*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this; and then to breakfast with
 What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal*

Wolsey: the Nobles throng after
him, smiling and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden anger 's this? How have I reap'd
 it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin 205
 Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this
 paper;

I fear, the story of his anger. 'Tis so!
 This paper has undone me. 'Tis the account 210
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to—
 gether

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the pope-
 dom

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet 215
 I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this? "To
 the Pope!" 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I write to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
 ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall 225
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

Re-enter to Wolsey, the DUKES OF NORFOLK
and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and
the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal!
 who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay!
 Where's your commission, lords? Words can-
 not carry

Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth ex-
 pressly? 235

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to
 do it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
 I dare and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
 As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice !
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal ²⁴⁵
You ask with such a violence, the King,
Mine and your master, with his own hand gave
me,

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who 'll take
it ? ²⁵⁰

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest !

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land ²⁵⁵
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.

The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound to-
gether,

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your
policy !

You sent me deputy for Ireland, ²⁶⁰

Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st
him ;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else ²⁶⁵
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The Duke by law

Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you

You have as little honesty as honour, ²⁷¹

That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul, ²⁷⁵

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou
shouldst feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My
lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?

And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,

To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, ²⁸⁰

Farewell nobility ! Let his Grace go forward,

And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness

Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,

Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion ;

The goodness of your intercepted packets ²⁸⁵

You tout to the Pope against the King. Your

goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.

My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state ²⁹⁰

Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

Collected from his life. I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench ²⁹⁵

Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,

But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the
King's hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer

And spotless shall mine innocence arise, ³⁰¹

When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you.

I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles ; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush and cry " guilty," Car-
dinal, ³⁰⁵

You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;

I dare your worst objections. If I blush,

It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.

Have at you !

First, that, without the King's assent or

knowledge, ³¹⁰

You wrought to be a legate ; by which power

You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or
else

To foreign princes, "*Ego et Rex meus*"

Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the

King ³¹⁵

To be your servant.

Sur. Then, that, without the knowledge

Either of king or council, when you went

Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold

To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission ³²⁰

To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,

Without the King's will or the state's allow-
ance,

A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

Sur. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance — ³²⁵

By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science —

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing

Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ; ³³⁰

Which, since they are of you, and odious,

I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far ! 't is virtue.

His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,

Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see

him ³³⁵

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Sur. Lord Cardinal, the King's further plea-
sure is,

Because all those things you have done of late

By your power legate within this kingdom

Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, ³⁴⁰

That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations 345

How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear
me. 350

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, 355
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely

His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory, 360
But far beyond my depth. My high-blown
pride

At length broke under me, and now has left
me,

Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye! 365
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' fa-
vours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women
have; 370

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, standing amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you
weep, 375

I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well,
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has
cur'd me, 380
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these
shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven! 385

Crom. I am glad your Grace has made that
right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, me-
thinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue 395
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in bless-
ings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on
'em!

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with
welcome, 400

Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now 405
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me
down. O, Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me! All my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 410
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well!

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King!
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him 415

What and how true thou art. He will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Crom-
well,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord, 421
Must I, then, leave you? Must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my pray-
ers 425

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me,
Cromwell;

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no men-
tion

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me,
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last. Cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King!
And, prithee, lead me in.
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

ACT IV

SCENE I. [A street in Westminster.]

Enter two GENTLEMEN meeting one another.

1. Gent. You're well met once again.

2. Gent. So are you.

1. Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1. Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow.

This, general joy.

2. Gent. 'Tis well. The citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants and sights of honour.

1. Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

That paper in your hand?

1. Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2. Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katherine,

The Princess Dowager? How goes her business?

1. Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Amptill where the Princess lay; to which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not;

And, to be short, for not appearance and

The King's late scruple, by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

And the late marriage made of none effect:

Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton,

Where she remains now sick.

2. Gent. Alas, good lady!

[Trumpets.]

The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of Trumpets.

2. Then, two Judges.

3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

4. Choristers, singing. Music.

5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe, in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

9. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order and state, and then a great flourish of trumpets.

2. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know.

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

1. *Gent.* Marquess Dorset;
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2. *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That
should be 40
The Duke of Suffolk?

1. *Gent.* 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2. *Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1. *Gent.* Yes.

2. *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the Queen.*]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms, 45

And more and richer, when he strains that
lady.

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *Gent.* They that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are
all are near her. 50

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are
stars indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

1. *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit the last of the procession.*]

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

1. *Gent.* God save you, sir! Where have you
been broiling? 56

3. *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey,
where a finger

Could not be weng'd in more. I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3. *Gent.* That I did.

1. *Gent.* How was it? 60

3. *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2. *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3. *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich
stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her Grace sat down

To rest a while, some half an hour or so, 66

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people,—

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man;—which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose 71

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,—

Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy

I never saw before. Great-belli'd women, 76

That had not half a week to go, like rams

In the old time of war, would shake the press

And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living

Could say "This is my wife" there; all were
woven 80

So strangely in one piece.

2. *Gent.* But what follow'd?

3. *Gent.* At length her Grace rose, and with
modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and
saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd de-
voutly;

Then rose again and bow'd her to the people, 88

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury

She had all the royal makings of a queen,

As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,

The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems

Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom, 91

Together sung "Te Deum." So she parted,

And with the same full state pac'd back again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that's
past; 95

For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost.

'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

3. *Gent.* I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name

Is fresh about me.

2. *Gent.* What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the
Queen? 100

3. *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of
Winchester,

Newly prefer'd from the King's secretary,
The other, London.

2. *Gent.* He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gent.* All the land knows that.

However, yet there is no great breach; when
it comes, 106

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

2. *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the King, and
truly

A worthy friend. The King has made him
master 110

O' the jewel house,

And one, already, of the privy council.

2. *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my
guests; 115

Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Kimbolton.*]

*Enter KATHERINE, Dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PA-
TIENCE, her woman.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the
earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wol-
sey?
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died.

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him for-
ward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend
abbot,

With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: "O, father
abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently
on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that, by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom. Simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law; if the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your High-
ness

To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,

But to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still, and set me lower;
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[Sad and solemn music.
Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit
down quiet,

For fear we wake her; softly, gentle Patience.

*The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after
another, six personages, clad in white robes,
wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and
golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays
or palm in their hands. They first congee unto
her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the
first two hold a spare garland over her head;
at which the other four make reverent curtsies.
Then the two that held the garland deliver the
same to the other next two, who observe the same
order in their changes, and holding the garland
over her head; which done, they deliver the same
garland to the last two, who likewise observe the
same order; at which, as it were by inspiration,
she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and
holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their
dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them.
The music continues.*

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are
ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
feel

I am not worthy yet to wear. I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave, ⁹⁴

They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note

How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn! How pale she

looks,

And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. An 't like your Grace, —

Kath. You are a saucy fellow. ¹⁰⁰

Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your Highness'

pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is stay-

ing ¹⁰⁶

A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith; but this

fellow

Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,

You should be lord ambassador from the Em-

peror,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. ¹¹⁰

Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.

Kath. O, my lord,

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

With me since first you knew me. But, I pray

you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your Grace; the

next, ¹¹⁶

The King's request that I would visit you;

Who grieves much for your weakness, and by

me

Sends you his princely commendations,

And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes

too late; ¹²⁰

'T is like a pardon after execution.

That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;

But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.

How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,

When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor

name ¹²⁶

Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,

I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to Katherine.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver

This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his

goodness ¹³¹

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breed-

ing, —

She is young, and of a noble modest nature, ¹³⁵

I hope she will deserve well, — and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd

him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor peti-

tion

Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long ¹⁴⁰

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

And now I should not lie, but will deserve,

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage, ¹⁴⁵

A right good husband; let him be a noble;

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have

'em.

The last is, for my men, — they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me —

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,

And something over to remember me by. ¹⁵¹

If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer

life

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents; and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world, ¹⁵⁵

As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the

King

To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will,

Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember

me ¹⁶⁰

In all humility unto his Highness.

Say his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd

him,

For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,

My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience, ¹⁶⁵

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;

Call in more women. When I am dead, good

wench,

Let me be us'd with honour. Strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may

know

I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,

Then lay me forth. Although unqueen'd, yet

like ¹⁷¹

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading Katherine.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*London. A gallery in the palace.*]

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a

PAGE with a torch before him, met by SIR

THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Page. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at
primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter?

It seems you are in haste. An if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that
walk,

As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's
in labour,

They say in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas. You're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for
Cromwell,

Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the King's secretary; further,
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
With which the time will load him. The Arch-
bishop

Is the King's hand and tongue; and who dare
speak

One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ven-
tur'd

To speak my mind of him: and indeed this
day,

Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is,
For so I know he is, they know he is,
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land; with which they
moved

Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care forseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long. Good-night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good-nights, my lord! I rest your
servant. [Exit Gardiner and Page.]

Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night.
My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your
Highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou, ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her suf-
ferance made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your Highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prishee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good-night.
[Exit Suffolk.]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the Arch-
bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true; where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.
[Exit Denny.]

Lov. [Aside.] This is about that which the
bishop spake.
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seems to
stay.] Ha! I have said. Be gone.
What!

[Exit Lovell and Denny.]
Cran. [Aside.] I am fearful; wherefore
frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [Kneeling.] It is my duty
To attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge your-
self

But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must
take

Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower. You a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [Kneeling.] I humbly thank your
Highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occa-
sion

Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my
chaff

And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury!
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand
up;

Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I
look'd

You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring to-
gether

Yourselves and your accusers; and to have heard
you,

Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty.
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh
not,

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their
practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question car-
ries

The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as cor-
rupt

To swear against you? Such things have been
done.

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. When you of better luck,
I mean, in perjurd witness, than your Mas-
ter,

Whose minister you are, whiles here He liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to!
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give way
to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you. If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. (Exit Cranmer.) He
has strangled

His language in his tears.

Enter OLD LADY [LOVELL following].

Gent. (Within.) Come back! What mean
you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that
I bring

Will make my boldness manners. Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy. The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger. 'Tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell!

Lov. Sir?

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to
the Queen. [Exit. 170]

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light,
I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exit. 175]

SCENE II. [*Lobby before the council-chamber.*]

[*Pursuivants, Pages, etc., attending.*] Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter KEEPER.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad

I came this way so happily; the King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts, the King's physician. As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me—

God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—

To quench mine honour; they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your Grace the strangest sight—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages, and footboys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon. [*Ezeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The council-chamber.*]

A council-table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter LORD CHANCELLOR; places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. [*KEEPER at the door.*]

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary.

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

CRANMER [*enters and*] approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty; but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,

For so we are inform'd, with new opinions
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic! And what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state; as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end

Was ever, to do well; nor is there living,
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
 Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord-
 ships, 45
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to
 face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be. You are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50
Gar. My lord, because we have business of
 more moment,
 We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness'
 pleasure

And our consent, for better trial of you,
 From hence you be committed to the Tower;
 Where, being but a private man again, 55
 You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
 More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I
 thank you.

You are always my good friend; if your will
 pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
 You are so merciful. I see your end; 61
 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
 Become a churchman better than ambition.

Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, 65
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me mod-
 est.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70
 That's the plain truth. Your painted gloss dis-
 covers,

To men that understand you, words and weak-
 nesses.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a
 little,

By your good favour, too sharp; men so no-
 ble,

However faulty, yet should find respect 75
 For what they have been. 'Tis a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy. You may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer 80
 Of this new sect? Ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their
 fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

[*Chan.*] This is too much. 88
 Forbear for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.

[*Chan.*] Then thus for you, my lord: it
 stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain till the King's further plea-
 sure 90

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
 Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-
 some. 94

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my
 lords;

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
 To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's ring.
Suf. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told
 ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-roll-
 ing,

'T would fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The King will suffer but the little finger 105
 Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'T is now too certain.
 How much more is his life in value with him?

Would I were fairly out on 't!
Crom. My mind gave me,

In seeking tales and informations 110
 Against this man, whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at
 ye!

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we
 bound to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince; 115
 Not only good and wise, but most religious;

One that, in all obedience, makes the Church
 The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,
 His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden com-
 mendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such flattery now, and in my pres-
 ence;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences. 125
 To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[To *Cranmer*.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest 130

He, that darcs most, but wag his finger at thee: By all that's holy, he had better starve Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your Grace, —

King. No, sir, it does not please me. I had thought I had had men of some understanding 135

And wisdom of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, — few of you deserve that title, —

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber-door? and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission 141

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power as he was a counsellor to try him, — Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, 145 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far, My most dread sovereign, may it like your Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment was rather, 150 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it. 155

I will say thus much for him, if a prince May be beholding to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him. Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of 160 Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour; how may I deserve it, 165 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons. You shall have two noble partners with you, the old Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Marquess Dorset. Will these please you? 170 Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,

Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart. 175

The common voice, I see, is verified Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever." Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long To have this young one made a Christian. 180 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. *The palace yard.*]

Noise and tumult within. Enter PORTER and his MAN.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do you take the court for Paris-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Voice.*] (*Within.*) Good master porter, I belong to the ladder. 5

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads. You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? 11

Man. Pray, sir, be patient. 'Tis as much impossible — Unless we sweep 'em from the door with canons —

To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. 15 We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How get they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot — You see the poor remainder — could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir. 21

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any

That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, 25

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Voice.*] (*Within.*) Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah. 31

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? Or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together. 39

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the

line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and [43] three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kin-⁵⁰ dling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman; who cried out "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where [55] she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff to me; I defid' 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. 62

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower-hill or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Lambo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come. 70

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still too; from all parts they are coming

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows;

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these 75
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being turn a-pieces, we have done. 80
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the King blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

Clap round fines for neglect. Ye're lazy knaves;

And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when 85
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;

They're come already from the christening. Go, break among the press, and find a way out

To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. 90

Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow,

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.

SCENE [V. *The palace.*]

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, GARTER, CRANMER, Duke of Norfolk with his marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal Grace, and the good queen, 5

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop. What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth,

King.

Stand up, lord.

[*The King kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! 11

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, 14
When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant—Heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be— 21

But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue 25
Than this pure soul shall be. All princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her. 30
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing 35

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by
 blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as
 when 40

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness, 45

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant, 49
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall
 flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him. Our children's
 children 55

Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of Eng-
 land,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 Would I had known no more! but she must
 die, 60

She must, the saints must have her; yet a vir-
 gin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
 her.

King. O Lord Archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man! Never, before
 This happy child, did I get anything. 65
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That when I am in heaven I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my
 Maker. 69

I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
 And you, good brethren, I am much behold-
 ing;

I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
 lords.

Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank
 ye,

She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 Has business at his house; for all shall stay. 75
 This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
 All that are here. Some come to take their
 ease,

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis
 clear,

They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the
 city 5

Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That's witty!"
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
 All the expected good we're like to hear

For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women; 10

For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile
 And say 't will do, I know, within a while

All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap
 If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

TRAGEDIES

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

IN Henslowe's Diary, under the date April 11, 1591, is recorded the performance of a play called "*titus and Vespacia*," marked "ne," i. e., new, or newly revised. Among the plays in the volume of *Englische Comedien und Tragedien* (1620), performed by English actors in Germany, there is a tragedy of *Tito Andronico*, which is apparently a degraded form of some version of the present play. In it Lucius is named Vespasian, and this affords a hint, corroborated by other evidence, that this German play is based on "*titus and Vespacia*."

In 1641 there appeared in Holland a Dutch play by Jan Vos, entitled *Aran en Titus*, the plot of which is essentially that of *Titus Andronicus*. Both this and a lost German play, acted in 1699, of which only a program is preserved, seem to be based on a Dutch translation of an English original. A comparison of the extant German, Dutch, and English plays points to the conclusion that the Shakespearean tragedy was a recasting of two English originals, on which, directly or indirectly, *Tito Andronico* and *Aran en Titus* were respectively founded.

On January 23, 159 $\frac{3}{4}$, Henslowe records that a "new" play, "*Titus and Ondronicus*," was produced by the servants of the Earl of Sussex. On February 6, 159 $\frac{3}{4}$, there was entered in the Stationers' Register to J. Danter "A Noble Roman Historie of Tytus Andronicus." Later in the same year appeared a quarto edition of our *Titus Andronicus*, "as it was plaide by the Right Honourable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex their servants . . . printed by John Danter." A second quarto with some changes appeared in 1600, and a third quarto, printed from the second, appeared in 1611. On none of these Quartos does the name of Shakespeare appear; nor is there any external evidence to connect the play with him before its inclusion in the First Folio, except its occurrence in Meres's list of Shakespeare's tragedies in *Palladis Tamia* (1598). The text of the First Folio is derived from the Third Quarto; and the text of the present edition is based on the Second Quarto, the unique copy of the newly discovered First Quarto being inaccessible.

It is not agreed whether Henslowe's "*Titus and Ondronicus*" was the present play or one of its predecessors; but if the play entered to Danter on February 6, 159 $\frac{3}{4}$, was, as seems most likely, the First Quarto, printed by him in the same year, it places the date of the composition of *Titus Andronicus* not later than 1593. From the evidence gathered from the German and Dutch versions, it becomes apparent that the question of Shakespeare's authorship narrows itself down to one of the amount of re-writing implied in the re-casting of the older dramatic versions of the story. The main features of the Shakespearean play which cannot be proved to have existed in the earlier dramas are the rivalry between Saturninus and Bassianus for the throne; the funeral of Titus's sons killed in war; the sacrifice of Alarbus; the kidnapping of Lavinia by Bassianus, with the death of Mutius; the sending of young Lucius with presents to the sons of Tamora; and the whole of III. ii., which appears only in the First Folio, and is, perhaps, a later addition. These, with some minor details, and a revision of phraseology and metre which cannot be exactly estimated, seem to indicate the extreme limit of Shakespeare's responsibility. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that other hands may have worked on the play between the stages represented by the Continental versions and that in which it is here printed; and some students still limit Shakespeare's share to "some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters," accepting the late seventeenth-century tradition, reported by Ravenscroft, that this was all Shakespeare added to the work of "a private author."

Evidences of the authorship of the earlier dramatic versions are purely internal. Attempts have been made to associate the play with nearly every contemporary dramatic author of note; but traces of the style of Peele and Greene point to the possibility of these writers' having had a share in it, although at what stage it is not possible to determine.

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS, }
QUINTUS, } sons to Titus Andronicus.
MARTIUS, }
MUTTUS, }

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the Tribune.

SEMPRONIUS, }
CAIUS, } kinsmen to Titus.
VALENTINE, }

ALARBUS, }
DEMETRIUS, } sons to Tamora.
CHIBON, }

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Clown.

A Captain, Tribune, and Messenger.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Rome, and the country near it.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Rome. Before the Senate-house. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.*]

Enter the TRIBUNES and Senators aloft, and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other; with drums and trumpets.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms,
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords. 5
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers
of my right,

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility; 15
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and
by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand 20

A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior, 25

Lives not this day within the city walls.

He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook 31
This cause of Rome and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride; five times he hath re-
turn'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field; 35
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your
strength,

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness. 45
Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm
my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd. 55

[*Exeunt soldiers [of Bassianus].*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward
in my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt soldiers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me 60
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*]

Enter a CAPTAIN.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, 65
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded, and then enter two of Titus's sons [MARTIUS and MUTIUS], and then two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then two other sons [LUCIUS and QUINTUS]. Then TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths with her [three] sons [Alarbus], DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON; AARON the Moor, and others as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! 70
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her
fraught

Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchor-
age,

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears, 75
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love,
These that I bring unto their latest home
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my
sword. 85

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's
wars!

O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more! 95

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner o' the
Goths,

That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd, 100
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed, 105
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return, 110
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke,
But must my sons be slaught'ed in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these, 115
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood!
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice noble Titus, spare my first-born son! 120
Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are their brethren, whom your Goths be-
held

Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must, 125
To appease their groaning shadows that are
gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire
straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius,*
and Mutius, with Alarbus.]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! 130
Chi. Was never Scythia half so barbarous.

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of
Troy 135

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths —
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was
queen — 140

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS [with their swords bloody].

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have per-
form'd

Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the
sky. 145

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud *flarums* welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin
laid in the tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in
rest, 150

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned drugs; here are no
storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep. 165
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long,

My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies; 160
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly re-
serv'd 165

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved
brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from success-
ful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your
swords; 175

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180

Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliant of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons. 185

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.

What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190

To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully, 195

And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world;
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
empire.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.
Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them
not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor, 205

Andronicus, would thou were shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to
thee 210

The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die.

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men 215

Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages.
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome, 221

The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope, 225

Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal.

Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every
sort, 230

Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,

And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"

[*A long flourish till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day, 235

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my empress, 240

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her spouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this
match

I hold me highly honoured of your Grace: 245

And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,

The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord. 250

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts

Rome shall record, and when I do forget 255

The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora.*] Now, madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers. 260

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy counte-
nance;

Though chance of war hath wrought this
change of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage every way. 260

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts
you

Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this? 270

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us
go;

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum. 275

[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora
in dumb show.*]

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing Lavinia.]

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my
lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. "*Suum cuique*" is our Roman justice;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own. - 281

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius
live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emper-
or's guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd!
Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away. 280

[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with
Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence
away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Mar-
tius.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy! 290
Barr'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
[*Titus kills him.*]

[*During the fray, exeunt Saturninus,
Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and
Aaron.*]

[*Re-enter LUCIUS.*]

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and, more
than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me. 295

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his
wife

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

Re-enter aloft SATURNINUS with TAMORA and
her two sons, and AARON.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the Emperor needs her
not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock. 300

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus, 305

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of
thine,

That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words
are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that chang-
ing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy, 310

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen
of Goths, 315

That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her
nymphs

Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome. 320

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near

And tapers burn so bright and everything
In readiness for Hymenæus stand, 325

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome
I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, 330

She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon; lords,
accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine, 335

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered;
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all [but Titus].*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MAR-
TIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast
done! 340

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonoured all our family; 345

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this
tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified. 350

Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you. 358
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. "And shall!" What villain was it
spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place
but here. 360

Tit. What, would you bury him in my de-
spite?

Marc. No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my
crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded. 365

My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us with-
draw.

Mart. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature
plead, — 370

Mart. Father, and in that name doth nature
speak, —

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will
speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my
soul, —

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us
all, —

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter 375
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son 380

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome! 385

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling.*] No man shed tears for noble
Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause. 390

[*Exeunt all but Marcus and Titus.*]

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary
dumps,

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding to the man 395

That brought her for this high good turn so
far?

[Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.]

Flourish. Re-enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON at one
door; enter, at the other door, BASSIANUS, LA-
VINIA, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your
prize.

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no
more, 401

Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law or we have
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my
own, 405

My true betrothed love and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir; you are very short with
us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 410

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I
may

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your Grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here, 415

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;

That in the rescue of Lavinia

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave. 420

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself in all his deeds

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my
deeds; 424

'T is thou and those that have dishonoured me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honoured Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all; 430

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonoured openly
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome
forfend

I should be author to dishonour you! 435

But on mine honour dare I undertake

For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won
at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest, then, the people, and patricians too, 445

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all 450

And raze their faction and their family,

The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.

[*Again speaking openly to Sat.*]

Come, come, sweet emperor ; — come, Andronicus ; — 456

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevailed. 459

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her, my lord. These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the Emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ; 465

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the Emperor

That you will be more mild and tractable. 470

And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia ;

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

[*Marcus, Lavinia, and the others kneel.*]

[*Luc.*] We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highness,

That what we did was mildly as we might, 475
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends ; 479

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace.

I will not be denied ; sweetheart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up ! [*Marcus and the others rise.*] 486

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora. 491

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your Grace bonjour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. 495

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[*SCENE I. Rome. Before the palace.*]

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,

Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash ;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn, 5
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora :

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, 10
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts -

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long

Hast prisoner held, fett' red in amorous chains

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes 16

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !

I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold

To wait upon this new-made empress. 20

To wait, said I ? To wanton with this queen,

This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,

This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,

And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.

Holloa ! what storm is this ? 25

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years wants wit, thy wit wants edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;

And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chir. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all ;

And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30

'Tis not the difference of a year or two

Makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate.

I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve, 35

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ? 40

Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chir. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ?

[*They draw.*]

Aar. [*Coming forward.*] Why, how now, lords ! 45

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw,

And maintain such a quarrel openly ?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.

I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns ; 50

Nor would your noble mother for much more

Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal

Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat 55
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd.
 Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!
Aar. Away, I say! 60
 Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all.
 Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jet upon a prince's right?
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose, 65
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware! an should the Empress know
 This discord's ground, the music would not please. 70
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice;
 Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome 75
 How furious and impatient they be,
 And cannot brook competitors in love?
 I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
 By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
 Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80
Aar. To achieve her! how?
Dem. Why makes thou it so strange?
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill 85
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
 Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
 Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. [Aside.] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. 90
Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
 With words, fair looks, and liberality?
 What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so 95
 Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too!
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
 Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
 To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
 That both should speed? 101
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
 'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve 105
 That what you cannot as you would achieve
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path. 111
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand:
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop;
 The forest walks are wide and spacious;
 And many unfrequented plots there are 115
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words.
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate, 121
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The Emperor's court is like the house of Fame, 125
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears;
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
 There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye, 130
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
 Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt. 135

[SCENE II. A forest near Rome.]

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, and his three sons [LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS], making a noise with hounds and horns, and MARCUS.
Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
 The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.
 Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal
 That all the court may echo with the noise. 6
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To attend the Emperor's person carefully.
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd. 10
A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal.
Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.
 Many good morrows to your Majesty;
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies. 15
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport. [*To Tamora.*] Madam, now shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord, ²⁰
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound, ²⁵

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*]

Enter AARON [*with a bag of gold*].

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none

To bury so much gold under a tree

And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly

Know that this gold must coin a stratagem, ⁵

Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy.

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest

[*Hides the gold.*]

That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad ¹⁰

When everything doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chant melody on every bush,

The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun,

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, ¹⁵

And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,

Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;

And, after conflict such as was suppos'd ²¹

The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,

When with a happy storm they were surpris'd

And certain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,

We may, each wreathed in the other's arms, ²⁵

Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;

Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song

Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires, ³⁰

Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,

My silence and my cloudy melancholy,

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls

Even as an adder when she doth unroll ³⁵

To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.

Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, ⁴⁰

Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus.

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,

Thy sons make pillage of her chastity

And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood. ⁴⁵

Seest thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee,

And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.

Now question me no more; we are espied.

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,

Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. ⁵⁰

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress; Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*]

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal Empress, ⁵⁵

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves

To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!

Had I the power that some say Dian had, ⁶¹

Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds

Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art! ⁶⁵

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;

And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day! ⁷⁰

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,

Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequest'ed from all your train, ⁷⁵

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,

And wand'ring hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport, ⁸⁰

Great reason that my noble lord be rated

For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,

And let her joy her raven-coloured love;

This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King, my brother, shall have note of this. ⁸⁵

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,

Good king, to be so mightily abused.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!

Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale? ⁹¹

These two have 'tis'd me hither to this place ;
A barren detested vale, you see it is ;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and
lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe. 95
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven ;
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night, 99
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale, 105
But straight they told me they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110
That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children. 115

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show
my strength.

[Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous
Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poniard ; you shall know,
my boys, 120

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam ; here is more belongs to
her.

First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty, 125
And with that painted hope braves your mighti-
ness ;

And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust, 130

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours. 135

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's
face, —

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with
her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your
glory

To see her tears ; but be your heart to them 140
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee ;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble ;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. 145
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike,
[To Chiron.] Do thou entreat her show a wo-
man's pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove my-
self a bastard ?

Lav. 'T is true ; the raven doth not hatch a
lark.

Yet have I heard, — O, could I find it now ! —
The lion mov'd with pity did endure 151
To have his princely paws par'd all away ;
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children
The whilst their own birds famish in their
nests ;

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no, 155
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with
her !

Lav. O, let me teach thee ! For my father's
sake,

That gave thee life when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended
me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent. 165
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place !
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long ; 170
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then ? Fond wo-
man, let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg, and one thing
more

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit 175

Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee.

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee. 180

Dem. Away ! for thou hast stay'd us here
too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah,
beastly creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !

Confusion fall —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring
thou her husband ; 185

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws the body of Bas-
sianus into the pit ; then exeunt
Demetrius and Chiron, drag-
ging off Lavinia.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see that you make
her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 190
 And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before.

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
 Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes. 195

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.
[Falls into the pit.]

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briars, 199

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
 As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.
 Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt

That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. *[Aside.]* Now will I fetch the King to find them here, 205

That he thereby may have a likely guess
 How these were they that made away his brother. *[Exit.]*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out 209

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den, 216
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
 The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

O, tell me who it is; for ne'er till now 220
 Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embred here,
 All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he? 225

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
 A precious ring, that lightens all this hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument,
 Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit. 230
 So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus

When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
 O brother, help me with thy fainting hand —

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath —
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle, 235

As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again

Till thou art here aloft or I below.

Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. 245
[Falls in.]

Enter SATURNINUS with AARON.

Sat. Along with me; I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.

Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour 251

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest.

He and his lady both are at the lodge
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase; 255
 'T is not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive;

But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA [with Attendants]; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the King?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief. 260

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

The complot of this timeless tragedy; 265
 And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturnine a letter.]
Sat. *(Reads.)* "An if we miss to meet him handsomely —

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean —
 Do thou so much as dig the grave for him. 270

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree
 Which overshades the mouth of that same pit

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
 Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

O Tamora! was ever heard the like? 275
 This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
 That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

Sat. *[To Titus.]* Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
 Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison.

There let them bide until we have devis'd
 Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing! 286

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed, That this fell fault of my accursed sons, 290
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them, —

Sat. If it be prov'd! You see it is apparent. Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail. For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow 296
They shall be ready at your Highness' will To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow me.

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers. 300

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain; For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King.

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt. 306

[SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl. 5

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. 10

[Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.]

Horns winded. Enter MARCUS from hunting.

Mar. Who is this — my niece? — that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down, That I may slumber in eternal sleep! 15

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands Hath lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Those circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath. 25
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encount'ed with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say 't is so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind! 35

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, why, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met, 41

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute, 45

And make the silken strings delight to kiss
them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his life!

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
asleep 50

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant
meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's
eyes? 55

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with
thee.

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
[Exeunt. 60

ACT III

[SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*]

Enter Judges, Senators [and Tribunes], with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes,
stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd; 5
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Lies down; the Judges, etc., pass by him [and exeunt].

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad
tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and
blush.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face, 21
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! O gentle, aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before, 25
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain.

The tribunes hear you not ; no man is by ;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me
plead.

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you, —
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man ; if they did
hear,

They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me ; yet plead I must, 35
And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the trib-
unes,

For that they will not intercept my tale. 40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard
than stones ; 45

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn ? [Rises.]

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
death ;

For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment. 51

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended
thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?

Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey 55
But me and mine. How happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished !

But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break. 60

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? Let me see it,
then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?

What fool hath added water to the sea,

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds. 71

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;

In bootless prayer have they been held up, 75

And they have serv'd me to effectless use.

Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;

For hands to do Rome service is but vain. 80

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd
thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung 85

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear !

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this
deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the
park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer

That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound. 90

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded
her

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead.

For now I stand as one upon a rock

Envir'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
wave, 95

Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone,

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,

And here my brother, weeping at my woes ; 100

But that which gives my soul the greatest
spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

It would have madd'd me ; what shall I do

Now I behold thy lively body so ? 105

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;

Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee.

Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death

Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her ! 110

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears

Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew

Upon a gath' red lily almost withered.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they
kill'd her husband ;

Perchance because she knows them innocent. 115

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips, 120
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ? 125
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clear-
 ness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ? 130
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? Let us that have our
 tongues

Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wond'ring at in time to come. 135
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at
 your grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry
 thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I
 wot

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
 own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her
 signs.

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee : 145
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
 As far from help as Limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON the Moor.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the Em-
 peror 150
 Sends thee this word, — that, if thou love thy
 sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand
 And send it to the King ; he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ; 155
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
 With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor 160
 My hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?
Luc. Stay, father ! to that noble hand of
 thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies, 164
 Shall not be sent. My hand will serve the turn.
 My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers'
 lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not de-
 fended Rome,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ? 170

O, none of both but are of high desert.
 My hand hath been both idle ; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go
 along, 175

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such with'red
 herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
 son, 180

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mo-
 ther's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my
 hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe. 185

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt [Lucius and Marcus].*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
 both.

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be call'd deceit, I will
 be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so ; 190

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife ; what shall be is
 dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand.
 Tell him it was a hand that warded him 195
 From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it :
 More hath it merited ; that let it have.

As for my sons, say I account of them
 As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ; 200

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and for thy hand

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this
 villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it ! 204

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
 And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call ! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou
 kneel with me ? 210

Do, then, dear heart ; for Heaven shall hear
 our prayers ;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
 And stain the sun with fog, as sometime

clouds

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibility, 215
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bot-
 tom ?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes. 221
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
overflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swollen
face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil? 225
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth;
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd; 230
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter
tongues.

Enter a MESSENGER, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou re-
paid 235
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent
back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes 240
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some
deal, 245
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep
a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to
breathe! [*Lavinia kisses Titus.*] 250

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfort-
less

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an
end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery; die, Androni-
cus.

Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons'
heads, 255

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs. 260
Render off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes.
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha! 265

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears; 270
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threaten me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed
them. 275

Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear. 281
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these
things!

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay. 285
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt [Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia].*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome. 290
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives 295
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power, 300
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE II. A room in Titus's house. A ban-
quet set out.

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS.*

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look you eat no
more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreath knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our
hands, 5

And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of
mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
Then thus I thump it down.

[*To Lavinia.*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost
talk in signs!

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with
groans; 15

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,

And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 30

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus
to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote
already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life? 25

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands

Lest we remember still that we have none. 30

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she
says; 35

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
She says she drinks no other drink but tears

Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her
cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect 40

As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to

heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,

But I of these will wrest an alphabet
And by still practice learn to know thy mean-
ing. 45

Young Luc. Good grandsire, leave these
bitter deep laments.

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made
of tears, 50

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord;
a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my
heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny. 55

A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;

I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. "But!" How, if that fly had a father
and mother? 60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry! and thou hast
kill'd him. 65

Marc. Pardon me, sir, it was a black ill-fa-
vour'd fly.

Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd
him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor

Come hither purposely to poison me. —
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah! 75

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with
me.

I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to daz-
zle. [Exeunt. 85

ACT IV

[SCENE I. Rome. Titus's garden.]

*Enter young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running
after him, and the boy flies from her, with his
books under his arm. Then enter TITUS and
MARCUS.*

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt
Lavinia

Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear
thine aunt. 5

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee
harm.

Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in
Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by
these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth
she mean.

[*Marc.*] See, Lucius, see how much she
makes of thee; 10

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
thus? 15

Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can
I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft

Extremity of griefs would make men mad,
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy 20

Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and
fly, — 25

Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet
aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps
the books which Lucius has let
fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means
this? 80

Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens 85
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were
more than one

Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for re-
venge. 40

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth
so?

Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Meta-
morphoses*;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her. 45

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes
the leaves. 50

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet
girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!— 55
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a
den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none
but friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit
down by me. 65

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[*He writes his name with his staff,
and guides it with feet and mouth.*]

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. I have writ my name 70
Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this
shift!

Write thou, good niece; and here display at
last

What God will have discovered for revenge.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows
plain, 75

That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and
guides it with her stumps, and
writes.*]

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath
writ?

"*Stuprum*—Chiron—Demetrius."

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of
Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I
know

There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts, 85

And arm the minds of infants to exclains.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's
hope;

And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, 91
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this re-
proach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how. 95
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then be-
ware!

The dam will wake; and, if she wind you
once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And hurls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she
list. 100

You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves,
abroad, 105

And where's your lesson, then? Boy, what
say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a
man,

Their mother's bed-chamber should not be
safe

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! Thy father hath
full oft 110

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I
live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons 115
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou
not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their
bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house; 120

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court.

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt [Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius].*]

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan

And not relent or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batt'rd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*]

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one door; and at another door, young LUCIUS, and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus.

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Young Luc. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. — May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury

To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both — [*Aside*] like bloody

villains.
[*Exeunt [young Lucius and Attendant].*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about.

Let's see:
[*Reads.*] "*Integer vita, scelerisque purus,*

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."

Chi. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well.

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! The old man hath found

their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with

lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit;

But let her rest in her unrest a while. —
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a NURSE, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords.
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye.

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!

She is delivered, lords; she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue!

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live. 80

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point. 85

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point 91

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war, 95

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue; 100

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the Empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can. 105

Dem. Will thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this myself,

The vigour and the picture of my youth.

This before all the world do I prefer;

This mangle all the world will I keep safe, 110

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy. 115

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of thy heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer;

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father, 120

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,

And from that womb where you imprisoned were

He is enfranchised and come to light. 125

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice. 130

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there. Now talk at pleasure of your safety. [They sit.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his? 135

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

But say, again, how many saw the child? 140

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;

And no one else but the delivered empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.

Go to the Empress, tell her this I said. 145

[He kills her.]

Weke, weke! so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? No, lords, no;

And now be it known to you my full intent. 150

Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are.

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold, 155

And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the Emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine

To calm this tempest whirling in the court; 160

And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,

[Pointing to the Nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days, 165

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora. 170

Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt [Dem. and Chi., bearing off the Nurse's body].*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence; 175

For it is you that puts us to our shifts.

I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the
goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up ¹⁷⁹
To be a warrior, and command a camp.—[Exit.]

[SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*]

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows with letters at the
ends of them: with him, MARCUS, young LU-
CIUS, [PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS] and
other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is
the way.

Sir boy, let me see your archery.

Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there
straight.

Terras Astræa reliquit;

Be you rememb' red, Marcus, she's gone, she's
fled. ⁵

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with
spade, ¹¹

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition.

Tell him, it is for Justice and for aid, ¹⁵
And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. ²⁰

Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd,

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her
hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for Justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case, ²⁵

To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us con-
cerns

By day and night to attend him carefully,

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

Till time beget some careful remedy. ³⁰

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my mas-
ters! ³⁵

What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd.

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else, ⁴⁰

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with de-
lays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we, ⁴⁵

No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs
can bear.

And, with there's no justice in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven and move the gods ⁵⁰

To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,

Marcus; [He gives them the arrows.

"Ad Jovem," that's for you; here, "Ad

Apollinem;"

"Ad Martem," that's for myself;

Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury; ⁵⁵

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited. ⁶⁰

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the

court;

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O,

well said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the ⁶⁵

moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord. When ⁷⁰

Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the

court;

And who should find them but the Empress'

villain?

She laugh'd; and told the Moor he should not

choose

But give them to his master for a present. ⁷⁵

Tit. Why, there it goes; God give his lord-

ship joy!

Enter a CLOWN, with a basket, and two pigeons

in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is

come.

Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter? ⁸⁰

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he

hath taken them down again, for the man must

not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee? ⁸⁵

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never

drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else. ⁹⁰

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came

there. God forbid I should be so bold to press

to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going

with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take

up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one

of the imperial's men. ⁹⁵

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to

serve for your oration; and let him deliver the

pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace? 90

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the Emperor.

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges. 105

Give me pen and ink. Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir. 106

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone. 114

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant. And when thou hast given it the Emperor,

Knock at my door, and tell me what he says. *Clo.* God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.* 120

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*]

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON [Lords, and others]; SATURNINUS brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne, Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?

My lords, you know, [as know] the mightful gods, 5

However these disturbers of our peace Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, 10 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,

His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness? And now he writes to heaven for his redress.

See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury; This to Apollo; this to the god of war; 15

Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome! What's this but libelling against the senate,

And blazoning our injustice everywhere? A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were. 20 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies

Shall be no shelter to these outrages; But he and his shall know that justice lives

In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep, He'll so awake as he in fury shall. 25

Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives. *Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, 34 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight Than prosecute the meanest or the best For these contempts. (*Aside.*) Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all; 35 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick.

Thy life-blood out, if Aaron now be wise, Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter CLOWN.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial. 40

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you god-den. I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently. 45

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd. *Clo.* Hang'd! by 'r lady, then I have brought

up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit [guarded].*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50 Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons, That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully! Go, drag the villain hither by the hair; 55

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege. For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

Enter Nuntius ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil, They hither march amain, under conduct 65

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus; Who threatens, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths? These tidings nip me, and I hang the head. 70

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms,

Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach. 'T is he the common people love so much;

Myself hath often heard them say, When I have walked like a private man, 75

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, And they have wish'd that Lucius were their

emperor. *Tam.* Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him. 80

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings— 85
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more danger- 90
ous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will; 95
For I can smooth and fill his aged ears
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius.*] Go thou before, be our ambas- 100
sador.

Say that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety, 105
Bid him demand what pledge will please him
best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again, 111
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

[SCENE I. Plains near Rome.]

*Enter LUCIUS with an army of GOTHs, with drums
and [colours].*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful
friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they bear their em-
peror,

And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles wit- 5
ness,

Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

[*L.*] *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great
Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our com- 10
fort,

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day

Led by their master to the flow' red fields, 15
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

[*All the Goths.*] And as he saith, so say we all
with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you
all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a GOTH, leading of AARON with his Child
in his arms.*

[*2.*] *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops
I stray'd 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.

I made unto the noise; when soon I heard 25
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy
dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor. 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-
white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates
the babe,—

"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the Empress'
babe, 35

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon
him,

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him
hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate
devil 40

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou
convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face? 45
Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a
word?

A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal
blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. 50
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is
made to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child,

And bear it from me to the Empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear. 55

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but "Vengeance rot you
all!"

Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou
speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! Why, assure thee,
Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd.
And this shall all be buried in my death
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? Thou believ'st no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious

And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god

And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,

To that I'll urge him. Therefore thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queen and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swoonded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

[*1.*] *Goth.* What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day — and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse —

Wherein I did not some notorious ill,
As kill a man, or else devise his death,

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself,

Set deadly enmity between two friends,
Make poor men's cattle break their necks,

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' door,

Even when their sorrows almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

[Enter a *GOth.*]

[*3.*] *Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter *ÆMILIUS*.

Welcome, *Æmilius*! What's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately delivered.

[1.] *Goth.* What says our general?
Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his
 pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
 And we will come. March away. 105
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*]

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habili-
 ment,
 I will encounter with *Andronicus*
 And say I am *Revenge*, sent from below
 To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
 Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps
 To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge; 6
 Tell him *Revenge* is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock.]

TITUS [above] opens his study door.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
 Is it your trick to make me ope the door 10
 That so my sad decrees may fly away
 And all my study be to no effect?
 You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do
 See here in bloody lines I have set down;
 And what is written shall be executed. 15

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word; how can I grace my
 talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?
 Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st
 talk with me. 20

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough;
 Witness this wretched stump, witness these
 crimson lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well 25

For our proud empress, mighty *Tamora*.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not
Tamora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am *Revenge*, sent from the infernal kingdom
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind 31

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's
 light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place, 35

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder or detested rape

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou *Revenge*? and art thou sent to
 me, 41

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and wel-
 come me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to
 thee. 44

Lo, by thy side where *Rape* and *Murder* stands;
 Now give some surance that thou art *Revenge*,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes.
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away, 51
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves;
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
 Trot, like a servile footman, all day long, 55
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east
 Until his very downfall in the sea;
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy *Rapine* and *Murder* there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with
 me. 60

Tit. Are these thy ministers? What are they
 call'd?

Tam. *Rape* and *Murder*; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of
 men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the *Empress's* sons
 they are!

And you, the *Empress*! but we worldly men 65
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet *Revenge*, now do I come to thee;
 And, if one arm's embracement will content
 thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
 What'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, 71

Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,

For now he firmly takes me for *Revenge*;

And, being credulous in this mad thought,

I'll make him send for *Lucius* his son; 75

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,

I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.

See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

[Enter TITUS below.]

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for
 thee. 81

Welcome, dread *Fury*, to my woeful house;
Rapine and *Murder*, you are welcome too.

How like the *Empress* and her sons you are!

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor; 85

Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

For well I wot the *Empress* never wages

But in her company there is a Moor;

And, would you represent our queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil. 90

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus*?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with
 him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him. 95

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done
 thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
 Rome;

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. 100

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he's a ravisher.

Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor; 105

Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death;

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do. 110

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house;

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast, 115

I will bring in the Empress and her sons,

The Emperor himself and all thy foes;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;

Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:

Bid him repair to me, and bring with him

Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths. 125

Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.

Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too

Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

This do thou for my love; and so let him,

As he regards his aged father's life. 130

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. *[Exit.]*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,

And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;

Or else I'll call my brother back again, 135

And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. *[Aside to her sons.]* What say you, boys? Will you abide with him

Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor

How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, 140

And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. *[Aside.]* I know them all though they suppose me mad,

And will o'erreach them in their own devices.

A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam!

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here. 145

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus! Revenge now goes

To lay a plot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. *[Exit Tamora.]*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine! 151

[Enter PUBLIUS and others.]

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress's sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius. 155

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd.

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius.

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them. 160

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. *[Exit Titus. Publius, etc., lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.]*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the Empress's sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word. 165

Is he sure bound? Look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS with a knife, and Lavinia with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off and made a merry jest; 175

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace. 180

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me, 185

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.

Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,

And of the paste a coffin I will rear. 190

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,

And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,

Like to the earth swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd. 195

And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood ; and when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small
And with this hateful liquor temper it ; 200
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes. 205

[*Exeunt [bearing the dead bodies].*]

[SCENE III. *Court of Titus's house.*]

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and GOTHs [*with AARON prisoner*].

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

[*I.*] *Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what
fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ; 5
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.

And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;
I fear the Emperor means no good to us. 10

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine
ear,

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter
forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart !
Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallo'd
slave !

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. 15
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.*] *Flourish*
[*within*].

The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with [ÆMILIUS,] Tribunes, [Senators] and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament moe suns
than one ?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a
sun ?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break
the parle ;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to
Rome.

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. 25
[*Hautboys. A table brought in. [The*
company sit down.]]

Sound trumpets. Enter TITUS like a cook, placing the meat on the table ; Lavinia with a veil over her face ; [young LUCIUS and others].

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome,
dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And-welcome, all ! Although the cheer be
poor,

'T will fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all
well. 31

To entertain your Highness and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your Highness knew my heart,
you were.

My lord the Emperor, resolve me this : 35
Was it well done of rash Virginus

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflow-
er'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ? 40

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant

For me, most wretched, to perform the like. 45
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die !

[*Kills Lavinia.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and
unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have
made me blind.

I am as woeful as Virginus was, 50
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ; and it now is done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd ? Tell who did
the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat ? Will 't please
your Highness feed ?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
thus ? 55

Tit. Not I ; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue ;

And they, 't was they, that did her all this
wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that
pie ; 60

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true ; witness my knife's sharp
point. [*Stabs Tamora.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed
deed ! [*Kills Titus.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father
bled ? 65

There 's need for meed, death for a deadly
deed !

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult.*
Lucius, Marcus, and others go
up into the balcony.]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again 70
This scatt' red corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway, 75
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
[*To Lucius.*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as
erst our ancestor, 80

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's
Troy;

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears, 85
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil
wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory. 90
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak. 95

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to
you

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it were that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were be-
headed; 100
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel
out

And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out
To beg relief among Rome's enemies, 105
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point, 111
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth. 115
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise them-
selves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the
child:

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms
of an Attendant.*]

Of this was Tamora delivered, 120
The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge 125
These wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronic 131
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we
shall, 135

Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,

And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

[*All.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal Em-
peror!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaught'ring death,
As punishment for his most wicked life. 145
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the others descend.

[*All.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious gov-
ernor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; may I govern
so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her
woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task. 150
Stand all aloof, but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
face,

The last true duties of thy noble son! 155

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and
learn of us 159

To melt in showers; thy grandsire lov'd thee
well.

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy. 165
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends in grief and
woe.

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; 170
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! even
with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth. 175

[*Re-enter Attendants with AARON.*]

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done
with woes.
Give sentence on this execrable wretch
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and fam-
ish him;

There let him stand and rave and cry for
food. 180

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some stay to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Aar. Ah, why should wrath be mute, and
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers 185
I should repent the evils I have done.

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Em-
peror hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora, 195

No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds;

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds to
prey.

Her life was beastly, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their begin-
ning.

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

THE First Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* appeared in 1597, printed, it is inferred from internal evidence, from copy made up on the basis of a shorthand writer's imperfect report taken at the theatre. The title-page of this edition states that "it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants." This proves it to have been on the stage between July, 1596, and April, 1597, the months during which the "Lord Hunsdon's servants" were so named. Further evidence of date is purely internal, the most definite being the Nurse's reference to the earthquake of eleven years before (i. iii. 23, 35). If, as is often assumed, this refers to the earthquake of 1580, it places the play in its first form as early as 1591; but the ground of the inference is very weak. The frequency of rime, especially alternate, the lyrical quality of the poetry, and the abundance of verbal quibbling, also point to an early date; but in the absence of any external evidence, or of an authentic copy of the play in its first form, no certain statement can be made as to exact date.

The Second Quarto, published in 1599, claims to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," and a comparison of this text with that of the First Quarto confirms this, indicating that the play was subjected to revision and enlargement by Shakespeare about 1597-98, though not all the additional passages in the Second Quarto are due to the revision. The Third Quarto (1609) was printed from the Second, the Fourth (undated) from the Third, and the Fifth (1637) from the Fourth. The First Folio text follows the Third Quarto, so that the Second Quarto is the chief authority, and forms the basis of the present edition.

The device of escaping from an unwelcome marriage by means of a sleeping potion is found as early as the mediæval Greek romance of *Abrocomas and Anthia* by Xenophon of Ephesus. Massuccio (1476) tells a tale having many points of similarity to the present tragedy; but the earliest known version which is an undoubted direct ancestor of Shakespeare's plot is the history of *Romeo and Giulietta* narrated by Luigi da Porto, and published in Venice about 1530. The progress of the story towards the Shakespearean form continues through a version in Bandello's *Novelle* (1554), Boisteau's translation of the same (1559), the English poem of *Romeus and Juliet* by Arthur Brooke (1562), and Painter's translation of Boisteau in his *Palace of Pleasure* (1567). In Brooke's address "To the Reader" he states that he "saw the same argument lately set forth on stage;" but no copy of the play alluded to is known to have survived in English. About 1630, however, Jacob Struijs wrote a *Romeo and Juliette* in Dutch hexameters; and an attempt has been made to prove that this drama is an adaptation of a lost play used by Shakespeare as a basis, and perhaps that to which Brooke refers.

The main lines of the dramatic action and of the chief characters were thus already laid down before Shakespeare worked on the story; and he borrowed also a large amount of detail, especially from the version by Brooke. The episode of the Apothecary and the order of events in the catastrophe go back to Boisteau, but to this last Shakespeare himself added the death of Paris at Juliet's tomb. The Nurse as a great comic figure is first developed by Brooke. The death of Mercutio is due to the old dramatist, but the elaboration of his character and his wit are Shakespeare's, as are also the reducing of Juliet's age from sixteen to fourteen and the opening of the action with the conflict of the factions. The genius of Shakespeare is more pervasive in the extraordinarily intense quality of the great lyric speeches, and in the representation of the growth and enriching of the lovers in passion and character.

The story was dramatized, before Shakespeare, in Italy, Spain, and France, as well as in England; and many collateral versions in narrative form exist. Shakespeare's tragedy was produced in a corrupt German version in the seventeenth century; and it has been adapted and translated by many hands and in many countries. In Shakespeare's own time the story passed from legend into "history," and the events were stated to have actually occurred in Verona in the first years of the fourteenth century.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each
CAPULET, } other.

An old man, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.

FRIAR JOHN, }

BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.

GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page.

An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Chorus.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, kinsfolk to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE : *Verona; Mantua.*]

PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,

In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,

Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;

Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows

Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

And the continuance of their parents' rage,¹⁰
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;

The which if you with patient ears attend,

What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Verona. A public place.*]

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.¹⁰

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.¹⁶

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall; therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.²²

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant. When I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.²⁸

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.³⁵

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

Enter two other serving-men [ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR].

Sam. My naked weapon is out. Quarrel, I will back thee.⁴⁰

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin. 45

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is disgrace to them, if they bear it. 50

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay? 55

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? No, sir. 60

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you. I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO.

Gre. Say "better"; here comes one of my master's kinsmen. 65

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.* 70

Ben. Part, fools!

Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace. Put up thy sword, 75

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens. [and OFFICERS], with clubs or partisans.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partisans! Strike! Beat them down! 80

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me. 85

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet, — Held me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with his train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, — Will they not hear? — What, ho! you men, you beasts, 90

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince. 95 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets, And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments, 100 To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Cank'red with peace, to part your cank'red hate;

If ever you disturb our streets again Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away. 105 You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our farther pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. 110 [*Exeunt [all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio].*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach. I drew to part them. In the instant came 115 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd, Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn. While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more and fought on part and part, 120

Till the Prince came, who parted either part. *La. Mon.* O, where is Romeo? Saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the wor- 125 shipp'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rooteth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son. 130 Towards him I made, but he was ware of me And stole into the covert of the wood. I, measuring his affections by my own, Which then most sought where most might not be found,

Being one too many by my weary self, Pursued my humour not pursuing his, 135 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs ;

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun 140
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night. 146
Black and portentous must this humour prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means ? 151

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends ;

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say how true —
But to himself so secret and so close, 155
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows 160
grow,

We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. See, where he comes ! So please you, step aside ;

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay

To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. [*Exeunt [Montague and Lady].*] 165

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me ! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast ?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

Rom. Not having that which, having, makes them short. 170

Ben. In love ?

Rom. Out —

Ben. Of love ?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, 175
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will !
Where shall we dine ? O me ! What fray was here ?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all. 180

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.

Why, then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !

O anything, of nothing first create !

O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms ! 185

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. 191

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine. This love that thou hast shown

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. 195

Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs ;

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.

What is it else ? A madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet. 200

Farewell, my coz.

Ben. Soft ! I will go along.

Am if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have left myself ; I am not here.

This is not Romeo ; he's some otherwhere.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love ? 205

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ! why, no ;

But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will, —

Ah, world ill urg'd to one that is so ill !

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 210

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man ! And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit ; 215

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
'Gainst Love's weak childish bow she lives un-

harm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold. 220

O, she is rich in beauty, only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste ;

For beauty starv'd with her severity 225
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair.

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead that live to tell it now. 230

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more. 235

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows

Being black puts us in mind they hide the fair;
 He that is stricken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair, 240
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing
 fair?

Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in
 debt. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. A street.]

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and the Clown [a SERVANT].

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long. 5
 But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world;
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
 Let two more summers wither in their pride, 10
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
 made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early
 made.

The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth; 15
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustomed feast, 20
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love; and you, among the store
 One more, most welcome, makes my number
 more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven
 light. 25

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see, 30
 And like her most whose merit most shall be.
 Which on more view of, many, mine being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me. [To Servant.] Go, sirrah,
 trudge about

Through fair Verona; find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them
 say 35

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
 [Exeunt [Capulet and Paris].]

Serv. Find them out whose names are written
 here! It is written, that the shoemaker
 should meddle with his yard, and the tailor
 with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the
 painter with his nets; but I am sent to find
 those persons whose names are here writ, and
 can never find what names the writing person

hath here writ. I must to the learned. — In
 good time. 45

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's
 burning,

One pain is less'n'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's lan-
 guish.

Take thou some new infection to thy eye, 50
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaitain-leaf is excellent for
 that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-
 man is; 55

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipp'd and tormented and — God-den, good
 fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you
 read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. 60

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without
 book. But, I pray, can you read anything you
 see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the lan-
 guage.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. 65

[Reads.] "Signior Martino and his wife and
 daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous
 sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior
 Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and
 his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his
 wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline;
 Livia; Signior Valencio and his cousin Tybalt;
 Lucio and the lively Helena." 74

A fair assembly: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's. 80

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that
 before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking. My
 master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be
 not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come
 and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! 85

[Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
 Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so loves,
 With all the admired beauties of Verona.

Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, 90
 Compare her face with some that I shall show,
 And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
 Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
 fires; 95

And these, who, often drown'd, could never
 die,

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
 One fairer than my love! The all-seeing sun
 Ne'er saw her match since first the world began.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye; 100
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

Rom. I'll go along no such sight to be shown, 108
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *A room in Capulet's house.*]

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? Call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,

I bade her come. What, lamb! What, lady-bird!
God forbid!—Where's this girl? What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! Who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will? 6

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave a while,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;

I have rememb'ed me, thou'st hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age. 10

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days. 15

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said, 20
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day. 25
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug;
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua;—
Nay, I do bear a brain;—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, 31
To see it tetchy and fall out wi' the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 't was no need,

I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years; 36
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by
the rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow;
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man—took up the child. 40
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy
face?"

Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more
wit;

Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holiday,
The pretty wretch left crying and said, "Ay."
To see, now, how a jest shall come about! 45
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it. "Wilt thou not,
Jule?" quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted and said, "Ay."
La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose
but laugh, 50

To think it should leave crying and say, "Ay."
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy
face?" 55

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to
age;

Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said,
"Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee
to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
An I might live to see thee married once, 61
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that "marry" is the very
theme

I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your dispositions to be married? 65

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only
nurse,

I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from
thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now;
younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, 70
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! Lady, such a
man 75

As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a
flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very
flower.

La. Cap. What say you? Can you love the
gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast; 80
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament
 And see how one another lends content,
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies 85
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
 The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride
 For fair without the fair within to hide. 90
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow
 by men. 95

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of
 Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye 98
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper
 serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for,
 the nurse curs'd in the pantry, and everything
 in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech
 you, follow straight. *[Exit.*

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the County
 stays. 105

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
 days. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. *A street.*]

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five
 or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for
 our excuse?
 Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
 We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
 [Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance;]
 But let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure and be gone. 10

Rom. Give me a torch. I am not for this
 ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you
 dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing
 shoes

With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead 15
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
 And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore pierc'd with his shaft
 To soar with his light feathers, and so bound 20
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe.
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
 love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
 Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like
 thorn. 25

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough
 with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love
 down. —

Give me a case to put my visage in,

[Puts on a mask.]

A visor for a visor! what care I 30

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no
 sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me; let wantons light of
 heart 35

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's
 own word. 40

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the
 mire

Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stickest
 Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
 We waste our lights in vain, light lights by
 day. 45

Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits
 Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this
 mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask? 50

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream
 things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been
 with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone 55

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Over men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,

The cover of the wings of grasshoppers, 60

Her traces of the smallest spider web,

Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams,

Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,

Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm 65

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops night by night 70

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream

of love;

On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies

straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on

fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breath with sweetmeats tainted
are. 75

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep, 80
Then he dreams of another benefice,
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon 85
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! 95
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north, 101
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from
ourselves.

Supper is done, and we shall come too late. 105

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind mis-
gives

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast 110
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen!

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the stage.*
[*Ereunt.*]

[SCENE V. A hall in Capulet's house.]

[*Musicians waiting.*] *Enter SERVING-MEN, with
napkins.*

[1.] *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not
to take away? He shift a trencher! He scrape
a trencher!

[2.] *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too,
'tis a foul thing. 6

[1.] *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as
thou loves me, let the porter let in Susan
Grindstone and Nell. Antony and Potpan! 11

[2.] *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

[1.] *Serv.* You are look'd for and call'd for, for
ask'd for and sought for, in the great cham-
ber.

[3.] *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.

Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer
liver take all. [*They retire.*] 17

Enter [CAPULET, with JULIET and others of his
house, meeting] the Guests and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! Ladies that have
their toes

Unplagu'd with corns will walk a bout with you.
Ah, my mistresses, which of you all 20

Will now deny to dance? She that makes
dainty,

She, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near
ye now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, 25
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis
gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musi-
cians, play.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables 30

up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is 't now since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

[2.] *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years. 35

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not
so much.

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we
mask'd.

[2.] *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more. His son is 40

elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. [*To a Serving-man.*] What lady's that

which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir. 45

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn
bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, 50

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of

stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night. 55

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Mon-
tague.

Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To f leer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, 60

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore
storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite
To scorn at our solemnity this night. 65

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth. 70
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast. 75

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, Goodman boy! I say, he shall; go to!
Am I the master here, or you? Go to! 80
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my
soul!

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! You'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. Is 't so, indeed? 85
This trick may chance to scath you; I know
what.

You must contrary me! Marry, 'tis time. —
Well said, my hearts! — You are a princex; go;
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — for
shame!

I'll make you quiet. — What, cheerly, my
hearts! 90

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler
meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greet-
ing.

I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet convert to bitt' rest gall.

[*Exit.*

Rom. [*To Juliet.*] If I profane with my un-
worthiest hand 95

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; 100
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers
too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in
prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what
hands do; 105

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to de-
spair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's
effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they
have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly
urg'd!

Give me my sin again. [*Kissing her again.*

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word
with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house, 115

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.

I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt. 120

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the
best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be
gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? Why, then, I thank you all; 125

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good-night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest.

[*All but Juliet and Nurse begin to
go out.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gen-
tleman? 130

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of
door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petru-
chio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that
would not dance?

Nurse. I know not. 135

Jul. Go, ask his name. — If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy. 139

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I dane'd withal.

[*One calls within, "Juliet."*

Nurse. Anon, anon! 145

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.
[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II]

[PROLOGUE]

[*Enter*] CHORUS.

[*Chor.*] Now old Desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir;

'That fair for which love groan'd for and would
die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful
 hooks.
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to
 swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved anywhere.
 But passion lends them power, time means, to
 meet,
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.
 [Exit.]

[SCENE I. A lane by the wall of Capulet's
 orchard.]

Enter ROMEO, alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is
 here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
 [He climbs the wall, and leaps down
 within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO with MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
 Mer. He is wise;
 And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
 Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this
 orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.
 Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
 Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
 Cry but "Ay me!" pronounce but "love"
 and "dove";

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
 Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering
 thigh

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger
 him.

Mer. This cannot anger him; 't would anger
 him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down.

That were some spite; my invocation
 Is fair and honest; in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these
 trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night.
 Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the
 mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
 An open *et cetera*, thou a poperin pear!
 Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.
 [Exeunt [Ben. and Mer.].

[SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

ROMEO advances from the wall.]

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a
 wound.

[Juliet appears above at her win-
 dow.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window
 breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than
 she.

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 It is my lady, O, it is my love!
 O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
 Her eye discourses; I will answer it. —
 I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks.

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not
 night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!
 Rom. She speaks!

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [Aside.] Shall I hear more, or shall I
 speak at this?

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd, 45
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou that thus be-
screen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, 55
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dis-
like.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here. 65

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-
perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee. 70

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine
eye

Than twenty of their swords! Look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to
inquire; 80

He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest
sea,

I should adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on
my face, 85

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say

"Ay," 90
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false. At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won, 95
I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,—
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour
light;

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange. 101

I should have been more strange, I must con-
fess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love, 105
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the in-
constant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb, 110
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in
thee, 116

I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to
be

Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening
breath, 121

May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and
rest

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night? 126

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful
vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-
quest it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what
purpose, love? 130

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. 135

[*Nurse*] calls within.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit, above.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream, 140
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

[Re-enter JULIET, above.]

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee, ¹⁴⁴
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st
not well, ¹⁵⁰

I do beseech thee —

[*Nurse.*] (*Within.*) Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul —

Jul. A thousand times good-night! ¹⁵⁵
[*Exit* [above].]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want
thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their
books,

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again! ¹⁶⁰

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;

Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
mine,

With repetition of my [Romeo's name.]

Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
night, ¹⁶⁵

Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty year till
then. ¹⁷⁰

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember
it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
there,

Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
forget, ¹⁷⁵

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone; —

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;

That lets it hop a little from her hand,

Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, ¹⁸⁰

And with a silken thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet
sorrow, ¹⁸⁵

That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

[*Exit*, above.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. ¹⁹⁰

[*Exit*.]

[SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR [LAURENCE], with a basket.

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the
frowning night,

Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of
light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, ⁴

The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

What is her burying grave, that is her womb; ¹⁰

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find,

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies ¹⁵

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true quali-
ties;

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live

But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair
use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse. ²⁰

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;

And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Enter ROMEO.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower

Poison hath residence and medicine power;

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers ²⁵
each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed kings encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;

And where the worse is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant. ³⁰

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Young son, it argues a distempered head

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, ³⁵

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd
brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign;

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right, 41
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father?
No! 45

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son; but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, 50

That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift; 55

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combin'd, save what thou must combine 60

By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of

vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here! 65

Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline! 70
How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans yet ring in mine ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit 75

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline.
And art thou chang'd? Pronounce this sentence

then:

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men. 80

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now 85

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90
For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *A street.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. 5

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 17

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; he rests his minim [²² rests, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button; a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal *passado!* the *punto reverso!* the *hai!*]

Ben. The what? 25

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantosies; these new tuners of accent! "By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!" Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *perdona-mi's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones! their bones! 37

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in. Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench, marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gipsy; Helen and [⁴³ Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* There's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you? 50

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business

was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy. 55

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition. 60

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right. 63

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit! Follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sole'd jest, solely singular for the singleness! 70

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match. 74

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose? 80

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not, then, well serv'd in to a sweet goose? 86

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word "broad"; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose. 91

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo, now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 97

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. 102

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer. 105

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter NURSE and her man [PETER].

A sail, a sail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter! 110

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen. 115

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell ye; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you! 120

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; "for himself to mar," quoth 'a! Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo? 125

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. 130

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? Very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper. 135

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [Sings.] 140

"An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent;
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score, 145

When it hoars ere it be spent."

Romeo, will you come to your father's? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [singing] "lady, lady, lady." 151

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. 157

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? 164

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out. I warrant you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 169

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself. But first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be off'ed to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing. 181

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman. 186

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise 191
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny. 195

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse;—behind the abbey wall

Within this hour my man shall be with thee, 200
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell; commend me to thy mistress. 205

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,

"Two may keep counsel, putting one away"? 210

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, 215 as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 220

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? Both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. 227

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.* 232

[SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O, she is lame! Love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams 5

Driving back shadows over louring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come. 11

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me; 15

But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE [and PETER].

O God, she comes! O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. 20

[*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary, give me leave a while.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had! 25

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath? 30

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? Answer to that; 35

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for 40 a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you din'd at home? 46

Jul. No, no! But all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love? 35

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother! why, she is within; 60

Where should she be? How oddly thou repleist!

"Your love says, like an honest gentleman, 'Where is your mother?'"

Nurse. O God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones? 65
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil! — Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell; 70

There stays a husband to make you a wife. Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way, To fetch a ladder, by the which your love 75

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark. I am the drudge and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night. Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell. [Exeunt. 80]

[SCENE VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy That one short minute gives me in her sight. 5

Do thou but close our hands with holy words, Then love-devouring Death do what he dare;

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest 11

honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness

And in the taste confounds the appetite;

Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. 15

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

A lover may bestride the gossamer That idles in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor,

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath 25

This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament. They are but beggars that can count their

worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work; 35

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone Till Holy Church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.]

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. *A public place.*]

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, and men.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire. The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl, For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir-

ring. 4

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps

me his sword upon the table and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation

of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need. 10

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to? 15

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other.

Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard,

than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason 20

but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel?

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as

addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast 25

quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath

lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before

Easter? with another, for tying his new 30

shoes with old riband? And yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my

life for an hour and a quarter. 35

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head, here comes the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.
Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us?
 Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance.

Zounds, consort! *Here's wounds.*
Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men.

Either withdraw unto some private place,
 Or reason coldly of your grievances,
 Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;

Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this: thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting. Villain am I none;

Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injured thee, But love thee better than thou canst devise Till thou shalt know the reason of my love; And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *Alla stoccata carries it away.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your *passado*. *[They fight.]*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
 Tybalt, Mercutio, the Prince expressly hath Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

[Tybalt under Romeo's arm thrusts Mercutio, and flies.]

Mer. I am hurt.
 A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?
Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 't will serve. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses!

'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!

Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,

And soundly too. Your houses!

[Exeunt [Mercutio and Benvolio].]

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my cousin! O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate

And in my temper soft'ned valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on moe days doth depend;

This but begins the woe others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company. Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death

If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away! 140
Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter CITIZENS.

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1. *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey. 145

Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their WIVES, and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. 150

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!

O Prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt

Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin! 155

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay!

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure; all this uttered 160
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

Could not take trace with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, 165
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends

It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,

"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter
than his tongue, 170

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose
arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

But by and by comes back to Romeo, 175
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt
slain,

And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die. 180

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false; he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black
strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.

I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live. 186

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, Prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should
end, 190

The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleed-
ing;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine 195
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;

Therefore use none. Let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. 200

Bear hence this body and attend our will.
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter JULIET, alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. 4

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That runaway's eyes may wink; and, Romeo,

Leap to these arms! Untalk'd of and unseen
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites,

And by their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,

Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,

With thy black mantle; till strange love grow
bold, 15

Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day

in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd
night, 20

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun. 25

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,

Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes 30
And may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse,

Enter NURSE, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that
speaks

But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? The cords

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. 35
[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ay me! what news? Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can, 41
Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more 46
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an ay;
Or those eyes shut, that makes thee answer ay.
If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no. 50

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —

God save the mark! — here on his manly breast.
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse!
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 55
All in gore-blood; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier! 60

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slauht' red, and is Tybalt dead? 65
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished. 70
Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? 75
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! volkish ravenous lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust, 85
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? Give me some *aqua*
vita;

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame. 91
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him! 95

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; 105

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband.

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,

That murd' red me; I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory 110

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished."

That "banished," that one word "banished,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there; 115

Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said, "Tybalt's dead,"

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both, 120

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

"Romeo is banished," to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead. "Romeo is banished!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound, 125

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears?
Mine shall be spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.

He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. 138
Come, cords, come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I'll find Romeo

To comfort you; I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night. 140
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O, find him! Give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. Friar Laurence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, ROMEO [following].

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? What is the Prince's doom? 4

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company.

I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips, 10

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! Be merciful, say death;

For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say banishment!

Fri. L. Here from Verona art thou banished. 15

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then "banished" 20

Is death mis-term'd. Calling death "banishment,"

Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy. Heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30

And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven and may look on her;

But Romeo may not. More validity,

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion-flies than Romeo; they may seize 35

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished. 40

This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished:

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground

knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so

mean, 45
But "banished" to kill me? — "Banished"?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it. How hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50

To mangle me with that word "banished"?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, 55
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet "banished"? Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,

It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more. 60

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, 65
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me and like me banished
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou

tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave. 70

[Knocking within.]
Fri. L. Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [Knocking.]

Fri. L. Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken. — Stay a while! — Stand up;

[Knocking.] 75
Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will,
What simpleness is this! — I come, I come!

[Knocking.]
Who knocks so hard? Whence come you?

What's your will?

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand.

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. L. Welcome, then. 80
Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
 Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own
 tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
 Just in her case! O woeful sympathy! 85
 Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
 Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blub-
 b'ring.

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.
 For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand,
 Why should you fall into so deep an O? 90

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Death's the end of
 all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? How is it with
 her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
 Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy 95
 With blood removed but little from her own?
 Where is she? and how doth she? and what
 says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps
 and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
 And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, 101
 And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
 Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
 Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
 Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell 105
 me,

In what vile part of this anatomy
 Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may
 sack

The hateful mansion.

*[He offers to stab himself, and the
 Nurse snatches the dagger
 away.]*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand!
 Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
 Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts de- 110
 note

The unreasonable fury of a beast.
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man,
 And ill-beseeming beast in seeming both,
 Thou hast amaz'd me! By my holy order,
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd. 115
 Hast thou slain Tybalt? Wilt thou slay thy-
 self,

And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
 By doing damned hate upon thyself?
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
 earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
 meet 120

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst
 lose.

Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy
 wit;

Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
 And usest none in that true use indeed
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
 wit. 125

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,

Digressing from the valour of a man;
 Thy dear love sworn but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
 cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, 130
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
 Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismemb'rd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive, 135
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
 There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slewest Tybalt: there art thou happy.
 The law that threat'ned death becomes thy
 friend

And turns it to exile: there art thou happy. 140
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in his best array;
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou putt'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed; 145
 Ascend her chamber; hence! and comfort her.
 But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua, 149
 Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more
 joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady; 155
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all
 the night

To hear good counsel. O, what learning is! 160
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
 chide.

*[Nurse offers to go in, and turns
 again.]*

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
 sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by
 this! *[Exit Nurse.]* 165

Fri. L. Go hence; good-night; and here
 stands all your state:

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time 170
 Every good hap to you that chances here.
 Give me thy hand; 't is late. Farewell; good-
 night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.

Farewell. *[Exeunt.]* 175

[SCENE IV. A room in Capulet's house.]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
 That we have had no time to move our daugh-
 ter.

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt
dearly,
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she 'll not come down to-night;
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no times to
woo.

Madam, good-night; commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early
to-morrow;

To-night she 's mewed up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate
tender

Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it
not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her—mark you me?—on Wednesday
next—

But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday
is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be, — o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? Do you like this haste?

We 'll keep no great ado, — a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much;

Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thurs-
day?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were
to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be
it, then.

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.

Farewell, my lord. Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me! it is so very late that we

May call it early by and by. Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*]

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, aloft.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
day.

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree.

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the
morn,

No nightingale. Look, love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I;

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I 'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care to stay than will to go.

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.

How is 't, my soul? Let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is! Hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Some say the lark and loathed toad change
eyes;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and
dark our woes!

Enter NURSE [from the chamber].

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your
chamber.

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life
out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I 'll
descend. [*He goeth down.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love, lord, ay, hus-
band, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years

Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. [*From below.*] Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet
again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes
shall serve

For sweet discourses in our times to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes do you;

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exit.*]

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee
fickle;

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother.

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. [Aside.] Villain and he be many miles asunder. —

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company; And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —

Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd. Madam, if you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,

To wreak the love I bore my cousin [Tybalt] Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expects not nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he that should be husband comes to woo. I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear, It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and NURSE.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son It rains downright.

How now! a conduit, girl? What, still in tears?

Evermore show'ring? In one little body Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body

is, Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs; Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife!

Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? Doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? Doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bride?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful that you have.

Proud can I never be of what I hate; But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?

"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not;"

And yet "not proud." Mistress minion, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no

prouds, But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday

next, To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion! Out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. 160
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thurs-
day,

Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!

My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us
blest 165

That God had lent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her.

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so. 170

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold
your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye god-den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl; 175

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been

To have her match'd; and having now pro-
vided 180

A gentleman of noble parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a
man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool, 185

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender

To answer, "I'll not wed; I cannot love,

I am too young; I pray you, pardon me."

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.

Graze where you will, you shall not house with
me. 190

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. 195

Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.
[Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away! 200

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak
a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. 205
[Exit.]

Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be
prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;

How shall that faith return again to earth,

Unless that husband send it me from heaven

By leaving earth? Comfort me, counsel me!
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strat-
agems 211

Upon so soft a subject as myself!

What say'st thou? Hast thou not a word of
joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to no-
thing, 215

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge
you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the County.

O, he's a lovely gentleman! 220

Romeo's a dishclout to him. An eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you are happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not, 225

Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,

As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speak'st thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew
them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvel-
lous much. 230

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,

To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely
done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked
fiend! 235

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above com-
pare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy; 241

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.]

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I. Friar Laurence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? The time is very
short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's
mind.

Uneven is the course, I like it not. 5

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talk of love,

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she do give her sorrow so much sway, 10

And in his wisdom hastes our marriage

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by herself alone,
 May be put from her by society.
 Now do you know the reason of this haste. 15
Fri. L. [Aside.] I would I knew not why it
 should be slow'd.
 Look, sir, here comes the lady toward my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may must be, love, on Thurs-
 day next. 20
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. L. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this
 father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him. 25
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your
 face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with
 tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by
 that, 30
 For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears,
 with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slan-
 der'd it. 35
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
 Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
 Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daugh-
 ter, now.
 My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye;
 Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
 done so,
 Come weep with me, past hope, past care, past
 help! 45

Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
 It strains me past the compass of my wits.
 I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
 On Thursday next be married to this County.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hearest of
 this, 50
 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
 If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
 Do thou but call my resolution wise,
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
 hands; 55

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, 60
 Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring. 65
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. L. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of
 hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70
 If, rather than to marry County Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with Death himself to scape from
 it; 75

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of any tower,
 Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring
 bears, 80

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
 bones,
 With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud, —
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me
 tremble; 85

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. L. Hold, then. Go home, be merry, give
 consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow. 90
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
 Let not the nurse lie with thee in thy cham-
 ber.

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
 And this distilling liquor drink thou off;
 When presently through all thy veins shall
 run

A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To pale ashes, thy eyes' windows fall, 100
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like
 death:

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, 105
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning
 comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou
 dead.

Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncovered on the bier 110
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I 115
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present
 shame:

If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength
shall help afford. 125

Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, and
SERVING-MEN, two or three.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit 1. Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll
try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so? 5

2. Serv. Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that can-
not lick his own fingers; therefore he that can-
not lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone. [*Exit 2. Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good
on her.

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with
merry look. 15

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have
you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the
sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20

And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County; go tell him of
this;

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morn-
ing.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's
cell; 25

And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well;
stand up.

This is as't should be. Let me see the County;

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow? 35

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is
time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife; 40

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.

I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone;

I'll play the housewife for this once. What, ho!

They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself

To County Paris, to prepare up him 45

Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous
light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.*]

Enter JULIET and NURSE.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle
nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of
sin. 5

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need
you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
saries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.

So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you; 10

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night.

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* [*Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]]

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my
veins, 15

That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse! — What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial. 20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[*Laying down her dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minist' red to have me dead, 25

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb, 30

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like, 35

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for this many hundred years, the
bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I, 45
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the
earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears, 50
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost 55
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point. Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee.

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*]

[SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*]

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock.
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica; 5
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed. Faith, you'll be sick to-mor-
row
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit! What! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt
in your time; 11

But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four [SERVING-MEN,] with spits,
logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,

What's there?

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know
not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1. Serv.*]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs: 15

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
2. *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out
logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whore-
son, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head. Good faith, 't is
day. [*Music within.* 20]

The County will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near.

Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter NURSE.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come al-
ready. 25

Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*]

[*Enter* NURSE.]

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! —
Fast, I warrant her, she. —

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say, madam! sweetheart! why,
bride!

What, not a word? You take your penny-
worths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I war-
rant, 5

The County Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little. God forgive me!
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam,
madam!

Ay, let the County take you in your bed; 10
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[*Draws back the curtains.*]

What, dress'd, and in your clothes! and down
again!

I must needs wake you, Lady! lady! lady!
Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! 15
Some *aqua vite*, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! My child, my only
life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! 20
Help, help! Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord
is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead;
alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's
dead, she's dead!

Cap. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she's
cold; 25

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to
make me wail, 31
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, with
MUSICIANS.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to
church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day 35
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40

Par. Have I thought long to see this morn-
ing's face

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched,
hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! 45

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel Death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful
day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day, 50
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this.

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited,
slain! 55

Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now 60
To murder, murder our solemnity?

O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! Confusion's
cure lives not 65

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath
all,

And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life. 70
The most you sought was her promotion,

For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill, 75
That you run mad, seeing that she is well.

She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married
young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corpse; and, as the custom is, 80

In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral; 85
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary. 90

Fri. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with
him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high
will. 95

[*Exeunt* [*Capulet*, *Lady Capulet*,
Paris, and *Friar*].

1. *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and
be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put
up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. 100

1. *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended. 101

Enter [*PETER*].

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's
ease, Heart's ease!" O, an you will have me
live, play "Heart's ease."

1. *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?" 105

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself
plays "My heart is full of woe." O, play me
some merry dump to comfort me.

1. *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to
play now. 110

Pet. You will not, then?

1. *Mus.* No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1. *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith, but the gleek;
I will give you the minstrel. 115

1. *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's
dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets;
I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me? 121

1. *Mus.* An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note
us.

2. *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and
put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! I will
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
iron dagger. Answer me like men: 127

"When gripping grief the heart doth wound,
[And doleful dumps the mind oppress,]

Then music with her silver sound" — 130

why "silver sound"? Why "music with her
silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

1. *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a
sweet sound. 134

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2. *Mus.* I say "silver sound," because musi-
cians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James
Soundpost?

3. *Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say. 140

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer.
I will say for you. It is "music with her silver

sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." 145

[Exit.

1. *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. 150

[Exeunt. 150

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. Mantua. A street.]

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day a unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5

I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR, his man, booted.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again; 15
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault, 20
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? Then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper, 25

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. 30
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee
straight. [Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art
swift 35

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts 'a dwells, — which late I noted
In tatt'ed weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks, 40

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes, 45
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
"An if a man did need a poison now, 50
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would sell it him."
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house. 55
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art
poor.

Hold, there is forty ducats. Let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear 60
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. 65

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretched-
ness,

And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 70
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend nor the world's
law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. 75
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to
men's souls, 80

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayest
not sell.

I sell thee poison; thou hast sold me none.
Farewell! Buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me 85
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[Exeunt.

[SCENE II. Verona. Friar Laurence's cell.]

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of
Friar John.

Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *[Exit.]*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! *[Exit.]*

[SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.*]

Enter PARIS, and his PAGE with flowers and sweet water [and a torch].

Par. Give me thy torch, boy. Hence, and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it. Whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. *[Aside.]* I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. *[Retires.]*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—

O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones—
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[The Page whistles.]
The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?

What, with a torch! Muffle me, night, a while. *[Retires.]*

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, a mattock, and a crow of iron.

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life, I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble ye.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.
Take thou that;
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. *[Aside.]* For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout.
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. *[Retires.]*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.

[Comes forward.]
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague!

Can vengeance be pursued further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence, and leave me; think upon these gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.* 70]

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face.

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 75

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think

He told me Paris should have married Juliet.

Said he not so? Or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80

To think it was so? O, give me thy hand,

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the tomb.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death

Have they been merry! which their keepers call

A lightning before death. O, how may I 90

Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?

O, what more favour can I do to thee,

Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial Death is amorous,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 105

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again. Here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,

here

Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your

last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death! 115

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary! 119

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with lantern, crow,

and spade.

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft

to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's

there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern, 120

It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,

One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo. 125

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me: 135

O, much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,

And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo!

[*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre? 141

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? What, Paris too?

And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind 145

hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs. [*Juliet rises.*]

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am. Where is my Romeo? 150

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from

that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; 155

And Paris too. Come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again.*] I dare no

longer stay. [*Exit Fri. Lau.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

What's here? A cup, clos'd in my true love's

hand? 161

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 165

To make me die with a restorative.

Thy lips are warm.

Enter WATCH, with the PAGE of Paris.

I. Watch. Lead, boy; which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? Then I'll be brief. O

happy dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath (*Stabs herself*); there rust,
and let me die. ¹⁷⁰

[*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

Page. This is the place; there, where the
torch doth burn.

1. *Watch.* The ground is bloody; search
about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead, ¹⁷⁸
Who here hath lain this two days buried.

Go, tell the Prince; run to the Capulets;

Raise up the Montagues; some others search.

[*Exeunt others.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do
lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry. ¹⁸¹

Re-enter [some of the WATCH, with] BALTHASAR.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found
him in the churchyard.

1. *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the Prince
come hither.

Re-enter another WATCHMAN, with FRIAR LAURENCE.

3. *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles,
sighs, and weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from
him. ¹⁸⁵

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1. *Watch.* A great suspicion. Stay the friar
too.

Enter the PRINCE [and Attendants].

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad? ¹⁹⁰

La. Cap. Oh! the people in the street cry
Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,

With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in
our ears?

1. *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County
Paris slain; ¹⁹⁵

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,

Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this
foul murder comes.

1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd
Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open ²⁰⁰
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens! O wife, look how our
daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a
bell, ²⁰⁵

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE [and others].

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early
up,

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-
night; ²¹⁰

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.

What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in
this,

To press before thy father to a grave? ²¹⁵

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,

And lead you even to death. Meantime for-
bear, ²²⁰

And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place ²²⁴

Doth make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost
know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale. ²³⁰

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful
wife.

I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city, ²³⁵

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce

To County Paris. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some mean ²⁴¹

To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill herself

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her ²⁴⁵

The form of death. Meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John, ²⁵⁰

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight

Return'd my letter back. Then all alone

At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, ²⁵⁵

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;

But when I came, some minute ere the time

Of her awakening, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, ²⁶⁰

And bear this work of heaven with patience.

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know; and to the marriage 285
 Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
 man. 270

Where's Romeo's man? What can he say to
 this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's
 death;

And then in post he came from Mantua
 To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father, 275
 And threat'ned me with death, going in the
 vault,

If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it.
 Where is the County's page, that rais'd the
 watch?

Sirrah, what made your master in this place?
Page. He came with flowers to strew his
 lady's grave; 281

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
 Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And by and by my master drew on him;
 And then I ran away to call the watch. 285

Prince. This letter doth make good the
 friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death.
 And here he writes that he did buy a poison

Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. 290

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with
 love.

And I for winking at your discords too 294
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen. All are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand.
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
 Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold;

That whiles Verona by that name is known, 300
 There shall no figure at such rate be set
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie,
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
 brings; 305

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
 For never was a story of more woe 309

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

THE tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* was first printed in the Folio of 1623. The earlier limit for the date of its composition is presumably fixed by its absence from the list given in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* in 1598; and a later limit is found in an allusion to the speeches of Brutus and Antony to the citizens in John Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, published in 1601. But Weever states in his Dedication that his work "some two years ago was made fit for the print"; and this piece of evidence is strengthened by an apparent reference in Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599). In this play (III. i.) Clove, a talker of fustian, is made to quote, "reason long since is fled to animals," which may, perhaps, derive its point from *Julius Cæsar*, III. ii. 109. With the date thus suggested, 1599, the metrical tests and the characteristics of style are in sufficient agreement; and few modern critics place the play later than 1601. An argument has been based on the use of the word "eternal" in I. ii. 160. In 1600, it is urged, Shakespeare was still using "infernal" in such passages, but after that date he substituted "eternal," apparently out of deference to the Puritan agitation which culminated in legislation against profanity and other abuses on the stage. But this loses its force when it is observed that the change may here, as in other instances, have been made at a later date, and that it is by no means certain that Shakespeare wished to say "infernal."

The history of Julius Cæsar had been treated on the Elizabethan stage before Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, but it has not yet been shown that he made use of any earlier version, though some scholars have argued that the present play is the result of the combination of two earlier dramas dealing respectively with the death and the avenging of Julius Cæsar. The evidence from an extant Dutch play of foreign origin has not yet been brought to bear on the problem. It is not questioned, however, that Shakespeare drew heavily on Plutarch's lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony, which he read in Sir Thomas North's translation of Amyot's French version. A large portion of the play consists merely of North's language turned into blank verse, with that subtle heightening of the imaginative quality which Shakespeare habitually added to his sources; and much that has puzzled readers in the unheroic character of Cæsar finds its explanation in the text of Plutarch. Cæsar's great exploits are narrated in Plutarch's *Life*, but in the earlier part which Shakespeare did not use; and the later section taken alone conveys very much the same impression of Cæsar's pomposity and weaknesses as is given by the earlier part of the play. The characters of Casca and Lepidus are hardly hinted at by Plutarch. Cassius is strengthened by changing him from a man who was "too familiar with his friends, and would jest too broadly with them," to one who smiles seldom, and by the omission of the petty causes of his hatred of Cæsar. Brutus is still more idealized. Several details that might have taken from his dignity are omitted, and the boy Lucius is invented that by the picture of their relations might be emphasized the tenderness of Brutus's disposition. The soliloquy of Brutus in which the workings of his mind before the assassination are laid bare, the scene in the orchard, that in which the conspirators bathe their arms in Cæsar's blood, and the speech of Antony over Cæsar's dead body are wholly Shakespeare's; while the orations of Brutus and Antony at Cæsar's funeral are elaborated from the slightest hints.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs after the death of
MARCUS ANTONIUS, } Julius Cæsar.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, }
CICERO, } senators.
PUBLIUS, }
POPILIUS LENA, }
MARCUS BRUTUS, }
CASSIUS, }
CASCA, } conspirators against Julius
TREBONIUS, } Cæsar.
LIGARIUS, }
DECIVS BRUTUS, }
METELLUS CIMBER, }
CINNA, }
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.

A Soothsayer.
CINNA, a poet. **Another Poet.**
LUCILIUS, }
TITINIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.
MESSALA, }
YOUNG CATO, }
VOLUMNIUS, }
VARRO, }
CLITUS, } servants to Brutus.
CLAUDIUS, }
STRATO, }
LUCIUS, }
DARDANIUS, }
PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.
PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Rome. A street.*]

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain COMMONERS over the stage.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?

You, sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they

are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;

And when you saw his chariot but appear

Have you not made a universal shout, That Tiber trembled underneath her banks

To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See, wh'er their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *A public place.*]

Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, Portia, Decius, Cicero, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; [a great crowd following, among them] a SOOTHSAYER: after them Marullus and Flavius.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Flourish.*]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.
Pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd. If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.
Were I a common laughor, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so. ⁸¹

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good, ⁸⁵
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour. ⁹¹
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be ⁹⁵
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he; ¹⁰⁰

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in ¹⁰⁵
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd, ¹¹⁰
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man ¹¹⁵
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark ¹²⁰
How he did shake—'tis true, this god did
shake.

His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world

Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan.
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the
Romans ¹²⁵

Mark him and write his speeches in their
books,

Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world ¹³⁰
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world ¹³⁵

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, ¹⁴⁰
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that
"Cæsar"?

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as
well; ¹⁴⁵

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæ-
sar."

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd! ¹⁵⁰

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,

But it was fam'd with more than with one
man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one
man? ¹⁵⁵

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have
brook'd

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome ¹⁶⁰
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some
aim.

How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present, ¹⁶⁵

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said

I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: ¹⁷⁰

Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us. ¹⁷⁵

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his train.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you ¹⁸⁰
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero 185
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. Antonius! 190

Ant. Cæsar?

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat,

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much; such men are dan- 195
gerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dan-
gerous;

He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cas. Would he were fatter! but I fear him
not.

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no
plays

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort 205
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Enter Cæsar and all his
train (but Casca).*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would
you speak with me? 215

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd
to-day

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you
not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanc'd. 219

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him;
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the
back of his hand, thus; and then the people
fel a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too. 225

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the
last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by
thrice, every time gentler than other; and
at every putting-by mine honest neighbours
shouted. 231

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle
Casca. 234

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the
manner of it. It was mere foolery; I did not

mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown
—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one
of these coronets—and, as I told you, he put
it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking,
he would fain have had it. Then he of- 240
fered it to him again; then he put it by again;
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay
his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the
third time; he put it the third time by; and
still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted
and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw 245
up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a
deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd
the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar,
for he swoonded and fell down at it; and for
mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of
opening my lips and receiving the bad air. 252

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did Cæsar
swoond?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place,
and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling
sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sick- 258
ness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that,
but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag
people did not clap him and hiss him, according
as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use
to do the players in the theatre, I am no true
man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto him-
self? 264

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he
perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd
the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and
offer'd them his throat to cut. An I had been
a man of any occupation, if I would not have
taken him at a word, I would I might go to
hell among the rogues. And so he fell. 270
When he came to himself again, he said, if he
had done or said anything amiss, he desir'd
their worships to think it was his infirmity.
Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried,
"Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all
their hearts. But there's no heed to be 276
taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their
mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad,
away?

Casca. Ay. 280

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect? 283

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er
look you i' the face again; but those that
understood him smil'd at one another and shook
their heads; but, for mine own part, it was
Greek to me. I could tell you more news too.
Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off
Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you
well. There was more foolery yet, if I could
remember it. 291

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold
and your dinner worth the eating. 296

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution 301

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. 306

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you;

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you. 310

Cas. I will do so; till then, think of the
world. [Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd; therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? 315

Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus.

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw, 320

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure, 325

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[Exit.

[SCENE III. *The same. A street.*]

*Thunder and lightning. Enter [from opposite
sides] CASCA [with his sword drawn] and
CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca; brought you Cæsar
home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the
sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen 330

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam

To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 340

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonder-
ful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him
well by sight— 350

Held up his left hand, which did flame and
burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion, 360

Who glaz'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they
saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 365

And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

"These are their reasons; they are natural";

For, I believe, they are portentous things 370

Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;

But men may construe things after their fash-
ion

Clean from the purpose of the things them-
selves. 375

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, Casca; this disturbed
sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. 40
[Exit Cicero.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what
night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace
so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so
full of faults. 45

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have har'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to
open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send 55

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks
of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60

To see the strange impatience of the heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,

Why old men, fools, and children calculate, 65

Why all these things change from their ordi-
nance

Their natures and preformed faculties

To monstrous quality, why, you shall find

That Heaven hath infus'd them with these
spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning 70

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol, 75

A man no mightier than thyself or me

In personal action, yet prodigious grown

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now 80

Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,

But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,

And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits; Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow 85

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90

Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat;

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,

Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; 95

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,

Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,

That part of tyranny that I do bear

I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Casca. So can I; 100

So every bondman in his own hand bears

The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,

But that he sees the Romans are but sheep; 105

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire

Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,

What rubbish and what offal, when it serves

For the base matter to illuminate 110

So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,

Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this

Before a willing bondman; then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, — my hand.

Be factions for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far 119

As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprise

Of honourable-dangerous consequence;

And I do know, by this they stay for me 125
In Pompey's porch; for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait; He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate 135
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party —

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax 145

Upon old Brutus' statue. All this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie 150

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit Cinna.

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house. Three parts of him

Is ours already, and the man entire 155

Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchemy,

Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day

We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exeunt.

ACT II

[SCENE I. Rome.]

Enter BRUTUS in his orchard.

Brutus. What, Lucius, ho!

I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What,

Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius.
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]
Bru. It must be by his death; and for my part, 10

I know no personal cause to spurn at him
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? —
that; — 15

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back, 25
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities; 31
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous,

And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found 36
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*]
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me
word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them. 45
[*Opens the letter and reads.*]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy-
self!

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up. 50

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?

What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated 55

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*]
Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [*Exit Lucius.*] 64

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream. 68
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the
door, 70

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them 75
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Conspiracy!

Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough 85
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS,
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest.
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all
night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man
here 90

But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,
Metellus Cimber. 94

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? 100

[*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd. 105

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises, Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east 110 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, — If these be motives weak, break off betimes, 115

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

What need we any spur but our own cause,

To prick us to redress? what other bond

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, 125

And will not palter? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,

Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,

To think that or our cause or our performance

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood 135

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several bastardy,

If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound

him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion 145

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;

It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;

Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him. 150

For he will never follow anything

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd. I think it is not meet, 155

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar, Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, As he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,

Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar. 165

Let's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,

And in the spirit of men there is no blood;

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, 175

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make

Our purpose necessary and not envious;

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm

When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas.

Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him. 185

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar;

And that were much he should, for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not

die; 190

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cas.

But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late, 195

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers, 200

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, 205

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;

But when I tell him he hates flatterers

He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch

him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then. 214

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey. I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him. He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;

Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

Cas. The morning comes upon 's. We'll leave you, Brutus, And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember

What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.

Let not our looks put on our purposes, 225
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy.
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber. 230
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit 235
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not, 245

But with an angry walture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250

Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, 254
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical 261
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

To dare the vile contagion of the night, 265
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and upon my knees 270
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night 275
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets 281
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the 285
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter. 295

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.

I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here, in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows,
Leave me with haste. *[Exit Portia.]*

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak
with you. 310

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out,
brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not
sick! 315

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome! 321
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible; 325
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick
men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on. [Thunder.

Bru. Follow me, then. [Exit.

[SCENE II. Cæsar's house.]

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at
peace to-night.
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help! ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's
within?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice &
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that
threaten'd me 10

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and
seen, 15

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of
war, 20

Which drizzl'd blood upon the Capitol;

The noise of battle hurl'd in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use, 25

And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets
seen; 30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should
fear, 35

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of coward-
ice;

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Cæsar shall not; Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he. 45

We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;

And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day; call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day.

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well; 55
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy
Cæsar;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy
time 60

To hear my greetings to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day.

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie? 65

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home. 75

She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and por-
tents 80

And evils imminent, and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 85
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded
it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I
can say;

And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not
come, 95

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?" 101

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia! 105

I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METEL-
LUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar. 110
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

Br. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights, 115
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within;

I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna; now, Metellus; what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you; 121
Remember that you call on me to-day.

Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will; [aside] and so near will
I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further. 125

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some
wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go
together.

Br. [Aside.] That every like is not the
same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*]

Enter ARTEMIDORUS [reading a paper].

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed
of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye
to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Me-
tellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not;
thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is [s
but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look
about you; security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
ARTEMIDORUS." 10

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live; [s
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[Exit.]

[SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, be-
fore the house of Brutus.*]

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side.
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? 11
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. 15
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the SOOTHSAYER.

Por. Come hither, fellow; which way hast
thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand, 25

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
 I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow;

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
 Of senators, of prætors, common suitors, 35
 Will crowd a feeble man almost to death.
 I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

[*To herself.*] Sure, the boy heard me. [*To Lucius.*] Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry. Come to me again, 45
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III

[*SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.*]

[*A crowd of people; among them*] ARTEMIDORUS and the SOOTHSAYER. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, PUBLIUS [*and POPILIUS*].

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer.*] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street? 11

Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæsar goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.*]

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena? 15

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, 21

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant; Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes.

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, 25

He draws Mark Antony out of the way. [*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart, — [*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings and these lowly curtesies 35

Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordnance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies and base spaniel-fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way. 45

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon! As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, 55

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star, 60 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament. The skies are painted with unnumb'red sparks,

They are all fire and every one doth shine ; 64
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So in the world ; 't is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehen-
sive ;

Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion ; and that I am he, 70
Let me a little show it, even in this :
That I was constant Cimber should be ban-
ish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar, —

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar, —

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me ! 76

[*They stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar !

[*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry
out, 80

" Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement ! "

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still ; ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius ? 86

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mu-
tiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good
cheer ;

There is no harm intended to your person, 90
Nor to no Roman else. So tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the
people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mis-
chief.

Bru. Do so : and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony ? 96

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and
run,

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know ; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of
life 101

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit ;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans,
stoop, 106

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords ;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, " Peace, freedom, and liberty ! "

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages
hence 111

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along 116
No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome. 121

Enter a SERVANT.

Bru. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of
Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
kneel.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say : 126

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;

Say I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd
him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony 130
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus 135

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Ro-
man ;

I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour, 141
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

Cas. I wish we may ; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much, and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose. 146

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome,
Mark Antony !

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well !
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, 151

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank ;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich 156

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die; 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act, 166
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome — 170
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony;

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in 175
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-
ence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear, 180
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; 185
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metel-
lus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say? 190
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now, 195
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
stand, 205

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie! 210

Cas. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius!
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with
us? 215

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was,
indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all, 220
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar, 225
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral. 230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do.

Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon.
I will myself into the pulpit first, 236
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.

What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission, 240
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame
us, 245

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going, 250
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Eæunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers! 255

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Wee to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips, 260

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use 265
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, 270
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial. 275

Enter Octavius' SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;

And bid me say to you by word of mouth — 280
 O Cæsar! — [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming? 285

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed and tell him what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 290
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
 Into the market-place. There shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse 295
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt [with Cæsar's body].*]

[SCENE II. *The Forum.*]

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with the PLEBEIANS.

Pleb. We will be satisfied! Let us be satisfied!

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.
 Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him; 300
 And public reasons shall be rendered
 Of Cæsar's death.

1. *Pleb.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Pleb.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered. 310

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*] Brutus goes into the pulpit.

3. *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended; silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; be sure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any

in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand 320 why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar lov'd 325 me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. 330 Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 337

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus: The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death. 344

Enter ANTONY [and others], with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 350

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1. *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors. 355

3. *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

4. *Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2. *Pleb.* Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony. 361 Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart 365

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1. *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair; We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes into the pulpit.*] 370

4. *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. *Pleb.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3. *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain: We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 75

2. *Pleb.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them, 80

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. 85

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men —

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me; 90

But Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious? 95

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 100

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke, 105

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 111

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2. *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. *Pleb.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will be a worse case in his place. 115

4. *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1. *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 120

3. *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4. *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence. 125

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose 130

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament — 135

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills, 140

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

4. *Pleb.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it; 145

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad,

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it! 151

4. *Pleb.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony.

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it. 155

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

4. *Pleb.* They were traitors; honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2. *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will. 160

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave? 165

All. Come down.

2. *Pleb.* Descend.

3. *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down from the pulpit.]

4. *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Pleb.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony. 170

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back; room; bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle; I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on, 175
 'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 181
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd 186
 him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty 190
 heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar 195
 fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity. These are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but be- 200
 hold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
 here: [*Lifting Cæsar's mantle.*] 200
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1. *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!
2. *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!
3. *Pleb.* O woeful day!
4. *Pleb.* O traitors, villains! 205
1. *Pleb.* O most bloody sight!
2. *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd!

[*All.*] Revenge! About!
 Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!
 Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen. 210
 1. *Pleb.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
 2. *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
 we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 215
 They that have done this deed are honourable.
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know
 not,

That made them do it; they are wise and hon-
 ourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
 I am no orator, as Brutus is; 221
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man
 That love my friend; and that they know full
 well

That gave me public leave to speak of him; 224
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
 To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor,
 dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Bru-
 tus, 238
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny. 235

1. *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Pleb.* Away, then! come, seek the con-
 spirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
 speak.

All. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble
 Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know
 not what. 240

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
 Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then.
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will! Let's stay and
 hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's
 seal. 245

To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2. *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge
 his death.

3. *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience. 250

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his
 walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
 On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. 255
 Here was a Cæsar! When comes such an-
 other?

1. *Pleb.* Never, never! Come, away, away!
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
 Take up the body. 261

2. *Pleb.* Go fetch fire.

3. *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any-
 thing. [*Exeunt Plebeians [with the body].*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art
 afoot, 265

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a SERVANT.

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit
 him;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, 271
 And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cas-
 sius
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of
 Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the
 people, 275

How I had moved them, Bring me to Octavius.
 [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. A street.]

Enter CINNA the poet, and after him the PLEBEIANS.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1. Pleb. What is your name? 5

2. Pleb. Whither are you going?

3. Pleb. Where do you dwell?

4. Pleb. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2. Pleb. Answer every man directly. 10

1. Pleb. Ay, and briefly.

4. Pleb. Ay, and wisely.

3. Pleb. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2. Pleb. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 15

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1. Pleb. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2. Pleb. That matter is answered directly. 20

4. Pleb. For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. Pleb. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. Pleb. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator. 25

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. Pleb. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 30

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. Pleb. It is no matter, his name's Cinna. Pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going. 35

3. Pleb. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away, go! [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

[SCENE I. A house in Rome.]

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS [seated at a table].

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent, —

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. 5

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[Exit Lepidus.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man, Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit, The threefold world divided, he should stand One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die, 15

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you;

And though we lay these honours on this man To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, 20

Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears And graze in commons. 25

Oct. You may do your will; But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that I do appoint him store of provender. 30

It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit. And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so; He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth; 35

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On abjects, orts, and imitations, Which, out of use and stal'd by other men, Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him But as a property. And now, Octavius, Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius Are levying powers; we must straight make head; 40

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd, Our best friends made, our means stretch'd; And let us presently go sit in council How covert matters may be best disclos'd And open perils surest answered. 45

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake, And bay'd about with many enemies; And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50

Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, [LUCIUS,] and the army. Titinius and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master. 5

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect 15
enough;

But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay, 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;

[*Low march within.*]

But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? 27

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd.

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Enter CASSIUS and his Powers.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd. 30
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

[*1. Sol.*] Stand!

[*2. Sol.*] Stand! 35

[*3. Sol.*] Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs; 40

And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away; 45
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. [Lucius], do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference. 51

[Lucilius] and Tifinius, guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.*]

[*Enter*] BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off, — 5

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm, 10
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks
this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, 15

And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember:

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab? 20

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus? 25

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;

I'll not endure it. You forget yourself
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, 30

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther. 35

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares? 40

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud
heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods, 45

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say "better"? 55

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! 60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. 65

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deni'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means. — 71
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
trash

By any indirection. — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deni'd me. Was that done like
Cassius? 75

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces! 81

Cas. I deni'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not. He was but a fool that brought

My answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 86
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults. 90

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world; 95
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Cheek'd like a bondman; all his faults ob-
serv'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dag-
ger, 100

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold.
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deni'd thee gold, will give my heart.

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
him better 106

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope.

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb 110

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd
too. 116

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me 120

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you
so.

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the
generals;

There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not
meet 125

They be alone.

Lucil. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay
me.

Enter POET [followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
and LUCIUS].

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do
you mean? 130

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme! 135

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fash-
ion. 138

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time.

What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[Exit Poet.]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the com-
manders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Mes-
sala with you

Immediately to us.

[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils. 148

Bru. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd
you so? 150

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark An-
tony

Have made themselves so strong, — for with
her death

That tidings came, — with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire. 156

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Boy [Lucius], with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl
of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble
pledge. 160

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*]

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities. 166

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same
tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators. 175

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription. 180

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. No nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her
in yours? 185

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I
tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die,
Messala. 190

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so. 195

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:
'T is better that the enemy seek us. 200

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection. 205

For they have grudg'd us contribution.

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encour-
ag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off 210

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends;
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe. 215

The enemy increaseth every day;

We, at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a tide in the affairs of men;

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on.
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Phi-
lippi. 225

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our
talk,

And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good-night.
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius! (*Re-enter Lucius.*) My gown.

[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala;

Good-night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,

Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night. 234

Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good-night, my lord.

Bru. Good-night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good-night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt [all but Brutus and Lucius].]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd. 241

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord? 245

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

[Varro and Claudius lie down.]

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful. 255

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long. If I do live, 265

I will be good to thee. *[Music, and a song.]*

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays these music? Gentle knave, good-night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee. 270

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument.

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the GHOST of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here? 275

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou anything?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare? 280

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again? 285

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. *[Exit Ghost.]*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius! 291

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord? 295

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! Fellow thou, awake! 301

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep? 304

Var. *Clau.* Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay. Saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Did him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. *Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V

[SCENE I. The plains of Philippi.]

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions.

It proves not so: their battles are at hand;

They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 3
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it. They could be content

To visit other places, and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10
To fasten in our thoughts that they have cour-

age;

But 'tis not so.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Prepare you, generals,

The enemy comes on in gallant show;

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately. 15

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20
[*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their
army [LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and
others].

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and
talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their
charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some
words. 25

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, country-
men?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you
do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
good words; 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too?

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too; 35

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar. 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,

And how'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank your-
self; 45

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause! If arguing
make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look! 50

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' 55

hands.

Unless thou bring'st them with thee. So I hope;

Oct. I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy
strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honour-
able. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field; 65
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and
army.*

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and
swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. (Standing forth.) My lord? 70

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala!

Mes. (Standing forth.) What says my gen-
eral? 75

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala.

Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set 75

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign 80

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us.

This morning are they fled away and gone;

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us, 85

As we were sickly prey. Their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd 91

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! 95

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together.

What are you then determined to do? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself, — I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent 105

The time of life: — arming myself with pa-
tience

To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph

Through the streets of Rome? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no. Think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take. 116
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! 125
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*]

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing.
And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 5
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly. His soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord; 10
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him, 15

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 21
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

Pin. (Above.) O my lord! 26

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;

Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too. 31

He's ta'en. (*Shout.*) And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face! 35
[*Pindarus descends.*]

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath; 40

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts,
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus slabs him.]

Cæsar, thou art reveng'd, 45
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. 50
[Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrow'n by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill. 55

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. 65

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70

But kill'st the mother that engend'red thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears; I may say, "thrusting" it; 75 For piercing steel and darts envenomed Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while. 79

[*Exit Messala.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything! But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I 85 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods! — this is a Roman's part. Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Kills himself.* 90

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILIUS [and others].

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords 95

In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarms.*

Cato. Brave Titinius! Look, where'er he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome 100 Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay. I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body; His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105 Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come; And come, young Cato; let us to the field. Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. 110

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, Messala, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and FLAVIUS.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend; 5 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

Enter SOLDIERS, and fight.

[*Bru.*] And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10 And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

[*L.*] *Sol.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die: There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight; [*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

[*L.*] *Sol.* We must not. A noble prisoner! 15

Enter ANTONY.

2. *Sol.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. *Sol.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord!

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough. I dare assure thee that no enemy 21

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus; The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself. 25

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe, Give him all kindness; I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on, And see where'er Brutus be alive or dead; 30

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent How everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*Another part of the field.*]

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torchlight, but, my lord,

He came not back. He is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word,

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. 5 [*Whispering.*]

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cl. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus! 10

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word. 15

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night; at Sardis once, And, this last night, here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit.

[*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, 25

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee, Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. 30

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me. 35

I shall have glory by this losing day More than Octavius and Mark Antony By this vile conquest shall attain unto. So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue Hath almost ended his life's history. 40 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum.* Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow. [*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord. Thou art a fellow of a good respect; Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it. 45

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face, While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still; I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. 50

[*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him, 55 For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that sery'd Brutus, I will entertain them. 60

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it. 65

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he, Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70 He only, in a general honest thought And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle, and the elements So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up 74 And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him, With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. 80 So call the field to rest; and let's away To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

On July 26, 1602, "a booke called the Revenge of Hamlett" was entered in the Stationers' Register, and in the following year a quarto edition of *Hamlet*, ascribed on the title-page to Shakespeare, was published. In 1604 the Second Quarto appeared, "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." It is generally recognized that the First Quarto was printed from a manuscript concocted from notes taken at the theatre, possibly with the assistance of the written parts of one or two minor actors; and further, that it represents a form of the play earlier and much shorter than that found in the Second Quarto. Thus the date of Shakespeare's first draft of *Hamlet* is, at latest, the earlier months of 1602; of his second, 1603-4. Third, Fourth, and Sixth Quartos, without independent authority, appeared in 1605, 1611, and 1637; the Fifth is undated. The text of the First Folio differs in a very large number of details from that of the Second Quarto; and it contains some 85 lines not in the Quarto, while the Quarto has about 218 lines not in the Folio. Both of these sets of omissions appear to be due to cuts made for acting purposes. It is clear that these two texts were printed from independent copies of the author's manuscript; and most, if not all, of the variations in detail may be accounted for by the carelessness of transcribers and printers. They are not such as to prove an additional revision by the author. The present text is based on the First Folio, but considerable use has been made of the Second Quarto, the omissions supplied from this source being, as usual, enclosed in brackets.

The story of Hamlet is a northern legend which is first found narrated at length in the *History of the Danes* written in Latin by Saxo Grammaticus about 1200. It was told in French by Belleforest in his *Histoires Tragiques* (1570), and his version was translated into English, and published, in the earliest known edition, in 1608. The theme was familiar on the English stage, apparently by 1589, when it seems to be alluded to by Nash, and certainly before 1594, when Henslowe records its performance, without the mark usually affixed to the titles of new plays. The exact interpretation of the passage in Nash's preface to Greene's *Menaphon* is still a matter of dispute; but it is commonly, though not universally, taken to imply that Thomas Kyd is there alluded to as the author of a tragedy on Hamlet. Similarities in structure and style tend to confirm the conjecture that on such a play by the author of *The Spanish Tragedy* Shakespeare based his play; and many scholars find evidence of important survivals of Kyd's work in the Quarto of 1603, and even in the later text. It is held by some that this earlier play is represented by a German prose *Hamlet* acted by English players in Germany in the seventeenth century. But this sketch, whether based on the work of Kyd, or on the First Quarto, or on the Second, or on a stage version of either of these last,—for all these hypotheses have been put forth,—reproduces its original in so degraded a form that it is not possible to take it as a fair representative of its source.

The main situation of the tragedy goes back to the prose tale. There we have a king murdered by his brother, who had previously seduced and has now married his queen; and the son of the king aiming at revenge, finally achieving it, and using the device of pretended madness to protect himself in the meantime. The prototype of Polonius is killed while eavesdropping, but his character bears little resemblance to that of Shakespeare's Lord Chamberlain; Ophelia and Horatio are merely hinted at; while Laertes, Fortinbras, and several of the minor characters, such as the grave-diggers and Osric, are altogether absent. The original Hamlet goes to England without interruption from pirates, witnesses the death of his two companions, returns and kills not only the king, but all his courtiers, goes to England again and marries two wives, one of whom betrays him to his death and marries his slayer.

Other elements in the tragedy that are probably not due to Shakespeare's invention have been gathered from a study of contemporary "tragedies of revenge." Such are the ghost inciting to vengeance, the delay in carrying it out, the mad girl with her songs, churchyard scenes, the swearing on the sword hilt, and the voice of the ghost in the cellar. How many of such additions were made by Shakespeare, how many by the author of the lost play, cannot be decided. But for the magnificence of the poetry, the amazing subtlety of the psychology, and the intensity of the tragic emotion it is not hard to assign the credit.

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.
HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present King.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, son to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, } courtiers.
OSRIC,
A Gentleman, }
MARCELLUS, } officers.
BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
A Priest.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Elsinore, Denmark.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*]

FRANCISCO [*at his post. Enter to him*] BER-
NARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand! Who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier.
Who hath relief'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

[*Exit.*]
Mar. You good-night.

Holla! Bernardo!

Say,
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from
the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

Enter the Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off! Look, where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Ho-
ratio.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! *[Exit Ghost.]*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on 't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.
'T is strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day,

Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant

Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,

And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—

But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

[Ber.] I think it be no other but e'en so.
Well may it sort that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch, so like the
King

That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted
dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

[As well as]
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.]

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me;

If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

Speak to me;

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in
death,

Speak of it; stay, and speak! *(Cock crows.)*
Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!
Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone!
[*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat Awake the god of day; and, at his warning, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, The extravagant and erring spirit hies To his confine; and of the truth herein 155 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock. Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, The bird of dawning singeth all night long; 160 And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad; The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it. 165

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. Break we our watch up; and, by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 170 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know

Where we shall find him most conveniently. 175 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [A room of state in the castle.]

Flourish. Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, OPHELIA, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature 5 That we with wisest sorrow think on him Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress of this warlike state, Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy, — 10 With one auspicious and one dropping eye, With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole, — Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone 15 With this affair along. For all, our thanks. Now follows that you know: young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth, Or thinking by our late dear brother's death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20 Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bonds of law, 25 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Enter VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting, Thus much the business is: we have here writ To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, — Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress 30 His further gait herein, in that the levies, The lists and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject; and we here dispatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, For bearing of this greeting to old Norway; 35 Giving to you no further personal power To business with the king, more than the scope Of these delated articles allow.

[Giving a paper.]

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

[Cor.] In that and all things will we show Vol. } our duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell. [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, 45 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord, Your leave and favour to return to France; 51 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark

To show my duty in your coronation, Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France 55

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.] 60 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will! But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son, —

Ham. [Aside.] A little more than kin, and less than kind. 65

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun. 70

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. 75

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Hamlet { power to make him natural born actor with the reason } So the way people look -

Thou know'st 't is common ; - all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! Nay, it is ; I know not "seems."

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play ;

But I have that within which passeth show,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father.

But, you must know, your father lost a father ;

That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate condolement is a course

Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief ;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd ;

For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition

Take it to heart ? Fie ! 't is a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died to-day,

"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father ; for, let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne,

And with no less nobility of love

Than that which dearest father bears his son,

Do I impart towards you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire ;

And we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.

I prithee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply.

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit

again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! God !

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,

Seems to me all the uses of this world !

Fie on 't ! oh fie, fie ! 'T is an unweeded garden.

That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !

But two months dead ! Nay, not so much, not two.

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother

That he might not betem the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !

Must I remember ? Why, she would hang on him,

As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month, —

Let me not think on 't ! — Frailty, thy name is woman ! —

A little month, or e'er those shoes were old

With which she followed my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears, — why she, even she —

O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,

Would have mourn'd longer — married with mine uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father

Than I to Hercules ; within a month,

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,

She married. O, most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !

It is not, nor it cannot come to good. —

But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well.

Horatio ! — or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio* ?

Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord !

Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Ber.*]

Good even, sir. —

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it trustor of your own report

Against yourself. I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in *Elsinore* ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student.

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral
 bak'd-meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!
My father! — methinks I see my father. 184

Hor. Oh, where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Ham. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? Who? 190

Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentle-
 men, 196

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 In the dead waste and middle of the night,
 Been thus encount'ed. A figure like your
 father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pie, 200
 Appears before them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he
 walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,
 distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 205
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the
 watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and
 good, 210

The apparition comes. I knew your father;
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
 watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
 But answer made it none. Yet once methought 215

It lifted up its head and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis
 true, 221

And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles
 me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. } We do, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. Arm'd, say you? 226

Mar. } Arm'd, my lord.
Ber. }

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. } My lord, from head to foot.
Ber. }

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver
 up. 230

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
 In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you. 236

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might
 tell a hundred.

Mar. } Longer, longer.
Ber. }

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzly? No?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life, 241
 A sable silver'd, grizzly.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
 Perchance 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's per-
 son,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should
 gape 245

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue. 250

I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well.

Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you; farewell.
 [Exeunt [all but Hamlet].]

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well; 255
 I doubt some foul play. Would the night were
 come!

Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
 eyes. [Exit.]

SCENE III. [A room in Polonius's house.]

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd, fare-
 well;

And, sister, as the winds give benefit
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet and the trifling of his fa-
 vours, 5

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 The [perfume and] suppliance of a minute;
 No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer.

Think it no more:

For nature crescent does not grow alone 11
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch 15
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends 20
The sanity and health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he

loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it 25
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain

If with too credent ear you list his songs, 30
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire. 35

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.

The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd, 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson 45
keep,

As watchman to my heart. But, good my
brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, 50
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.

Enter POLONIUS.

I stay too long; but here my father comes.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, 55
for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing
with you!

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
ware 65

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgement.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and sta-
tion

Are most select and generous in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be; 75

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80

Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my

lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your ser-
vants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it. 85

Laer. Farewell.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to

you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the
Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought. 90

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and
bounteous.

If it be so — as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution — I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly 95
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many

tenders

Of his affection to me. 100

Pol. Affection! pooh! You speak like a

green girl,

Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself
a baby 105

That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more

dearly,

Or — not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus — you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with
love 110

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to, go
to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord.

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know, 115
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
 You must not take for fire. From this time, 120
 daughter,
 Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence.
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk 125
 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
 Not of that dye which their investments show,
 But mere implorers of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 130
 The better to beguile. This is for all:
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time
 forth,
 Have you so slander any moment leisure
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
 Look to 't, I charge you. Come your ways. 135
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *The platform.*]

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not. Then it
 draws near the season
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off [within].*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night and
 takes his rouse, drinks
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
 reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish
 down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, 't.
 But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom 140
 More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

[*This heavy-headed revel east and west*
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations.
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish

phrase call them vags.
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth — wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin —

By their o'ergrowth of some complexion
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners, that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, 145
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
 His virtues else — be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo —
 Shall in the general censure take corruption 150
 From that particular fault. The dram of eale
 Doth all the noble substance often doot
 To his own scandal.]

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
 us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, 155
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
 hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Ham-
 let,

King, father; royal Dane, O, answer me! 160
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws, 165
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corpse, again in complete steel

Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition 170
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should
 we do? [*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It wafts you to a more removed ground. 175
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood,
 my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness? Think of it.

[*The very place puts toys of desperation,*
Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.]

Ham. It wafts me still.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand. 180

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen. *stg*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me!

I say, away! — Go on, I'll follow thee. 86

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this
come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of
Denmark. 90

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. Another part of the platform.]

Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me. *listen to me*

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious
hearing 5

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou
shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 10
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word 15
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotty and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine. 20

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, Hamlet, O,
list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder. 25

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear.

It's given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
mark 36

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham.

my prophetic soul! 40

Mine uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
gifts, —

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce! — won to his shameful lust 45

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage, and to decline 50
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, 55
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning's air.
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always in the afternoon, 60
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man 65
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,

And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about, 70

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once dis-
patch'd;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanel'd, 75

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive 85

Against thy mother aught. Leave her to hea-
ven!

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at
once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. 90

Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*]

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!
What else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee! 95

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a

seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures 100

past,

That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain, 105

Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, yes, by heav-

ven!

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it 110

down!

That one may smile, and smile, and be a vil-

lain!

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;

It is "Adieu, adieu! remember me." 115

I have sworn't.

Mar. } (*Within.*) My lord, my lord!

Hor. } (*Within.*) Lord Hamlet!

Mar. } (*Within.*) Heaven secure him!

Hor. } (*Within.*) No, you'll reveal it.

Ham. } (*Within.*) So be it!

Mar. } (*Within.*) Illo, ho, ho, my lord! 120

Ham. } (*Within.*) Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then, would heart of 125

man once think it?—

But you'll be secret?

Hor. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Mar. } (*Within.*) There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all 130

Denmark—

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come 135

from the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are i' the right.

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;

You, as your business and desires shall point 140

you,

For every man has business and desire,

Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,

my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, 145

Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision 150

here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good 155

friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have 160

seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Mar. } Nay, but swear't.

Hor. } In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. } Nor I, my lord, in faith. 165

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear! [*Ghost cries under the stage.*]

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art 170

thou there, truepenny?

Come on; you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

Hor. } Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. } Never to speak of this that you have 175

seen.

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* Then we'll shift our 180

ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword. 185

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! Canst work i'

the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good 190

friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous

strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it 195

welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth 200

Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,— 205

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumb'ed thus, or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 210

As "Well, we know," or "We could, an if we

would,"

Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if

they might,"

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me,—this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear. 181

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [They swear.] So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you.

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is 185

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right! 190

Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

[SCENE I. A room in Polonius's house.]

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it. 5

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris, And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding By this encompassment and drift of question 10 That they do know my son, come you more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it. Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him.

As thus, "I know his father and his friends, And in part him." Do you mark this, Reynaldo? 15

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. "And in part him; but," you may say, "not well.

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild, Addicted so and so;" and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank 20

As may dishonour him,—take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord? 25

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

quarrelling,

Drabbing; you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency. 30

That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty, The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind, A savageness in unreckoned blood, Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,— 35

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift,

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you, 41

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence; 45

"Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"

According to the phrase and the addition

Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does— What was I about to say? [By the mass,] I was about to say something. Where did I leave?

Rey. At "closes in the consequence," at "friend or so," and "gentleman."

Pol. At "closes in the consequence," ay, marry.

He closes with you thus: "I know the gentleman. 55

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

Or then, or then, with such and such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in 's rouse;

There falling out at tennis;" or, perchance,

"I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60

Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses and with assays of bias, 65

By indirections find directions out.

So by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God buy you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself. 70

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [Exit Reynaldo.]

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so afflicted! 75

Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd, No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,

Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle, 80

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, — he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face 90
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk 95
And end his being. That done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me. 100

Pol. [Come,] go with me, I will go seek the King.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings 105
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry, —
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters and deny'd

His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad. 110
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions 115
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
This must be known, which, being kept close,
might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love. 119
[Come.] [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [A room in the castle.]

Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, with others.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it, 5
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both, 10
That, being of so young days brought up with him

And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour, *dispart in*

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather 15
So much as from occasions you may glean,
[Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,]

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;

And sure I am two men there are not living 20
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks 25
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent 30
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz,

And I beseech you instantly to visit 35
My too much changed son. Go, some of ye,
And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices *what we do*,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Amen!

[Exeunt [Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
and some Attendants].

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd. 40

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,

I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king. 45
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear. 50

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Theyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found

The head and source of all your son's distemper. 55

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires. 90

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack, But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your Highness. Whereat grieved, That so his sickness, age, and impotence 95 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys, Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine Makes vow before his uncle never more To give the assay of arms against your Majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee, And his commission to employ those soldiers, So levied as before, against the Polack; 100 With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Giving a paper.]

That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for his enterprise, On such regards of safety and allowance As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well; 105 And at our more consider'd time we'll read, Answer, and think upon this business. Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together. Most welcome home!

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Pol. This business is well ended. 110 My liege, and madam, to expostulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time, Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, 115 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad. Mad call I it; for, to define true madness, What is't but to be nothing else but mad? But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art. 120

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all. That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity, And pity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure! But farewell it, for I will use no art. Mad let us grant him then; and now remains That we find out the cause of this effect, 125 Or rather say, the cause of this defect, For this effect defective comes by cause. Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.

Consider. 130 I have a daughter — have whilst she is mine — Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

[Reads] the letter.

"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia," — 110

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase. But you shall hear. Thus:

"In her excellent white bosom, these."

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while. I will be faithful. [Reads.] 115

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,

Doubt that the sun doth move,

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love. 120

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady,

Whilst this machine is to him,

HAMLET."

This in obedience hath my daughter show'd me, 125

And more above, hath his solicitings, As they fell out by time, by means, and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think, 131

When I had seen this hot love on the wing, — As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me, — what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think, 135

If I had play'd the desk or table-book,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak: 140

"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.

"This must not be;" and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort, Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; 145

And he, repulsed — a short tale to make —

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,

Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness whereon now he raves, 150

And all we wait for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time — I'd fain know that —

That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise. 155

If circumstances lead me, I will find Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby. 160

Queen. So he has, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter. If he love her not
And be not from his reason fallen thereon, 165
Let me be no assistant to a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading on a book.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt King, Queen [and Attendants].*]

O, give me leave, 170
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord. 175

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir. 'To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord. 180

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion, — Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord. 184

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun. Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't. 187

Pol. [*Aside.*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone. And truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. — What do you read, my lord? 193

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter you read, my lord. 197

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical slave says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber or plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams; all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward. 206

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. — Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave? 210

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a

happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. — My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you. 218

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, — [*Aside*] except my life, my life. 221

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools! *Hamlet thinks not tedious*

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet? There he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius.*] God save you, sir! 225
[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? 230

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy. On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. 237

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord. 238

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favour?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news? 240

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near. But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither? 247

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one. 250

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord. 254

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one. 'Tis too narrow for your mind. 259

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. 265

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 272

Ros. } We'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me. Come, come. Nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonance of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no!

Ros. [Aside to Guil.] What say you?

Ham. [Aside.] Nay, then, I have an eye of you. — If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moults no feather. I have of late — but wherefore I know not — lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercise; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, — no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me"?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you. We coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the hu-

morous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of [388] question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages — so they call them — that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, — as it is most like, if their means are no better — their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, [fifty,] an hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little. ['Sblood,] there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish for the Players.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come. The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in the garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. [*Aside to them.*] Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts. 401

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. [*Aloud.*] You say right, sir; for o' Monday morning 't was so indeed. 407

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,— 413

Ham. "Then came each actor on his ass,"—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited; Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men. 421

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, 425

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 431

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why, 435

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more, for look where my abridgements come. 439

Enter four or five PLAYERS.

You're welcome, masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven 445 than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers—fly at anything we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, 450 give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once. For the play, I remember, 455 pleas'd not the million; 't was caviare to the

general; but it was—as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgement in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much 460 modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but call'd it an honest method, [as wholesome as] 465 sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.] One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 't was *Aeneas'* tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see— 467

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—It is not so. It begins with Pyrrhus:—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble 475 When he lay couched in the ominous horse, Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot

Now is he total gules, horribly trick'd

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, 480 sons,

Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous and damned light

To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore, With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus Old grandsire Priam seeks." 485

[*So, proceed you.*]

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

1. Play. "Anon he finds him Striking too, short at Greeks. His antique 491 sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command. Unequal match,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide, But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

The unnerved father falls. Then senseless 495 Ilium,

Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his sword,

Which was declining on the milky head 500 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick.

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood And like a neutral to his will and matter,

Did nothing. But, as we often see, against some storm, 505 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless and the orb below As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause, Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; 510

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars his armour forg'd for proof eterne

With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword Now falls on Priam.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods, In general synod take away her power! 515

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of
heaven

As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

520

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your
beard. Prithee, say on; he's for a jig or a tale
of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to
Hecuba.

1. Play. "But who, O, who had seen the
mobled queen?"

525

Ham. "The mobled queen?"

Pol. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

1. Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat-
ning the flame

With bisson rheum, a clout about that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins, 531
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom
steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounc'd.

But if the gods themselves did see her then, 535
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven, 540

And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, wh'er he has not turn'd his col-
our and has tears in 's eyes. Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out 545
the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestow'd? Do ye hear? Let them
be well us'd, for they are the abstracts and
brief chronicles of the time; after your death
you were better have a bad epitaph than their
ill report while you lived. 551

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better. Use
every man after his desert, and who should
scape whipping? Use them after your own
honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the
more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit. 559]

Ham. Follow him, friends; we'll hear a
play to-morrow. [Exit all the Players but the
First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can
you play "The Murder of Gonzago"?"

1. Play. Ay, my lord. 564

Ham. We'll ha' 't to-morrow night. You
could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen
or sixteen lines, which I would set down and
insert in 't, could ye not?

1. Play. Ay, my lord. 569

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord,—and
look you mock him not. [Exit 1. Player.] My
good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are
welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exit [Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern.]]

Ham. Ay, so, God buy ye.—Now I am
alone. 575

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd, 580
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for no-
thing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, 585

That he should weep for her? What would he
do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appall the free, 590
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king, 595
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face, 600
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' the
throat

As deep as to the lungs, who does me this?

Ha!

[SOUNDS.] I should take it; for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall 605
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless
villain!

O, vengeance!

610

Why, what an ass am I! Sure, this is most
brave,

That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with
words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab, 615
A scullion!

Fie upon 't! Foh! About, my brain! I have
heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently 620
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks; 625
I'll tent him to the quick. If he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds

but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very [5] torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to see a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to [10] very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I could have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it. 16

1. *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this [20] special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as heaven, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and [25] the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh [30] a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so [35] strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. 41

1. *Play.* I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir. 41

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in [45] the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. 50

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! Will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. } We will, my lord.
Guil. }

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ham. What ho! Horatio.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal. 60

Hor. O, my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter. For what advancement may I hope from thee That no revenue hast but thy good spirits To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd? 65

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? 70

Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been 75

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing. A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards Hath ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those 80

Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man 85

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee. — Something too much of this. — There is a play to-night before the King. 90

One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death.

I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle. If his occulted guilt 95

Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen,

And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note; 100

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And after we will both our judgements join To censure of his seeming. 105

Hor. Well, my lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and other Lords attendant, with the guard carrying torches.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle. 95

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith, — of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air, promise-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons so. 100

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius.*] My lord, you play'd once i' the university, you say? 105

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready? 111

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me. 115

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive. [*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Pol. [*To the King.*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No, my lord. 120

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs. 125

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I? 130

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? For, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours. 135

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? May then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r 140 lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot." 145

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

*Enter a King and Queen very lovingly, the Queen embracing him. She kneels and makes show of prostration unto him. He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*]*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; that means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play? 150

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you asham'd to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means. 155

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency, 160

We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter [two Players,] KING and his QUEEN.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round 165

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties
been,

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun
and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, 175
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you
know;

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so. 180
[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are
fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows
there.]

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
shortly too.

My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind 185
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast!
In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood! 191

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed. 195

P. King. I do believe you think what now
you speak,

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,

Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the
tree, 200

But fall unshaken when they mellow be.

Most necessary 't is that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. 205
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy.
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes
change, 211

For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite
flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun, 220
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our
own.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is
dead. 225

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor
heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
[To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!]
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave
me here a while. 235

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain!

[Exit.]
Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, me-
thinks. 240

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is
there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest.
No offence 't the world. 245

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropi-
cally. This play is the image of a murder done
in Vienna. Gonzago is the duke's name; his
wife, Baptista. You shall see anon. 'Tis a
knaveish piece of work, but what o' that? 250
Your Majesty and we that have free souls, it
touches us not. Let the gall'd jade wince, our
withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord. 255

Ham. I could interpret between you and
your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take
off my edge. 260

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Be-
gin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces
and begin. Come, "the croaking raven doth
bellow for revenge." 265

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit,
and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing.
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds col-
lected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice in-
fected,

Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately. 270

[Pours the poison in [to the sleeper's]
ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for 's
estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is ex-
tant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see
anon how the murderer gets the love of Gon-
zago's wife. 275

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away! 280

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exit all but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must
sleep,—

So runs the world away. 285

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—
if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—
with two Provincial roses on my raz'd shoes,
get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share. 290

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—*pajock, ase* — *meant to be* 295

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

Hor. I did very well note him.

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! Come,
the recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy. 305
Come, some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, sir, — 310

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distem-
per'd. *ick*

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with *choler*. 315

distempered

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him in this purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler. 319

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

Guil. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome. 325

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot. 331

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's diseased. But, sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command, or, rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,— 337

Ros. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? [Impart.] 342

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us? 348

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers. 349

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement. 354

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty. 359

Re-enter one with a recorder.

O, the recorder! Let me see.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly. 364

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you. 370

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops, 376

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it [speak. 'Shlood,'] 385 do you think that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir. 390

Pol. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud that's almost in shape like a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a camel, indeed. 395

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale. 399

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. [Aside.] They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [Exit.]

Ham. "By and by" is easily said. Leave me, friends. [Exit all but Hamlet.] 405 'Tis now the very witching time of night When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. 410

O heart, lose not thy nature! Let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom; Let me be cruel, not unnatural. I will speak daggers to her, but use none. My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites; 415 How in my words soever she be shent To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.]

[SCENE III. A room in the castle.]

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.

I your commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide. Most holy and religious fear it is To keep those many many bodies safe That live and feed upon your Majesty. 420

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance, but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser
things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it
falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage,
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will haste us.
Guil. }
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's
closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax
him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a
mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-
hear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my
liege.
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul
murder"?

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves com-
pell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make as-
say!

Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings
of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is
praying.
And now I'll do 't.—And so he goes to
heaven;

And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd.
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Oh, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May;

And how his audit stands who knows save
Heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then re-
veng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No!
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid
hent.

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't,—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at
heaven,

And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physie but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*]
King. [*Rising.*] My words fly up, my
thoughts remain below.

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. *The Queen's closet.*]

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay
home to him.
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to
bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood
between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. (*Within.*) Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so. You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;

But would you were not so! You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down. You shall not budge.

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. [*Drawing.*] How now! A rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

[*Kills Polonius [through the arras].*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain!

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Is it the King?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! Almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady. 't was my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

—Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! Sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, if it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damned custom have not braz'd it so

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' oaths; O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow,

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeited presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,

A station like the herald Mercury

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,

A combination and a form indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband. Look you now what follows:

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love, for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgement; and what judgement

Would step from this to this? [Sense sure you have,

Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference.] What devil was 't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.]

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn

And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,

And there I see such black and grained spots

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,

Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love

Over the nasty sty, —

Queen. O, speak to me no more!

These words like daggers enter in mine ears.

No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain!

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord! A vice of kings!

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Enter GHOST.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches, —
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad! 105

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget! This visitation 110
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you, 115

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale
he glares! 125

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon
me,

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears perchance for
blood. 130

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! Look, how it
steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived! 135

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the
portal! *[Exit Ghost.]*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep
time, 140

And makes as healthful music. It is not mad-
ness

That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul, 145
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;

Repent what's past, avoid what is to come, 150
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them rank. Forgive me this my virtue.
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good. 155
Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worse part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160
[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,

That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,

That aptly is put on.] Refrain to-night, 165
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; [the next more easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil or throw him out,

With wondrous potency.] Once more, good-
night; 170

And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius.]
I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,

To punish me with this and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister. 175

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

[One word more, good lady.]

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you
do: 181

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his

mouse,
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd

fingers, 185
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him

know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, 190
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep, 195
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. *Alack,*
I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on. 201

Ham. [There's letters sealed, and my two
school-fellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate. They must sweep my

way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work; 205
For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar; and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 't is most
sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.] 210
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave. 215
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

[*Exeunt [severally,] Hamlet tugging
in Polonius.*]

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I. A room in the castle.]

Enter KING [QUEEN, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern].

King. There's matter in these sighs; these
profound heaves
You must translate; 't is fit we understand
them.

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little
while.]

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night! 5

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the seas and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat, a
rat!" 10

And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one. 15
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
haunt,

This mad young man. But so much was our
love,

We would not understand what was most fit, 20
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore 25
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill, 31
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

[*Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Friends both, go join you with some further
aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him. 35

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the
body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest
friends

To let them know both what we mean to do
And what 's untimely done; [so, haply, slander]
[Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, 41
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our
name,

And hit the woundless air.] O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay. 45
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Another room in the castle.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } (*Within.*) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Guild. }
Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?

O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto
't is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is, that we may take
it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what? 10

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a
sponge! What replication should be made by
the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord? 15

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But
such officers do the King best service in the
end. He keeps them, as an ape doth nuts, in
the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last
swallowed. When he needs what you have
glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge,
you shall be dry again. 23

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it. A knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the
body is, and go with us to the King. 28

Ham. The body is with the King, but the
King is not with the body. The King is a
thing—

Guild. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide
fox, and all after. 33
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Another room in the castle.]

Enter KING [and two or three].

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him. He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes, And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! What hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of [politic] worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

[King. Alas, alas!]

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.]

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not [within] this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

[To some Attendants.]

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

[Exit Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence

With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thyself. The bark is ready, and the wind at help, The associates tend, and everything is bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King.

Ay, Hamlet.

Ham.

Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes. Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come, for England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother. Father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [Exit.]

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard.

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night.

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense, Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set Our sovereign process, which imports at full, By letters conjuring to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England; For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me. Till I know 't is done, Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [Exit.]

[SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.]

Enter FORTINBRAS, [a CAPTAIN,] and army, [marching].

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king.

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. If that his Majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.

Cap.

I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exit Fortinbras [and Soldiers].]

[Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, and others.]

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham.. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it; Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
 Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats — 25
 Will not debate the question of this straw.
 This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
 Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
 Cap. God buy you, sir. [Exit.]
 Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord? 30
 Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. [Exeunt all except Hamlet.]
 How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more. 35
 Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and god-like reason
 To fast in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
 Of thinking too precisely on the event, —
 A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
 And ever three parts coward, — I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do,"
 Sith I have cause and will and strength and means 45
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me;
 Witness this army of such mass and charge
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
 Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw 55
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame 61
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not mot enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth, 65
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.]

[SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*]

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO [and a GENTLEMAN].

Queen. I will not speak with her.
 [Gent.] She is importunate, indeed distract.
 Her mood will needs be pitied.
 Queen. What would she have?
 [Gent.] She speaks much of her father; says
 she hears
 There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and
 beats her heart, 5
 Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in
 doubt

double-meaning

That carry but half sense. Her speech is
 nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection. They aim at it
 And botch the words up fit to their own
 thoughts; 10
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
 yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there would be
 thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
 [Hor.] 'T were good she were spoken with,
 for she may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. 15
 Let her come in. [Exit Gentleman.]
 Queen. [Aside.] To my sick soul, as sin's
 true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

Enter OPHELIA, distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of
 Denmark?
 Queen. How now, Ophelia!
 Oph. [Sings.]
 How should I your true love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle hat and staff, 25
 And his sandal shoon."
 Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
 song?
 Oph. Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.
 [Sings.] "He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone; 30
 At his head a grass-green turf
 At his heels a stone."

Enter KING.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia, —
 Oph. Pray you, mark.
 [Sings.] "White his shroud as the mountain
 snow," — 35
 Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.
 Oph. [Sings.]
 "Larded with sweet flowers;
 Which bewept to the grave did not go
 With true-love showers."
 King. How do you, pretty lady? 40
 Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl
 was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what
 we are, but know not what we may be. God
 be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father. 45

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this,
 but when they ask you what it means, say you
 this:

[Sings.] "To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
 All in the morning betime,
 And I a maid at your window, 50
 To be your Valentine."

"Then up he rose and donn'd his
 clothes,
 And dupp'd the chamber door;
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more." 55

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath I'll make an end on't.

"By gis, and by Saint Charity,

Alack! and, Fie for shame!" 60

Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;

By Cock, they are to blame.

"Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.'

'So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.' "

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground.

My brother shall know of it; and so I thank [70] you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exeunt some.] 75

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions. First, her father slain; 70

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove; the people muddled,

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly

In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia Divided from herself and her fair judgement, 65

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts;

Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France,

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90

With pestilent speeches of his father's death, Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our persons to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering-piece, in many places 65 Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.]

Enter a MESSENGER.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Mess. Save yourself, my lord!

The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, 101 O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

(The ratifiers and props of every word,) 105 They cry, "Choose we! Laertes shall be king!"

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 110

Enter LAERTES [armed; DANES following].

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you; keep the door. O thou vile king, 115

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? 121

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, 125 Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where's my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with. 130

To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd 135

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world.

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty 140 Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your

revenge That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend

and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms, 145

And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican, Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150

It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

[A noise within: "Let her come in!"]

Re-enter OPHELIA.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?
O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times
salt

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! 155
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by
weight

Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of
May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life? 160
Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [Sings.]

"They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny," 165
And on his grave rains many a tear," —
Pere you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits and didst per-
suade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, and [170
you call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel be-
comes it! It is the false steward, that stole his
master's daughter:

Laer. This nothing's more than matter. 174
Oph. There's the rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray, love, remember; and there is
pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and
remembrance fitted. 179

Oph. There's fennel for you, and colum-
bines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me;
we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.
O, you must wear your rue with a difference.
There's a daisy. I would give you some vio-
lets, but they wither'd all when my father
died. They say he made a good end, — 180

[Sings.] "For bonny sweet Robin is all my
joy,"

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell
itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [Sings.]

"And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed;
He never will come again." 190

"His beard as white as snow, 195
All flaxen was his poll.

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God ha' mercy on his soul!"

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God
buy ye. [Exit. 200

Laer. Do you see this, you gods?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your
grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
me. 205

If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom
give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us, 210
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure burial —
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his
bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation — 215
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to
earth,

That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exit.]

[SCENE VI. Another room in the castle.]

Enter HORATIO with an ATTENDANT.

Hor. What are they that would speak with
me?

Att. Sailors, sir. They say they have letters
for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Attendant.]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. 5

Enter SAILOR.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let Him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, sir, an't please Him. There's
a letter for you, sir — it comes from the ambas-
sador that was bound for England — if your
name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. 11

[Hor.] [Reads.] "Horatio, when thou shalt
have overlook'd this, give these fellows some
means to the King; they have letters for him.
Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of
very warlike appointment gave us chase. 15
Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on
a compelled valour. In the grapple I boarded
them. On the instant they got clear of our
ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They
have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, 20
but they knew what they did: I am to do a
good turn for them. Let the King have the
letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with
as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I
have words to speak in your ear will make
thee dumb, yet are they much too light for 25
the bore of the matter. These good fellows will
bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guild-
enstern hold their course for England; of them
I have much to tell thee. Farewell. 30

"He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your let-
ters;

And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII. *Another room in the castle.*]

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquit-
tance seal;

And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats, 6
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-
sinew'd, 10
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his
mother

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself —
My virtue or my plague, be it either which —
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere, 15
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone, 20

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly tumb'red for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost, 25
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that. You
must not think 30

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more.

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine — 35

Enter a MESSENGER with letters.

How now! What news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them
not.

They were given me by Claudio. He receiv'd
them 40

[Of him that brought them].

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, You shall know
I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow
shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when
I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, re-

count the occasions of my sudden and more
strange return.

HAMLET." 48

What should this mean? Are all the rest come
back?

Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked!"
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him
come. 55

It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell him of his teeth,
"Thus didest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes, —
As how should it be so? How otherwise? —
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. [Ay, my lord,] 60

If so you'll not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turn'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device, 65
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

[*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so 70
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel
much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine. Your sum of
parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him 75
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears 80
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.] Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy; —
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this
gallant 85

Had witchcraft in 't. He grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he pass'd my
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well. He is the brooch
indeed

And gem of all the nation. 95

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed 100
If one could match you. [The scrimers of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them.] Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg 105
Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now, out of this —

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this? 110

King. Not that I think you did not love your
father,

But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
[There lives within the very flame of love 115
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this
"would" changes, 120

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift
sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the
ulcer: —]

Hamlet comes back. What would you under-
take, 125

To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanc-
tuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your cham-
ber? 130

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come
home.

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine
together

And wager on your heads. He, being remiss, 135
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unabated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father: 140

Laer. I will do 't;

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,

So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all simples that have virtue 145
Under the moon, can save the thing from
death

That is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my
point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him
slightly,

It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and 150
means

May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance,

'T were better not assay'd; therefore this pro-
ject

Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see.

We'll make a solemn wager on your cun-
nings, — 155

I ha't!

When in your motion you are hot and dry —
As make your bouts more violent to that end —

And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd
him 160

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,

Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd,
Laertes. 165

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands did she come

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long pur-
ples 170

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call

them;

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious slyer broke,

When down her weedy trophies and herself 175
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide,

And, maid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,

As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued 180

Unto that element. But long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd. 185

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet
It is our trick. Nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will; when these are
gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord; 190
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt, 106]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. A churchyard.]

Enter two CLOWNS [with spades and pickaxes].

1. Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2. Clo. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1. Clo. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

2. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1. Clo. It must be "se offendendo," it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I [10] drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver, —

1. Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, — mark you that? But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2. Clo. But is this law?

1. Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

2. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1. Clo. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1. Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2. Clo. Why, he had none.

1. Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2. Clo. Go to.

1. Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1. Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2. Clo. "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

1. Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1. Clo. To't.

2. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, afar off.

1. Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are ask'd this question next, say "a grave-maker"; the houses that he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2. Clown.]

[He digs, and] sings.

"In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time for a my behave,

O, methought, there was nothing meet."

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1. Clo. (Sings.)

"But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such."

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? Mine ache to think on't.

1. Clo. (Sings.)

"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade

For and a shrouding sheet;

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet."

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another. Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconece with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have [115]

his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 121

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sir? 127

1. Clo. Mine, sir.

[*Sings.*] "O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't. 132

1. Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours. For my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say 't is thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest. 138

1. Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1. Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1. Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't? 145

1. Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so [150] picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heels of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker? 154

1. Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'er-came Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since? 158

1. Clo. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that was mad, and sent into England. 164

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1. Clo. Why, because 'a was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1. Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 170

Ham. How came he mad?

1. Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How "strangely"?

1. Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1. Clo. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years. 175

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot? 179

1. Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die — as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in — he

will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another? 185

1. Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years. 191

Ham. Whose was it?

1. Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not. 195

1. Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

1. Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. And now how abhorred in my imagination [205] it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one [210] now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing. 216

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so. 220

Ham. And smelt so? Pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? 226

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alex- [230] ander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel? 235
Imperial Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O, that that earth, which kept the world in
awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft! Aside! Here comes the
King, 240

Enter [PRIESTS, etc., in procession;] KING,
QUEEN, LAERTES, and a Coffin, with Lords
attendant.

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth be-
token

The corpse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it own life. 'T was of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark. 345
[Retiring with Horatio.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth.
Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far en-
larg'd

As we have warrantise. Her death was doubt-
ful; 350

And, but that great command o'ersways the
order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayer,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on
her.

Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites, 355
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing such requiem and such rest to her 360
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet; farewell! 365
[Scattering flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife.

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
maid,

And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 370
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
[Leaps in the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made 375
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sor-
row

Conjures the heaven's stars and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 380
Hamlet, the Dane! [Leaps into the grave.]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat,
For, though I am not splenitive and rash, 385
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder. Away thy hand!

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

[All. Gentlemen,—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they
come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 390

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia. Forty thousand bro-
thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes. 395

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. ['Swords,] show me what thou 'lt do.
Woo 't weep? Woo 't fight? [Woo 't fast?]

Woo 't tear thyself?

Woo 't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile? 400
I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone, 405
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

[Queen.] This is mere madness,
And thus a while the fit will work on him.

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd, 410
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.
Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his day. 415
[Exit.]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him. [Exit Horatio.]

[To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument, 420
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. A hall in the castle.]

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir; now let me see
the other.

You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,

That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.

Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should

teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 425
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and in fine withdrew 15
To mine own room again, making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Ho-
ratio, —

O royal knavery! — an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason 20
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible? 25

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with vil-
lainies, —

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, 30
They had begun the play, — I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now 35
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them as the palm should flour-
ish, 40

As Peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like as-es of great charge,
That, on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less, 45
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shrivng time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordi-
nant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal; 50
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave 't the impression, plac'd it
safely,

The changling never known. Now, the next
day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was se-
quent

Thou know'st already. 55

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment;

They are not near my conscience. Their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 60
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks 't thee, stand me
now upon —

He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my
mother,

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes, 65
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage — is 't not perfect con-
science,

To quit him with this arm? And is 't not to
be damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil? 70

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short; the interim is mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say "One." 75

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his. I'll court his favours.

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here? 80

Enter young OSRIC.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back
to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. — Dost know
this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord. 85

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 't is
a vice to know him. He hath much land,
and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the King's mess. 'T is a
chough, but, as I say, spacious in the posses-
sion of dirt. 90

Os. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his
Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of
spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 't is
for the head. 95

Os. I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the
wind is northerly.

Os. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed. 100

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for
my complexion.

Os. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sul-
try, — as 't were, — I cannot tell how. But, my
lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that
he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir,
this is the matter, — 107

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

Os. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in
good faith. [Sir, here is newly come to court] 110
Laertes, believe me, an absolute gentleman,
full of most excellent differences, of very soft
society and great showing; indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of
gentry, for you shall find in him the continent
of what part a gentleman would see. 116

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition
in you; though, I know, to divide him inver-
torially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory,
and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his
quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, [120

I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more. ¹²⁵

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir? ¹³⁰

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes? ¹³⁵

Hor. His purse is empty already. All's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant — ¹³⁹

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is — ¹⁴⁴

[*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.] ¹⁵⁰

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The King, sir, has wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has ¹⁵⁵ impon'd, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, or so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit. ¹⁶⁰

Ham. What call you the carriages?

[*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers. ¹⁶⁴

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "impon'd," as you call it? ¹⁷¹

Osr. The King, sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no? ¹⁷⁷

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his Majesty, 't is the breathing time of day with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits. ¹⁸⁵

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will. ¹⁸⁸

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head. ¹⁹⁴

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and ²⁰⁰ do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

[*Enter a LORD.*

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osrice, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time. ²⁰⁷

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. ²¹¹

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time. ²¹⁴

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.] [*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord. ²¹⁹

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice. I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart. But it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord, — ²²⁴

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit. ²²⁹

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? [Let be.] ²³⁵

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, [OSRIC,] Lords, and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir. I've done you wrong, But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am
punish'd 240

With sore distraction. What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Ham-
let!

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, 245
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 250
Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me
most 255

To my revenge; but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace, 260
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wrath frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine
ignorance 265

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.
Cousin Hamlet, 270

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord.

Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker
side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore
odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have
all a length? [They prepare to play. 275

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better
breath,

And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the
cups, 285

And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to
earth,

"Now the King drinks to Hamlet." Come,
begin;

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; again.

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this
pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health! Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound, and shot goes off
[within].

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by a
while. 295

Come. [They play.] Another hit; what say
you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win. *sub. of trumpet*

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. 300

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon
me.

King. [Aside.] It is the poison'd cup; it is
too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and
by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face. 305

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think 't.

Laer. [Aside.] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst
my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes; you
but dally.

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310

Laer. Say you so? Come on. [They play.

Os. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in
scuffling, they change rapiers.

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again.

[Hamlet wounds Laertes. The
Queen falls.]

Os. Look to the Queen there! Ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is 't,
my lord! 315

Os. How is 't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own
springe, Osric;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O
my dear Hamlet,— 320

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies.]

Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be
lock'd:

Treachery! Seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art
slain.

No medicine in the world can do thee good ; 325
In thee there is not half an hour of life.

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and evenenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd. 330
I can no more : — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point evenenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Hurts the King.*
All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but
hurt. 336

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous,
damned Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?

Follow my mother! [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temp' red by himself. 339
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

Mine and my father's death come not upon
thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act, 346
Had I but time — as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest — O, I could tell you —
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;

But liv'st. Report me and my cause aright 350
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll
have't!

O good Horatio, what a wounded name, 355
Things standing thus unknown, shall live be-
hind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
pain

To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland, 361

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.

I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy the election lights 366

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.
So tell him, with the occurments, more and
less,

Which have solicited — The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night,
sweet prince, 370

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

[*March within.*]

Enter FORTINBRAS and the English AMBASSA-
DOR, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud
Death, 375

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late.

The ears are senseless that should give us hear-
ing, 380

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you. 384
He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from Eng-
land,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view; 389

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about. So shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook 395

Fallen on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite
me. 401

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more.

But let this same be presently perform'd
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-
chance, 405

On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,

For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally; and, for his pas-
sage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt marching, [bearing off the
dead bodies;] after which a peal
of ordnance are shot off.*]

*Comes in
and says
regard to Ham.*

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

OTHELLO is notable among Shakespeare's plays as being the only one published between his death and the appearance of the First Folio. No First Quarto had appeared after 1609 till that of *Othello* was issued in 1622. The First Folio text, which is much superior to that of the First Quarto and forms the basis of the present edition, was printed from an independent manuscript. The Second Quarto (1630) was printed from a copy of the First, corrected, in part at least, from the First Folio. The First Quarto is shorter by over 160 lines than the later editions, the deficiencies being in some cases due to cuts, in others to accidental omissions, and in still others, perhaps, to later additions to the play.

The statement by Malone that *Othello* was acted at Hallowmas, 1604, is generally accepted, though the documents from which he drew his information have disappeared. The presence in the First Quarto of numerous oaths that have been removed or toned down in the later copies, points to the inference that the manuscript from which that edition was printed was written before the passing of the act of 1605 against swearing and other abuses on the stage. An earlier limit is afforded by the publication in 1601 of Holland's translation of Pliny, from which Shakespeare derived several figures and allusions. The metrical tests agree with Malone's statement in placing the date of composition about 1604.

The plot of the tragedy is drawn from the seventh novel of the third decade of Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatomithi* (1565). This was translated into French in 1588-84, but no English translation seems to have been made before 1795. Desdemona alone is given a name in the Italian; and the outlines of her character, with those of Othello and Iago, are there faintly indicated. Hardly so much can be said of Emilia, Brabantio, and the official persons in Venice and Cyprus; while Roderigo is entirely absent. The threat of a Turkish attack on Cyprus, the separate voyages of Othello and Desdemona, the episode of Cassio's drunkenness, Emilia's part in the stealing of the handkerchief and Bianca's connection with it, are all lacking in Cinthio. The arrangement of the catastrophe is also quite different. In the novel, Iago, carrying out a plan approved by Othello, beats the heroine to death with a stocking filled with sand; and they disguise their guilt by pulling down the ceiling and making it appear that she was killed by a falling beam. Afterwards Othello, brooding on the memory of Desdemona, comes to hate the ancient and discharges him; and he in revenge accuses Othello to Cassio of having cut off the lieutenant's leg and caused Desdemona's death. Othello is tried and tortured, but refuses to confess. He is later slain in banishment by his wife's relatives. Iago dies from the effects of torture inflicted in connection with another charge. The contrast between this sordid and dragged out conclusion and the swiftness and dignity of Shakespeare's terrible close need not be detailed. The tone of the novel may be gathered from a remark made by the heroine: "I fear I shall prove an example to young girls not to marry against the wishes of their parents, and that the Italian ladies may learn from me not to marry a man whom nature, heaven, and manner of life have separated from us."

One or two notable features in the earlier part of the story Shakespeare dispenses with. Thus Cinthio's villain is a disappointed lover of Desdemona's, whose passion has changed to hate. Only a trace of this is left in Iago, and the character of Roderigo is built up on the suggestion it affords. The handkerchief is stolen by Iago himself in the novel, being snatched from Desdemona's girdle when she is playing with his little girl. The captain who in Cinthio represents Cassio is married, and the ocular proof of Desdemona's guilt is given by Iago's bringing Othello to see Cassio's wife sitting at a window making a copy of the lost handkerchief. In the Italian, Cassio is on his way to visit a courtesan when he is attacked by Iago; and it was apparently from this hint that Shakespeare created Bianca to take the place of Cassio's wife; leaving, perhaps by an oversight, one sole allusion to this feature of his source in the line, "A fellow almost damnd in a fair wife." (x. i. 21.)

Thus, as usual, we find that the strength, the complexity, and the delicacy of the character-drawing, with the compactness and impressiveness of the action, are due to Shakespeare, the original tale supplying merely a sordid melodramatic sketch.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, [a senator,] father to Desdemona.

[Other] Senators.

GRATIANO, [brother to Brabantio,] } two noble Vene-
LUDOVICO, [kinsman to Brabantio,] } tians.

OTHELLO, the Moor [in the military service of Venice].

CASSIO, an honourable lieutenant.

IAGO, [an ensign,] a villain.

RODERIGO, a gulled gentleman.

MONTANO, governor of Cyprus [before Othello].

CLOWN [servant to Othello].

DESDEMONA, [daughter to Brabantio and] wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a courtesan.

Gentlemen of Cyprus, Sailors [Officers, Messenger, Herald, Musicians, and Attendants].

[SCENE: Venice; a sea-port in Cyprus.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Venice. A street.]

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Tush! never tell me! I take it much unkindly

That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Shblood, but you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of such a matter, 5
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him
in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great
ones of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man, 10
I know my price; I am worth no worse a place.

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them with a bombast circumstance

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
[And, in conclusion,] 15

Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says
he,

"I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster, unless the bookish the-
oric,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose 25
As masterly as he. Mere prattle without prac-
tice

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the elec-
tion;

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds

Christen'd and heathen, must be be-lee'd and
calm'd

By debtor and creditor; this counter-caster,

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been
his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy. 'Tis the
curse of service, 25

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second

Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-
self

Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, sir, content you; 31

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave, 35

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's

ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old,

cashier'd.

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there
are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 40
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their

lords,
Do well thrive by them, and when they have

lin'd their coats
Do themselves homage. These fellows have

some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir, 45

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end; 50
For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am. 55

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him. Make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets. Incense her kinsmen,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70
Plague him with flies. Though that his joy be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell 75

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! 80

Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO [*appears*] above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you're robb'd! For shame, put on your gown. 85

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90

Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say!

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I. What are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors. 95

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,

Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come 100

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing?

This is Venice; 105

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that

will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for Germans. *Swallow*

Bra. What profane wretch art thou? *his*

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, 110

Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But, I beseech you,

If 't be to your pleasure and most wise consent,
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard, 115

But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, —
If this be known to you and your allowance,

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell 120

me

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence.

Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt; 125

Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself.

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 130

For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper! Call up all my people!

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already. 135

Light, I say! light! [*Exit* above].

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd — as, if I stay, I shall —
Against the Moor; for, I do know, the state,

However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd 140

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
Which even now stands in act, that, for their souls,

Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,

Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains, 145

Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,

Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. 150

[*Exit*.]

Enter [below,] BRABANTIO in his night-gown, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil; gone she is;
And what's to come of my despaired time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a
father!¹⁶⁵
How didst thou know 't was she? O, she de-
ceives me
Past thought! What said she to you? Get
moe tapers;
Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think
you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven! How got she out? O trea-
son of the blood!¹⁷⁰

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. O, would you had
had her!¹⁷⁰

Some one way, some another. Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.¹⁸⁰

Bra. Pray you, lead on. Atevery house I'll
call;

I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.

On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [Another street.]

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have
slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stiff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder. I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I'd thought to have yerk'd him here under the
ribs.⁵

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour

That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you,
sir,¹⁰

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's. He will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance¹⁵
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite;
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to
know, —

Which, when I know that boasting is an hon-
our,²⁰

I shall promulgate — I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unbounted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,²⁵
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
come yond?

Enter CASSIO, with lights, Officers, and torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father and his
friends.

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul³¹
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieu-
tenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends!³⁵
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-
ance,

Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may di-
vine;

It is a business of some heat. The galleys⁴⁰
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been
hotly call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,⁴⁵
The Senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [Exit.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack.⁵⁰

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

[*Re-enter OTHELLO.*]

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for
you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and OFFICERS
with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio. General, be advis'd;⁵⁵
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for
you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years 60

Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound, 65
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.

Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals

That weakens motion, I'll have 't disputed on;
'T is probable, and palpable to thinking. 75
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist, 80
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it

Without a prompter. Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of law and course of direct session 85
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose messengers are here about my side
Upon some present business of the state 90
To bring me to him?

Off. 'T is true, most worthy signior.
The Duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself, 95
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [A council-chamber.]

The DUKE and SENATORS set at a table, with lights; OFFICERS attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit.

1. Sen. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred forty.

2. Sen. And mine, two hundred!
But though they jump not on a just account,—
As in these cases, where the aim reports, 6

'T is oft with difference — yet do they all confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement.

I do not so secure me in the error 10

But the main article I do approve

In fearful sense.

Sailor. (Within.) What, ho! what, ho!
what, ho!

Enter a SAILOR.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now, what's the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state 15

By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. Sen. This cannot be,

By no assay of reason; 't is a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider 20

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand

That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,

But altogether lacks the abilities 25
That Rhodes is dress'd in; if we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1. Sen. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess? 35

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now they do restem

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Lucicos, is not he in town?

1. Sen. He's now in Florence. 45

Duke. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.

1. Sen. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, CASSIO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[To *Brabantio*.] I did not see you; welcome,
gentle signior; 80

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me;

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business

Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief 85

Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows

And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted 90

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;

For nature so preposterously to err,

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,

Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding 95

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself

And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter

After your own sense, yea, though our proper 100

stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the man, — this Moor, whom now, it 105

seems,

Your special mandate for the state affairs

Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [To *Othello*.] What, in your own part,

can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so. 110

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true; true, I have married her:

The very head and front of my offending 115

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my

speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;

For since these arms of mine had seven years' 120

pith

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have

us'd

Their dearest action in the tented field, 125

And little of this great world can I speak

More than pertains to feats of broils and battle,

And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious

patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver 130

Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what

charms,

What conjuration and what mighty magic,

(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal.)

I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion 95

Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,

Of years, of country, credit, everything,

To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!

It is a judgement main'd and most imperfect

That will confess perfection so could err 100

Against all rules of nature, and must be driven

To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be. I therefore vouch again

That with some mixtures powerful o'er the 105

blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,

He wrought upon her.

[*Duke*.] To vouch this is no proof,

Without more wider and more overt test

Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods

Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

[*I.*] *Sen.* But, *Othello*, speak. 110

Did you by indirect and forced courses

Subdue and poison this young maid's affec-

tions?

Or came it by request and such fair question

As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,

Send for the lady to the Sagittary, 115

And let her speak of me before her father.

If you do find me foul in her report,

The trust, the office I do hold of you,

Not only take away, but let your sentence

Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know

the place. [*Exit Iago.*] 125

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven

I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present

How I did thrive in this fair lady's love, 130

And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;

Still question'd me the story of my life

From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,

That I have pass'd. 135

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,

To the very moment that he bade me tell it;

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field, 140

Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly

breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe

And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence

And portance in my travel's history;

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 145

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads

touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, — such was my

process, —

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to

hear 150

Would Desdemona seriously incline;

But still the house-affairs would draw her

thence,

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse : which I observing, 150
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent, 155
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was pass-
ing strange, 160

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful.
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man. She
thank'd me.

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I
spake : 165

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady ; let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my
daughter too.

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best ;
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak.
If she confess that she was half the wooer, 175
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man ! Come hither, gentle mis-
tress,

Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience ?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty. 181
To you I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty ;
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my
husband ; 185

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you ! I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs. 190
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor.

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my
heart

I would keep from thee. For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child ; 195
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a
sentence,

Which, as a grise or step, may help these
lovers 200

[Into your favour].

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended

By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pendent.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
is the next way to draw new mischief on. 205

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd that smiles steals something from
the thief ;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile. 211

He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he
hears,

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience bor-
row. 215

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
But words are words ; I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the
ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state. 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty prepa-
ration makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude
of the place is best known to you ; and though
we have there a substitute of most allowed suf-
ficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of ef-
fects, throws a more safer voice on you. You
must therefore be content to slubber the gloss
of your new fortunes with this more stubborn
and boisterous expedition. 225

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites. 235
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please, 240
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I ; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ; 245
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with
him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's sub-
du'd 251

Even to the very quality of my lord.
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. 255
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,

And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him. 260

Oth. Let her have your voice.

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In my defunct and proper satisfaction, 265
But to be free and bounteous to her mind;
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you
think

I will your serious and great business scant
When she is with me. No, when light-wing'd
toys

Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness 270
My speculative and offic'd instruments
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation! 275

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries
haste,

And speed must answer it.

I. Sen. You must away to-night.

[Des.] To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.]

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll
meet again. 280

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your Grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust. 285
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall
think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good-night to every one. *[To Bra.]* And, noble
signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack, 290
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I. Sen. Adieu, brave Moor; use Desdemona
well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to
see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[Exeunt [Duke, Senators, Officers,
etc.].

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee. 296

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction, 300
To spend with thee. We must obey the time.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Rod. Iago, —

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep. 305

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee
after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is tor-

ment; and then have we a prescription to die
when Death is our physician. 311

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon thee
the world for four times seven years; and since I
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an in-
jury, I never found man that knew how to love
himself. Ere I would say I would drown my-
self for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change
my humanity with a baboon. 318

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my
shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue
to amend it. 321

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that
we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gar-
dens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so
that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set
hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with 325
one gender of herbs, or distract it with many,
either to have it sterile with idleness, or man-
ured with industry, why, the power and cor-
rigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the
balance of our lives had not one scale of rea- 330
son to poise another of sensuality, the blood and
baseness of our natures would conduct us to
most preposterous conclusions; but we have
reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal
stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this
that you call love to be a sect or scion. 337

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a
permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have
profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit
to thy deserving with cables of perdurable
toughness; I could never better stead thee
than now. Put money in thy purse; follow
thou the wars; defeat thy favour with an 345
usurp'd beard. I say, put money in thy purse.
It cannot be long that Desdemona should con-
tinue her love to the Moor, — put money in thy
purse, — nor he his to her. It was a violent
commencement in her, and thou shalt see 350
an answerable sequestration. Put but money
in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in
their wills; — fill thy purse with money; — the
food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
shall be to him shortly as bitter as colo- 355
quintida. She must change for youth; when
she is sated with his body, she will find the
error of her choice; [she must have change,
she must:] therefore put money in thy purse.
If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more
delicate way than drowning. Make all the 360
money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail
vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-
subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits
and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her;
therefore make money. A pox of drowning 365
thyself! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou
rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy than
to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I de-
pend on the issue? 370

Iago. Thou art sure of me. Go, make money.
I had told thee often, and I re-tell thee again
and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is
hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be

conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rod-
erigo?

[Rod. What say you?]

Iago. No more of drowning, do your hear?

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go sell all my land.

[Exit.]

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my
purse;

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should pro-
fane

If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if 't be
true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now:
To get his place and to plume up my will
In double knavery—How, how?—Let
see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife.
He hath a person and a smooth dispose
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to
be so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.

I have 't. It is engend'ed. Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
light.

[Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I. *[A sea-port in Cyprus. An open
place near the quay.]*

Enter MONTANO and two GENTLEMEN.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern
at sea?

1. Gent. Nothing at all; it is a high-wrought
flood.

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descrie a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud
at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on
them,

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of
this?

2. Gent. A segregation of the Turkish
fleet.

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-
strous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed
pole.

I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are
drown'd;

It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

3. Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the
Turks,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3. Gent. The ship is here put in.
A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 't is a worthy gov-
ernor.

3. Gent. But this same Cassio, though he
speak of comfort
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3. Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrival.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike
isle,
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his
pilot

Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Within, "A sail, a sail, a sail!"]

Enter a [fourth GENTLEMAN].

Cas. What noise?

[4. Gent.] The town is empty; on the brow
o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[A shot.]

2. *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy. 66

Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2. *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd? 69

Cas. Most fortunately. He hath achiev'd a
maid

That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.

Re-enter second GENTLEMAN.

How now! who has put in?

2. *Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the gen-
eral. 66

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed.

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds,

The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel, 70
As having sense of beauty do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago, 75
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se'night's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits, 81
[And bring all Cyprus comfort!]

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO
[and Attendants].

O, behold,

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand, 86
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well and will be shortly here. 90

Des. O, but I fear — How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and
skies

Parted our fellowship. — But, hark! a sail.
[Within, "A sail, a sail!" *[Guns*
heard.]

2. *Gent.* They give their greeting to the cita-
del. 95

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.
[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome. [To *Emilia.*]
Welcome, mistress.

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

That I extend my manners; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. 100

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You 'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep. 105

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures
out of doors, 110

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitch-
ens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives

in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk.
You rise to play and go to bed to work. 116

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical. 120

Des. Come on, assay. — There's one gone to
the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. —
Come, how wouldst thou praise me? 125

Iago. I am about it; but indeed my inven-
tion

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from
frieze;

It plucks out brains and all. But my Muse
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd:

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit, 130
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse. 135

Emil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was
fair;

For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make
fools laugh! the alehouse. What miserable
praise hast thou for her that's foul and fool-
ish? 141

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish there-
unto,

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones
do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou be-
stow on a deserving woman indeed, one that,
in the authority of her merit, did justly put on
the vouch of very malice itself? 146

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said, "Now I may,"
She that being ang'r'd, her revenge being
nigh,

Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail ¹⁵⁵
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her
mind,

See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wights were, —
Des. To do what? ¹⁶⁰

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small
beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband. How say you, Cassio? Is he not a
most profane and liberal counsellor? ¹⁶⁵

Cas. He speaks home, madam. You may
relish him more in the soldier than in the
scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm;
ay, well said, whisper. With as little a web as
this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay,
smile upon her, do; I will gye thee in thine ¹⁷⁰
own courtship. — You say true; 't is so, indeed.
— If such tricks as these strip you out of your
lieutenantry, it had been better you had not
kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now
again you are most apt to play the sir in. ¹⁷⁵
Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent curtsy!
'T is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your
lips? Would they were clyster-pipes for your
sake! (*Trumpet within.*) — The Moor! I know
his trumpet. ¹⁸⁰

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! ¹⁸⁵
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low ¹⁹⁰
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy: for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this ¹⁹⁴
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should in-
crease,

Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greatest discords be ²⁰⁰

That e'er our hearts shall make! [*Kissing her.*]

Iago. [*Aside.*] O, you are well tun'd now!

But I'll set down the pegs that make this
music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends: our wars are done, the Turks
are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle? ²⁰⁵
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers. ²¹⁰
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desde-
mona,

Once more, well met at Cyprus. ²¹⁴
[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona [and
Attendants].*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the har-
bour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, — as,
they say, base men being in love have then a
nobility in their natures more than is native
to them, — list me. The lieutenant to-night
watches on the court of guard; — first, I must
tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love
with him. ²²¹

Rod. With him! why, 't is not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul
be instructed. Mark me with what violence
she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging and
telling her fantastical lies. To love him ²²⁵
still for prating, — let not thy discreet heart
think it. Her eye must be fed; and what de-
light shall she have to look on the devil? When
the blood is made dull with the act of sport,
there should be, again to inflame it, and to ²³⁰
give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour,
sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all
which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want
of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate ten-
derness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave ²³⁵
the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor. Very
nature will instruct her in it and compel her to
some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, —
as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd posi-
tion — who stands so eminent in the degree ²⁴⁰
of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very
vulnerable; no further conscionable than in put-
ting on the mere form of civil and humane
seeming, for the better compassing of his salt
and most hidden loose affection? Why, none;
why, none; a slipper and subtle knave, a ²⁴⁵
finder of occasion, that has an eye can stamp
and counterfeit advantages, though true ad-
vantage never present itself; a devilish knave.
Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and
hath all those requisites in him that folly ²⁵⁰
and green minds look after; a pestilent com-
plete knave, and the woman hath found him
already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she's full
of most bless'd condition. ²⁵⁵

Iago. Bless'd fig's-end! The wine she drinks
is made of grapes. If she had been bless'd, she
would never have lov'd the Moor. Bless'd pud-

ding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? Didst not mark that? 200

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embrac'd together. Vil- [205] lanous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you rul'd by me; I have brought you from Venice. Watch [270] you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course [275] you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well?

Iago. Sir, he's rash and very sudden in cholour, and haply may strike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that [280] will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; [285] and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity. 290

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe 't; 295
That she loves him, 't is apt and of great credit;

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her 300
too;

Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure

I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought 305
whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my in-

wards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong 310
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb— 315
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too—

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,

For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet con- 320
fus'd;

Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II. [A street.]

Enter Othello's HERALD, with a proclamation
[People following].

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bon-fires, each man to what sport and revels his [5] addiction leads him; for, beside these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till [10] the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

[Exeunt.

[SCENE III. A hall in the castle.]

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good-night; to-morrow with your ear- 3
liest

Let me have speech with you. [To Desdemona.]

Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; 9
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night.

[Exeunt [Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants].

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame. He hath not yet made wan- ton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove. 17

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature. 21

Iago. What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love? 27

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello. 33

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends. But one cup; I'll drink for you. 39

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more. 44

Iago. What, man! 't is a night of revels. The gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me. [Exit.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, 50
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool
Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side
out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd 55
Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch.

Three else of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, 60
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock
of drunkards

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.

*Re-enter CASSIO; with him MONTANO and
GENTLEMEN [Servants follow with wine].*

If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and
stream. 65

Cas. 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse
already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a
pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! 70
[Sings.] "And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man;

O, man's life 's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink." 75

Some wine, boys!

Cas. 'Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where, indeed,
they are most potent in potting; your Dane,
your German, and your swag-belli'd Hollander
— Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English. 81

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his
drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow
your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit
ere the next pottle can be fill'd. 87

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you
justice. 90

Iago. O sweet England!

"King Stephen was and a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown. 95

"He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree.

"T is pride that pulls the country down;
And take thy auld cloak about thee."

Some wine, ho! 100

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song
than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of
his place that does those things. Well, God's
above all; and there be souls must be saved,
and there be souls must not be saved. 107

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, — no offence to the
general, nor any man of quality, — I hope to be
saved. 111

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me;
the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.
Let's have no more of this; let's to our af-
fairs. — God forgive us our sins! — Gentle- 115
men, let's look to our business. Do not think,
gentlemen, I am drunk. This is my ancient;
this is my right hand, and this is my left. I
am not drunk now; I can stand well enough,
and I speak well enough. 120

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then; you must not
think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's
set the watch. 125

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before:
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other; 't is pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island. 131

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'T is evermore his prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle. 135

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.

Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true? 140

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [Aside to him.] How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit Roderigo.]

Mon. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity. 145
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island.
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. — But, hark! what
noise? [*Cry within: "Help! help!"*]

Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cas. 'Zounds, you rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty! 151

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking Roderigo.*]

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk. 155

Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*]

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo.*] Away, I say; go
out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant, — God's will, gentle-
men; —

Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, — Montano, —
sir; —

Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch in-
deed! [*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell? — Diablo,
ho! 160

The town will rise. God's will, lieutenant,
hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to
the death. He dies!

Oth. Hold, for your lives! 165

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant, — sir, — Mon-
tano, — gentlemen, —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence
aristeth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites? 171
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous
brawl.

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
From her propriety. What is the matter, mas-
ters? 176

Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? On thy love, I charge
thee.

Iago. I do not know. Friends all but now,
even now, 179

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now —
As if some planet had unwitting men —

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds; 185
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus
forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be
civil; 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. What's the mat-
ter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name 195
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger.
Your officer, Iago, can inform you —
While I spare speech, which something now of-
fends me —

Of all that I do know; nor know I aught 200
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule; 205
And passion, having my best judgement collied,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on; 210
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a
birth,

Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel, 215
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'T is monstrous. Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near. 220
I had rather have this tongue cut from my
mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech, 225
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd
sword

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
Lest by his clamour — as it so fell out —
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of
foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night 235
I ne'er might say before. When I came back —
For this was brief — I found them close to-
gether,

At blow and thrust; even as again they were

When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report. 240
But men are men; the best sometimes forget.
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them
best,

Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity 245
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up! 250
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away
to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your sur-
geon.—

Lead him off. [*To Montano, who is led off.*]
Iago, look with care about the town, 255
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted.

Come, Desdemona; 't is the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with
strife. [*Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery. 260

Iago. Marry, God forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O,
I have lost my reputation! I have lost the im-
mortal part of myself, and what remains is
bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation! 265

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you
had received some bodily wound; there is more
sense in that than in reputation. Reputation
is an idle and most false imposition; oft got
without merit, and lost without deserving. You
have lost no reputation at all, unless you re- 270
pute yourself such a loser. What, man! there
are more ways to recover the general again.
You are but now cast in his mood, a punish-
ment more in policy than in malice; even so as
one would beat his offenceless dog to affright
an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's
yours. 277

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd than to
deceive so good a commander with so slight, so
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?
and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger?
swear? and discourse fustian with one's own
shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if
thou hast no name to be known by, let us call
thee devil! 284

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with
your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible? 288

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but no-
thing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing where-
fore. O God, that men should put an enemy in
their mouths to steal away their brains! That
we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and ap-
plause, transform ourselves into beasts! 294

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough.
How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenness
to give place to the devil wrath. One unper-
fectness shows me another, to make me frankly
despise myself. 300

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moral-
er. As the time, the place, and the condition of
this country stands, I could heartily wish this
had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend
it for your own good. 305

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he
shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many
mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop
them all. To be now a sensible man, by and
by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!
Every inordinate cup is unblest'd and the in-
gredient is a devil. 315

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good fa-
miliar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no
more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think
you think I love you. 318

Cas. I have well approved it, sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk
at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do.
Our general's wife is now the general;—I may
say so in this respect, for that he hath de- 320
voted and given up himself to the contempla-
tion, mark, and denotement of her parts and
graces;—confess yourself freely to her; im-
portune her help to put you in your place again.
She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed 325
a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness
not to do more than she is requested. This
broken joint between you and her husband en-
treat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against
any lay worth naming, this crack of your love
shall grow stronger than it was before. 331

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and
honest kindness. 334

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the
morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona
to undertake for me. I am desperate of my
fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good-night,
lieutenant; I must to the watch. 340

Cas. Good-night, honest Iago.

Iago. And what's he then that says I play
the villain? [*Exit.*]

When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course
To win the Moor again? For 't is most easy 345
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his bap-
tism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 350
His soul is so enfeet'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a
villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, 355
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now ; for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes ³⁵⁰
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
 That she repeals him for her body's lust ;
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor. ³⁶⁵
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter RODERIGO.

Rod. How now, Roderigo !
 I do follow here in the chase, not like
 a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the
 cry. My money is almost spent ; I have ³⁷⁰
 been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd ; and
 I think the issue will be, I shall have so much
 experience for my pains ; and so, with no money
 at all and a little more wit, return again to
 Venice. ³⁷⁵

Iago. How poor are they that have not
 patience !

What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
 Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by
 witchcraft ;

And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd
 Cassio. ³⁸¹

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
 Content thyself a while. By the mass, 't is
 morning ;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted. ³⁸⁶

Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter.
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two
 things are to be done :

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;
 I'll set her on ; ³⁹⁰

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
 And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
 Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way ;
 Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Before the castle.*]

Enter CASSIO, with MUSICIANS.

Cas. Masters, play here ; I will content your
 pains ;
 Something that's brief ; and bid " Good mor-
 row, general." [*They play.*]

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments
 been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

1. Mus. How, sir, how ? ⁵

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instru-
 ments ?

1. Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1. Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir ? ⁹

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument
 that I know. But, masters, here's money for
 you ; and the general so likes your music, that
 he desires you, for love's sake, to make no
 more noise with it.

1. Mus. Well, sir, we will not. ¹⁵

Clo. If you have any music that may not be
 heard, to 't again ; but, as they say, to hear
 music the general does not greatly care.

1. Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for
 I'll away. Go, vanish into air, away ! ²¹

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend ?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I
 hear you. ²⁴

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's
 a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentle-
 woman that attends the general's wife be stir-
 ring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a
 little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this ?

Clo. She is stirring, sir. If she will stir
 hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. ³¹

Cas. [Do, good my friend.] [*Exit Clown.*]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then ?

Cas. Why, no ; the day had broke
 Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, ³⁵
 To send in to your wife. My suit to her
 Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
 Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently ;
 And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
 Out of the way, that your converse and busi-
 ness ⁴⁰

May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. [*Exit Iago.*]

I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant. I am
 sorry

For your displeasure ; but all will sure be
 well. ⁴⁵

The general and his wife are talking of it,
 And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor re-
 plies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
 And great affinity, and that in wholesome wis-
 dom

He might not but refuse you ; but he protests
 he loves you, ⁵⁰

And needs no other suitor but his likings
 [To take the safest occasion by the front]
 To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
 If you think fit, or that it may be done,
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse ⁵⁵
 With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in.
 I will bestow you where you shall have time
 To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*A room in the castle.*]*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, and GENTLEMEN.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
 And by him do my duties to the Senate.
 That done, I will be walking on the works;
 Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we
 see 't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The garden of the castle.*]*Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
 All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do. I warrant it grieves
 my husband

As if the cause were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. Do not
 doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again
 As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
 Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
 He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know 't; I thank you. You do love
 my lord;

You have known him long; and be you well
 assur'd

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
 Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
 That policy may either last so long,
 Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
 Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
 That, I being absent and my place suppli'd,
 My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
 I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
 If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
 To the last article. My lord shall never rest;
 I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of pa-
 tience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
 I'll intermingle everything he does
 With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;
 For thy solicitor shall rather die
 Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
 Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if — I know not
 what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my
 wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot
 think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
 Seeing your coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
 A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good
 my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,
 His present reconciliation take;
 For if he be not one that truly loves you,
 That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
 I have no judgement in an honest face.
 I prithee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Yes, faith; so humbled
 That he hath left part of his grief with me,
 To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other
 time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner, then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why, then, to-morrow night; on Tues-
 day morn;

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday
 morn.

I prithee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he's penitent;
 And yet his trespass, in our common reason —
 Save that, they say, the wars must make ex-
 ample

Out of their best — is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
 What you would ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mamm'ring on. What! Michael
 Cassio,

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a
 time,

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
 Hath ta'en your part, — to have so much to do
 To bring him in! Trust me, I could do
 much, —

Oth. Prithee, no more; let him come when
 he will

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon.

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
 Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
 Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person. Nay, when I have a suit
 Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight
 And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
 To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? No. Farewell, my
 lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona; I'll come
 to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come. — Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. — Thou dost mean something.

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,

When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel,

Of my whole course of wooing, thou criedst,

"Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;

And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;

For such things in a false disloyal knave

Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just

They're close delations, working from the heart

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this.

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and false;

As where's that palace whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days and in sessions sit

With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,

Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you —

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not — that your wisdom

yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance.

It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. [By heaven,] I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;

It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er

Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet soundly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich and rich enough,

But riches fineless is as poor as winter

To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend

From jealousy!

Oth. Why, why is this? 176
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No! to be once in
doubt

Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul 181
To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous. 186
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago; 189
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love or jealousy!

Iago. I am glad of this, for now I shall have
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you 194
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cas-
sio;

Wear your eyes thus, not jealous nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't. 200
I know our country disposition well;

In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands. Their best
conscience

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so? 205

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying
you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear your
looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to then.
She that, so young, could give out such a seem-
ing,

To seal her father's eyes up close as oak — 210
He thought 't was witchcraft — but I am much
to blame.

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon

For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your
spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. 'T' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke 216
Comes from my love. But I do see you're
mov'd.

I am to pray you not to strain my speech

To grosser issues nor to larger reach

Than to suspicion. 220

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
Which my thoughts aim'd not at. Cassio's my
worthy friend, —

My lord, I see you're mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd.
I do not think but Desdemona's honest. 225

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it-
self, —

Iago. Ay, there's the point; as — to be bold
with you —

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree, 230
Whereto we see in all things nature tends —
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most
rank,

Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear 235
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell!

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. [Going.] My lord, I take my leave. 241
Oth. Why did I marry? This honest creature
doubtless

Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-
folds.

Iago. [Returning.] My lord, I would I might
entreat your honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to
time. 245

Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means. 250
Note if your lady strain his entertainment

With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears —

As worthy cause I have to fear I am —

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government. 256

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learn'd spirit,
Of human dealings. If I do prove her hag-
gard, 260

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings,

I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd 265

Into the vale of years, — yet that 's not much —
She's gone. I am abus'd; and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a
toad 270

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love

For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great
ones;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base.

'T is destiny unshunnable, like death. 275

Even then this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Look where she comes.

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe 't.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence. 280

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that 's with watching; 't will
away again. 285

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him;
and it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt [Othello and Desdemona].*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the
Moor. 291

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wood'd me to steal it; but she so loves the
token,

For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her 295

To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en
out,

And give 't Iago. What he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I;

I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Re-enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for
you. 301

Iago. A thing for me? It is a common
thing—

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me
now 305

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her? 310

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negli-
gence,

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with 't, that you
have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. [Snatching it.] Why, what is that to
you? 315

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of im-
port,

Give 't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for
it.

Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.* 320
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison. 325
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poi-
sons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so.

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor man-
dragora, 330

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of
that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
the rack. 335

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of
lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me.
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free 340

and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body, 345

So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell con-
tent!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That makes ambition virtue! O, farewell! 350

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counter-
feit, 355

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore,

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath!

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop 365

To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate; 370

Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd ;

For nothing canst thou to damnation add Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O Heaven forgive me !
Are you a man ? Have you a soul or sense ?
God buy you ; take mine office. O wretched fool, 375

That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice !
O monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O world,

To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit ; and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence. 380

Oth. Nay, stay. Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise, for honesty 's a fool
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just and think thou art not. 385

I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied ! 390

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion ;

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ! nay, I will.
Iago. And may ; but, how ? How satisfied,
my lord ?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on — 395
Behold her topp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! O !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect ; damn them
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own ! What then ? How then ?
What shall I say ? Where 's satisfaction ? 401
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,

As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say, 405
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have 't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ; 410

But, sith I am ent'red in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. 415

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say, " Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ; " 420

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,

Cry, " O sweet creature ! " then kiss me hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips ; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss ; and then
Cry, " Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor ! " 425

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion.
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs 435

That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing done.

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; 't was my first gift. 438

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief —

I am sure it was your wife's — did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that, —

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers, 440
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 't is true. Look here, Iago ;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven. 445

'T is gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne

To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy

fraught,

For 't is of aspics' tongues !

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, blood ! 451

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind [perhaps]
may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on 455

To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble hea- 460

ven,

In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*]

I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.

Witness, you ever-burning lights above,

You elements that clip us round about, [*Kneels.*]

Witness that here Iago doth give up 465

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him com-
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever. [*They rise.*]

Oth. I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance

bounteous, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to 't :

Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done at your request.

But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
damn her! 475

Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Before the castle.*]

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier
lies, 't is stabbing. 6

Des. Go to! Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
you where I lie.

Des. Can anything be made of this? 10

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me
to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he
lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified
by report? 15

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that
is, make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither. Tell
him I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and
hope all will be well. 20

Clo. To do this is within the compass of
man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the
doing it. [*Exit.*]

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my
purse 25

Full of crusadoes; and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun where he was
born 30

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter OTHELLO.

Des. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my
lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady. [*Aside.*] O, hard-
ness to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist,
my lady. 35

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no
sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal
heart;

Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours re-
quires

A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, 40
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts of old gave
hands; 45

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak
with you. 50

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends
me;

Send me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief 55

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while
she kept it

'T would make her amiable and subdue my
father

Entirely to her love, but if she lost it, 60

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should
hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me
wiv'd,

To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't; 65

Make it a darling like your precious eye.

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is 't possible?

Oth. 'T is true; there's magic in the web of
it.

A sibyl, that had numb'ed in the world 70

The sun to course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;

The worms were hallowed that did breed the
silk;

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't
well. 75

Des. Then would to God that I had never
seen 't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and
rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? Is 't gone? Speak, is 't out
o' the way? 80

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't. 35

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit.

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief; my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come; 90

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!

[*Des.* I pray, talk we of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!]

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you, — 95

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. I' faith, you are to blame.

Oth. 'Zounds! [*Exit.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. He's never saw this before. 100

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man.
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungrily, and when they are full
They belch us.

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

Look you, Cassio and my husband! 105

Iago. There is no other way, 't is she must do 't;

And, lo, the happiness! Go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you 110

That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour. I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind 115
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, 120
And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune.
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know
him

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd. 125
So help me every spirit sanctified
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must a while be
patient.

What I can do I will; and more I will 130
Than for myself I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the
cannon

When it hath blown his ranks into the air, 135

And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother: — and is he angry?
Something of moment then. I will go meet
him.

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

[*Exit Iago.*

Des. I prithee, do so. Something, sure, of
state, 140

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'T is even 145

so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fit the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia, 150
I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray Heaven it be state-matters, as
you think, 155

And no conception nor no jealous toy

Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd 160

so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous. It is a mon-
ster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep the monster from
Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. Cassio, walk here-
about; 165

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt [Desdemona and Emilia].*

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? 170
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging,
Cassio.

What, keep a week away? seven days and
nights?

Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent
hours,

More tedious than the dial eightscore times?

O weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca. 175
I have this while with leaden thoughts been
press'd;

But I shall, in a more continueate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handker-
chief.*

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend; 180

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is 't come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous
now 185
That this is from some mistress, some remem-
brance.

No, by my faith, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded —
As like enough it will — I 'd have it copied. 190
Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! Wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish, 194
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'T is but a little way that I can bring
you,

For I attend here; but I 'll see you soon. 200

Bian. 'T is very good; I must be circum-
stanc'd. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [Cyprus. Before the castle.]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago!

Iago. What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean
harm! 5

It is hypocrisy against the devil.

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 't is a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief, — 10

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and,
being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;

May she give that? 15

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not
seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief, —

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it.

Thou said'st — O, it comes o'er my memory, 20
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That 's not so good now.

Iago.

What
If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say, — as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit, 25

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced or suppli'd them, cannot choose

But they must blab —

Oth.

Hath he said anything?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well
assur'd, 30

No more than he 'll unswear.

Oth.

What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did — I know not what
he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie

on her, when they belie her. Lie with her! 35

'Zounds, that 's fulsome! — Handkerchief —

confessions — handkerchief! — To confess, and

be hang'd for his labour; — first, to be hang'd,

and then to confess. — I tremble at it. Nature

would not invest herself in such shadowing 40

passion without some instruction. It is not

words that shakes me thus. Pish! Noses, ears,

and lips. — Is 't possible? — Confess — handker-

chief! — O devil! [Falls in a trance.]

Iago. Work on, 45

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are

caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,

All guiltless, meet reproach. — What, ho! my

lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cas. What 's the matter? 50

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy.

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. [No, forbear;]

The lethargy must have his quiet course;

If not, he foams at mouth and by and by 55

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight. When he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you,

[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? Have you not hurt your
head? 60

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a
man!

Oth. A horned man 's a monster and a beast,

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a popu-
lous city,

And many a civil monster. 65

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd

May draw with you. There 's millions now

alive

That nightly lie in those improper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better. ⁷⁰

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she
shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list. ⁷⁵
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your
grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,
And laid good 'sense upon your ecstasy; ⁸⁰
Bade him anon return and here speak with
me,

The which he promis'd. Do but encave your-
self,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew, ⁸⁵
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen, ⁸⁹
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires ⁹⁵
Buys herself bread and clothes. It is a creature
That dotes on Cassio;—as 't is the strumpet's
plogue

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; ¹⁰¹
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light be-
haviours

Quite in the wrong. How do you, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse that you give me the addi-
tion ¹⁰⁵

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
on 't.

[*Speaking lower.*] Now, if this suit lay in Bian-
ca's power,

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! ¹¹⁰

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she
loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it
out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio? ¹¹⁵

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er. Go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry
her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha! ¹²⁰

Oth. Do ye triumph, Roman? Do you tri-
umph?

Cas. I marry her! What? a customer!
Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not
think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha! ¹²⁵

Oth. So, so, so, so; they laugh that wins.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry
her.

Cas. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? Well. ¹³⁰

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out.
She is persuaded I will marry her, out of her
own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the
story. ¹³⁵

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me
in every place. I was the other day talking
on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and
thither comes the bauble, and, [by this hand,
she] falls me thus about my neck— ¹⁴⁰

Oth. Crying, "O dear Cassio!" as it were;
his gesture imports it.

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon
me; so shakes and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha! ¹⁴⁴

Oth. Now he tells how she pluck'd him to
my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but
not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes. ¹⁴⁹

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'T is such another fitchew! Marry, a
perfum'd one.—What do you mean by this
haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you!
What did you mean by that same handker-
chief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool
to take it. I must take out the work?—A [155
likely piece of work, that you should find it in
your chamber, and know not who left it there!
This is some minx's token, and I must take out
the work? There; give it your hobby-horse.
Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work
on 't. ¹⁶¹

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now!
how now!

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handker-
chief! ¹⁶⁵

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you
may; if you will not, come when you are next
prepar'd for. ^[Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the streets
else. ¹⁷¹

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I
would very fain speak with you. ¹⁷⁵

Cas. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. ^[Exit Cassio.]

Oth. [*Advancing.*] How shall I murder him,
Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice? 181

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand. And to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore. 187

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that. 190

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks. 196

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is. So delicate with her needle! an admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! 201

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle. 205

Oth. Nay, that's certain. But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 210

Oth. I will chop her into messes. Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler. 215

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago. 219

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good; the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight. 225

[A trumpet.]

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good. What trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant, something from Venice. 'T is Lodovico, this, comes from the Duke. See, your wife's with him.

Lod. God save the worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of Venice greet you. [Gives him a letter.] 230

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

235

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord!

Oth. [Reads.] "This fail you not to do, as you will?" — 240

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one. I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise? 245

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello, —

Oth. [Striking her.] Devil! 251

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice

Though I should swear I saw 't. 'T is very much.

Make her amends: she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, 255

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn.

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she's obedient, as you say, obedient, 265 Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears. Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion! —

I am commanded home. — Get you away;

I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate, 270

And will return to Venice. — Hence, avaunt! — [Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. — Goats and monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full Senate

275

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
virtue

The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of
brain? 280

Iago. He's that he is; I may not breathe
my censure

What he might be. If what he might he is
not,

I would to heaven he were!

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst!

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood, 285

And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall ob-
serve him,

And his own courses will denote him so 290

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [A room in the castle.]

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-
gether.

Emil. But then I saw no harm, and then I
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between
them. 5

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,
nor nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord. 10

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is
honest,

Lay down my soul at stake. If you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your
bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head, 15

Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!

For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their

wives

Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither; go.
[*Exit Emilia.*]

She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd 20
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle

whore,

A closet lock and key of villanous secrets;

And yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her
do't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes; 25

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. [To *Emilia*.] Some of your nation,
mistress;

Leave procreants alone and shut the door;

Cough, or cry "hem," if anybody come.

Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch. 30

[*Exit Emilia.*]

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech
import?

I understand a fury in your words,

[But not the words.]

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true

And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself,

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves 35

Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double
damn'd,

Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false
as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom?
How am I false? 40

Oth. Ah, Desdemona! Away! away! away!

Des. Alas the heavy day! Why do you
weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back, 45

Lay not your blame on me. If you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven

To try me with affliction; had they rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steept me in poverty to the very lips, 50

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at! 55

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well;

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! 60

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion
there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,
Ay, there look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me hon-
est. 65

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the
shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? ⁷⁰

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write "whore" upon? What committed!

Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty, ⁷⁵
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon
winks,

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed! ⁸⁰
[Impudent strumpet!]

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none. ⁸⁵

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello. [*Raising his*
voice.]—You, mistress, ⁹⁰

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell! You, you, ay,
you!

We have done our course; there's money for
your pains.

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive? ⁹⁵

How do you, madam? How do you, my good
lady?

Des. Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam. ¹⁰⁰

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none. Do not talk to me,
Emilia;

I cannot weep, nor answers have I none
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-
night ¹⁰⁴

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Des. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very
meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How
is 't with you? ¹¹⁰

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach
young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks.

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd
her, ¹¹⁵

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore. A beggar in his
drink ¹²⁰

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he do so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none
such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the
day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble
matches, ¹²⁵

Her father and her country and her friends,
To be call'd whore? Would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal vil-
lain, ¹³⁰

Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander. I'll be hang'd
else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impos-
sible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon
him! ¹³⁵

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw
his bones!

Why should he call her whore? Who keeps her
company?

What place? what time? what form? what
likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous
knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heavens, that such companions thou 'dst un-
fold, ¹⁴¹

And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! Some such squire
he was ¹⁴⁵

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of
heaven, ¹⁵⁰

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form; 155
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160
But never taint my love. I cannot say "whore."
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his
humour. 165

The business of the state does him offence,
[And he does chide with you.]

Des. If 't were no other,—
Iago. It is but so, I warrant.
[Trumpets within.]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

The messengers of Venice stays the meat. 170
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly
with me.

Iago. What in the contrary? 175

Rod. Every day thou daff'st me with some
device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me
now, keep'st from me all conveniency than suppliest
me with the least advantage of hope. I
will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet
persuaded to put up in peace what already I
have foolishly suff'red. 182

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much, for your
words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly. 186

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me to deliver Desdemona would half
have corrupted a votarist. You have told me
she hath receiv'd them and return'd me expectations
and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance,
but I find none. 193

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man;
nor 't is not very well. By this hand, I say 't is
scurvy, and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well. 198

Rod. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will
make myself known to Desdemona. If she will
return me my jewels, I will give over my suit
and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not,
assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest
intendment of doing. 204

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee,
and even from this instant do build on thee a
better opinion than ever before. Give me thy
hand, Roderigo. Thou hast taken against me a
most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have
dealt most directly in thy affair. 212

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd,
and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement.
But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in
thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe
now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour,
this night show it. If thou the next night following
enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world
with treachery and devise engines for my life. 222

Rod. Well, what is it? Is it within reason
and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come
from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and
Desdemona return again to Venice. 228

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania and
taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless
his abode be ling'ring here by some accident;
wherein none can be so determinate as the removing
of Cassio. 238

Rod. How do you mean, removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of
Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do? 237

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit
and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,
and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet
of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his
going thence, which I will fashion to fall out
between twelve and one, you may take him at
your pleasure. I will be near to second your
attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come,
stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me;
I will show you such a necessity in his death
that you shall think yourself bound to put it on
him. It is now high supper-time, and the night
grows to waste. About it. 250

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfi'd. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. [Another room in the castle.]

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA,
EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself
no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to
walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank
your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?

O, — Desdemona, —

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be
return'd forthwith. Dismiss your attendant
there. Look 't be done.

Des. I will, my lord. 10

[Exeunt [Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants].

Emil. How goes it now? He looks gentler
than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,¹⁵

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I. My love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns, —²⁰

Prithee, unpin me, — have grace and favour [in them].

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before, prithee, shroud me —²⁴
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara; She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad

And did forsake her. She had a song of "willow";

An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,

And she died singing it. That song to-night³⁰
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do

But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
Des. No, unpin me here.³⁵

This Lodovico is a proper man.
Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have

walk'd barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.⁴⁰

Des. [Singing.]
"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd

her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow;⁴⁵

Her salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the stones;

Sing willow, willow, willow; "
Lay by these; —

[Singing.] "Willow, willow; " —
Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon; —⁵⁰

[Singing.]
"Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve," —
Nay, that's not next. — Hark! who is 't that

knocks?
Emil. It's the wind.

Des. [Singing.]
"I call'd my love false love; but what said

he then?⁵⁵
Sing willow, willow, willow.

If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men." —

So, get these gone; good-night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'T is neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!⁶⁰

Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —

That there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?⁶⁴

Emil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world 's a huge thing; it is a great price⁶⁹

For a small vice.
Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such

a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor

any petty exhibition; but, for all the whole world, — 'ud's pity, who would not make⁷⁵

her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong

For the whole world.⁷⁹
Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the

world; and having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own world, and you might

quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such

woman.⁸⁴
Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the

vantage as would store the world they play'd for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults If wives do fall. Say that they slack their

duties
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,⁹⁰
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike

us,
Or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell⁹⁵

And have their palates both for sweet and sour

As husbands have. What is it that they do When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is. And doth affection breed it? I think it doth. Is 't frailty that thus errs?¹⁰⁰

It is so too. And have not we affections, Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well; else let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good-night, good-night. Heaven me such uses send,¹⁰⁶

Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Cyprus. A street.*]*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come.
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons.
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword: he dies.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.

No, he must die. But so; I heard him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he. — Villain, thou diest! [*Makes a pass at Cassio.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st.
I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.]

Rod. O, I am slain.

[Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. The voice of Cassio! Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he! — O brave Iago, honest and just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!

Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come.

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes,
are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

*[Exit.]**Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage?
Murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis a heavy night,
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? Then shall I bleed to death.

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? Whose noise is this that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for Heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! What are you there? — Come in, and give some help. [*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]

Rod. O, help me there!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark! — Where be these bloody thieves? —

How silent is this town! — Ho! murder! murder! —

What may you be? Are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is't, brother!

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! Light, gentlemen! I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? Who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried!

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No. 80

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So. O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio,
Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury. 85

Patience a while, good Cassio. Come, come;
Lend me a light. Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
Roderigo! No:—yes, sure:—O heaven! Rod- 90
erigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle
pardon;

These bloody accidents must excuse my man-
ners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? O, a chair, a
chair! 95

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he. [*A chair brought in.*]
O, that 's well said; the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*To Bianca.*]

For you, mistress, 100

Save you your labour. He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend. What malice was be-
tween you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the
man.

Iago. [*To Bian.*] What, look you pale? O,
bear him out o' the air.

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale,
mistress? 105

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her.
Do you see, gentlemen? Nay, guiltiness will
speak,

Though tongues were out of use. 110

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas, what 's the matter? What 's
the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scap'd.

He 's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good
Cassio! 115

Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.
[*To Bianca.*] What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I there-
fore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with
me. 120

Emil. Oh, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor
Cassio dress'd.

Come, mistress, you must tell 's another tale.
Emilia, run you to the citadel, 125

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.
Will you go on afore? [*Aside.*] This is the
night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*A bedchamber in the castle.*] DES-
DEMONA in bed [*asleep*].

Enter OTHELLO with a light.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my
soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster. 5

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light.

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore;

Should I repent me; but once put out thy
light, 10

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where 's that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume. When I have
pluck'd the rose

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither; I'll smell it on the
tree. [*Kisses her.* 15

Oh, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one
more.

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill
thee

And love thee after. One more, and that 's the
last;

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep, 20
But they are cruel tears. This sorrow 's hea-
venly;

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.
Des. Who 's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime 25
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean
by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk
by. 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No; heavens forbid! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then Heaven
 Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then

When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,
 Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame.
 These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope, they do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
 Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:
 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
 For to deny each article with oath
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, Heaven, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
 Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
 But with such general warranty of heaven
 As I might love; I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
 And makes me call what I intend to do
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
 I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
 I never gave it him. Send for him hither;
 Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath us'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
 Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O! my fear interprets. What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

Oth. Nay, if you strive, —

Des. But half an hour!

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer!

Oth. It is too late.
[He smothers her.]

Emil. *(At the door.)* My lord, my lord!

What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;
 I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Emil. *(Within.)* What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. *[Within.]* O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!

Oth. Yes: — 't is Emilia. — By and by. — She's dead.

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.
 The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
 Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good? —

I think she stirs again: — no. What's best to do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
 My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Did yawn at alteration.

Emil. *[Within.]* I do beseech you

That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.
 Soft; by and by. — Let me the curtains draw. —
 Where art thou? *[Unlocks the door.]*

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murderers done!

Oth. What, now?

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
 She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd! Then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. O Lord, what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice. 119

Help! help, ho! help! O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell! 125

[Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murd'ered?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You hear her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell.

'T was I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil! 131

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else. 136

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband! 140

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If Heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, 146

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me on her first.

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband. 150

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!

My husband say that she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

I say thy husband; dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! He lies to the heart. 156

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst!

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven 159

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! Thou hast done a deed — I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee

known, 166

Though I lost twenty lives. — Help! help, ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? How now, general!

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? You have done well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter? 171

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man.

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.

I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full. 175

Iago. I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie, an odious, damned lie; Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie. 181

She false with Cassio! — did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.

My mistress here lies murdered in her bed, — 186

All. O heavens forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy! I think upon 't, — I think I smell 't, — O villainy! 191

I thought so then, — I'll kill myself for grief — O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak; 196

'T is proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! *[He falls on the bed.]*

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar; For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. *[Rising.]* O, she was foul! 200

I scarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead. 204

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn, Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobance.

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed. Cassio confess'd it;

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand; ²¹⁵
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O Heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. 'Zounds, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out! I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the north. ²²⁰

Let Heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*]

Gra.

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief
thou speak'st of ²²⁵

I found by fortune and did give my husband;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! No, alas! I found
it, ²³⁰

And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

Emil. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentle-
men.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a
fool

Do with so good a wife?

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven

But what serves for the thunder?—Precious
villain! ²³⁵

[*He runs at Iago: Iago kills Emilia.*]

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd
his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay! O, lay me by my mistress'
side. [*Exit Iago.*]

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you
this weapon

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor. ²⁴⁰

Come, guard the door without; let him not
pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same vil-
lain,

For 't is a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword.

But why should honour outlive honesty? ²⁴⁵
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the
swan,

And die in music. [*Singing.*] "Willow, willow,
willow!"—

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel
Moor;

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; ²⁵⁰
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this cham-
ber;

It was a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's tem-
per,—

O, here it is. Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. (*Within.*) If thou attempt it, it will
cost thee dear: ²⁵⁵

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then and speak with
me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

[*Re-enter GRATIANO.*]

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain ²⁶⁰

Upon a soldier's thigh. I have seen the day

That, with this little arm and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop. But, O vain
boast!

Who can control his fate? 't is not so now. ²⁶⁵

Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'T is a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast ²⁷⁰

And he retires. Where should Othello go?

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at
compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from hea-
ven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity. O cursed, cursed
slave! ²⁷⁵

Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! ²⁸⁰

O Desdemon! dead, Desdemon! dead!

Oh! Oh!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in
a chair, and Officers, with IAGO [prisoner].*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortu-
nate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain
forth. ²⁸⁵

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but
that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither. I'd have thee
live;

For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die. ²⁹⁰

Lod. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,

Fallen in the practice of a cursed slave,

What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, anything.

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour. ²⁹⁵

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his
villainy.

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil ³⁰¹

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing ; what you know, you know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What, not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips. ³⁰⁶

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen, ³⁰⁶

Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,

And here another. The one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook ³¹¹

By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain !

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross !

Lod. Now here 's another discontented paper,

Found in his pocket too ; and this, it seems, ³¹⁵

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain ;

But that belike Iago in the interim

Came in and satisfi'd him.

Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff ! --

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief

That was my wife's ?

Cas. I found it in my chamber ;

And he himself confess'd but even now ³²¹

That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool ! fool ! fool !

Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,

How he upbraids Iago, that he made him ³²⁵

Brave me upon the watch, whereon it came

That I was cast ; and even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,

Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us. ³³⁰

Your power and your command is taken off,

And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,

If there be any cunning cruelty

That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest, Till that the nature of your fault be known ³³⁶ To the Venetian state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you go. I have done the state some service, and they know 't.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, ³⁴¹ Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well ; ³⁴⁴

Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought

Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdu'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,

Drops tears as fast as the Arabian trees ³⁵⁰

Their medicinal gum. Set you down this ;

And say besides, that in Aleppo once,

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk

Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog, -- ³⁵⁵

And smote him, thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period !

Gra. All that 's spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee : no way

but this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[*Falls on the bed, and dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ; ³⁶⁰

For he was great of heart.

Lod. [*To Iago.*] O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !

Look on the tragic loading of this bed ;

This is thy work. The object poisons sight ;

Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house, ³⁶⁵

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed on you. To you, lord gov-

ernor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain ;

The time, the place, the torture. O, enforce it !

Myself will straight aboard ; and to the state

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. ³⁷¹

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

THE later limit for the date of *King Lear* is fixed by an entry in the Stationers' Register, which states that the play was performed at Whitehall at Christmas, 1606. An earlier limit is found in the date of Harsnett's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*, entered March 16, 1603, from which Shakespeare took such details as the names of the devils in the pretended ravings of Edgar. The chief attempt to find a more exact date is based on the opinion that a (probably) pirated edition of the old *King Leir*, entered May 8, 1605, was issued to take advantage of the interest revived by the production of Shakespeare's play. Though this cannot be demonstrated, the date of composition pointed to, 1604-5, fits well the internal evidences of the relation of *King Lear* to *Othello* and *Timon*. But several good authorities prefer 1606.

King Lear first appeared in print in 1608, when two quarto editions were issued, the earlier of which, known as the "Pide Bull" Quarto, exists in a variety of states, due to the fact that corrections were made while the work was being printed, corrected and uncorrected sheets being bound up together in a variety of combinations. The Second Quarto has no independent authority. Both Quartos vary widely from the Folio text. They are full of corruptions, and their chief value lies in their containing nearly 300 lines absent from the Folio. The Folio, in turn, has over 100 lines not found in the Quartos, and the text is much more accurate. It is accordingly used as the basis of the present edition. The omissions in both versions seem to be, at least in part, cuts made for acting purposes. Apart from the usual allowance of printers' and copyists' mistakes, many of the variations in the Quarto text seem to be such as may be accounted for by regarding the text as derived from a short-hand writer's report of a performance in which the actors were by no means perfect in their parts. This does not exclude the possibility that the play had been revised and enlarged before the performance reported in the Quarto.

The germ of the story is found, usually as a variant of the *Cinderella* tale, in the folk-lore of many ages and countries. Attached to the name of Lear, the legend assumes pseudo-historical form with Geoffrey of Monmouth, is handed down through the long line of Latin and English chroniclers, appears also in collections of tales such as the *Gesta Romanorum*, finds a place in *The Faerie Queene*, and is dramatized in *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters*, an anonymous play probably identical with one performed April 6, 1594. The chief sources used by Shakespeare seem to have been Geoffrey of Monmouth, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, Holinshed, *The Faerie Queene*, and, most important of all, the old play. To Shakespeare himself is due the tragic catastrophe which takes the place of the traditional fortunate ending, according to which the French forces are victorious, and Lear is restored to his kingdom. He first makes Lear go mad; invents the banishment of Kent and his subsequent disguise; creates the Fool and Burgundy; and, finally, connects with Lear the whole story of Gloucester and his sons.

This skilfully interwoven underplot is taken from the incident of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*. This story tells of a king turned against his legitimate son by the slanders of his bastard, the usurpation of the kingdom and the blinding of the king by the bastard, the rescue of the father by the good son whom he had sought to murder, and the foiling of the father's attempt to throw himself over a rock. The pretended madness of Edgar is purely an invention of Shakespeare's; and the important elements both in plot and character which depend on the love of the wicked daughters for Edmund are all first found in the present play.

But these details are not the only means by which this improbable legend is converted into the most tremendous of tragedies. This is done chiefly by the elevation and intensity with which the characters are conceived: the imperiousness and intellectual grasp of Lear, the force and subtlety of Edmund, the venom of the wicked daughters, the tenderness of Cordelia, the impassioned loyalty of Kent, the unselfishness of Edgar, and the poignant candor of the faithful Fool.

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR, King of Britain.
 KING OF FRANCE.
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
 DUKE OF CORNWALL.
 DUKE OF ALBANY.
 EARL OF KENT.
 EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
 EDGAR, son to Gloucester.
 EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester.
 CURAN, a courtier.
 Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.

Doctor.
 Fool.
 OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
 A Captain employed by Edmund.
 Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
 A Herald.
 Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
 REGAN, } daughters to Lear.
 CORDELIA, }

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*]

ACT I

SCENE I. [*King Lear's palace.*]

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values most; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety. 7

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to 't. 11

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper. 18

Glou. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord. 25

Glou. My Lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The King is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, then KING LEAR, then the DUKES OF ALBANY and CORNWALL, next GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, with followers.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester. 38

Glou. I shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt [Gloucester and Edmund].*]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there. Know that we have divided

In three our kingdom; and 't is our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age, 40 Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future 45 strife

May be prevented now. The Princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,—

Since now we will divest us both of rule, 50 Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most, That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge? Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first. 55

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty:

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found; 60
A love that makes breath poor, and speech
unable:

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [Aside.] What shall Cordelia speak?
Love and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this
line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains
rich'd, 65

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's
issues

Be this perpetual. What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my
sister, 71

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;

Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys 75

Which the most precious quare of sense pos-
sesses;

And find I am alone felicitate

In your dear Highness's love.

Cor. [Aside.] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue. 80

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last and least, to whose young
love 85

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interest'd, what can you say to
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing! 90

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing. Speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
According to my bond; no more nor less. 95

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! Mend your
speech a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;

Obey you, love you, and most honour you. 100
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight
shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters 105

[To love my father all].

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so; thy truth, then, be thy
dower! 10 + 10 = 20 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs

From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care, 115

Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120

Be as well neighbour'd, piti'd, and relief'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest 125

On her kind nursery. [To Cor.] Hence, and
avoid my sight! —

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. —

Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the 130

third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights, 135
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turn. Only we shall re-
tain

The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,

Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm, 140
This coronet part between you.

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd

As my great patron thought on in my prayers, —
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make 145

from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork
invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,
old man?

Thinkst thou that duty shall have dread to
speak.

When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound, 150

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness. Answer my life my
judgement,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sounds

Reverb no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more. 155

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies, ne'er fear to lose
it,

Thy safety being motive.

Kent is very much willing.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain 190

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear. 164
Corn. }

Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
 Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
 Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
 I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
 On thine allegiance, hear me! 170
 That thou hast sought to make us break our
 vows,

Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd
 pride

To come betwixt our sentences and our power,
 Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
 Our potency made good, take thy reward. 175

Five days we do allot thee, for provision
 To shield thee from disasters of the world;
 And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
 Upon our kingdom. If, on the tenth day fol-
 lowing, 179

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
 The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
 This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king! Sith thus thou
 wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[To Cordelia.] The gods to their dear shelter
 take thee, maid, 185

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly
 said! *[Right speech is just thought.]*

[To Regan and Goneril.] And your large
 speeches may your deeds approve,
 That good effects may spring from words of
 love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
 He'll shape his old course in a country new. 190

[Exit.]

*Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, with FRANCE,
 BURGUNDY, and Attendants.*

Glou. Here's France and Burgundy, my no-
 ble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
 We first address toward you, who with this
 king

Hath rival'd for our daughter. What, in the
 least,

Will you require in present dower with her, 195
 Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
 I crave no more than what your Highness
 offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
 When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
 But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she
 stands: 200

If aught within that little-seeming substance,

Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
 And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
 She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she
 owes, 205

Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,
 Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
 our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
 Election makes not up in such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
 that made me, 210

I tell you all her wealth. *[To France.]* For you,
 great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray,
 To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
 you

To avert your liking a more worthier way
 Than on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd 215

Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
 That she, whom even but now was your best
 object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
 The best, the dearest, should in this trice of
 time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle 220
 So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence

Must be of such unnatural degree,
 That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affec-
 tion

Fallen into taint; which to believe of her,
 Must be a faith that reason without miracle 225
 Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Majesty, —
 If for I want that glib and oily art,

To speak and purpose not; since what I well
 intend,

I'll do 't before I speak, — that you make
 known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 230
 No unchaste action, or dishonoured step,

That hath depriv'd me of your grace and fa-
 vour;

But even for want of that for which I am
 richer,

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 That I am glad I have not, though not to have
 it 235

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
 Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd

me better.

France. Is it but this, — a tardiness in nature
 which often leaves the history unspoke 239

That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love's not love

When it is mingled with regards that stands
 Aloof from the entire point. Will you have
 her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,
 Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Duchess of Burgundy. 240

Lear. Nothing. I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respect and fortunes are his love, 261
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich
being poor,

Most choice forsaken, and most lov'd despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon, 265

Be it lawful I take up what 's cast away.

Gods, gods! 't is strange that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France, 269

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy

Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;

Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France. Let her be
thine; for we 265

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

That face of hers again.—[*To Cor.*] There-
fore be gone

Without our grace, our love, our benison.—

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt [all but France,
Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia].*]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes

Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are;

And like a sister am most loath to call

Your faults as they are named. Love well our
father,

To your profess'd bosoms I commit him; 275

But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place.

So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study 279

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you

At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,

And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cun-
ning hides;

Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia. 285

[*Exeunt [France and Cordelia].*]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I

think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That 's most certain, and with you;
next month with us. 290

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is;
the observation we have made of it hath not
been little. He always lov'd our sister most;
and with what poor judgement he hath now
cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'T is the infirmity of his age; yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself. 297

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath

been but rash; then must we look from his age
to receive not alone the imperfections of long-
engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly
yearwardness that infirm and choleric years
bring with them. 303

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to
have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you, let
us hit together; if our father carry authority
with such disposition as he bears, this last sur-
render of his will but offend us. 310

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The Earl of Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter Bastard [EDMUND with a letter].

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to
thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines 5

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base? 10

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,

Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then, 15

Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund

As to the legitimate. Fine word, "legiti-
mate"!

Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 20

Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.

Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in
choler parted!

And the King gone to-night! subscrib'd his
power!

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done 25

Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading? 30

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed, then, that terrible
dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality
of nothing hath not such need to hide itself.
Let 's see. Come, if it be nothing, I shall not
need spectacles. 35

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a

letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. (*Reads.*) "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,"

EDGAR.

Hum — conspiracy! — "Sleep till I wake him, you should enjoy half his revenue!" — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declin'd, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an articular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster —

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you. Frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the King falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty! 'T is strange.

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, — often the surfeits of our own behaviour, — we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforce'd obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Fut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bas-tardizing. Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of

friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches,
and I know not what. 103

Edg. How long have you been a sectary
astronomical? 103

Edm. Come, come:] when saw you my
father last? 103

Edg. [Why,] the night gone by. 103

Edm. Spake you with him? 103

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 103

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found
you no displeasure in him by word nor counte-
nance? 103

Edg. None at all. 173

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may
have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear
his presence until some little time hath quali-
fied the heat of his displeasure, which at this
instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief
of your person it would scarcely allay. 173

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. 180

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a
continent forbearance till the speed of his rage
goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to
my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you
to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go; there's
my key. If you do stir abroad, go arm'd. 186

Edg. Arm'd, brother! 186

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best;
I am no honest man if there be any good mean-
ing toward you. I have told you what I have
seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the
image and horror of it. Pray you, away. 192

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? 192

Edm. I do serve you in this business. 192

[Exit Edg.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms 196
That he suspects none; on whose foolish hon-
esty

My practices ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. 200

[Exit.]

SCENE III. [The Duke of Albany's palace.]

Enter GONERIL, and [OSWALD, her] Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman
for chiding of his Fool? 200

Osw. Ay, madam. 200

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every
hour 200

He flashes into one gross crime or other
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it. 200
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids
us 200

On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick. 200

If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. 200

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him. 200

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you
please, 200

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to
question. 200

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,

Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are
one, 15

[Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen
abus'd.] 20

Remember what I have said. 20

Osw. Well, madam. 20

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you; 20

What grows of it, no matter. Advise your
fellows so. 20

[I would breed from hence occasions, and I
shall, 20

That I may speak.] I'll write straight to my
sister, 25

To hold my [very] course. Prepare for dinner.
[Exit.] 25

SCENE IV. [A hall in the same.]

Enter KENT [disguised].

Kent. If but as well I other accents bor-
row, 25

That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue 25

For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd
Kent, 25

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand
condemn'd, 30

So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours. 30

Horns within. Enter LEAR, [KNIGHTS] and
Attendants. 30

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go
get it ready. [Exit an attendant.] How now! 35
what art thou? 35

Kent. A man, sir. 35

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst
thou with us? 35

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
to serve him truly that will put me in trust;
to love him that is honest; to converse with
him that is wise and says little; to fear judge-
ment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to
eat no fish. 35

Lear. What art thou? 35

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as
poor as the King. 35

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as
he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What
wouldst thou? 35

Kent. Service. 35

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve? 35

Kent. You. 35

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow? 35

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your
countenance which I would fain call master. 35

Lear. What's that? 35

Kent. Authority. 35

Lear. What services canst thou do? 35

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run,
mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a
plain message bluntly. That which ordinary
characters judge themselves. 35

men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence. 55

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight. 42

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my Fool? Go you, and call my Fool hither. *[Exit an attendant.]* 47

Enter Steward [OSWALD].

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you, — *[Exit.]*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. *[Exit a knight.]* Where's my Fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. 52

[Re-enter KNIGHT.]

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well. 55

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not! 60

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter. 67

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wrong'd. 71

Lear. Thou but rememb'rest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into 't. But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two days. 75

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the Fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. *[Exit an attendant.]* Go you, call hither my Fool. *[Exit an attendant.]* 84

Re-enter Steward [OSWALD].

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. "My lady's father"! My lord's knave! You whoreson dog! you slave! you cur! 89

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? *[Striking him.]*

Osw. I'll not be stricken, my lord. 94

Kent. Nor tripp'd neither, you base foot-ball player. *[Tripping up his heels.]*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee. 98

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences. Away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! go to. Have you wisdom? So. *[Pushes Oswald out.]*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service. 104

[Giving Kent money.]

Enter FOOL.

Fool. Let me hire him too; here's my coxcomb. *[Offering Kent his cap.]*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

[Kent. Why, Fool?] 110

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour. Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters! 118

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip. 123

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and skin.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me! — *about truth*

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle: *values is values to know as much as you know. 130*

1. Have more than thou showest,

2. Speak less than thou knowest,

3. Lend less than thou owest,

4. Ride more than thou goest, *further*

5. Learn more than thou trowest, 135

6. Set less than thou throwest;

7. Leave thy drink and thy whore,

8. And keep in-a-door,

9. And thou shalt have more

10. Than two tens to a score. *10 + 10 = 20 = 0 140*

Kent. This is nothing, Fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing. 146

Fool. *[To Kent.]* Prithee, tell him so much the rent of his land comes to. He will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter fool! 150

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

[Fool.] "That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land, 155

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool
 Will presently appear;
 The one in motley here,
 The other found out there."

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't. And ladies, too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

"Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;

For wise men are grown foppish,

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish."

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

"Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among."

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are. They'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a Fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? [Methinks] you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a Fool, thou art nothing. [To Gon.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

"He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,

Wearry of all, shall want some."

[Pointing to Lear.] That's a sheal'd peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd

Fool,

But other of your insolent retinue
 Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
 I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself, too, late have spoke and done,
 That you protect this course, and put it on
 By your allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
 Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
 That it had it head bit off by it young."

So, out went the candle, and we were left dark-ling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. [Come, sir,]

I would you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
 These dispositions, which of late transport you
 From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? "Whoop, Jug! I love thee."

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear.

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings
 Are lethargied — Ha! waking? 'Tis not so.

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

[Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
 To understand my purposes aright.

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
 That this our court, infected with their man-ners,

Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust
 Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your train;

And the remainders, that shall still depend,
 To be such men as may besort your age,

Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!

one of the great scenes of Shakespeare's art

Saddle my horses; call my train together!
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee; 275
 Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
 Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents! — [O, sir, are you come?]
 Is it your will? Speak, sir. — Prepare my horses. — 280

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
 More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
 Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.
Lear. [To *Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest.
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts, 285
 That all particulars of duty know,
 And in the most exact regard support
 The worships of their name. O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
 Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature 290
 From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
 [Striking his head.]
 And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless as I am ignorant 295
 Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
 Hear, Nature! hear, dear goddess, hear!
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
 To make this creature fruitful!
 Into her womb convey sterility! 300
 Dry up in her the organs of increase,
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her! 305
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
 To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310
 To have a thankless child! — Away, away!

[Exit.]
Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 As dotage gives it. 315

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
 Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee. [To *Gon.*] Life and death! I am asham'd
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood
 thus;

That these hot tears, which break from me
 perforce, 320
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs
 upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you loose,
 To temper clay. Ha! [is it come to this?] 325
 Let it be so: I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable.
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think 331

I have cast off for ever. [Thou shalt, I warrant thee.]

[*Exeunt* *Lear*, *Kent*, and attendants].

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you, — 335

Gon. Pray you, content. — What, Oswald, ho!

[To the Fool.] You, sir, more knave than fool,
 after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry! Take the Fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, 340

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter.

So the Fool follows after. [Exit.]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel, — a hundred knights! 345

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
 At point a hundred knights; yes, that, on every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say! 350

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister.

If she sustain him and his hundred knights, 355

When I have show'd the unfitness, —

Re-enter Steward [OSWALD].

How now, Oswald!
 What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse.

Inform her full of my particular fear; 360

And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [Exit Oswald.] No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon, 365

You are much more at task for want of wisdom

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—
Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [Court before the same.]

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put 's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good Fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster in gratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my Fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

[*Enter GENTLEMAN.*]

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that 's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. [The Earl of Gloucester's castle.]

Enter BASTARD [EDMUND] and CURAN, severally.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I. Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!

Enter EDGAR.

Brother, a word; descend. Brother, I say! My father watches; O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night. Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He 's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg.

I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me,

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you. Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well.

Yield! Come before my father. Light, ho, here!

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Exit Edgar.*]

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—Stop, stop!—No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicious mistress,—
Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —

Glou. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] By no means what? ⁴⁵

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in
fine, ⁵⁰

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arm;
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, ⁵⁵
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glou. Let him fly far.
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, — dispatch. The noble Duke my
master, ⁶⁰

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night.
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death. ⁶⁵

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,

And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the re-
posal ⁷⁰

Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No! what I should
deny, —

As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character, — I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dillard of the world ⁷⁵
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

Glou. O strange and fast'ned villain!
Would he deny his letter? [I never got him.] ⁸⁰

[*Tucket within.*]
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why
he comes.

All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not scape;
The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his
picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land, ⁸⁵
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I
came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short ⁹⁰

Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my
lord?

Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,
it's crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek
your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it
hid! ⁹⁵

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tended upon my father?

Glou. I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too
bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill
affected: ¹⁰⁰

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his reve-
nues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such
cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house, ¹⁰⁵
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your
father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'T was my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice; and re-
ceiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord. ¹¹⁰

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm. Make your own pur-
pose,

How in my strength you please. For you, Ed-
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours. ¹¹⁵
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you, — ¹²⁰

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-
ey'd night?

Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit ¹²⁵
To answer from our home; the several messen-
gers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. ¹³¹

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE II. [*Before Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter KENT and Steward [OSWALD], severally.
Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithce, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, fimalgic rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave; beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deni'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines. I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger! Draw! [*Drawing his sword.*]

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against the King; and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks, — draw, you rascal! Come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue, stand! You neat slave, strike.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Bastard [EDMUND] with his rapier drawn, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please. Come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives!

He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the King.

Corn. What is your difference? Speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, Nature disclaims in thee. A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, sir. A stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two years o' the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard, —

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain

Which are too intrinsic to unloose; smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
 With every gale and vary of their masters,

Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum Plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou. How fell you out? Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain; I have seen better faces in my time

Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he;

An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends Than twenty silly ducking observants

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity, Under the allowance of your great aspect, Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire On flickering Phœbus' front, —

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguill'd you in a plain ac-

cent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the King his master very late To strike at me, upon his misconstruction; When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man That 't worthied him, got praises of the King For him attempting who was self-subdued; And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit, Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart, We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn. Call not your stocks for me; I serve the King,

On whose employment I was sent to you. You shall do small respects, show too bold malice

Against the grace and person of my master, Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour, There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,

You should not use me so. *Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks!

Glou. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so. [His fault is much, and the good King his master

Will check him for 't. Your purpos'd low correction

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches For pilferings and most common trespasses Are punish'd with.] The King must take it ill That he's so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that. *Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, [For following her affairs. Put in his legs.]

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*] Come, my good lord, away.

[*Exeunt [all but Gloucester and Kent].*]

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the Duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels. Give you good morrow!

Glou. The Duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill taken. [*Exit.*]

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles But misery. I know 't is from Cordelia,

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscured course; [reads] "—and shall

find time From this enormous state—seeking to give

Losses their remedies."—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good-night! Smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[SCENE III. The same.]

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd; And by the happy hollow of a tree

Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place That guard and most unusual vigilance

Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape

I will preserve myself, and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape

That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with

filth, Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots, And with presented nakedness out-face

The winds and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent

Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortified arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms,

Poor pelling villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with

prayers, Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!

That's something yet. Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE IV. The same.]

Enter LEAR, FOOL, and GENTLEMAN. [KENT in the stocks.]

Lear. 'T is strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send back my messengers. *Gent.* As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.

Lear must be disguised

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!

in stocks. Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs. When a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she;

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

[*Lear.* No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.]

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do 't;

They could not, would not do 't. 'Tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home I did commend your Highness' letters to them, Ere I was risen from the place that show'd My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril his mistress salutations; Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission, Which presently they read. On those contents, They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:

And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine, —

Being the very fellow which of late Display'd so saucily against your Highness, — Having more man than wit about me, drew. He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries. Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

"Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor."

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many do-lours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

a perhaps, mother in vinegar

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element 's below! — Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; Stay here.

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou 'dst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, Fool?

Fool. We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

"That sir which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the Fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly.

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The Fool no knave, perdy."

Re-enter LEAR and GLOUCESTER.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, Fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? They are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

Glou. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the Duke;

How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

"Fiery"? What "quality"? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. "Inform'd" them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The King would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.

Are they "inform'd" of this? My breath and blood!

"Fiery"? The fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that —

No, but not yet; may be he is not well.
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear; 110
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state!
wherefore [Looking on Kent.]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the Duke and her 115

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the Duke and 's wife I'd speak with
them,

Now, presently. Bid them come forth and hear
me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death. 120

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you.
[Exit.]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But,
down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did
to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste
alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a
stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!"

'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to
his horse, buttered his hay. 128

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, and
Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your Grace!

[Kent is set at liberty.]
Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what
reason

I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be
glad, 132

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress. [To Kent.] O, are
you free?

Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister 's naught. y O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.

[Points to his heart.]
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
With how depriv'd a quality—O Regan! 138

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have
hope

You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome
end, 146

As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. You should be rul'd and led 150
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; 156

[Kneeling.]
Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and
food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks.

Return you to my sister.
Lear. [Rising.] Never, Regan: 160

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her
tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall 164

On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful
sun,

To fall and blast her pride! 170
Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on
me,

When the rash mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse.

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce;
but thine 176

Do comfort and not burn. 'T is not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st 180

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.

Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
[Tucket within.]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
Enter Steward [OSWALD].

Corn. What trumpet 's that?
Reg. I know't; my sister's. This approves
her letter, 186

That she would soon be here. [To Oswald.] Is
your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrowed
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your Grace? 190
Enter GONERIL.

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I
have good hope

Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here?
O heavens,

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!

[To Gon.] Art not asham'd to look upon this
beard?

O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have
I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds

And dotage terms so.

Lear. *O sides, you are too tough;*
Will you yet hold? *How came my man i' the*
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own dis-
orders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,

You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me.

I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dis-
miss'd!

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose

To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —

Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless

took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension

beg

To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter

To this detested groom. [Pointing at Oswald.]
Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell!
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or rather a disease that 's in my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so —

But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty fol-
lowers!

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and

danger.

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'T is hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance

From those that she calls servants or from
mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they
chanc'd to slack ye,

We could control them. If you will come too
me, —

For now I spy a danger — I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more

Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my deposi-
taries;

But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come too

you

With five and twenty, Regan? Said you so?
Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favour'd

When others are more wicked; not being the
worst

Stands in some rank of praise. [To Gon.] I'll
go with thee.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need! Our basest

beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a
lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous

wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for
true need, —

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall — I will do such

things, —

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall
be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll
weep:

No, I'll not weep.

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep. O, Fool! I shall go mad!
[Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw; 't will be a storm. ²⁹⁰
Reg. This house is little; the old man and 's
 people

Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself
 from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him
 gladly, ²⁹⁵
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Corn. Followed the old man forth. He is re-
 turn'd.

Glow. The King is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glow. He calls to horse; but will I know not
 whither. ³⁰⁰

Corn. 'T is best to give him way; he leads
 himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
 stay.

Glow. Alack, the night comes on, and the
 high winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
 The injuries that they themselves procure ³⁰⁵
 Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
 doors.

He is attended with a desperate train;
 And what they may incense him to, being
 apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. ³¹⁰

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a
 wild night:

My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the storm.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III *(Glinax)*

SCENE I. *[The open country near Gloucester's
 castle.]*

*Storm still. Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN,
 severally.*

Kent. Who's there, besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most
 unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea, ⁵
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change or cease; [tears his
 white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
 Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn ¹⁰
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
 couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
 Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
 And bids what will take all.]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Fool; who labours to
 outjest ¹⁵

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
 And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There is di-
 vision,

Although as yet the face of it is cover'd ²⁰
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
 wall;

Who have—as who have not, that their great
 stars

Thron'd and set high?—servants, who seem
 no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes, ²⁵
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
 Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
 [But, true it is, from France there comes a
 power ³⁰

Into this scattered kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner. Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far ³⁵
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemaiddening sorrow
 The King hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding; ⁴⁰
 And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
 For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take ⁴⁵
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
 As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;
 And she will tell you who that fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the King. ⁵⁰

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no
 more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than
 all yet;

That, when we have found the King,—in
 which your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on
 him

Holla the other. *[Exeunt [severally].]* ⁵⁵

SCENE II. *[The same.] Storm still.*

Enter LEAR and FOOL.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
 Rage! Blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
 the cocks!

*All forms of c. & h. - overwhell'd
 3 steeples, 7 cocks -
 7 cataracts, 8 hurricanoes, 10*

future life is to be overthrown
by the thing that don't
mean much to us.

988

KING LEAR

III. iii.

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts, 5
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
once,

That makes ingrateful man! 9

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.
Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing.
Here's a night pities neither wise men nor
fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!
Spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daugh-
ters. 15

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man; 20
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in
has a good head-piece. 25

"The cod-piece that will house

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;

So beggars marry many. 30

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake."

For there was never yet fair woman but she
made mouths in a glass. 35

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all pa-
tience; I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece;
that 's a wise man and a fool. 41

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that
love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful
skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was
man, 45

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid
thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature can-
not carry

The affliction nor the fear.

Lear.

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch, 51

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue

That art incestuous! Caitiff, to pieces shake, 55
That under covert and convenient seeming
Has practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning. 60

Kent.

Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; 61
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest.

Repose you there; while I to this hard house —
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis
rais'd;

Which even but now, demanding after you, 65
Deni'd me to come in — return, and force
Their scanted courtesies.

Lear.

My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art
cold?

I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange, 69
And can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.

Poor Fool and knave, I have one part in my
heart

That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [Singing.]

"He that has and a little tiny wit, —

With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain, — 75
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day."

Lear. True, boy. Come, bring us to this
hovel. [Exeunt (Lear and Kent).]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a cour-
tezan.

I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build; 85

Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live
before his time. [Exit. 90]

SCENE III. [Gloucester's castle.]

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this
unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave
that I might pity him, they took from me the
use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain
of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of
him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him. 95

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There is di-
vision between the Dukes, and a worse matter

age ought to have respect
to elements should
be human as human

than that. I have received a letter this night; [16]
 't is dangerous to be spoken; I have lock'd
 the letter in my closet. These injuries the
 King now bears will be revenged home; there
 is part of a power already footed. We must
 incline to the King. I will look him, and privily
 relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with [18]
 the Duke, that my charity be not of him per-
 ceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone
 to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threat'ned
 me, the King my old master must be relieved.
 There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray
 you, be careful. [Exit. 21]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the
 Duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw
 me

That which my father loses; no less than all. 25
 The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. [The open country. Before a hovel.]

Enter LEAR, KENT, and FOOL.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my
 lord, enter.

The tyranny of the open night 's too rough

For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good
 my lord, enter. 5

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much that this con-
 tentious storm

Invades us to the skin; so 't is to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea, 10

Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When
 the mind 's free,

The body 's delicate; the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand 15

For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home.

No, I will weep no more. In such a night

To shut me out! Pour on! I will endure.

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
 all, — 20

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own
 ease.

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in. 25

[To the Fool.] In, boy; go first. You house-
 less poverty, —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
 [Exit [Fool].]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,

How shall your houseless heads and unfed
 sides, 30

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
 you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
 Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel, *To kind*

That thou mayst shake the superflux to them, *wake her*

And show the heavens more just. 36

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom
 and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the hovel.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a
 spirit. Help me, help me! 40

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit! He says his name's
 poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there
 i' the straw? Come forth. 45

[Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.]

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!

"Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds."
 Hum! go to thy bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy daughters,
 and art thou come to this? 50

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? *To kind*
 whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
 through flame, and through ford and whirlpool,
 o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives
 under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set
 ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud [55]
 of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over
 four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow
 for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's
 a-cold, — O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee
 from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! [60]
 Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend
 vexes. There could I have him now, — and
 there, — and there again, and there.

Lear. Has his daughters brought him to this
 pass? [Storm still.] 65

Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give
 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we
 had been all sham'd.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pen-
 dulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy
 daughters! 70

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have
 subdu'd nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? 75

Judicious punishment! 'T was this flesh begot
 Those pelican daughters.

Edg. "Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill."

Alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools
 and madmen. 81

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy
 parents; keep thy word justly; swear not;
 commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not
 thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been? 86

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and

King is a little kinder

mind; that curl'd my hair; wore gloves in my cap; serv'd the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke [50] them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I dearly, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in [55] sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. 101
 "Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind."

Says suum, mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by. [Storm still.]

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave than [105] to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are *sophisticated*! Thou art the thing it- [110] self; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. 114
 [Tearing off his clothes.]

Enter GLOUCESTER, with a torch.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire. 119

Edg. This is the foul [fiend] Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. 125

"St. Withold footed thrice the 'old; 125

He met the night-mare, and her ninefold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!" 130

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What 's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when [135] the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for salads; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath three [140] suits to his back, six shirts to his body,

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend! 146

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman. Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.

Glou. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile 150

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.

Though their injunction be to bar my doors 155 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder? 160

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord; 166

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glou. Canst thou blame him? [Storm still.]

His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good

Kent!

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man! Thou say'st the King grows mad; I'll tell

thee, friend, 170

I am almost mad myself. I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my

life,

But lately, very late. I lov'd him, friend, No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night 's this! 175

I do beseech your Grace, —

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom 's a-cold.

Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let 's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher. 181

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words; hush.

Edg. "Child Rowland to the dark tower came;

His word was still, 'Fie, foh, and fum,
 I smell the blood of a British man.'" 186

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. [Gloucester's castle.]

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*A building attached to Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter KENT and GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness!

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, and FOOL.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing in upon 'em, —

[Edg.] The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

[To Edg.] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;

[To the Fool.] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

"Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me," —

Fool. "Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee."

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?
Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence.

[To Edg.] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;

[To the Fool.] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side. *[To Kent.]* You are o' the commission,

Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

"Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm."

Purr! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,

Tom will make him weep and wail;

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de, Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard hearts?

[To Edg.] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian, but let them be chang'd.

He think she heart 76.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest
a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw
the curtains; so, so, so. We'll go to supper i'
the morning. 91

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glou. Come hither, friend; where is the
King my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his
wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in
thy arms; 95

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou
shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
master.

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, 100
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in hard loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. [Oppressed nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
sinews, 105

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. *[To the Fool.]* Come, help
to bear thy master.

Thou must not stay behind.]

Glou. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt all but Edgar.]

[Edg.] When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-
skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now, 115
When that which makes me bend makes the
King bow,

He childed as I fathered! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts
defile thee,

In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee. 120
What will hap more to-night, safe scape thee
King!

Lurk, lurk. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII. *[Gloucester's castle.]*

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, Bastard
[EDMUND], and SERVANTS.*

Corn. *[To Gon.]* Post speedily to my lord
your husband; show him this letter. The army
of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor
Gloucester. *[Exeunt some of the Servants.]*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes. 5

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-
mund, keep you our sister company; the re-
venges we are bound to take upon your

traitorous father are not fit for your beholding.
Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a
most festinate preparation; we are bound to
the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelli-
gent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; fare-
well, my lord of Gloucester. 10

Enter Steward [OSWALD].

How now! where's the King?

Osw. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd
him hence.

Some five or six and thirty of his knights, 15
Hot questraters after him, met him at gate,
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they
boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. 21

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

*[Exeunt [Goneril, Edmund, and Os-
wald].*

Go seek the traitor Gloucester,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us. *[Exeunt other Servants.]*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power 25
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.

Enter GLOUCESTER and SERVANTS.

Who's there? The traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms. *no muscle*

Glou. What means your Graces? Good my
friends, consider 30

You are my guests. Do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. *[Servants bind him.]*

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou
shalt find — *[Regan plucks his beard.]*

Glou. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard. 35

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glou. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robber's hands my hospitable favours 40
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with
the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom? 45

Reg. To whose hands you have sent the lu-
natic king,

Speak.

Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral
heart,

And not from one oppo's'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King? 50

Glou. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course. *[Bear baiting.]* 55

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up 60

And quench'd the stelled fires;

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key."

All cruels else subscribe; but I shall see 65

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods! 70

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

[I.] Serv. Hold your hand, my lord!

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

[I.] Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, 76

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! *[They draw and fight.]*

[I.] Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus? 80

[Takes a sword, and runs at him behind.]

[I.] Serv. Oh, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. Oh! *[Dies.]*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund? 85

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he That made the overture of thy treasons to us,

Who is too good to pity thee. 90

Glou. O my follies! then Edgar was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover. *(Exit [one] with Gloucester.)*

How is 't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt; follow me, lady. 95

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace;

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. *[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.]*

[2. Serv.] I'll never care what wickedness I do,

If this man come to good.

3. Serv. If she live long, 100

And in the end meet the old course of death, Women will all turn monsters.

2. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would: his roguish madness

Allows itself to anything. 105

3. Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him! *[Exeunt [severally].]*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *[The open country near Gloucester's castle.]*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contempt'd,

Than, still contempt'd and flatter'd, to be worst.

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.

The lamentable change is from the best; 5

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then, Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter GLOUCESTER, led by an OLD MAN.

But who comes here?

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, 11

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these four-score years. 15

Glou. Away, get thee away! Good friend, be gone;

Thy comforts can do me no good at all; These they may hurt.

Old Man. *[Alack, sir,]* you cannot see your way.

Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen, Our means secure us, and our mere defects Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath! 25

Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again!

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest a while.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains; so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. 91

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glou. Come hither, friend; where is the King my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms; 95

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't, And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, 100

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct.

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Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure. [To the Fool.] Come, help to bear thy master.

Thou must not stay behind.]

Glou. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt [all but Edgar].*]

[*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our woes,

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Leaving free things and happy shows behind;

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now, 115

When that which makes me bend makes the King bow,

He childed as I fathered! Tom, away!

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In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee. 120

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Lurk, lurk.] [*Exit.*]

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And not from one oppos'd.

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Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar, The food of thy abused father's wrath!

Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again! 25

Old Man. How now! Who's there?
Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say,
 "I am at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet; the worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst." 30

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glou. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
 Which made me think a man a worm. My son
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind 30
 Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard
 more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,
 They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?
 Bad is the trade that must play fool to sor-
 row, 40

Ang'ring itself and others.—Bless thee, mas-
 ter!

Glou. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glou. [Then, prithee,] get thee away. If, for
 my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain
 I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient
 love; 45

And bring some covering for this naked soul,
 Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glou. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen
 lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
 Above the rest, be gone. 50

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that
 I have,

Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside.*] I cannot
 daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow. 55

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy
 sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and
 foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of
 his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from
 the foul fiend! [Five fiends have been in 60
 poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hob-
 biddence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of steal-
 ing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of
 mopping and mowing, who since possesses cham-
 bermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee,
 master!]

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
 heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes. That I am
 wretched

Makes thee the happier; heavens, deal so
 still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, 70
 That slaves your ordinance, that will not see

Because he does not feel, feel your power
 quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough. Dost thou know
 Dover?

Edg. Ay, master. 75

Glou. There is a cliff, whose high and bend-
 ing head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep.

Bring me but to the very brim of it,
 And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me. From that
 place 80

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
 Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*Before the Duke of Albany's
 palace.*]

Enter GONERIL, Bastard [EDMUND], and Stew-
 ard [OSWALD].

Gon. Welcome, my lord! I marvel our mild
 husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your
 master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so
 chang'd.

I told him of the army that was landed;
 He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming; 5
 His answer was, "The worse." Of Gloucester's
 treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
 And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
 What most he should dislike seems pleasant to
 him; 10

What like, offensive.

Gon. [To *Edm.*] Then shall you go no fur-
 ther.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake; he'll not feel
 wrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the
 way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
 brother; 15

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers.
 I must change names at home, and give the
 distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty serv-
 vant

Shall pass between us. Ere long you are like to
 hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20
 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare
 speech;

Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.

Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death. [*Exit.*]

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due; 25

My Fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter the DUKE OF ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

Blows in your face. [I fear your disposition,
That nature which condemns its origin
Cannot be bordered certain in itself.
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither 35
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;

Filth savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.]

Gon. Milk-liver'd man! 50
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering, [that not know'st

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief, where 's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;
While thou, a moral fool, sits still, and criest,
"Alack, why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend 60
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!
[*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,
for shame!

Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear 65
Thy flesh and bones. Howe'er thou art a fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood — Mew!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with
remorse,

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd, 75
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;

But not without that harmful stroke, which since

Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord. 81
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer.
'T is from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,

May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. — I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again. 91

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment 94

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'st the King,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;

Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back, know you no reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary. 7

Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief? 12

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek. It seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like, 16
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow

strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

Were like a better way ; those happy smilets ²¹
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which, parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved, ²⁵
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question ?

Genl. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the
name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;
Cried, "Sisters ! sisters ! Shame of ladies !
sisters !

Kent! father ! sisters ! What, i' the storm ?
i' the night ? ³⁰

Let pity not be believ'd ! " There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes ;
And, clamour-moistened, then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions ; ³⁵
Else one self mate and make could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since ?

Genl. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd ?

Genl. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's
i' the town ; ⁴⁰

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Genl. Why, good sir ?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him.

His own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her ⁴⁵

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Genl. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not ? ⁵⁰

Genl. 'Tis so, they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master
Lear,

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up a while ; ⁵⁴
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [IV. *The same. A tent.*]

Enter, with drum and colours, CORDELIA, DOCTOR, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he ! Why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flow-
ers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow ⁵
In our sustaining corn. A sentry send forth ;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,

And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]

What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense ?

He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is means, madam. ¹¹

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth, ¹⁵
Spring with my tears ! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress ! Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungentle'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. News, madam !

The British powers are marching hitherward. ²¹

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation
stands

In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France ²⁵

My mourning and importune tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [V. *Gloucester's castle.*]

Enter REGAN and Steward [OSWALD].

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Osw. Madam, with much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord
at home ?

Osw. No, madam. ⁵

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him ?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being
out,

To let him live ; where he arrives he moves ¹⁰
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is
gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter. ¹⁵

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow, stay
with us ;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam :
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ?
Might not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike ²⁰
Some things — I know not what. I'll love thee
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather —

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that; and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks ²⁵

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; y' are, I know't.

Therefore I do advise you, take this note;
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd; ³⁰
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. ³⁵
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. ⁴⁰
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE [VI. *Fields near Dover.*]

Enter GLOUCESTER, and EDGAR [dressed like a peasant].

Glou. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labour.

Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glou. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect ⁵

By your eyes' anguish.

Glou. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd. In nothing am I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir, here's the place; stand still. How fearful ¹¹

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway

air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful

trade! ¹⁵

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring

surge, ²⁰
That on the unnumb'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot ²⁵

Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel

Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off; ³⁰
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir.
Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

Glou. [Kneeling.] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights ³⁵

Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him! ⁴⁰
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir; farewell!
— And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. [Glou. throws himself forward.] Had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past. Alive or dead? — ⁴⁵

Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak! —
Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives. —

What are you, sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,

feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating, ⁵⁰

Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;
art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.

Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again. ⁵⁵

Glou. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky

bound.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up. ⁶⁰

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You

stand. ⁶⁵

Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his

eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand
 noses,⁷⁰
 Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea.
 It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy
 father,
 Think that the clearest gods, who make them
 honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.
Glou. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll
 bear⁷⁵

Affliction till it do cry out itself,
 "Enough, enough," and die. That thing you
 speak of,
 I took it for a man; often 't would say,
 "The fiend, the fiend!" He led me to that
 place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

*Enter LEAR [fantastically dressed with wild
 flowers].*

But who comes here?
 The safer sense will ne'er accommodate⁸¹
 His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
 I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!⁸⁵
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.
 There's your press-money. That fellow
 handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me
 a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace,
 peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.
 There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.
 Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird!
 I' the clout, i' the clout! Hewgh! Give the
 word.⁹³

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glou. I know that voice.⁹⁶

Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard!
 They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me I had
 the white hairs in my beard ere the black ones
 were there. To say "ay" and "no" to every-
 thing that I said! "Ay" and "no" too was
 no good divinity. When the rain came to¹⁰¹
 wet me once, and the wind to make me chat-
 ter; when the thunder would not peace at my
 bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em
 out. Go to, they are not men o' their words:
 they told me I was everything; 't is a lie, I am
 not ague-proof.¹⁰⁷

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well re-
 member.

Is 't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king!

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
 I pardon that man's life. What was thy
 cause?¹¹¹

Adultery?

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery! No:
 The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
 Does lecher in my sight.¹¹⁵

Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard
 son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters

Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.

Behold yond simp'ring dame,¹²⁰

Whose face between her forks presages snow,
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name,—
 The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't¹²⁵
 With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
 Though women all above;
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends';

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the
 sulphurous pit,¹³⁰

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie,
 fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet;
 good apothecary, sweeten my imagination.
 There's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!¹³⁵

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
 tality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
 world

Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know
 me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.
 Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst,
 blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this
 challenge; mark but the penning of it.¹⁴³

Glou. Were all thy letters suns, I could not
 see.

Edg. [Aside.] I would not take this from
 report. It is;

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.¹⁴⁶

Glou. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No
 eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?
 Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a
 light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.¹⁵²

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how
 this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine
 ears; see how yond justice rails upon yond
 simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change
 places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,
 which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's
 dog bark at a beggar?¹⁵⁹

Glou. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
 There thou mightst behold the great image of
 authority: a dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
 Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own
 back;¹⁶⁵

Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
 For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs
 the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes great vices do appear;
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sins
 with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless
 breaks;¹⁷⁰

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
 None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able
 'em.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the
 power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem¹⁷⁶

a world upside down

To see the things thou dost not. Now, now,
now, now.

Pull off my boots; harder, harder: so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester.

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
air,

We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee;
mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day! 185

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we
are come

To this great stage of fools.—This a good
block.

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-
laws, 190

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a GENTLEMAN [with Attendants].

Gent. O, here he is! Lay hand upon him.
Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am
even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well; 195
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200
[*Ay, and laying autumn's dust.*

Gent. Good sir, —]

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bride-
groom. What!

I will be jovial. Come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey
you. 205

Lear. Then there's life in 't. Come, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,
sa. [*Exit [running; attendants follow].*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one
daughter

Who redeems Nature from the general curse 210
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army? 215

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main
descry

Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.
Gent. Though that the Queen on special
cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*

Edg. I thank you, sir. 220

Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to for-
tune's blows; 225

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glou. Hearty thanks;

The bounty and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward [OSWALD].

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! 230
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember; the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to 't. [*Edgar interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant, 235
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. 'Chill not let go, zir, without further
'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest! 241

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let
poor folk pass. An 'chud ha' bin zwagger'd
out of my life, 't would not ha' bin zo long as
't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old
man; keep out, 'che vor ye, or Ise try whether
your costard or my ballow be the harder. 'Chill
be plain with you. 245

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. 'Chill pick your teeth, zir. Come, no
matter vor your foins. 251

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him
down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take
my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about
me 254

To Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death!
Death! [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. 260
Let's see these pockets; the letters that he
speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead; I am only
sorry

He had no other death's-man. Let us see.
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us
not.

To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

(*Reads the letter.*) "Let our reciprocal vows be rememb'ed. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour."

"Your — wife, so I would say —

"Affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."

O indistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time

With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense

That I stand up and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,

And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. [*A tent in the French camp.*]

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and DOCTOR.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,

And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited;
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.

I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent.
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord, [*To the Doctor.*] How does the King?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature! 's
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your Majesty
That we may wake the King? He hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will.

Enter LEAR in a chair carried by Servants.
[*GENTLEMAN in attendance.*]

Is he array'd? 's

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

[*Cor.*

Very well.

Doct. Please you, draw near. — Louder the music there!]

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?

[*To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?*

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch — poor perdu! —

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He waxes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Doct. He's scarce awake; let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?

I am mightily abus'd. I should even die with pity,

To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see;

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
[*No, sir,*] you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,

Edm. 70
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;

And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant⁶⁵
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. 70

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: 74
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.] 80
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* [all but *Kent* and *Gentleman*].

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain? 86

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Kent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 't is said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany. 91

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*] 96

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*

ACT V

SCENE I. [The British camp, near Dover.]

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure.
[To a Gentleman, who goes out.]

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'T is to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord, 6
You know the goodness I intend upon you.
Tell me — but truly — but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way 10

To the forfended place?

[*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct

And bosom'd with her, — as far as we call hers.]

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not. 16

She and the Duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

[*Gon.* [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister

Should loosen him and me.]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met. 20

Sir, this I heard: the King is come to his daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land, 25
Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils 30

Are not the question here.

Alb. Let's then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

[*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.]

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No. 25

Reg. 'T is most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle. — I will go. [*Exeunt both the armies.*

[*As they are going out,* enter *EDGAR* [*disguised.* *Albany* remains].

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it. Wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end, 45
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald
cry,
And I'll appear again. *[Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook
thy paper. *60*

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your
powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. *[Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I
take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be en-
joy'd,
If both remain alive. To take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; *60*
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we'll
use
His countenance for the battle; which being
done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy *65*
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. *[A field between the two camps.]*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,
Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage;
and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
tree
For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace go with you, sir! *[Exit [Edgar].]*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand;
away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glou. No further, sir; a man may rot even
here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men
must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming
hither; *10*
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glou. And that's true too. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *[The British camp near Dover.]*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, ED-
MUND; LEAR and CORDELIA as prisoners:
CAPTAIN, Soldiers, etc.*

Edm. Some officers take them away. Good
guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the
worst.
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down; *5*
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's
frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sis-
ters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down *10*

And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's
out; *15*

And take upon's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great
ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, *20*
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I
caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from
heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good-years shall devour them, flesh and
fell,

Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em
starv'd first. *25*

Come. *[Exeunt [Lear and Cordelia, guarded].]*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note *[giving a paper]*; go follow
them to prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded *30*
Does not become a sword. Thy great employ-
ment

Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt
do't,

Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do 't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy when thou
hast done. *35*

Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

[Capt.] I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried
oats;
If it be man's work, I'll do 't. *[Exit.]*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, [another CAPTAIN] and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
I do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention [and appointed guard];
Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent
the Queen,

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot.
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer

From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. [To *Edmund*.] Let the drum strike,
and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. *Edmund*, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [Pointing to *Gon.*] For
your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife.
'T is she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art armed, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound.

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [throwing down a glove].

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. [Aside.] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There 's my exchange [throwing down a glove]. What in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by the trumpet;—he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!
[*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!]
Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent. [Exit *Regan*, led.]

Enter a HERALD.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound—
And read out this.

[*Capt.* Sound, trumpet!]
[A trumpet sounds.]

Her. [Reads.] "If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon *Edmund*, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."

[*Edm.* Sound!]
Her. Again!
Her. Again!

[*First trumpet.*
[*Second trumpet.*
[*Third trumpet.*
[Trumpet answers within.]

Enter EDGAR, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost,

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for *Edmund*
Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself; what say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword.

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice ; here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest, 130
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and emi-
nence,

Despite thy victor-sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a trai-
tor ;

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head 138
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are
bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name ;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and war-
like,

And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding
breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn. 148
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which, for thy yet glance by and scarcely
bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant
way,

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets,
speak ! 150

[*Alarums.* They fight. [*Edmund*
falls.]

Alb. Save him, save him !

Gon. This is [mere] practice, Gloucester.
By the law of war thou wast not bound to an-
swer

An unknown opposite. Thou art not van-
quish'd,

But cozen'd and beguill'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir. —
Thou worse than any name, read thine own
evil. 156

No tearing, lady ; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not
thine.

Who can arraign me for 't ? [*Exit.*]

Alb. Most monstrous ! oh ! —
Know'st thou this paper ?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her ; she's desperate ; govern
her. 161

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that
have I done ;

And more, much more ; the time will bring
it out.

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou 'rt
noble, 165

I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou 'st wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices 170
Make instruments to plague us.

The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou 'st spoken right, 't is true.
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did pro-
phesy 175

A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee.

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your
father ? 180

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale ;

And when 't is told, oh, that my heart would
burst !

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, — oh, our lives'
sweetness !

That we the pain of death would hourly die 185
Rather than die at once ! — taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd ; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost ; became his
guide, 190

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from de-
spair ;

Never, — O fault ! — reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd.

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last 195

Told him our pilgrimage ; but his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support !

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good. But speak you
on ; 200

You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it
in ;

For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but another, 205

To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour came there in a
man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, find-
ing 210

Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong
arms

He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my
father ;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received ; which in recounting, 215

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets
sounded,

And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service Improper for a slave.] 221

Enter a GENTLEMAN with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? Speak, man. 225

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister

By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both. All three

Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter KENT.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead. 230

This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

—O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment

Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good-night. 235

Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!

Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd!

The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240

And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life. Some good I mean to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,

Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ 245 Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who has the office?

Send

Thy token of reprove.

Edm. Well thought on. Take my sword, 250 Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and

To lay the blame upon her own despair,

That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence a while. 255 [*Edmund is borne off.*]

Re-enter LEAR with Cordelia in his arms
 [GENTLEMAN following].

Lear. Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones!

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever! 259

I know when one is dead, and when one lives; She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass; If that her breath will mist or stain the stone, Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! If it be so, 265

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows That ever I have felt.

Kent. [Kneeling.] O my good master!

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever! 270

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman. I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion 275

I would have made him skip. I am old now, And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you? Mine eyes are not o' the best. I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated, 280

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;

He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten. 285

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent.—That, from your first of difference and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly. 290

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it

That we present us to him.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Edg. Very bootless.

Mess. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here. — 295

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be appli'd. For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power; [*to Edgar and*

Kent] you, to your rights, 300

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life! 305

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*

*He died with the conviction
That she is alive.*

Edg. He faints! My lord, my lord! 311

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost; O, let him pass!

He hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed. 315

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long;

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business

Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar.*] Friends of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go. 321

My master calls me; I must not say no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most; we that are young

Shall never see so much, nor live so long. 325

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

It is generally agreed that *Macbeth* was written about 1605 or 1606, though the evidence—tone, style, and metre apart—is far from conclusive. A later limit of date is found in Dr. Simon Forman's statement in his *Booke of Plaies* that he was present at a performance of the tragedy in the Globe Theatre on April 20, 1610. An earlier limit is afforded by the "twofold balls and treble sceptres" of iv. i. 121, and by the reference in iv. iii. 140-159 to the practice of touching for the king's evil, which James I was induced to revive, both of which point to a date later than the Union of the Crowns in 1603. Of minor indications of date, the most important is the passage in ii. iii. 9-13, which has been interpreted as an allusion to the Jesuit Superior, Henry Garnet, who in his trial in 1606 for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot is recorded to have avowed the doctrine of equivocation.

Macbeth was first published in the First Folio, and on this text all subsequent editions are based. The language of the play is printed with fair accuracy, but the metre is badly mangled. This fact, along with the exceptionally large number of broken lines and the shortness of the whole, has led some to suspect either that Shakespeare did not finish it, or, more plausibly, that it has suffered severe mutilation. Further, a number of passages have been regarded as coming from another hand. Thus at iii. v. 34 and iv. i. 43 the stage directions of the Folio give the names of two songs which are found in full in *The Witch* of Thomas Middleton (d. 1622). Again, the speeches of Hecate, and the dialogue immediately connected therewith, in iii. v. and iv. i. 39-47, stand apart from the rest of the play in tone and metre, and are unnecessary to the plot, while they much resemble Middleton's work. The theory which best fits these facts is that Middleton was employed to add to the witch scenes of *Macbeth*, and that at the same time he inserted two songs from his own unsuccessful drama. The following passages have also been suspected, though with less reason: i. ii., i. iii. 1-37, ii. iii. 1-23, iv. iii. 140-159, v. ii., v. viii. 35-75.

Shakespeare's main source was the *Historie of Scotland* of Holinshed, which follows the *Scotorum Historia* of Hector Boece (1526), usually through Bellenden's Scottish translation. Of Boece's predecessors, the most important for the story of Macbeth are the earliest, John of Fordun (1360), and Andrew of Wyntoun (c. 1420). Most of the story is taken from Holinshed's account of the reigns of Duncan and Macbeth (A. D. 1034-1057), but certain details are drawn from other parts of the chronicle. Thus several points in the assassination of Duncan, like the drugging of the grooms by Lady Macbeth, and the portents described in ii. iv., are from the murder of Duncan's ancestor Duffe (A. D. 972); and the voice that called, "Sleep no more!" seems to have been suggested by the troubled conscience of Duffe's brother Kenneth, who had poisoned his own nephew.

Of the witches Holinshed says: "The common opinion was that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, indued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science." To the suggestions here given Shakespeare added details of witch lore gathered from such books as Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, and probably also from oral sources; and he bestowed upon the witches, in addition, a symbolical and spiritual significance that brought them into vital relation with the change in the character of Macbeth.

Among the more important features of the tragedy not derived from the chronicle are the first two scenes, the consultations between Macbeth and his wife, the soliloquies, the Porter scene and the knocking at the gate, the appearance of the ghost of Banquo, Macbeth's second interview with the witches, and the sleep-walking scene. On the other hand, the long conversation between Malcolm and Macduff in iv. iii. follows the chronicle closely. It should be said that Holinshed's account contains much purely legendary matter.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } generals of the King's army.

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, earl of Northumberland.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Captain.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: Scotland; England.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [A heath.]

Thunder and lightning. Enter three WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3. *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun. 5

1. *Witch.* Where the place?

2. *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3. *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1. *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

[2. *Witch.*] Paddock calls: — Anon! 10

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. [A camp near Forres.]

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, Donalbain, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding CAPTAIN.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend! 5
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-
wald —

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
The multiplying villainies of nature

Do swarm upon him — from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplid;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too
weak; 15

For brave Macbeth — well he deserves that
name —

Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carv'd out his passage 20

Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Cap. As whence the sun gins his reflection 25

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders
break,

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to
come

Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland,
mark!

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their
heels, 30

But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo? 35

Cap. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks; so
they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons. [*Exit Captain, attended.*]

Enter Ross and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross. 45

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the King!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50

With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons, 55

Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth. 65

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*A heath near Forres.*]

Thunder. *Enter the three WITCHES.*

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *Witch.* Killing swine.

3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,

And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd.

"Give me!" quoth I. 5

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

3. *Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow, 15

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay.

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid. 20

Weary sev'nnights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25

Look what I have.

2. *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1. *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3. *Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come. 30

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, 35

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret 45

That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be King hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair? [*To the Witches.*]

I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace and great prediction 55

Of noble having and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60

Your favours nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. 64

2. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
 But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
 Stands not within the prospect of belief
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence, or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting. Speak, I charge you.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
 And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about,
 Or have we eaten on the insane root
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words.
 Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The King hath happily receiv'd,
 Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his. Silen'd with that,

In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
 Strange images of death. As thick as hail
 Came post with post; and every one did bear
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
 And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
 To give thee from our royal master thanks;
 Only to herald thee into his sight,
 Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,

He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!

For it is thine.

Ban. [*Aside.*] What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
 In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
 But under heavy judgement bears that life
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
 combin'd

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know
 not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
 Have overthrow'n him.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!

The greatest is behind. [*To Ross and Angus.*]
 Thanks for your pains.

[*To Ban.*] Do you not hope your children shall
 be kings,

When those that gave the thane of Cawdor
 to me

Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange;
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,

The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's

In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentle-

men.

[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I'm thane of Caw-

dor.

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantasti-
 cal,

Shakes so my single state of man that function
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me King,
 why, chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
 mould

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest
 day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
 leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour; my dull brain
 was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
 pains

Are regist'ed where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the
 King.

[*To Ban.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd, and,
 at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *[Forres. The palace.]*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, Donald-bain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not

Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege, They are not yet come back. But I have spoke With one that saw him die; who did report That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth A deep repentance. Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it. He died As one that had been studied in his death To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd, As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face. He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before That swiftest wing of recompense is slow To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and payment

Might have been mine! Only I have left to say, More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe, In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part Is to receive our duties; and our duties Are to your throne and state children and servants,

Which do but what they should, by doing everything

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither! I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo, That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known No less to have done so, let me infold thee And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow, The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know We will establish our estate upon Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must Not unaccompanied invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deservers. From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you.

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful

The hearing of my wife with your approach; as So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
Macb. *[Aside.]* The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires; The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.]
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed; It is a banquet to me. Let's after him, Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome. It is a peerless kinsman. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *[Inverness. Macbeth's castle.]*

Enter LADY MACBETH, alone, with a letter.

Lady M. *[Reads.]* "They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell." Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,

Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it";

And that which rather thou dost fear to do Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear, And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a MESSENGER.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it! Is not thy master with him? who, were't so, Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming. 35

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*]

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;

Stop up the access and passage to remorse, 45
That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances 50
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick

night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark

To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! 55

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now

The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love, 59
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your
eye, 65

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. 70
Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*Before Macbeth's castle.*]

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, Malcolm, Donalbain, BANQUO, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the
air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved masonry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant
cradle.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have ob-
serv'd

The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our

trouble, 11
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach

you
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double

Were poor and single business to contend 15
Against those honours deep and broad where-

with
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them, 19

We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cour'd him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp

him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in

compt, 25
To make their audit at your Highness' plea-

sure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,

And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. [*Within Macbeth's castle.*]

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers
Servants with dishes and service, over the stage.*

Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then
't were well

It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these

cases
We still have judgement here, that we but

teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, re-
turn

To plague the inventor. This even-handed
justice 10

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no

spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?
Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have
you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace!
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast w't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks
me;

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
you
Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy
two

Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II

SCENE I. *[Within Macbeth's castle.]*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch be-
fore him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard
the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's hus-
bandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that
too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The King's
a-bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them ;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that
business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir ; the like to you !

[*Exeunt Banquo [and Fleance].*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink
is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit [Servant].*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me
clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other
senses,

Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before. There's no such
thing.

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep. Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd Murder,

Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy

pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his

design

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm set

earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for

fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he

lives :

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath

gives. [A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*The same.*]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold ;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

Hark ! Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it.

The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snoures. I have

drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Who's there ? What, ho !

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have

awak'd,

And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed

Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers

ready ;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done 't. — My hus-

band !

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not

hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the

crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry

sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and

one cried, "Murder !"

That they did wake each other. I stood and

heard them ;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd

them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us !" and

"Amen" the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's

hands.

List'n'ing their fear, I could not say "Amen,"

When they did say, "God bless us !"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce

"Amen" ?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry,

"Sleep no more !"

Macb. Sleep no more ! — the innocent

sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second

course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast, —

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house;

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think as You brainsickly of things. Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there. Go carry them; and sneer The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal; For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking? How is 't with me, when every noise appalls me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a knocking

At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber. A little water clears us of this deed;

How easy is it, then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us And show us to be watchers. Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [*Knocking.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. [*The same.*]

Enter a PORTER. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty. Come in time; I have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name?

Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon. I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance; therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me. But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Enter MACBETH.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him.

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain. This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*]

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does; — he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams
of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure
bird
Clamour'd the livelong night; some say, the
earth 85

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor
heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. What's the matter?
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece! 71

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Macb. What is 't you say? The life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty? 75

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 80

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself! Up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell. 85

[Bell rings.]

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,

'T is not for you to hear what I can speak;

The repetition in a woman's ear 90

Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel anywhere.

Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,

And say it is not so. 95

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this in-
stant,

There's nothing serious in mortality.

All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees 100
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't.

The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done 't. 106

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with
blood;

So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows.

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's
life 110

Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,

That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate
and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man. 115

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the mur-
derers, 120

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. *[Aside to Don.]* Why do we hold our
tongues, 125

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. *[Aside to Mal.]* What should be spoken
here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?

Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. *[Aside to Don.]* Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady; 131

[Lady Macbeth is carried out.]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake
us. 135

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All.

[Well contented.]

[Exeunt [all but Malcolm and Donalbain].]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them; 141

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are, 145 There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150 But shift away. There's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. [Outside Macbeth's castle.]

Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;

Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father, Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's 5 act,

Threatens his bloody stage. By the clock 't is day, And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.

Is 't night's predominance or the day's shame That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'T is unnatural, Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday 11 last,

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, 16

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes 19

That look'd upon 't.

Enter MACDUFF.

Here comes the good Macduff. How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons, 25 Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill, The sacred storehouse of his predecessors, 34 And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those 40

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I. [Forres. The palace.]

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd, and, I fear, Thou play'd'st most foully for 't: yet it was said

It should not stand in thy posterity, But that myself should be the root and father Of many kings. If there come truth from them— 5

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine— Why, by the verities on thee made good, May they not be my oracles as well, And set me up in hope? But hush! no more, 10

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King, LADY [MACBETH, as Queen], LENNOX, ROSS, LORDS, [Ladies,] and SERVANTS.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten, It had been as a gap in our great feast, And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir, And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your Highness Command upon me; to the which my duties 15 Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice, 20

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous, In this day's council; but we'll take to-mor-

row.

Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 25

To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. (*Within.*) Give us a light there, ho !

2. *Mur.* Then 't is he ; the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

2. *Mur.* A light, a light !

3. *Mur.* 'T is he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to 't. 15

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*]

Ban. O, treachery ! Fly, good Fleance, fly,
fly, fly !

Thou mayst revenge. O slave !
[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light ?

1. *Mur.* Was 't not the way ?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down ; the son is
fled.

2. *Mur.* We have lost 20
Best half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much
is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*The same. Hall in the palace.*]

*A banquet prepar'd. Enter MACBETH, LADY
MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and At-
tendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees ; sit
down. At first

And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society

And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time 5
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends,

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First MURDERER [*appears at the door.*]

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks. 9

Both sides are even ; here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth ; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*]

— There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without than he
within.

Is he dispatch'd ? 15

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did
for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats ;
yet he's good

That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst
it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is scap'd. 24

Macb. Then comes my fit again. I had else
been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air ;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound
in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord ; safe in a ditch he
bides. 28

With twenty trenched gashes on his head,

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that ;

There the grown serpent lies. The worm that's
fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone ; to-
morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,

'T is given with welcome. To feed were best at
home ; 35

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;

Meeting were bare without it.

*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Mac-
beth's place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both !

Len. May 't please your Highness sit.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd, 40

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance.

Ross. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your
Highness

To grace us with your royal company ? 45

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that
moves your Highness ?

Macb. Which of you have done this ?

Lords. What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it ; never
shake 50

Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise : his Highness is not
well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends ; my lord is
often thus,

And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep
seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought 55
He will again be well. If much you note him,

You shall offend him and extend his passion.
Feed, and regard him not. [*Aside to Macbeth.*]

Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that

Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] O proper stuff !
This is the very painting of your fear ;
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Prithee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo !
how say you ?
Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak
too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] What, quite
unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. [*Aside to Macbeth.*] Fie, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the
olden time,

Ere humane statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear. The time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would
die,

And there an end ; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all ;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine ; fill full.

Re-enter Ghost.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we
miss ;
Would he were here ! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! let the
earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom ; 't is no other.
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so ; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth,
broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows
worse and worse ;

Question enrages him. At once, good-night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night ; and better health
Attend his Majesty !

Lady M. A kind good-night to all !

[*Exeunt Lords.*]
Macb. It will have blood, they say ; blood
will have blood.

Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak ;

Augures and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night ?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning,
which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies
his person

At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send.
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.

More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good

All causes shall give way. I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Strange things I have in head, that will to
hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use ;
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. [*A heath.*]

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES, meeting
HECATE.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate ! you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death ;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,
 Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or show the glory of our art?
 And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now; get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms and everything beside.
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end;
 Great business must be wrought ere noon.
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
 And that distill'd by magic sleights
 Shall raise such artificial sprites
 As by the strength of their illusion
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
 And, you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music, and a song.*]

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

[*Sing within:* "Come away, come away," etc.]

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*Forres. The palace.*]

Enter LENNOX and another LORD.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret farther; only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead:
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
 Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled; men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father? Damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well; and I do think
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
 As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not—they
 should find

What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace
 That the malevolence of Fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
 That, by the help of these—with Him above
 To ratify the work—we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
 knives,
 Do faithful homage and receive free honours;
 All which we pine for now: and this report
 Hath so exasperate their king that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute "Sir,
 not I,"

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time

That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England and unfold
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accus'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I. [*A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*]

Thunder. Enter the three WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2. *Witch.* Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3. *Witch.* Harpier cries; 't is time, 't is time.

1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
 In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty-one
 Swelt' red venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake;
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

3. Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: "Black spirits," etc. [Hecate retires.]*]

2. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me!

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown
down;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

1. Witch. Speak.

2. Witch. Demand.

3. Witch. We'll answer.

1. Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

1. Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath
eaten

Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First APPARITION, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power, —

1. Witch. He knows thy thought.

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! be-
ware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me.
Enough.

Macb. What'e'er thou art, for thy good cau-
tion, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one
word more, —

1. Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's
another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second APPARITION, a bloody Child.

2. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh
to scorn

The power of man; for none of woman born,
Shall harm Macbeth.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear
of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third APPARITION, a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

3. App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no
care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are.

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

Macb. That will never be.

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much, shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied! Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know.

Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is
this?

1. Witch. Show!

2. Witch. Show!

3. Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first. A third is like the former. Filthy hags! 115

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!

What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more. And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more; and some I see 120

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry. Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his. [*Apparitions vanish.*] What, is this so?

1. *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so; but why 125

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights. I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round; 130

That this great king may kindly say, Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish [with Hecate].*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour

Stand eye accursed in the calendar! 134

Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride; And damn'd all those that trust them! I did

hear

The galloping of horse; who was't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 145

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought

and done.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line. No boasting like a

fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. [*Fife. Macduff's castle.*]

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her SON, and ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear. 5

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion and his titles, in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us

not,

He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself; but for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows 15

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much

further;

But cruel are the times when we are traitors

And do not know ourselves; when we hold

rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we

fear, 20

But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move. I take my leave of you;

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb

upward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin, 25

Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you

live? 31

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear

the net nor lime,

The pitfall nor the gin. 35

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds

they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou

do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was. 45

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang'd. 50

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men. 55

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!

But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, 65

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage; 70

To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world, where to do harm 75

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say I have done no harm?

Enter MURDERERS.

What are these faces?

[1.] Mur. Where is your husband? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified

Where such as thou mayst find him.

[1.] Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!

[1.] Mur. What, you egg! 85

[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you! *[Dies.]* 85

[Exit [Lady Macduff] crying

"Murder!" *[Exeunt Murderers, following her.]*

SCENE III. *[England. Before the King's palace.]*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows 5

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I 'll wail,

What know believe, and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well.

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom 15

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal.

But Macbeth is. A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20

That which you are my thoughts cannot trans- pose.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd.

I have lost my hopes. *Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. 25

Why in that rawness left you wife and child, Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties. You may be rightlly just, 30

Whatever I shall think.

Macd.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou think'st 35

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

Mal.

Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash 40

Is added to her wounds. I think withal

There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, 45
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Mac-
beth

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd 54
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your
daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth 65
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold; the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves, 75
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I King,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house; 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been 85
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath fountains to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd. 90

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound 95
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such an one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne 104
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore
thee,

Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 107
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul 115
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my
thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Mac-
beth

By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste. But God above 120
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false speak-
ing 130

Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth. 135
Now we'll together; and the chance of good-
ness

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once

'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the King
forth, I pray you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch —
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand —
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. 145

[Exit Doctor.]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'T is call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited
people,

All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers ; and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him
not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes
remove

The means that makes us strangers !

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross. Alas, poor country !
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where
nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend
the air

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What's the newest grief ?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace ?

Ross. No ; they were well at peace when I
did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech ; how
goes 't ?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither, Gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ? Or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast ?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe ; though the main
part

Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife
and babes

Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows ;

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not
speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too ?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !

My wife kill'd too ?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. — All my pretty
ones ?

Did you say all ? O hell-kite ! All ?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven

look on,

And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I

am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them
now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword ;
let grief

Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes

And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle
heavens,

Cut short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he escape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly. ²³⁵
Come, go we to the King; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day. ²⁴⁰
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I. [*Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*]

Enter a DOCTOR of Physic and a Waiting GENTLEWOMAN.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report. When
was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field,
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her
nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take
forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, after-
wards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all
this while in a most fast sleep. ⁹

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to re-
ceive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the
effects of watching! In this slumb'ry agitation,
besides her walking and other actual perform-
ances, what, at any time, have you heard her
say? ¹⁵

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after
her.

Doct. You may to me: and 't is most meet
you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no
witness to confirm my speech. ²¹

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very
guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe
her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light? ²⁵

Gent. Why, it stood by her. She has light by
her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how
she rubs her hands. ³¹

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to
seem thus washing her hands. I have known
her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot. ³⁵

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down
what comes from her, to satisfy my remem-
brance the more strongly. ³⁸

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—
One: two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—
Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier,
and afeard? What need we fear who knows it,
when none can call our power to account?—
Yet who would have thought the old man to
have had so much blood in him? ⁴⁵

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife;
where is she now?—What, will these hands
ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no
more o' that; you mar all with this starting. ⁵⁰

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what
you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I
am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has
known. ⁵⁵

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still;
all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten
this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is
sorely charg'd. ⁶⁰

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my
bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir. ⁶⁴

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice;
yet I have known those which have walk'd in
their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your
nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet
again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out
on 's grave. ⁷¹

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking
at the gate. Come, come, come, give me
your hand. What 's done cannot be undone.—
To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.* ⁷⁵

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnat-
ural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds ⁸⁰
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good-night! ⁸⁵
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. [*The country near Dunsinane.*]

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITH-
NESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they
coming. ⁵

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his
brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not; I have a file
Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now ¹⁰
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he 's mad, others that lesser hate him

Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause 15
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on 25
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the 30
weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. [*Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*]

Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all;

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me
thus: 5

"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly,
false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures!
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a SERVANT.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon! 11

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy
face,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? 15

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, why-
face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*]

Seyton! — I am sick at heart

When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough. My way of life

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, 25

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
breath

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported. 31

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh
be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses; skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine

armour. 36

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, 40

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Raze out the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself. 46

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none
of it.

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from
me. 49

Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again. — Pull 't off, I
say. —

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st
thou of them? 56

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal prepara-
tion

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

Doct. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away

and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. [*Country near Birnam wood.*]

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD

and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, Caith-

ness, Angus, [Lennox, Ross,] and SOLDIERS,

marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at

hand

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siv. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough

And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow

The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siv. We learn no other but the confident tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,¹¹
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on¹⁵
Industrious soldiership.

Siv. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;²⁰
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. [*Dunsinane. Within the castle.*]

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with
drum and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;

The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forc'd with those that should be
ours,⁵

We might have met them dareful, beard to
beard,

And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*]

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit.*]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair¹¹
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

[*Re-enter SEYTON.*]

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead.¹⁶

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day²⁰
To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage²⁵
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story
quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!³⁵
Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be
not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming:
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.⁴¹

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. "Fear not, till Birnam
wood

Do come to Dunsinane;" and now a wood⁴⁵
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence nor tarrying here.

I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done.⁵⁰

Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. [*Dunsinane. Before the castle.*]

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SEY-
WARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens
throw down,

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,⁵
According to our order.

Siv. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII. [*The same.*]

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.
 What's he
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Y. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
 hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Y. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with
 my sword

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight and young Siward is slain.]

Macb.

Thou wast born of woman.
 But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
 Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show
 thy face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of
 mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
 still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
 Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou,

Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
 I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst

be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!
 And more I beg not.

[Exit. Alarums.]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently
 rend'red:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,

And little is to do.

Mal.

We have met with foes
 That strike beside us.

Siw.

Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarums.]

[SCENE VIII. *The same.*]

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool,
 and die

On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the
 gashes

Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.

But get thee back; my soul is too much
 charg'd

With blood of thine already.

Macd.

I have no words,
 My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
 Than terms can give thee out!

[They fight. Alarums.]

Thou lovest labour.

Macb.

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress as make me
 bleed.

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;

I bear a charmed life, which must not yield

To one of woman born.

Macd.

Despair thy charm;
 And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd.

Macb.

Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me
 so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd
 That palter with us in a double sense,

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with
 thee.

Macd.

Then yield thee, coward,
 And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
 Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,

"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb.

I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,

Yet I will try the last. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,

And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold,
 enough!"

[Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and col-
 ours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other*

Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal.

I would the friends we miss were safe
 arriv'd.

Siw.

Some must go off; and yet, by these I
 see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal.

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross.

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
 debt.

He only liv'd but till he was a man;

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,

But like a man he died.

Siw.

Then he is dead?

Ross.

Ay, and brought off the field. Your
 cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw.

Had he his hurts before?

Ross.

Ay, on the front.

Siw.

Why then, God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death.

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more.
They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold,
where stands

The usurper's cursed head. The time is free, ⁶⁵
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of
time 60

Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scot-
land

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to
do,

Which would be planted newly with the time, ⁶⁸
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad

That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers

Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands

Took off her life; this, and what needful else ⁷¹

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,

We will perform in measure, time, and place.

So, thanks to all at once and to each one,

Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Seene. ⁷²

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

THERE is no reason to believe that *Timon of Athens* was either played or printed during the lifetime of Shakespeare. The first edition, and the basis of all later texts, is that in the First Folio. The printing, especially in the matter of metre, is worse than usual; and it is often difficult to know whether a passage is meant by the writer to be prose or verse. The present metrical arrangement is the result of the experiments of a long succession of editors.

The evidence for the date of the play is internal and inconclusive. Metrical tests, which are not so significant as usual on account of the bad printing of the verse, point to a date, "before the opening of the last period, but not long before it." Æsthetic and other characteristics agree with this. Some striking resemblances between the speeches of Lear and Timon suggest a date not long after that of *King Lear*; so that 1607 may be regarded as a fair approximation.

A gap of eight pages between *Timon* and *Julius Cæsar* in the pagination of the First Folio has drawn attention to the fact that the space thus imperfectly filled by the present tragedy would exactly fit *Troilus and Cressida*, which is actually inserted between the Histories and the Tragedies, and is not listed at all in the table of contents. It is inferred that, when it was observed that *Troilus and Cressida* is not properly a tragedy, *Timon* was chosen to fill the gap. This hypothesis slightly strengthens the suspicion which the unevenness of workmanship and inconsistencies in treatment have created as to the complete authenticity of *Timon*. A number of the more purely literary critics have believed that Shakespeare's hand is discernible throughout; but more recent and more technical scholarship has been divided between the following two theories: that it is an adaptation by Shakespeare of a lost play; or, that it is an unfinished play of Shakespeare's completed by another hand. No trace of such a lost play has been found, though its existence cannot be disproved. The greater number of modern scholars incline to accept the second view. Many attempts have been made to separate the Shakespearean from the non-Shakespearean passages, but it cannot be said that any one division has yet been generally accepted.

Leaving aside the hypothetical lost play, we find the most certain source of the present drama in a parenthetical account of Timon in Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius*. Shakespeare had read this in North's translation, and he might have found it re-told in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* and elsewhere. But Plutarch supplies nothing for the part of the action preceding Timon's poverty, except the suggestion contained in the remark that his misanthropy was due to "the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends." In Lucian's dialogue of *Timon, or the Misanthrope* are found further details, such as the saving of a man from a debtor's prison, the gift of a dowry, the crowd of flatterers, the digging up of gold in the fields, and the visit of a poet on the rumor of Timon's restoration to wealth; and Shakespeare's conception of Timon's character is much more definitely foreshadowed in Lucian than in Plutarch. Lucian does not seem to have been translated into English in the time of Shakespeare, but his dialogues are said to have been accessible in Latin, French, and Italian. The incident of the finding of the gold appears also in a play on Timon printed in 1842 from a manuscript of about 1600. This anonymous production seems to have been academic in origin, and there is no evidence to show that it was ever acted in London, so that on external grounds it would seem unlikely that it was known to Shakespeare. Yet it alone of the pre-Shakespearean accounts of the misanthrope contains a banquet scene and a faithful steward; and it is possible that it is the direct or indirect source of these features in the Shakespearean play. Alcibiades and Apemantus are both mentioned in connection with Timon in the passage in the *Life of Marcus Antonius*; and, for the former, additional details were obtainable from Plutarch's *Life of Alcibiades*.

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON of Athens.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } flattering lords.
SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,
SERVILIUS, } servants to Timon.
LUCILIUS,

PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIVS, servants
to usurers.

CAPHIS, servant to a senator.

Servants to Varro and Isidore.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

Three Strangers.

A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.
TIMANDRA,

Cupid and Amazons in the Masque.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE : Athens, and the neighbouring woods.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Athens. A hall in Timon's house.]

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known ;
But what particular rarity ? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See, 5
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 't is a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd,
as it were, 10

To an untirable and continue goodness ;
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here —

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't. For the Lord
Timon, sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate ; but, for
that —

Poet. [Reading from his poem.]

"When we for recompense have prais'd the
vile, 15

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good."

Mer. [Looking at the jewel.] 'T is a good form.

Jew. And rich. Here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some
dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes 21

From whence 't is nourish'd. The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there ? 25
Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your
book forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is. This comes off well and ex-
cellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable. How this grace
Speaks his own standing ! What a mental
power 31

This eye shoots forth ! How big imagination
Moves in this lip ! To the dumbness of the
gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life. 35
Here is a touch ; is 't good ?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature. Artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators [and pass over].

Pain. How this lord is followed !

Poet. The senators of Athens : happy man ! 40

Pain. Look, moe !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great
flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and
hug

With amplest entertainment. My free drift 45
Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax. No levell'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold ;

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. 50

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.
 You see how all conditions, how all minds,
 As well of glib and slippery creatures as
 Of grave and austere quality, tender down
 Their services to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd
 flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself; even he drops down
 The knee before him and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.
Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o'
 the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states. Amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to
 her;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?
Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change
 of mood
 Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip
 down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
 A thousand moral paintings I can show
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
 Fortune's
 More pregnant than words. Yet you do well
 To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
 The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor [a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following].

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Mess. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his
 debt,

His means most short, his creditors most strait.
 Your honourable letter he desires
 To those have shut him up; which failing,
 Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
 I am not of that feather to shake off
 My friend when he must need me. I do know
 him

A gentleman that well deserves a help,
 Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and
 free him.

Mess. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him. I will send him
 ransom;

And being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mess. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*]

Enter an OLD ATHENIAN.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so. What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man
 before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this
 thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
 That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
 And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
 Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin
 else,

On whom I may confer what I have got.
 The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine
 Attempts her love. I prithee, noble lord,
 Join with me to forbid him her resort;
 Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.

His honesty rewards him in itself;
 It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt.

Our own precedent passions do instruct us
 What levity 's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of
 it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
 missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
 Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
 And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
 If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in
 future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me
 long;

To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise, 145
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt [Lucilius and Old Athenian].*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon.

Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do be- 155
seech

Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's na- 160
ture,

He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it. Wait atten-
dance 161

Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; give me your hand.

We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations. 165
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give; but you well
know,

Things of like value differing in the owners 170
Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear
lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.

Enter APEMANTUS.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the com-
mon tongue,

Which all men speak with him. 175
Tim. Look, who comes here; will you be
chid?

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apeman-
tus!

Apem. Till I-be gentle, stay thou for thy
good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
honest. 180

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus? 185

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by
thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not
like Timon. 190

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by
the law. 195

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apeman-
tus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it? 200

Apem. He wrought better that made the
painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation;
what's she, if I be a dog? 205

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger
ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by
great bellies. 210

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for
thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Ape-
mantus? 215

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which
will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking. How now,
poet! 220

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest. Look in thy last
work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy
fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so. 230

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay
thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flat-
tered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that
I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus? 235

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now; hate a
lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had my angry will to be a
lord. Art not thou a merchant? 240

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods
will not! 245

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god con-
found thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a MESSENGER.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mess. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us. *[Ereunt some Attendants.]*

You must needs dine with me; go not you hence

Till I have thank'd you. When dinner's done, Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir! Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Ereunt [all but Apemantus].]

Enter two LORDS.

1. *Lord.* What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1. *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2. *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2. *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *Lord.* Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2. *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass.

1. *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2. *Lord.* He pours it out: Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward. No meed, but he repays Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

1. *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries That ever govern'd man.

2. *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *Lord.* I'll keep you company. *[Ereunt.]*

[SCENE II. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.]

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet serv'd in; [FLAVIUS and others attending;] then enter LORD TIMON, the States, the Athenian LORDS, [ALCIBIADES,] and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honoured Timon, It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my

father's age,

And call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich.

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means, Honest Ventidius. You mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there's none Can truly say he gives, if he receives.

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords, *[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]*

Ceremony was but devis'd at first To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown; But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes

Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit.]*

1. *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

Apem. No; You shall not make me welcome.

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl. Ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man; 't is much to blame.

They say, my lords, "*ira furor brevis est*;" but yond man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself, for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon. I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome. I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods,

what a number of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their

meat in one man's blood ; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too. 43

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men. Methinks they should invite them without knives ;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives. 46
There's much example for 't ; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him ; 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals, 51

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round. 54

2. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way ! A brave fellow ! he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire. 60
This and my food are equals ; there's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man but myself. 65

Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping ;
Or a keeper with my flattery ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em. 70
Amen. So fall to 't.

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !
Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now. 75

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends. 79

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em ! 85

1. Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 90

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you ; how had you been my friends else ? Why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to 95 myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ? They

were the most needless creatures living, 100 should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to 105 do benefits ; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, 110 methinks ; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, 115

And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much ! *[Tucket, within.]*

Tim. What means that trumpet ?

Enter a SERVANT.

How now ? 120
Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ! what are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures. 125

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all That of his bounties taste ! The five best senses

Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear, 131
Taste, touch, and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise ;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all ; let 'em have kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome ! *[Exit Cupid.]* 135

1. Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

[Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of LADIES, as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.]

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 140

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves,

And spend our flatteries to drink those men

Upon whose age we void it up again

With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives that's not depraved or depraves ? 145

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me; 't has been
done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 150

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much
grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind.
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device; 155
I am to thank you for 't.

1. *[Lady].* My lord, you take us even at the
best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy, and
would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends
you; 160

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Ladies. Most thankfully, my lord.
[Exeunt [Cupid and Ladies].]

Tim. Flavius.

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.
Flav. Yes, my lord. — More jewels yet! 165

[Aside.]

There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him, well, i' faith, I should;
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd then, an he
could.

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his
mind. *[Exit. 170]*

1. *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. *Lord.* Our horses!

[Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.]

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my
good lord,

I must entreat you honour me so much 175
As to advance this jewel. Accept it and wear
it,

Kind my lord.

1. *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts, —
All. So are we all.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of
the Senate 180

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you
near.

Tim. Near! why then, another time I'll
hear thee.

I prithee, let 's be provided to show them en-
tertainment. 185

Flav. *[Aside.]* I scarce know how.

Enter a second SERVANT.

[2.] *Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly; let the
presents 190
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third SERVANT.

How now! what news?

3. *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your com-
pany to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent
your honour two brace of greyhounds. 195

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be
receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. *[Aside.]* What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great
gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer;
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, 200
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word. He is so kind that he now 205
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their
books.

Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. 210
I bleed inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits.

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2. *Lord.* With more than common thanks I
will receive it.

3. *Lord.* O, he 's the very soul of bounty! 215
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on. 'T is yours, because you lik'd it.

1. *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my
lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I
know, no man 220
Can justly praise but what he does affect.

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visita-
tions

So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give; 225
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou
hast 230

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord,

1. *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound —

Tim. Am I to you.
 2. *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd —

Tim. All to you. Lights, more lights!
 1. *Lord.* The best of happiness,
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord
 Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.
 [Exeunt [all but Apemantus and
 Timon].

Apem. What a coil 's here!
 Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
 That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of
 dregs;
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
 legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtsies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly. What needs these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [Exit.

Apem. So;
 Thou wilt not hear me now. Thou shalt not, then;

I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
 O, that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

[ACT II]

[SCENE I. A Senator's house.]

Enter SENATOR [with papers in his hand].

Sen. And late, five thousand; to Varro and to Isidore
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
 Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not. If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog, And give it Timon; why, the dog coins gold. If I would sell my horse and buy twenty more Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon, Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight And able horses. No porter at his gate, But rather one that smiles and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
 Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd With slight denial, nor then silenc'd when

"Commend me to your master," and the cap Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him, My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn Out of mine own. His days and times are past, And my reliances on his fracted dates Have smit my credit. I love and honour him, But must not break my back to heal his finger. Immediate are my needs, and my relief Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words, But find supply immediate. Get you gone. Put on a most importunate aspect, A visage of demand; for, I do fear, When every feather sticks in his own wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. "I go, sir!" — Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

Sen.

I will, sir.

Go.

[Exeunt.

[SCENE II. The same. A hall in Timon's house.]

Enter Steward [FLAVIUS], with many bills in his hand.

[Flav.] No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,

That he will neither know how to maintain it, Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account How things go from him, nor resume no care Of what is to continue; never mind Was to be so unwise, to be so kind. What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel. I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS [and the Servants of] ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What, You come for money?

Var. [Serv.] Is 't not your business too?

Caph. It is: and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. [Serv.] It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. [Serv.] I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON [with Alcibiades] and his train.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades. — With me what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month. My master is awak'd by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you That with your other noble parts you'll suit In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend, I prithee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord, —
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. [*Serv.*] One Varro's servant, my good lord, —

Isid. [*Serv.*] From Isidore.
 He humbly prays your speedy payment.
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants —

Var. [*Serv.*] 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
 And past.

Isid. [*Serv.*] Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on; 35
 I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*]

[*To Flav.*] Come hither. Pray you,
 How goes the world, that I am thus encount'ed
 With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
 And the detention of long-since-due debts,
 Against my honour?

[*Flav.*] Please you, gentlemen, 40
 The time is unagreeable to this business.

Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
 That I may make his lordship understand
 Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*] 45

[*Flav.*] Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*]

Enter APEMANTUS and FOOL.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus; let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. [*Serv.*] Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. [*Serv.*] A plague upon him, dog! 50

Var. [*Serv.*] How dost, Fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. [*Serv.*] I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 't is to thyself. [*To the Fool.*]
 Come away. 55

Isid. [*Serv.*] There's the Fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the Fool now? 60

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All [*Serv.*]. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All [*Serv.*]. Why? 65

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All [*Serv.*]. Gramercies, good Fool; how does your mistress? 70

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter PAGE.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page. 75

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, cap-

tain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably. 80

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No. 85

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd. 89

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool,

I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there? 95

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All [*Serv.*]. Ay; would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hanganman serv'd thief. 100

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All [*Serv.*]. Ay, Fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant; my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this? 105

Var. [*Serv.*] I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. [*Serv.*] What is a whoremaster, Fool? 115

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit; sometime 't appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in. 121

Var. [*Serv.*] Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus. 126

All [*Serv.*]. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and Steward [*FLAVIUS*].

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow, lover, elder brother, and woman, sometime the philosopher. [*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*] 131

[*Flav.*] Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt* [*Servants*].]

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,
 That I might so have rated my expense 135
 As I had leave of means?

[Flav.] You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to!
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister 140
Thus to excuse yourself.

[Flav.] O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them
off,

And say you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid
me 145

Return so much, I have shook my head and
wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd
you

To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, too late, — yet now 's a
time, —

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.
[Flav.] 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and
gone; 155

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend. 160

[Flav.] O my good lord, the world is but a
word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.
[Flav.] If you suspect my husbandry, or
falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors 165
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have
wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with min-
strelys; 170

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.
[Flav.] Heavens, have I said, the bounty of
this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and pea-
sants

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's? 175
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is
Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this
praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter show-
ers, 180

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further.

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the con-
science lack

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy
heart; 185

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

[Flav.] Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd, 190

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my
friends.

Within there! [Flaminius!] Servilius!

Enter three SERVANTS [FLAMINIUS, Servilius,
and another].

Servants. My lord? my lord? 195

Tim. I will dispatch you severally; you to
Lord Lucius; to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted
with his honour to-day; you, to Sempronius.
Commend me to their loves, and, I am proud,
say, that my occasions have found time to use
'em toward a supply of money. Let the request
be fifty talents. 202

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

[Flav. Aside.] Lord Lucius and Lucullus!
Hum!

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators — 205
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I
have

Deserv'd this hearing — bid 'em send o' the
instant

A thousand talents to me.

[Flav.] I have been bold —
For that I knew it the most general way —
To them to use your signet and your name; 210
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? Can 't be?

[Flav.] They answer, in a joint and corpo-
rate voice,

That now they are at fall, want treasure, can-
not

Do what they would; are sorry — you are hon-
ourable, — 215

But yet they could have wish'd — they know
not —

Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well —
't is pity; —

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard frac-
tions, 220

With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fel-
lows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom
flows; 225

'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
[To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.]

Prithce, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I
speak, ²³⁰

No blame belongs to thee. [To Ser.] Ventid-
ius lately

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from
me; ²³⁵

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remem-
ber'd

With those five talents. [Exit Ser.] [To Flav.]
That had, give 't these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Never speak, or
think,

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can
sink. ²⁴⁰

[Flav.] I would I could not think it! That
thought is bounty's foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.
[Exeunt.]

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. A room in Lucullus's house.]

FLAMINIUS waiting to speak with a Lord from his
master. Enter a SERVANT to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is com-
ing down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here 's my lord. ³

Lucul. [Aside.] One of Lord Timon's men?
A gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I
dream'd of a silver basin and ewer to-night.
Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very re-
spectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine.
[Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable,
complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens,
thy very bountiful good lord and master? ¹¹

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well,
sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak,
pretty Flaminius? ¹⁵

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat
your honour to supply; who, having great and
instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent
to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubt-
ing your present assistance therein. ²¹

Lucul. La, la, la, la! "nothing doubting,"
says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman
't is, if he would not keep so good a house.
Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him,
and told him on 't, and come again to supper to
him, of purpose to have him spend less, and ²⁶
yet he would embrace no counsel, take no
warning by my coming. Every man has his
fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on 't,
but I could ne'er get him from 't. ³¹

Re-enter SERVANT, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.
Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted these always
wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure. ³⁵

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a
towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—
and one that knows what belongs to reason,
and canst use the time well, if the time use thee
well; good parts in thee. [To Serv.] Get you
gone, sirrah. [Exit Serv.] Draw nearer, hon-
est Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentle-
man; but thou art wise, and thou know'st well
enough, although thou com'st to me, that this
is no time to lend money, especially upon bare
friendship, without security. Here 's three ⁴⁰
solidaires for thee; good boy, wink at me, and
say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible the world should so much
differ,

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee! ⁴⁵

[Throwing the money back.]
Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and
fit for thy master. [Exit.]

Flam. May these add to the number that
may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation, ⁵⁵
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him; ⁶⁰
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part
of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power ⁶⁵
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit.]

[SCENE II. A public place.]

Enter LUCIUS, with three STRANGERS.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very
good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. Stran. We know him for no less, though
we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you
one thing, my lord, and which I hear from com-
mon rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours
are done and past, and his estate shrinks from
him. ⁸

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot
want for money.

2. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that,
not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord
Lucullus to borrow so many talents, nay, urg'd
extremely for 't and showed what necessity be-
long'd to 't, and yet was deni'd. ¹⁵

Luc. How!

2. Stran. I tell you, deni'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! Now,
before the gods, I am asham'd on 't. Denied
that honourable man! There was very little ²⁰
honour show'd in 't. For my own part, I must

needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents. 26

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honour'd lord, —

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend. 32

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now? 38

Ser. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents. 41

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;

He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the meantime he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, 45
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! How 50
unluckily it happ'ned, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do, — the more beast, I say: — I was sending to use Lord Timon 55
myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no 60
power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him? 65

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. *[Exit Servilius.]*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; And he that's once deni'd will hardly speed. *[Exit.]*

1. *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2. *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1. *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece 71

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father, And kept his credit with his purse, 75
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks, But Timon's silver treads upon his lip; And yet — O, see the monstrousness of man

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape! — 69
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1. *Stran.* For mine own part, I never tasted Timon in my life, Nor came any of his bounties over me 85
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest, For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue, And honourable carriage, Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, 90
And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart. But, I perceive, Men must learn now with pity to dispense, For policy sits above conscience. *[Ezeunt.]*

[SCENE III. A room in Sempronius' house.]

Enter a third SERVANT with SEMPRONIUS, another of Timon's friends.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't, — hum! — 'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus; And now Ventidius is wealthy too, Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord, 8
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they deni'd him? Has Ventidius and Lucullus deni'd him? And does he send to me? Three? hum! It shows but little love or judgement in him. 10
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over; must I take the cure upon me?

Has much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,

That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,

But his occasions might have wooed me first; 15
For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him;

And does he think so backwardly of me now, That I'll requite it last? No!

So I may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum, Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join; 25
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

[Exit.]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he crossed himself by 't; and I cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly 30
this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole realms on fire;

Of such a nature is his politic love. 35
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
 wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master. 40
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
 house. [Exit.]

[SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*]

Enter VARRO'S MEN, meeting [TITUS and] others,
*all [servants of] Timon's creditors, to wait for
 his coming out. Then enter LUCIUS and HOR-*
TENSIVS.

[*L.* Var. *Serv.* Well met; good morrow,
 Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius,

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and I think
 One business does command us all; for mine
 Is money. 5

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine
 at seven. 10

Luc. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter
 with him.

You must consider that a prodigal course
 Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
 I fear 't is deepest winter in Lord Timon's
 purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet 's
 find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange
 event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's
 gift,

For which I wait for money. 20

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
 Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
 And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
 And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can
 witness. 25

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth;
 And now ingratitude makes it worse than
 stealth.

[*L.* Var. [*Serv.*] Yes, mine 's three thousand
 crowns; what's yours?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

[*L.* Var. [*Serv.*] 'T is much deep: and it
 should seem by the sum, 30
 Your master's confidence was above mine;
 Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my
 lord ready to come forth? 35

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so
 much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows
 you are too diligent. [Exit.] 40

Enter Steward [FLAVIUS] in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled
 so?

He goes away in a cloud; call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

2. Var. [*Serv.*] By your leave, sir, —

[*Flav.*] What do ye ask of me, my friend? 45

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

[*Flav.*] Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
 'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd' you not your sums and
 bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's
 meat? 50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
 And take down the interest into their glutton-
 ous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly.

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end; 55
 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

[*Flav.*] If 't will not serve, 't is not so base
 as you;

For you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

1. Var. [*Serv.*] How! what does his cash-
 ier'd worship mutter? 61

2. Var. [*Serv.*] No matter what; he's poor,
 and that's revenge enough. Who can speak
 broader than he that has no house to put his
 head in? Such may rail against great build-
 ings. 65

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know
 some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to
 repair some other hour, I should derive much
 from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans
 wondrously to discontent. His comfortable
 temper has forsook him; he's much out of
 health, and keeps his chamber. 73

Luc. Many do keep their chambers are not
 sick;

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
 Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
 And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. (*Within.*) Servilius, help! My lord!
 my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage [FLAMINIUS following].

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage? 80

Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus. 85

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here 's mine.

1. Var. [Serv.] And mine, my lord.

2. Var. [Serv.] And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills. 90

Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my lord, —

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood. 95

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? and yours?

1. Var. [Serv.] My lord, —

2. Var. [Serv.] My lord, —

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit. 100

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money. These debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON [and FLAVIUS].

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.

Creditors? Devils! 105

[Flav.] My dear lord, —

Tim. What if it should be so?

[Flav.] My lord, —

Tim. I'll have it so. My steward!

[Flav.] Here, my lord. 110

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; [Ventidius,] all:

I'll once more feast the rascals.

[Flav.] O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul. 115

There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go, I charge thee, invite them all. Let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [Exeunt.

[SCENE V. The same. The senate-house.]

Enter three SENATORS at one door, ALCIBIADES meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's—

Bloody; 't is necessary he should die.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate! 5

1. Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues,

For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10

Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.

He is a man, setting his fate aside,

Of comely virtues; 15

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice —

An honour in him which buys out his fault —

But with a noble fury and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe; 20

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger, ere 't was spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1. Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair. 25

Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which indeed

Is valour misbegot and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born. 30

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His outides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger. 35

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,

What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord, —

1. Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me 40

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats, sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats

Without repugnancy? If there be 45

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? Why then, women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good.

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;

But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just. 55

To be in anger is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. Sen. What 's that?

Alcib. I say, my lords, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies.

How full of valour did he bear himself 65
In the last conflict, and made plenteous
wounds!

2. *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with
'em.

He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner;
If there were no foes, that were enough 70
To overcome him. In that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis infer'd to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

1. *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have
died in war. 75

My lords, if not for any parts in him —
Though his right arm might purchase his own
time

And be in debt to none — yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both;
And, for I know your reverend ages love 80
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more. 85

1. *Sen.* We are for law. He dies; urge it no
more,

On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? It must not be. My
lords,

I do beseech you, know me. 90

2. *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3. *Sen.* What?

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has for-
got me;

It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deni'd such common grace. 95
My wounds ache at you,

1. *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!

Banish your dotage! Banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly! 100

1. *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens con-
tain thee,

Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to
swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

[*Eteunt [Senators].*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough;
that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you! 105
I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their
foes,

While they have told their money and let out
Their coin upon large interest, I myself

Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate 110

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 115

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
[*Exit.*]

[SCENE VI. *The same. A banqueting-room in
Timon's house.*]

[*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending.*]
Enter divers friends [LUCIUS, LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, VENTIDIUS, and other LORDS,
Senators and others,] at several doors.

1. *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2. *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring
when we encount'ed. I hope it is not so low
with him as he made it seem in the trial of his
several friends. 7

2. *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion
of his new feasting.

1. *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me
an earnest inviting, which many my near occa-
sions did urge me to put off; but he hath con-
jur'd me beyond them, and I must needs ap-
pear. 14

2. *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my
importunate business, but he would not hear
my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow
of me, that my provision was out.

1. *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I
understand how all things go. 20

2. *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would
he have borrowed of you?

1. *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1. *Lord.* What of you? 25

2. *Lord.* He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both;
and how fare you?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of
your lordship. 30

2. *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer
more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves
winter; such summer birds are men. — Gentle-
men, our dinner will not recompense this long
stay; feast your ears with the music a while, 35
if they will fare so harshly. O' the trumpet's
sound we shall to't presently.

1. *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with
your lordship that I return'd you an empty
messenger. 41

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble lord, —

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer? 44

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2. *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am
e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship
this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate
a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2. *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours be-
fore, — 51

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remem-
brance. Come, bring in all together!

2. *Lord.* All cover'd dishes ! 55
 1. *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.
 3. *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1. *Lord.* How do you ? What's the news ?
 3. *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd : hear you of it ? 61

1. and 2. *Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd !
 3. *Lord.* 'T is so, be sure of it.
 1. *Lord.* How ! how !
 2. *Lord.* I pray you, upon what ? 65
Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near ?
 3. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2. *Lord.* This is the old man still.
 3. *Lord.* Will 't hold ? Will 't hold ? 70
 2. *Lord.* It does ; but time will — and so —
 3. *Lord.* I do conceive.
Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress ; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city 75
 feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place ; sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make 80
 yourselves prais'd ; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another ; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. 85
 Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains ; if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they are. The rest of your foes, O gods — the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of 90
 people — what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap ! 95
[The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of warm water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean ?
 Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends ! Smoke and luke-
 warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last ; 100
 Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villainy.

[Throwing the water in their faces.]
 Live loath'd and long.

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek
 bears, 105

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's
 flies,

Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-
 jacks !

Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er ! What, dost thou go ?

Soft ! take thy physic first — thou too — and
 thou ; — 110

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

What, all in motion ? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn, house ! sink, Athens ! henceforth hated
 be

Of Timon man and all humanity ! *[Exit. 115]*
 Re-enter the SENATORS, with other LORDS.

1. *Lord.* How now, my lords !
 2. *Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord
 Timon's fury ?

3. *Lord.* Push ! did you see my cap ?
 4. *Lord.* I have lost my gown. 120

1. *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought
 but humours sways him. He gave me a jewel
 the other day, and now he has beat it out of
 my hat. Did you see my jewel ?

3. *Lord.* Did you see my cap ? 125
 2. *Lord.* Here 't is.

4. *Lord.* Here lies my gown.
 1. *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2. *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.
 3. *Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones. 130

4. *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next
 day stones. *[Exeunt.]*

(ACT IV)

[SCENE I. Without the walls of Athens.]

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou
 wall,
 That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth,
 And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incon-
 tent !

Obedience fail in children ! Slaves and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the
 bench, 5

And minister in their steads ! To general filths
 Convert o' the instant green virginity !
 Do 't in your parents' eyes ! Bankrupts, hold
 fast ;

Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats ! Bound ser-
 vants, steal ! 10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping
 sire ;

With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear, 15
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,

Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries, 20

And let confusion live ! — Plagues incident to
 men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke ! Thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may
strive,

And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from
thee

But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than man-
kind.

The gods conduct — hear me, you good gods
all,

The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Timon's house.*]

Enter Steward [FLAVIUS,] with two or three
SERVANTS.

1. *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's
our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
[*Flav.*] Alack, my fellows, what should I
say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Sink all away, leave their false vows with
him,

Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fel-
lows. *[Exit.]*

Enter other SERVANTS.

[*Flav.*] All broken implements of a ruin'd
house.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's
livery;

That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat. We must all part
Into this sea of air.

[*Flav.*] Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst
you.

Wherever we shall meet; for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads,
and say,

As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take
some;

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more!

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several
ways.*]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings
us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state com-
pounds

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own
heart,

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much
good!

Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord, bless'd to be most accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind
lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends, nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow and inquire him out.

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE III.] *Woods [and cave, near the sea-
shore].*

Enter TIMON [from the cave].

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
earth

Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth
Scarcely is dividant, touch them with several
fortunes,

The greater scores the lesser; not nature,
To whom all sours lay siege, can bear great
fortune

But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man 's a flatterer"? If one
be,

So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me
roots! *[Digging.]*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is
here? 25

Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,
gods,

I am no idle votarist; roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black white, foul
fair,

Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
Why, this 30

Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides,

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads.

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions, bless the ac-
curs'd,

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd, place thieves 35
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With senators on the bench. This is it

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices 40

To the April day again. Come, damn'd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that puts
odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature. (*March afar off.*) Ha! a
drum? Thou 'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee; thou 'lt go, strong
thief, 45

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCEBIADES, *with drum and fife, in
warlike manner*; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw
thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man! 50

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hate-
ful to thee

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate man-
kind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog, 54

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that
I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
gules.

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel; 60

Then what should war be? This fell whore of
thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot re-
turns

To thine own lips again. 65

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this
change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to 70
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform
none. If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague
thee, for thou art a man! If thou dost perform,
confound thee, for thou art a man! 75

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy mis-
eries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosper-
ity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed
time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom
the world 80

Voice'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still. They love thee not
that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves

For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd
youth 85

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his
wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90

The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard, and
griev'd,

How curs'd Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour
states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon
them, — 95

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee
gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear
Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou
dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a
heap, — 102

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy
conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,

Thou wast born to conquer my country. 100
 Put up thy gold! Go on, — here's gold, — go on;
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.
 Pity not honour'd Age for his white beard; 111
 He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit
 matron;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-
 paps, 115
 That through the window-bars bore at men's
 eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not
 the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
 mercy;
 Think it a bastard, whom the oracle 120
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall
 cut,
 And mince it sans remorse. Swear against ob-
 jects;
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
 babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleed-
 ing, 125
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy
 soldiers.
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the
 gold thou givest me;
 Not all thy counsel. 130
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's
 curse upon thee!
Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good
 Timon; hast thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her
 trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you
 sluts, 134
 Your aprons mountant. You are not oathable, —
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
 The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your
 oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert
 you, 140
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats; yet may your pains, six
 months,
 Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin
 roofs
 With burdens of the dead — some that were
 hang'd, 145
 No matter; — wear them, betray with them.
 Whore still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face;
 A pox of wrinkles!
Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold; what
 then?
 Believe 't, that we'll do anything for gold. 150

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp
 shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
 voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quillets shrilly; hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh, 150
 And not believes himself. Down with the
 nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,
 Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-
 pate ruffians bald; 155
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold;
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you, 160
 And ditches grave you all!
Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more
 money, bounteous Timon.
Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I
 have given you earnest.
Alcib. Strike up the drum toward Athens!
 Farewell, Timon!
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170
Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee
 more.
Alcib. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and
 take
 Thy beagles with thee.
Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!
 [Drum beats.] *Ereunt* [*Alcibiades,*
Phrynia, and Timandra].
Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-
 kindness, 175
 Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
 [Digging.]
 Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
 Teems and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
 puff'd, 180
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
 The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
 Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate, 185
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor
 root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
 bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
 face 190
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented! — O, a root: dear thanks! —
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
 leas;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish
 draughts
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips! 195

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
• them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep
a dog, 200
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch
thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade?
this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie
soft; 206

Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bade
welcome 215

To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my like-
ness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my-
self.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself; 220

A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd
trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the
cold brook, 225

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-
tures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of weakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd, 230
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee.
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a
cattiff. 235

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit
on

To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou 240
Dost it enforcedly; thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, content-
less, 245

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miser-
able.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd
thyself 255

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sug'red game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows; I, to bear this, 266
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou
given? 270

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone! 274
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 281
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[Offering him a root.]

Tim. First mend my company; take away
thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the
lack of thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but
botch'd; 286

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou
wilt,

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm. 291

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or,
rather, where I eat it. 295

Tim. Would poison were obedient and knew
my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes. 299

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they
mock'd thee for too much curiosity; in thy
rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for
the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not. 300

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou'dst hated meddlers sooner,
thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.
What man didst thou ever know unthrift that
was beloved after his means? 312

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st
of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some
means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers? 319

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the
men. 324

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the
confusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon. 328

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods
grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion,
the fox would beguile thee. If thou wert the
lamb, the fox would eat thee. If thou wert the
fox, the lion would suspect thee, when perad-
venture thou wert accus'd by the ass. If thou
wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee,
and still thou liv'st but as a breakfast to [335]
the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard
thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn,
pride and wrath would confound thee and make
thine own self the conquest of thy fury. [340]
Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by
the horse. Wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be
seiz'd by the leopard. Wert thou a leopard,
thou wert germane to the lion and the spots of
thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy
safety were remotion and thy defence ab- [345]
sence. What beast couldst thou be, that were
not subject to a beast? And what a beast art
thou already, that seest not thy loss in transfor-
mation! 349

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speak-
ing to me, thou mightest have hit upon it here.
The commonwealth of Athens is become a
forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that
thou art out of the city? 355

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter;
the plague of company light upon thee! I will
fear to catch it, and give way. When I know
not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 359

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beg-
gar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon!

Apem. A plague on thee! thou art too bad
to curse. 365

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are
pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou
speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them
off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! 371
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoond to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love
nought 376

But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph 380
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[To the gold.] O thou sweet king-killer, and
dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright de-
fler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate
wooer, 385
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That sold'st rest close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with
every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 390
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would't were so!
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast
gold;

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay. 395

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery.

Tim. Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor
them. [Exit Apemantus.]

Enter BANDITTI.

1. *Ban.* Where should he have this gold ? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and [400] the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *Ban.* It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure. 405

3. *Ban.* Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not for 't, he will supply us easily ; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it ?

2. *Ban.* True ; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid. 410

1. *Ban.* Is not this he ?

Banditti. Where ?

2. *Ban.* 'T is his description.

3. *Ban.* He ; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves ? 415

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too ; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want ? Behold, the earth hath roots ; 420

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ; The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips ; The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want ! why want ?

1. *Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, 425

As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes ;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not

In holier shapes ; for there is boundless theft 430

In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician ; His antidotes are poison, and he slays 435

Moe than you rob. Take wealth and lives together ;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery :

The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction 439

Robs the vast sea ; the moon 's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;

The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears ; the earth 's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen From general excrement ; each thing 's a thief ;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power 440

Has uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves ; away,

Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats ;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,

Break open shops ; nothing can you steal, 450
But thieves do lose it. Steal [no] less for this I give you ; and gold confound you howsoe'er ! Amen.

3. *Ban.* Has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it. 455

1. *Ban.* 'T is in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2. *Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade. 460

1. *Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no time so miserable but a man may be true. [Exeunt Banditti.]

Enter the Steward [FLAVIUS, who remains at a distance].

[Flav.] O you gods !

Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord ? 465
Full of decay and failing ? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd !

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made ! 469

What viler thing upon the earth than friends

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends !

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies !

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me than those that do ! 475

Has caught me in his eye. I will present My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. [Coming forward.]

My dearest master !

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

[Flav.] Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ; 480

Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

[Flav.] An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not.

I never had honest man about me, I ; all I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to vil-

lains. 485

[Flav.] The gods are witness,

Never did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ? Come nearer.

Then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st 490

Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping :

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

[Flav.] I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts 495

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable ? It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man 500

Was born of woman. Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim

One honest man — mistake me not — but one;
No more, I pray, — and he's a steward. 506
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me, 510
Thou mightst have sooner got another service;
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true —
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure —
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, 515
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men
deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

[*Flav.*] No, my most worthy master, in whose
breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;
You should have fear'd false times when you
did feast. 520

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, Heaven knows, is merely
love,

Duty, and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord, 525
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and
wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so! Thou singly honest
man, 530

Here, take; the gods out of my misery
Ha' sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from
men;

Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs 535
What thou deniest to men. Let prisons swal-
low 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like
blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell and thrive.

[*Flav.*] O, let me stay, 540
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art blest and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit [Flavius. Timon retires to his
cave].*]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*]

Enter POET and PAINTER.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does
the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of
gold? 4

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it; Phry-
nia and Timandra had gold of him. He like-

wise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with
great quantity. 'T is said he gave unto his
steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been
but a try for his friends. 11

Pain. Nothing else. You shall see him a
palm in Athens again, and flourish with the
highest. Therefore 't is not amiss we tender
our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of
his. It will show honestly in us; and is very
likely to load our purposes with what they tra-
vail for, if it be a just and true report that goes
of his having. 18

Poet. What have you now to present unto
him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visita-
tion; only I will promise him an excellent
piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too, tell him of an
intent that's coming toward him. 23

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the
very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expec-
tation. Performance is ever the duller for his
act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind
of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.
To promise is most courtly and fashionable;
performance is a kind of will or testament
which argues a great sickness in his judgement
that makes it. 31

Enter TIMON from his cave.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! thou
canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have
provided for him. It must be a personating of
himself; a satire against the softness of pros-
perity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries
that follow youth and opulency. 38

Tim. [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a
villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip
thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have
gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him. 43

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd
night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd
light. 49

Come.
Tim. [*Aside.*] I'll meet you at the turn.

What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st
the foam,

Settled admired reverence in a slave.
To thee be worship and thy saints for aye! 55
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!
Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest
men?

Poet. Sir, 60
Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fallen off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough.
What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better.

You that are honest, by being what you are
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water? No?

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men; ye've heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have. Speak truth; ye're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens; thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault.

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts
a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dis-
semble.

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd

That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give
you gold.

Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a
draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to
me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way and you this, but two in
company,

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art two villains shall not be,
[To one.]

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not re-
side

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
[To the other.]

Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold,
ye slaves.

[To Painter.] You have work for me; there's
payment for you; hence!

[To Poet.] You are an alchemist; make gold
of that.

Out, rascal dogs!

[Beats them out, and then retires to
his cave.]

Enter Steward [FLAVIUS] and two SENATORS.

[Flav.] It is in vain that you would speak
with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him.

1. Sen. Bring us to his cave;

It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon.

2. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'T was time and
griefs

That fram'd him thus; time, with his fairer
hand

Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to
him,

And chance it as it may.

[Flav.] Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon!

Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend Senate, greet
thee.

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON out of his cave.

Tim. Thou sun, that comforts, burn! Speak,
and be hang'd.

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,

Consuming it with speaking!

1. Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

1. Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them
back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1. *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Treat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie — 145
For thy best use and wearing.

2. *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 150
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed
render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the
dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and
wealth 155
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were
theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 160
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return
with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good
name 165

Live with authority; so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, Timon, —
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
thus: 171

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain 175
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks
it,

In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 180
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives
care not,

While you have throats to answer. For myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you 185

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

[*Flav.*] Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1. *Sen.* We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck, 195
As common bruit doth put it.

1. *Sen.* That's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men, —

1. *Sen.* These words become your lips as they
pass thorough them.

2. *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great
triumphers 199
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,
losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them: 205

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'—
wrath.

1. *Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends, 210
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you, do my greet-
ing. 215

[*Flav.*] Trouble him no further; thus you
still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

Lips, let sour words go by and language end!
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their
gain! 225

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his
reign. [*Exit.*]

1. *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2. *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us re-
turn,
And strain what other means is left unto us 230
In our dear peril.

1. *Sen.* It requires swift foot.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. Before the walls of Athens.]

Enter two other SENATORS and a MESSENGER.

1. *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd. Are
his files

As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least ;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient
friend ;

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave 10
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other SENATORS.

1. Sen. Here come our brothers.

3. Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect.

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scour-
ing 15

Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare ;
Ours is the fall, I fear ; our foes' the snare.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III.] *The woods [near the sea. Timon's
cave, and a rude tomb seen].*

Enter a SOLDIER, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the
place.

Who's here ? speak, ho ! No answer ! What
is this ?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span.
Some beast rear'd this ; there does not live a
man.

Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on
this tomb 5

I cannot read ; the character I'll take with
wax ;

Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.

Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. 10

[Exit.]

[SCENE IV.] *Before Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his
powers.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious
town

Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

The SENATORS appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now myself and
such 5

As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our travelers' arms and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly ; now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself, "No more !" Now breathless
Wrong 10

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,
And pury Insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1. Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of
fear, 15

We sent to thee to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means. 20
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1. Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your grief ; nor are they
such

That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall 25

For private faults in them.

2. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out ;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread. 30
By decimation, and a tithed death —
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes — take thou the destin'd
tenth,

And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

1. Sen. All have not offended ; 35
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, revenge ; crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy
rage ;

Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended ; like a shepherd,
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile 45
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1. Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall open ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

2. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else, 50
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove ; 55
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
Fall and no more ; and, to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

Enter [SOLDIER].

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead, 65

Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;

And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which

With wax I brought away, whose soft impres-

sion

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. (*Reads the epitaph.*) "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft. 70

Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate.

Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human 75

griefs,

Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our drop-lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon, of whose memory 80

Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,

And I will use the olive with my sword,

Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.* 85]

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ON May 20, 1608, Edward Blount entered in the Stationers' Register *A Book called Antony and Cleopatra*, which does not seem to have been actually issued. Blount was one of the publishers of the First Folio; and in spite of the fact that Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was registered in 1623 along with the other plays "not formerly entered to any man," it seems likely that the 1608 entry refers to it. We have no other external evidence as to the time of composition; but verse, style, and method of treatment all agree in making 1607-8 the probable date. The First Folio text is the basis of all other editions.

Cleopatra had frequently been made the subject of dramatic treatment in the sixteenth century, but none of these earlier plays seems to have influenced Shakespeare. His sole source was Sir Thomas North's translation of Amyot's version of Plutarch's *Life of Marcus Antonius*, and this he followed with remarkable fidelity. Not only are practically all the incidents of the plot found in the biography, and in almost the same order, but there are numerous passages in the play — and these among the most brilliant — which follow the very diction of North as closely as verse can follow prose. Yet no play of Shakespeare's is less prosaic in style, and in none is the splendor of his imagination more superbly exhibited in the presentation of human character.

But the appreciation of Shakespeare does not demand the belittling of the merits of his source. In the work of Plutarch, and especially in this *Life of Marcus Antonius*, he had material to deal with vastly differing from the bald annals of Holinshed which formed the foundation of the English historical plays. The Greek writer was an artist in expression and in the selection of detail, and had an intense appreciation of greatness; so that in matters of characterization and choice of incident the dramatist found much of his work done for him. Yet between the *Life* and the tragedy there are contrasts of the greatest significance. In the treatment of the whole action, Shakespeare discarded long series of events, like Antony's campaigns against the Parthians, which occurred during the period dealt with, but which had no bearing on the tragic theme; and he relegated to the background important figures such as Caesar and Octavia. Thus he suppresses the fact that Octavia won Antony away from Cleopatra for a number of years, and he reduces Antony's protracted stay in Rome to a short visit.

To Plutarch, the love of Antony for Cleopatra was merely a baneful spell which stirred up the evil elements in his character and quenched what was left of good; and Cleopatra herself was a sensual coquette, full of trickery and deceit, whose grief for Antony at the end was genuine enough, but was disfigured by petulance, fear, and vacillation. Shakespeare ignored the more vulgar libertine elements in Antony's character, and presented him as a man with a genius for friendship, a splendid practical capacity, and a highly sensuous temperament, who is subdued by a passion which, however unworthy in some aspects, is redeemed from meanness by its magnificent intensity. The picture of the Egyptian queen is equally skilful and even more subtle. Shakespeare preserves nearly all the characteristics of selfishness and guile that are found in Plutarch's sketch, and, save that he condenses and omits some ugly physical details, spares us nothing of the weakness and falsehood that are constantly appearing almost to the last. But he alternates these with amazing flashes of a magical fascination that render the creation unique; and he closes with a scene which, without any inconsistency with previous revelations of character, lifts both her and her Herculean Roman into the sphere of loftiest tragedy.

Of the minor characters Enobarbus is the most important Shakespearean invention. He is, of course, a historical personage; yet his prominent function as the friendly but caustic observer of Antony's gradual downfall, and the pathos of his own desertion and death, are original. The characterization of Octavius and his sister, while purposely unsympathetic, is not lacking in vigor and clearness, and is based on a skilful selection of the qualities attributed to them by Plutarch. The vivid suggestion of oriental luxury in the Alexandrian scenes is due in part to Shakespeare's imagination, in part to Plutarch, who gives here great wealth of detail, some of it derived from his own grandfather, who had it from eye-witnesses.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY, }
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } triumvirs.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, }
SEXTUS POMPEIUS. }

DOMITIUS ENOBAREUS, }
VENTIDIUS, }
EROS, } friends to Antony.
SCARUS, }
DERCETAS, }
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILO, }

CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
MÆCENAS, }
AGRIPPA, }
DOLABELLA, } friends to Cæsar.
PROCULEIUS, }
THYREUS, }
GALLUS, }

TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.

MENAS, }
MENECRATES, } friends to Pompey.
VARRIUS, }
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, }
MARDIAN, a eunuch, } attendants on Cleopatra.
SELEUCUS, }
DIOMEDES, }
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.

OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.

CHARMIAN, } attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS, }

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: In several parts of the Roman Empire.]

ACT I

SCENE I. [Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
turn,

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her
Ladies, the train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come!
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me: the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows

If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you: "Do this, or
this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like.

You must not stay here longer, your dismissal

Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
Where's Fulvia's process? — Cæsar's, I would
say. Both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's
queen,

Thou bluest, Antony, and that blood of
thine

Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays
shame

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The mes-
sengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair

And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to wit
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,

Cleo. wants to know the
quality + quantity of

Thou dost not
stay here longer

It is
my space

Let's not confound the time with conference
harsh. 45

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-
night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives 50
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen; 54
Last night you did desire it. — Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt* [*Ant.* and *Cleo.*] with their
train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antony priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter ENOBARBUS, Lamprius, a SOOTHSAYER,
Rannius, Lucilius, CHARMIAN, IRAS, Mar-
dian the Eunuch, and ALEXAS.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any-
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to
the Queen? O, that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must charge his horns with
garlands! 5

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that
know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand. 10

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
enough

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one. 15

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall part when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive. 20

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than be-
loved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with
drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him. 24

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune!
Let me be married to three kings in a fore-
noon, and widow them all. Let me have a
child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do

homage. Find me to marry me with Octavius
Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress. 30

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better
than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer
former fortune

Than that which is to approach. 34

Char. Then belike my children shall have no
names. Prithee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch. 40

Alex. You think none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night
shall be — drunk to bed. 46

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if no-
thing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presag-
eth famine. 50

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.
Prithee, tell her but a work-a-day fortune. 55

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particu-
lars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better
than she? 60

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of for-
tune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend!
Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune! O,
let him marry a woman that cannot go, 65
sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too,
and give him a worse! and let worse follow
worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing
to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis,
hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a
matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech
thee! 72

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer
of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to
see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a
deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave unuck-
olded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and
fortune him accordingly! 78

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to
make me a cuckold, they would make them-
selves whores, but they'd do 't!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the Queen. 83

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.
Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY with a MESSENGER [and ATTENDANTS].

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

[*Exeunt* *Cleo.* and *train*].

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay;

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force
'gainst Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.

On:

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,

Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia,

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue.

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills
told us

Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

1. [Att.] The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

2. [Att.] He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, 120
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another MESSENGER with a letter.

What are you?

[2.] *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

[2.] *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Ant.

Forbear me.

[*Exit* 2. *Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.

What our contempts doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution low ring, does become
The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

How now! Enobarbus!

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in Death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode. 182

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the Queen, 185
And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius 190
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea. Our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities 195
Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, 200

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does.

I did not send you. If you find him sad, Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. 5
[Exit Alexas.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him. 10

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear.

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall. 15

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen, —

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What 's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go. 20
Would she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say 't is I that keep you here; I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know, —

Cleo. O, never was there queen So mightily betrayed! Yet at the first 25
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, 30

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying,

Then was the time for words; no going then; Eternity was in our lips and eyes, 35

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven. They are so still, Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world, Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen.

The strong necessity of time commands Our services a while; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pom- 45

peius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome; Equality of two domestic powers

Breed scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50

Into the hearts of such as have not thrived Upon the present state, whose numbers

threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge By any desperate change. My more particu- 55

lar, And that which most with you should safe my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60

The garbolls she awak'd: at the last, best; See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know 66

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war 70
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come!
But let it be; I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me. 75
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood. No more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
meetly. 81

Ant. Now, by my sword, —
Cleo. And target. — Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Char-
mian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe. 85

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony, 90
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me, 95
Since my becomings kill me when they do
not

Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your
sword

Sit laurel'd victory, and smooth success 100
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. — Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! [Exeunt. 105]

[SCENE IV. Rome. Cæsar's house.]

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter, LEP-
IDUS, and their train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-
like 5

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy

More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,
or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You
shall find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness. 11

His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses. 16

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buf-
fet 20

With knaves that smell of sweat: say this be-
comes him, —

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish, — yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd 25
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't; but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours, 't is to be chid 30
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present plea-
sure,

And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report 35

How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those

That only have fear'd Cæsar. To the ports
The discontents repair; and men's reports 39
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, 45
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Meneceates and Menas, famous pirates,
Makes the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads 50
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth
revolt.

No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon

Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes
more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. *Antony.* 55
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou
once

Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st
against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience
more 60

Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets, 65

The barks of trees thou brows'd; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'T is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey 75
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall
know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char.

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
of time 5

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'T is well for thee, 10
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
tions?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam, for I can do no-
thing 15

But what indeed is honest to be done;

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
Nile?" 25

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phæbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted
Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30

A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark An-
tony! 35

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath

With his tinct gild'd thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled
kisses, — 40

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my
heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,

"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the petty present, I will piece 45

Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the
East,

Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nod-
ded,

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,

Who neigh'd so high that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes 51

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,

Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but
note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those 55

That make their looks by his; he was not merry,

In which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his joy; but between both.

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,

The violence of either thee becomes, 50
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:

Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian. 55

Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,

Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!

Say, the brave Antony!

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth, 70

If thou with Cæsar paragon again

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,

When I was green in judgement; cold in blood,

To say as I said then! But, come, away; 75

Get me ink and paper.

He shall have every day a several greeting,

Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.]

[ACT II]

[SCENE I. Messina. Pompey's house.]

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,

That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,

decays

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,

Beg often our own harms, which the wise

powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit

By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well.

The people love me, and the sea is mine;

My powers are crescent, and my auguring

hope 10

Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony

In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without-doors. Cæsar gets money where

He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,

Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves, 15

Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cæsar and Lepidus

Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'T is false.

Mene. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams. I know they are in Rome

together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of

love, 20

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with

both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite; 25
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 't is 30
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter

A better ear. Menas, I did not think

This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his

helm

For such a petty war. His soldiership

Is twice the other twain; but let us rear 35

The higher our opinion, that our stirring

Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck

The ne'er-lust-weared Antony.

Mene. I cannot hope

Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.

His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar; 40

His brother warr'd upon him, although, I

think,

Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were 't not that we stand up against them all,

'T were pregnant they should square between 45

themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough

To draw their swords; but how the fear of us

May cement their divisions and bind up

The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands 50

Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. Rome. The house of Lepidus.]

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your

captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him

To answer like himself. If Cæsar move him, 5

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head

And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,

I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time

For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. 10

Lep. But small to greater matters must give

way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes

The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia! 15
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds; then, noble partners,

The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight, 25
I should do thus. [*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill which are
not so,

Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I 31
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you? 35

Cæs. No more than my residing here at
Rome

Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
intent 41

By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my
brother never 45

Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords from you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours, 49
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quar-
rel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but 55
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant.

Not so, not so.

I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he
fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my
wife, 61

I would you had her spirit in such another.
The third o' the world is yours, which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women! 64

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils,
Cæsar,

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet. For that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you 71

When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted. Then 75
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did
want

Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak.
The honour is sacred which he talks on now, 85
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar:
The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I re-
quir'd them;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poisoned hours had bound me
up 90

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; 95
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye. To forget them quite 100
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again. You shall

have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do. 107

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more. 111

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be We shall remain in friendship, our conditions 115 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agri. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, 120

Admir'd Octavia. Great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa.

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear Agrippa further speak. 126

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amity,

To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims 130 No worse a husband than the best of men; Whose virtue and whose general graces speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, 135

Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales, Where now half-tales be truths; her love to both

Would each to other and all loves to both Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke; For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 140 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa, If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so," To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never 146

To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand. Further this act of grace; and from this hour The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There 's my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother Did ever love so dearly. Let her live To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never

Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen! 155

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies and great Of late upon me. I must thank him only, Lest my remembrance suffer ill report; At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's. Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 161 Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great and increasing; but by sea 165 He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness; And do invite you to my sister's view, 170 Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus

Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,

Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Ventidius.*]

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir. 174

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agri. Good Enocharbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by 't in Egypt. 180

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true? 185

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle. We had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her. 190

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed, or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you. 195

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed that

The winds were love-sick with them. The oars were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made 200

The water which they beat to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie

In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —

O'er-picturing that Venus where we see 205

The fancy outwork nature. On each side her

Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Ag. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,

That rarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Ag. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. She replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted,

That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies, for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Ag. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them*
[*and Attendants.*]

Ant. The world and my great office will
sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good-night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report. I
I have not kept my square; but that to come

Shall all be done by the rule. Good-night, dear
lady.

Good-night, sir.

Cæs. Good-night.
[*Exeunt [Cæsar and Octavia].*]

Enter SOTHUSAYER.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in

My motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: there-
fore

Make space between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre
thickens

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone. —
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him;
[*Exit [Soothsayer].*]

He shall to Parthia. — Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds; so
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the East my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius.
You must to Parthia. Your commission's
ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*]

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.
Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray
you, hasten
Your generals after.

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about.
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Sir, good success!

Ag.

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 10]

[SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody
food

Of us that trade in love.

All. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards. Come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mar-
dian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch
play'd

As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though
't come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river; there, 10
My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."

Char. 'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your
diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time, — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that
night

I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn, 20
Like the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a MESSENGER.

O, from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess.

Cleo. Madam, madam, —
Antonio's dead! — If thou say so, vil-
lain,

Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say the dead are well. Bring it to that,

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo.

Well, go to, I will.
But there's no goodness in thy face; if Antony

Be free and healthful, — so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st;

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 't is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail 40
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess.

Madam, he's well.

Cleo.

Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo.

Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam, —

Cleo. I do not like "But yet," 't does allay 50
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet!"

"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithce, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with

Cæsar; 60
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such
report.

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn 't the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee! [*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*]
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd
in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle. 65

Mess.

Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 't is not so, a province I will give
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; 70
And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

Mess.

He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess.

Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no
fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunder-bolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again.
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*]

These hands do lack nobility that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter [CHARMIAN and] MESSENGER.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious mes-
sage

An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say yes.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou
hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence!
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not of-
fend you.

To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave
of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee
hence;

The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome

Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy
hand,

And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;

I faint, O Iras, Charmian! 'T is no matter.

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.

Let him for ever go;—let him not—
Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas

[*To Mardian.*]

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Char-
mian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my
chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*]

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one
door, with drum and trumpet: at another,
CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS,
Mæcenas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you
mine;

And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words, and therefore
have we

Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast considered, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was 't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and
what

Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous
freedom,

To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails;

We'll speak with thee at sea. At land, thou
know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but
weigh

What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome. This'greed upon,
To part with unback'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. *Ant.* *Lep.* That's our offer.
Pom. Know, then,

I came before you here a man prepar'd 41
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows, 42
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

Ant. The beds i' the East are soft; and
thanks to you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose
hither,

For I have gain'd by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my
face; 55

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are
agreed.

I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.
Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part;
and let 's 61

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. I have heard that
Julius Cæsar 65

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard;

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

Eno. No more of that; he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mat-
tress. 71

Pom. I know thee now. How far'st thou,
soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight, 75

When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd
ye,

When you have well deserv'd ten times as
much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, 80
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom.

Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty. — You and I have
known, sir. 85

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land. 90

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me; though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water. 94

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety. You have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas. If our eyes had au-
thority, here they might take two thieves kiss-
ing. 101

Men. All men's faces are true, whate'er
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a
true face. 105

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away
his fortune. 110

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't back
again.

Men. You've said, sir. We look'd not for
Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to
Cleopatra? 115

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus An-
tonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir? 120

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit to-
gether.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so. 125

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the par-
ties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the
band that seems to tie their friendship together
will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. 131

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is
Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish
again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow
the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, 135

that which is the strength of their amity shall
prove the immediate author of their variance.

Antony will use his affection where it is; he
married but his occasion here. 140

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have us'd our
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.* 145]

[SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*]

Music plays. Enter two or three SERVANTS with a banquet.

1. *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2. *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more"; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

1. *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, Agrippa, Mæcenæ, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. [To Cæsar.] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there?

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun. So is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. (Whispers in's ear.) Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth. It is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs. It lives

by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Go hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? Away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] I think thou'rt mad.

The matter? *[Rises, and walks aside.]*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith.

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, And, though thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove.

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,

Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats. All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on't! In me't is villainy; In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside.] For this, I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.

Who seeks, and will not take when once't is offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk. Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 100

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!

Here 's to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.

It 's monstrous labour when I wash my brain 105
And it grows fowler,

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I 'll make answer.

But I had rather fast from all, four days,
Than drink so much in one. 109

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*]
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let 's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music; 116

The while I 'll place you; then the boy shall sing.

The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!

In thy vats our cares be drown'd,

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!

Cup us, till the world go round,

Cup us, till the world go round! 125

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good-night. Good brother,

Let me request you off; our graver business

Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong

Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine, and mine own
tongue. 130

Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words?
Good-night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

Pom.

O Antony,

You have my father's house, — But, what?
we are friends. 135

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I 'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd,
sound out!

[*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho! says 'a. There 's my cap. 141

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT III]

[SCENE I. A plain in Syria.]

Enter VENTIDIUS as if were in triumph [with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers;] the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;
and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

[*Sil.*] Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this,
Silius;

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's
away. 15

Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person. Sossius,

One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his
favour. 20

Who does it? the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of
loss,

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good, 25

But 't would offend him; and in his offence

Should my performance perish.

[*Sil.*] Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name, 30
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither,
 with what haste ³⁵
 The weight we must convey with 's will permit.
 We shall appear before him. On, there; pass
 along! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*]

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he
 is gone;
 The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
 To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepi-
 dus,
 Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is
 troubled ⁵
 With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves
 Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
 Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil! ¹¹

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar";
 go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excel-
 lent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves
 Antony. ¹⁵

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
 poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!
 His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
 Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their bee-
 tle. [*Trumpets within.*] So; ²⁰

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and
 farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of my-
 self;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife ²⁵
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
 band

Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,
 Let not the piece of virtue which is set
 Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the ram to batter ³⁰
 The fortress of it; for better might we
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
 In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least
 cause ³⁵
 For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep
 you,
 And make the hearts of Romans serve your
 ends!

We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
 well!

The elements be kind to thee, and make ⁴⁰
 Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well!

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's
 spring,

And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheer-
 ful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
 and—

Cæs. What, ⁴⁵
 Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
 can

Her heart inform her tongue, — the swan's
 down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
 And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep? ⁵⁰
Agr. [*Aside to Agr.*] He has a cloud in 's
 face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for
 that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
 When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept ⁵⁵
 When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he
 was troubled with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
 Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
 You shall hear from me still; the time shall
 not ⁶⁰

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
 I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
 And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give
 light ⁶⁵

To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell!
 [*Kisses Octavia.*]

Ant. Farewell!
 [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
 ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to. Come hither, sir.

Enter the MESSENGER as before.

Alex. Good Majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come
thou near.

Mess. Most gracious Majesty, —
Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where? 10

Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-
tongu'd or low? 15

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like
her long?

Char. Like her! O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, — 20
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain? 24

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive 't. There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow, —

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty. 31

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is 't
long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish
that are so.

Her hair, what colour? 35

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go make thee ready; 40
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by
him,

This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know. 45

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else de-
fend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to
me

Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*]

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, — but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it

To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent
me:

When the best hint was given him, he not
took 't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord, 10

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.

The good gods will mock me presently, 15

When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and
husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win
brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point which
seeks 21

Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
quested,

Yourself shall go between's. The meantime, 25

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest
haste;

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would
be 30

As if the world should cleave, and that slain
men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this be-
gins,

Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love 35

Can equally move with them. Provide your
going;

Choose your own company, and command what
cost
Your heart has mind to. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE V. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS [meeting].

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eros. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars
upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in
the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him
rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory
of the action; and not resting here, accuses
him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pom-
pey; upon his own appeal, seizes him. So the
poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps,
no more;

And throw between them all the food thou
hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's An-
tony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus;
and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool
Lepidus!"

And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murd'ring Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domi-
tius;

My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be nought:

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MÆCENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this,
and more,

In Alexandria. Here's the manner of 't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd. At the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audi-
ence,

As 't is reported, so.

Mæc.

Let Rome be thus

Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from
him.

Cæs. The people knows it; and have now
receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle. Then does he say, he lent
me

Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change. For what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! Hail, most
dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee casta-
way!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have
you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus?
You come not

Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men, and expectation
fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are
come

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left un-
shown,

Is often left unlov'd. We should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra⁶⁵
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a whore; who now are levying
 The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
 Boechus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King⁷⁰
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
 King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
 The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,⁷⁵
 With a more larger list of seepres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
 That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither!
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
 Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong
 led⁸⁰

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to
 Rome;⁸⁵

Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
 Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
 And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.⁹⁰

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
 Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off,
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,⁹⁵
 That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
 Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!
 [Exeunt.]

[SCENE VII. Near Actium. Antony's camp.]

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these
 wars,
 And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why
 should not we⁵
 Be there in person?

Eno. Well, I could reply:
 If we should serve with horse and mares together,
 The horse were merely lost; the mares would
 bear
 A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?¹⁰
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;

Take from his heart, take from his brain,
 from's time,
 What should not then be spar'd. He is already
 Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome
 That Photinus an eunuch and your maids¹⁵
 Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
 That speak against us! A charge we bear i'
 the war,
 And, as the president of my kingdom, will
 Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
 I will not stay behind.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Eno. Nay, I have done.²⁰
 Here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
 That from Tarentum and Brundisium
 He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
 And take in Toryne? You have heard on 't,
 sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd²⁵
 Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
 Which might have well becom'd the best of
 men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
 Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single
 fight.³¹

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,

Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these
 offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
 And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
 Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people³⁶
 Ingross'd by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet
 Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey
 fought.

Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
 Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,⁴⁰
 Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw
 away

The absolute soldiership you have by land;
 Distract your army, which doth most consist
 Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted⁴⁵
 Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
 The way which promises assurance; and
 Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
 From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.⁵⁰
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
 And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head
 of Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
 We then can do 't at land.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is des-
cried; 55
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis im-
possible;
Strange that his power should be. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our
ship; 60
Away, my *Thetis*!

Enter a SOLDIER.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks! Do you mis-
doubt

This sword and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phenicians go a-ducking; we 65
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and
Enobarbus.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows
Not in the power on 't. So our leader's led, 70
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's 75

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguill'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The Emperor calls *Canidius*, 80

Can. With news the time's with labour, and
throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*]

*Enter CÆSAR [and TAURUS], with his army,
marching.*

Cæs. *Taurus*!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole; pro-
voke not battle

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll. Our fortune lies 5
Upon this jump, [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*]

Enter ANTONY and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o'
the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*]

Canidius marcheth with his land army one way
over the stage; and *Taurus*, the lieutenant of
Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is
heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Nought, nought, all nought! I can be-
hold no longer.

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder.
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What 's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pesti-
lence,

Where death is sure. Yon ribaldried nag of
Egypt, — 10

Whom leprosy o'ertake! — i' the midst o' the
fight,

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,

The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies. 15

Eno. That I beheld.

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could
not

Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mal-
lard, 20

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame;

Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before

Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack! 24

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good-night indeed. 30

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'T is easy to 't; and there I will at-
tend

What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse. Six kings already
Show me the way of yielding;

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason 36

Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]*Enter ANTONY with ATTENDANTS.*

Ant. Hark ! the land bids me tread no more upon 't ;

It is asham'd to bear me ! Friends, come hither. I am so lated in the world, that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly, 5 And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards

To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone ;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course Which has no need of you ; be gone. 10

My treasure 's in the harbour, take it. O, I follow'd that I blush to look upon.

My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them For fear and doting. Friends, be gone ; you shall 15

Have letters from me to some friends that will

Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left Which leaves itself. To the sea-side straight-way ; 20

I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little ; pray you now.

Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command, Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by. [Sits down.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and [IRAS ;] EROS [following].

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him. 25

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir ? 30

Ant. O fie, fie, fie !

Char. Madam !

Irás. Madam, O good empress !

Eros. Sir, sir, —

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ; he at Philippi kept His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck 35 The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I That the mad Brutus ended. He alone Dealt on lieutenantantry, and no practice had In the brave squares of war ; yet now — No matter. 40

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;

He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me. Oh ! 45

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the Queen approaches.

Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation, A most unnooble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queen. 55

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord, Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought 55 You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60 Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon !

Ant. Now I must To the young man send humble treaties, dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know 65 How much you were my conqueror ; and that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon !

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss. 70 Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster ;

Is 'a come back ? Love, I am full of lead. Some wine, within there, and our viands ! Fortune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter CÆSAR, Agrippa, DOLABELLA, [THYREUS,] with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.

Know you him ?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster ; An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers 5 Not many moons gone by.

Enter [EUPHRONIUS,] ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony. I was of late as petty to his ends As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be 't so : declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and 11 Requires to live in Egypt ; which not granted, He lessens his requests, and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

A private man in Athens. This for him. 15 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;

Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen 20
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*]

[*To Thyreus.*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is
time; dispatch, 26

From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add
more,

From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
perjure 30

The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,
Thyreus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks 35
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, Charmian,
and Iras.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
ranges 5

Frighted each other? Why should he follow?

The itch of his affection should not then

Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point,

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being

The mered question. 'T was a shame no less 10

Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,

And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY with [EUPHRONIUS,] the Am-
bassador.*

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy, so
she 15

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,

And he will fill thy wishes to the brim

With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him he wears the
rose 30

Of youth upon him, from which the world
should note

Something particular. His coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would
prevail

Under the service of a child as soon

As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him there-
fore 25

To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough high-bat-
tl'd Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the
show, 30

Against a sworder! I see men's judgements
are

A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them,

To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will 35

Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast sub-
du'd

His judgement too.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my
women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their
nose

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to
square. 41

The loyalty well held to fools does make

Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fallen lord

Does conquer him that did his master con-
quer, 45

And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50

Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar en-
treats

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st

Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not An-
tony 55

As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore,
ha

Does pity, as constrained blemishes,

Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60

What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar 65
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please
him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand. Tell him, I am
prompt 75

To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, 80
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place, 84
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now,
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me. Of late, when I
cried "Ho!" 90

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?
I am

Antony yet.

Enter a SERVANT.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. [*Aside.*] 'T is better playing with a
lion's whelp

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him! Were 't twenty of the greatest
tributaries 95

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, — what's
her name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Tug him away. Being whipp'd,

Bring him again; this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. —

[*Exit Servant with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you; ha! 105
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord, —
Ant. You have been a boggler ever: 110

And when we in our viciousness grow hard —
O misery on 't! — the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is 't come to this? 115

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a frag-
ment

Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter
hours,

Unregist'ed in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure, 120
Though you can guess what temperance should
be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal 125
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! For I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter SERVANT with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd? 131

Serv. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?
Serv. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry 135

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him.
Henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to
Cæsar,

Tell him thy entertainment. Look thou say 140
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former
guides, 145

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou. 150
Hence with thy stripes, begone!

[*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle
 eyes

With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail

And poison it in the source, and the first stone

Drop in my neck; as it determines, so

Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!

Till by degrees the memory of my womb,

Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the discarding of this pelleted storm,

Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where

I will oppose his fate. Our force by land

Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too

Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-

like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou

hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more

To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle.

There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted,

breath'd,

And fight maliciously; for when mine hours

Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives

Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,

And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,

Let's have one other gaudy night. Call to

me

All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;

Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday.

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since

my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-

night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on,

my queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,

I'll make Death love me; for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To

be furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge; and I see

still,

A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart. When valour preys on

reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek

Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

[ACT IV]

[SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter CÆSAR, Agrippa, and MÆCENAS, with his Army; Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides as he had power

To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to per-

sonal combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know

I have many other ways to die; meantime

Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction. Never anger

Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads

Know that to-morrow the last of many battles

We mean to fight. Within our files there are,

Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done,

And feast the army; we have store to do 't,

And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,

Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of bet-

ter fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight

well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "Take all!"

Ant. Well said; come on.

Call forth my household servants; let 's to-

night

Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four SERVITORS.

Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast

thou;—

Thou,—and thou,—and thou. You have

serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'T is one of those odd

tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service

So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night. 20

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty: 25
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest
friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master 30
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they 35
weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd. For shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire 40
you

To burn this night with torches. Know, my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.* 45

[SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*]

Enter [two] SOLDIERS [to their guard].

1. *Sold.* Brother, good-night; to-morrow is
the day.

2. *Sold.* It will determine one way; fare you
well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1. *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2. *Sold.* Belike 't is but a rumour. Good-
night to you. 5

1. *Sold.* Well, sir, good-night.

They meet other SOLDIERS.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

[3.] *Sold.* And you. Good-night, good-night.
[*They place themselves in every cor-
ner of the stage.*]

[4.] *Sold.* Here we. And if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10
Our landmen will stand up.

[3.] *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys as under the
stage.*]

2. *Sold.* Peace! what noise?

1. *Sold.* List, list!

2. *Sold.* Hark!

1. *Sold.* Music! the air.

3. *Sold.* Under the earth.

4. *Sold.* It signs well, does it not?

3. *Sold.* No.

1. *Sold.* Peace, I say! 15

What should this mean?

2. *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom An-
tony loved,

Now leaves him.

1. *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2. *Sold.* [*They advance to another post.*]

How now, masters!

[*Speak together.*]

How now!

How now! do you hear this?

1. *Sold.* Ay; is 't not strange?

3. *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? Do you
hear? 21

1. *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

Al. Content. 'T is strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*]

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, [CHARMIAN,]
and others [attending].*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine ar-
mour, Eros!

Enter EROS [with armour].

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.

If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come. 4

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

[*Ant.*] Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart. False, false; this,
this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help. Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good
fellow? 5

Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. 10

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou. Dispatch. O
love, 15

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and
knew'st

The royal occupation! Thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed SOLDIER.

Good-morrow to thee; welcome.
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike
charge.

To business that we love we rise betime 20
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir;

Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, general.

All. Good-morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that. This way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss; rebukeable [*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment. I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt (Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers).*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar
might

Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony, — but now — Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE V. Alexandria. Antony's camp.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS.
[*A SOLDIER meets them.*]

[*Sold.*] The gods make this a happy day to
Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had
once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

[*Sold.*] Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

[*Sold.*] Who!
One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him —
I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. — Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*]

[*SCENE VI. Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS, and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd
world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess.

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs.

Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt (all but Enobarbus).*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry
on

Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the
rest

That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a SOLDIER of Cæsar's.

Sold.

Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno.

I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus;
I tell you true. Best you sa'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my
heart.

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will
do 't, I feel.

I fight against thee! No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

[*SCENE VII. Field of battle between the camps.*]

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
(and others).*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too
far.

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them
home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant.

Thou bleed'st apace,

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I
have yet
Room for six scotches more. 10

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold 15
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VIII. Under the walls of Alexandria.]

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, in a march; Scarus,*
with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run
one before,

And let the Queen know of our gestic. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought 's
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss 10

The honour'd gashes whole.

Enter CLEOPATRA [attended].

[*To Scarus.*] Give me thy hand;
To this great fairy I'll commend thy aets.
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*] O
thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and
there 15
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown,
yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had 25
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has serv'd it, were it carbuncled

Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them.

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters, 35
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter a SENTRY, and his COMPANY. ENOBARBUS follows.

Sent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1. *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night, — 5
2. *Sold.* What man is this?

1. *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

Sent. Enobarbus! Peace! 10
2. *Sold.*

Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-
choly,

The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart 15
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder.

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20
But let the world rank me in register
As a master-leaver and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]
1. *Sold.* Let's speak

To him.
Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks 25

May concern Cæsar.

2. *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Sent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as
his

Was never yet for sleep.
1. *Sold.* Go we to him.

2. *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
1. *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

Sent. The hand of death hath raght him.
(*Drums aff off.*) Hark! the drums 30

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour
is fully out.

2. *Sold.* Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt [with the body].*]

[SCENE X. *Between the two camps.*]

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i'
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven. [Go we up]
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by
land.
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.*]

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond
pine does stand,
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look
grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.]

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me. 10
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore!
't is thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly; 15
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[Exit Scarus.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave
charm,— 25
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home;

Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end, —
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his
love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserv-
ing,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians!
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot 35
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleopatra.]

'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 't were 40
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the

moon; 45
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heavi-
est club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall
die.

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me,
and I fall

Under this plot. She dies for 't. Eros, ho! 50
[Exit.]

[SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and Mar-
dian.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more
mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of
Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you
are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mar-
dian,

And bring me how he takes my death. To the
monument! 10
[Exeunt.]

[SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's drag-
onish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory 5

With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen
these signs;

They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a
thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct, 10
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain

is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the
Queen, — 15

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had
mine,

Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto 't
A million moe, now lost, — she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my
glory

Unto an enemy's triumph. 20
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes
mingled 24

With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but
once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou
wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was "Antony! most noble Antony!" 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided

Between her heart and lips. She read' red life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is
done, 35

And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou de-
part'st hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go.

[*Exit Mardian.*

Off, pluck off!

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my
sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent, 40
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.

No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me a while.

[*Exit Eros.*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now 45

All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all la-
bour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength. Seal then and all is done.
Eros! — I come, my queen! — Eros! — Stay for
me! 50

Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze.

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods 55

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60

Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn,

Eros,

That, when the exigent should come, which
now

Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of 65

Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do 't; the time is
come.

Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou de-
feat'st.

Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros.

The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70

Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant.

Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and
see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd 74
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros.

I would not see 't.
Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must
be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros.

O, sir, pardon me!
Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st 81

thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble coun-
tenance, 85

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*]

Eros.

My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.
Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then. (*Kills himself.*) Thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself! ⁹⁵
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me
 A nobleness in record; but I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't ¹⁰⁰
 As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
 The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter [DERCETAS and] GUARD.

1. Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends. O,
 make an end ¹⁰⁵

Of what I have begun.

2. Guard. The star is fallen.

1. Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1. Guard. Not I.

2. Guard. Nor I.

3. Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.* ¹¹⁰
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy follow-
 ers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tid-
 ings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? ¹¹⁵

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit Dercetas.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
 sword, and give me
 Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
 My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
 prophesying fear ¹²⁰

Of what hath come to pass; for when she
 saw —

Which never shall be found — you did suspect
 She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your
 rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she
 was dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath
 sent ¹²⁵

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard,
 I prithee.

Dio. What, ho, the Emperor's guard! The
 guard, what, ho!
 Come, your lord calls! ¹³⁰

Enter four or five of the GUARD of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
 bides;

'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1. Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may
 not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please
 sharp fate ¹³⁵

To grace it with your sorrows; bid that wel-
 come

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
 Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
 And have my thanks for all. ¹⁴⁰

[*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

[SCENE XV. The same. A monument.]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with
 CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from
 hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
 But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
 As that which makes it. ¹⁵⁰

Enter [below] DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
 Look out o' the other side your monument;
 His guard have brought him thither.

Enter [below] ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
 Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! Dark-
 ling stand ¹⁵⁵

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
 Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
 help;

Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
 But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself. ¹⁶⁰

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
 Should conquer Antony; but woe 't is so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
 I here importune death a while, until
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last ²⁰
 I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear, —

Dear my lord, pardon, — I dare not,
 Lest I be taken. Not the imperious show

Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
 Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,
 have ²⁵

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
 And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour

Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up.
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —

Wishers were ever fools, — O, come, come, come;

[They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.]

And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast liv'd;

Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:

None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;

None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,

The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, — a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

[Antony dies.]

The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and girls

Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

[Faints.]
Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!
Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt,
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but

nought;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you,

women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now,
Charmian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take

heart.

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come,

away;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; [those above] bearing off Antony's body.]

[ACT V]

[SCENE I. Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.]

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, [MÆCENAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.] his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit.]
Enter DERCETAS with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou
that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd. Whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him

I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack. The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of An-

tony

Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a public minister of justice, 30
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did
Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,

Spilted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd 35
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

[*Agr.*] And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mæc. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

[*Agr.*] A rarer spirit never 41
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mæc. When such a spacious mirror 's set be-
fore him,

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony! 45
I have followed thee to this; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,

Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,

The arm of mine own body, and the heart 45
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that
our stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meetest season.

Enter an EGYPTIAN.

The business of this man looks out of him; 50
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are
you?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet. The Queen my
mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself 55
To the way she 's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart.
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for *Cæsar* cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! 60
[*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame. Give her what
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome 65
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,

And with your speediest bring us what she
says,

And how you find of her.

Pro. *Cæsar*, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]

Where 's *Dolabella*,
To second *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella*! 70

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still 75
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monu-
ment.*]

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and Mar-
dian.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be *Cæsar*;
Not being Fortune, he 's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds; 5
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and *Cæsar*'s.

*Enter [to the gates of the monument] PROCU-
LEIUS [and Soldiers].*

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands 10
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What 's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell 15
him

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom. If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer,
You 're fallen into a princely hand; fear ne-
thing.

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him 25
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here Proculeius and two of the
Guard go out below and re-
appear behind Cleopatra.*]

—You see how easily she may be surpris'd. 35
Guard her till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!

[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself. Let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! Begs, come, and take a
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink,
sir;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither; this mortal house I'll
ruin,

Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus'
mud

Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! Rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee. For the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best. Be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you
shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Ereunt Proculeius [and Soldiers].*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of
me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or
known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor An-
tony.

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and there-
in stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature, —

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd
arm

Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail and shake the
orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 't was

That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in. In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and is-
lands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra!

Cleo. Think you there was or might be such
a man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods! ⁹⁵
But, if there be or ever were one such,

It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to
imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. ¹⁰⁰
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it

As answering to the weight. Would I might
never

O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir. ¹⁰⁵
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dol. Though he be honourable, —

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't. ¹¹⁰

[*Flourish.*]

Enter CÆSAR, Gallus, PROCULEIUS, Mæcenas,
[*SELEUCUS,*] and others of his train.

All. Make way there! Cæsar!

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the Emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods ¹¹⁵

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well 121
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know
We will extenuate rather than enforce. 125
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them
from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world; 't is
yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest,
shall 135

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,
I am possess'd of. 'T is exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleu-
cus? 140

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam, 145
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have
made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is followed! Mine will now be
yours; 151

And, should we shift estates, yours would be
mine.

Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! What, goest thou
back? Thou shalt 155

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine
eyes,

Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain,
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is
this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, 165

Immortal toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,

Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170
With one that I have bred? The gods! it
smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus.*] Pri-
thee, go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a
man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought 176

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknow-
ledg'd, 180

Put we in the roll of conquest. Still be 't
yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd,

Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear
queen; 185

For we intend so to dispose of us as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep.

Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu. 189

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that
I should not

Be noble to myself; but, hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is
done,

And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.

I have spoke already, and it is provided; 195
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]
Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria 200

Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will be send before.

Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant. 205

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
[*Exit.*]

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks! Now, *Iras*,
what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I. Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,
shall 210

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, *Iras*, Saucy
lectors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
rhymers 215

Ballad us out o' tune. The quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that 's certain.

Iras. I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my
nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer 225
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen. Go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah *Iras*, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave 231

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and
all.

Wherefore 's this noise?

[*Exit Iras.*] A noise within.

Enter a GUARDSMAN.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be deni'd your Highness' pre-
sence.

He brings you figs. 235

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter GUARDSMAN, with CLOWN [bringing in
a basket].*

Guard. This is the man. 241

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guardsman.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not? 244

Crown. Truly, I have him; but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch
him, for his biting is immortal; those that do
die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on 't? 249

Crown. Very many, men and women too. I

heard of one of them no longer than yesterday;
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way
of honesty; how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very
good report o' the worm. But he that will 255
believe all that they say, shall never be saved
by half that they do. But this is most fallible,
the worm 's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell. 260

Crown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Crown. You must think this, look you, that
the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell. 265

Crown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for,
indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Crown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Crown. You must not think I am so simple
but I know the devil himself will not eat a wo-
man. I know that a woman is a dish for the 275
gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly,
these same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women; for in every ten that
they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell. 280

Crown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the
worm. [*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.*]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I
have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this
lip. 285

Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I
come! 290

Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my
lips.

Farewell, kind Charmian; *Iras*, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall? 295

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is as desir'd. Dost thou lie
still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world 300
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that

I may say

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base.

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that
kiss 305

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass ³¹⁰
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —

O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too: ³¹⁵

[Applying another asp to her arm.]

What should I stay —

[Dies.]

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well!

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld. ³²⁰

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;

I'll mend it, and then play —

Enter the GUARD, rushing in.

1. Guard. Where 's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies an asp.]

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee. ³²⁵

1. Guard. Approach, ho! All 's not well;

Cæsar 's beguil'd.

2. Guard. There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;

call him.

1. Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings. ³³⁰

Ah, soldier! ^[Dies.]

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Tough their effects in this; thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder. ³³⁵

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear is done.

Cæs.

Bravest at the last,

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

Took her own way. The manner of their

deaths?

³⁴⁰

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple countryman, that brought

her figs.

This was his basket.

Cæs.

Poison'd, then.

1. Guard.

O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and

spoke.

I found her trimming up the diadem ³⁴⁵

On her dead mistress. Tremblingly she stood

And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs.

O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear

By external swelling; but she looks like

sleep,

As she would catch another Antony ³⁵⁰

In her strong toil of grace.

Dol.

Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood and something blown.

The like is on her arm.

1. Guard. This is an asp's trail; and these

fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's

leaves ³⁵⁵

Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs.

Most probable

That so she died; for her physician tells me

She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument. ³⁶⁰

She shall be buried by her Antony;

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them; and their story

is

No less in pity than his glory which ³⁶⁵

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral;

And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

[Exeunt omnes.]

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

EXTERNAL evidence on the date of *Coriolanus* is exceptionally scanty. It was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and there is no earlier reference to it unless we interpret the line, "You have lurch'd your friends of the better half of the garland," in Ben Jonson's *The Silent Woman* (1609), as a gibing allusion to "He lurch'd all swords of the garland," in *ii. ii. 105*. But the phrase may have been a current one. Internal evidences of metre and style point decisively to its being a late play, and scholars are generally agreed on a date near 1609. The text of the First Folio, which is our sole authority, is badly printed, and in several places almost quite unintelligible.

The source of the plot is Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, which Shakespeare knew in Sir Thomas North's translation. As in the case of *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, which are also based on Plutarch, he followed his authority closely. Whole passages of some of the most notable speeches, such as the fable related by Menenius (*i. i. 99*), and the appeal of Volumnia to her son on behalf of Rome (*v. iii. 94 ff.*), are couched almost in the words of the biography. The main lines of the characters are also followed faithfully, though many of the more subtle points are due to Shakespeare. For example, the episode in which Coriolanus begs of Cominius the freedom of his Volscian host is in Plutarch, but the finely characteristic touch by which he is represented as having forgotten the man's name is Shakespeare's. The portrait of Menenius is greatly elaborated in the play. Plutarch assigns to him merely the part of a dignified patrician who makes a single attempt to pacify the rebellious plebeians; Shakespeare conceives him as a genial and self-important old gentleman, who takes pride in his intimacy with the hero, and who in his various conversations with the tribunes is responsible for most of the humor which partially relieves the prevailing sombreness of the tragedy. The dialogues of the citizens and such scenes as those with the servants of Aufidius are wholly invented; while as a basis for the actual language in which Caius Martius expresses his haughty and contemptuous nature, the dramatist had merely Plutarch's statements that he was rough and insolent in conversation and undisciplined in temper. In the biography, it is Valeria who induces the wife and mother of Coriolanus to go to plead with him, and her share in the action is treated with considerable fullness. This is represented in the play merely by her presence in the deputation; but Shakespeare added from his own invention the admirable scene (*i. iii.*) where she calls on Volumnia and Virgilia, and finds them at their sewing. Virgilia is little more than a name in the source, and the skill with which in the play she is drawn in some half-dozen lines is all Shakespeare's.

The truth of the political situation in which the action takes place, Shakespeare either did not understand or did not care to state. The dignified secession of the *plebs* he misrepresented as the tumult of a hungry mob shouting for cheap corn; and in this play, as elsewhere, his picture of the common crowd is drawn in that spirit of contemptuous amusement which characterized the attitude of the Elizabethan aristocrat towards the working classes. This lack of historical accuracy is found to a considerable extent in Plutarch, but Shakespeare deliberately manipulated his material in the spirit indicated. All the more noteworthy, therefore, is the success with which he catches the antique Roman spirit of such patricians as Volumnia, and the impartiality with which he exhibits the intolerable arrogance of the hero driving him on to destruction. Nowhere does Shakespeare rise more triumphantly above what we may suppose to have been his own personal prejudices, to show the workings of the permanent laws that govern the relations of men in society.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.
 TITUS LARTIUS, } generals against the Volscians.
 COMINIUS, }
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } tribunes of the people.
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.
 A Roman Herald.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators with Aufidius.
 A Citizen of Antium.
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.
 VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.
 VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.
 Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Rome and the neighbourhood; Corioli and the neighbourhood; Antium.]*

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Rome. A street.*]

Enter a company of mutinous CITIZENS, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done. Away, away!

2. *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear. The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

[2. *Cit.*] Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done

famously, he did it to that end. Though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. (*Shouts within.*) What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen; why stay we prating here? To the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always lov'd the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough; would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2. *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the Senate. They have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, Will you undo yourselves?

2. *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them

Against the Roman state, whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help.
Alack,

You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you
slander

The helms o' the state, who care for you like
fathers

When you curse them as enemies.

2. *Cit.* Care for us! True, indeed! They
ne'er car'd for us yet: suffer us to famish, and
their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make
edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal
daily any wholesome act established against the
rich, and provide more piercing statutes
daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the
wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all
the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale. It may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture

To stale 't a little more.

2. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must
not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale;
but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's
members

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it:
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

2. *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the
belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of
smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even
thus—

For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous
parts

That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators for that
They are not such as you.

2. *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then? What then?
'Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then?
what then?

2. *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be re-
strain'd.

Who is the sink o' the body, —

Men. Well, what then?

2. *Cit.* The former agents, if they did com-
plain,

What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you.

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have
little—

Patience a while, you 'st hear the belly's answer.

2. *Cit.* Ye 're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,

Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered:

"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,

"That I receive the general food at first

Which you do live upon; and fit it is,

Because I am the store-house and the shop

Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the

brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves and small inferior veins

From me receive that natural competency

Whereby they live. And though that all at

once,

You, my good friends,—this says the belly,

mark me,—

2. *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each,

Yet I can make my audit up, that all

From me do back receive the flour of all,

And leave me but the bran." What say you

to 't?

2. *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you

this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good

belly,

And you the mutinous members; for examine

Their counsels and their cares, digest things

rightly

Touching the weal o' the common, you shall

find

No public benefit which you receive

But it proceeds or comes from them to you

And no way from yourselves. What do you

think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?

2. *Cit.* I the great toe! Why the great

toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, bas-
est, poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest fore-
most;

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

Lead'st first to win some vantage.

But make you ready your stiff bats and elubs;

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

The one side must have bale.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What 's the matter, you dis-
sententious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,

Make yourselves scabs?

2. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee
will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have,
you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one af-
frights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to
you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares; 175

Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness 180

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that de-
pends

Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye? 185

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who, 190
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their
seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
they say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know 195
What's done! the Capitol; who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines; side factions,
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's
grain enough! 200

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
high

As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded; 205

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd, hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
eat, 210

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, — a strange one

To break the heart of generosity, 215
And make bold power look pale, — they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus, 220
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me. It will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange. 225

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a MESSENGER, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in
arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't. Then we shall ha'
means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. 230

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
SENATORS; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.*

1. Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have
lately told us;

The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I anything but what I am, 235
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by the
ears and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars. 241

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? Stand'st out?

Lart. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with
t' other, 245

Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

[*1. Sen.* Your company to the Capitol;
where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Lart. [*To Com.*] Lead you on.
[*To Mar.*] Follow Cominius; we must follow
you; 250

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!

[*1. Sen.* [*To the Citizens.*] Hence to your
homes; begone!

Mar. Nay, let them follow.

The Volscies have much corn; take these rats
thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow. ²⁵⁵
[Citizens steal away. *Exeunt all but
Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Mar-
cius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird
the gods. ²⁶⁰

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is
grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Ticked with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded ²⁶⁵
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries ²⁷⁰
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall ²⁷⁵
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come.
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his
faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed ²⁷⁹
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*]

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS with SENATORS of
Corioli.

1. Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are ent'red in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence; these are the words:—I
think

I have the letter here; yes, here it is:—
[*Reads.*] "They have press'd a power, but it is
not known

Whether for east or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd, ¹¹
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation ¹⁵
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely 'tis for you;
Consider of it."

1. Sen. Our army's in the field.

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when ²⁰
They needs must show themselves; which in
the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be short'n'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2. Sen. Noble Aufidius, ²⁵
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli.

If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more, ³¹
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike ³⁵
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. Sen. Farewell.

2. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *Rome. A room in Marcius' house.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: they set them
down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in
that absence wherein he won honour than in
the embracements of his bed where he would
show most love. When yet he was but ten-
[*5* der-bodied and the only son of my womb, when
youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way,
when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother
should not sell him an hour from her beholding,
I, considering how honour would become ¹⁰
such a person, that it was no better than pic-
ture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made
it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger
where he was like to find fame. To a cruel
war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his ¹⁵
brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was
a man-child than now in first seeing he had
proved himself a man. ¹⁹

Vir. But had he died in the business,
madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been
my son; I therein would have found issue.
Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen sons,
each in my love alike and none less dear than
thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had ²⁵
eleven die nobly for their country than one
voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself. 30

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning him.

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus: 35
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody

brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,

Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire. 40

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood 45

At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee

And tread upon his neck. 50

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son? 57

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords and hear a drum than look upon his schoolmaster. 61

Val. O' my word, the father's son. I'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and [as when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it. O, I warrant, how he mammoock'd it! 71

Vol. One on 's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam. 74

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall. 84

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in. 86

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love. 91

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us. 97

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband. 101

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam? 106

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: the Volscies have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt [110 prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter. 115

Vol. Let her alone, lady. As she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithes, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV.] *Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains and Soldiers. To them a MESSENGER.

Mar. Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell nor give him; lend you him I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence

To help our fielded friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two SENATORS with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,

That 's lesser than a little. [*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! our drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We 'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They 'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*]

Hark you, far off!

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus!

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows!

He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volscie,
And he shall feel mine edge. [*Exit.*]

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you

run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind! Backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe

And make my wars on you. Look to 't; come on!

If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. [The Volscies fly,] and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope; now prove good seconds.

'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like. ⁴⁵

[Enters the gates.]

1. Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2. Sol. Nor I. *[Marcius is shut in.]*

1. Sol. See, they have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, ⁵⁰
Clapp'd to their gates. He is himself alone,

To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left,

Marcus;

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, ⁵⁵
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the ⁶⁰
world

Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1. Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 't is Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike. *[They fight, and all enter the city.]*

[SCENE V. Corioli. A street.]

Enter certain ROMANS, with spoils.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver. *[Exeunt. Alarum continues still afar off.]*

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base ⁵
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up. Down with them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To him! ¹⁰

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans; then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;

Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st. ¹⁵
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not,
My work hath yet not warm'd me; fare you
well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus ²⁰
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,

Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell. ²⁵

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!

[Exit Marcius.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away!

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE VI. Near the camp of Cominius.]

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with sol-
diers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought.
We are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire. Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,

By interims and conveying gusts we have
heard ⁵

The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
count'ring,

May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Thy news?
The citizens of Corioli have issued ¹⁰
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long
is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord. ¹⁵

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard
their drums.

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, ²⁰
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from
a tabor ²⁵
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of
others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O, let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo'd, in heart ³⁰
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward!

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the
other; ³⁵

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches? ⁴⁰

Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth. But for our gentle-
men, —

The common file — a plague! tribunes for
them! —

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did
budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think. ⁴⁵

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' th'
field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose. ⁵⁰

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on
which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, ⁵⁵
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the

vows
We have made to endure friends, that you di-

rectly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates;

And that you not delay the present, but, ⁶⁰
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath

And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those ⁶⁵

That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here —
As it were sin to doubt — that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow **Marcus**. 75

*[They all shout and wave their swords,
take him up in their arms, and
cast up their caps.]*

O, me alone, make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four **Volsces**? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great **Aufidius**
A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
Though thanks to all, must I select from all;
the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows!
Make good this ostentation, and you shall 85
Divide in all with us. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE VII. *The gates of Corioli.*]

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon **Corioli**,
going with drum and trumpet toward **Cominius**
and **Caius Marcus**, enters with a **LIEUTENANT**,
other **Soldiers**, and a **Scout**.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep
your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding. If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's. 90
Our guide, come; to the Roman camp conduct
us. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE VIII. *A field of battle.*]

*Alarum as in battle. Enter MARCIUS and AU-
FIDIUS at several doors.*

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do
hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike.
Not **Afric** owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's
slave, 95

And the gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, **Marcus**,
Holloa me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, **Tullus**,
Alone I fought in your **Corioli** walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my
blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy re-
venge 100

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the **Hector**
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

*[Here they fight, and certain Volsces
come in the aid of Aufidius.
Marcus fights till they be driven
in breathless.]*

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. *[Exeunt.]* 15

[SCENE IX. *The Roman camp.*]

*Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter,
at one door, COMINIUS with the Romans; at
another door, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report
it

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I'll the end admire, where ladies shall be frighted.
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
tribunes, 20

That with the fusty plebeians hate thine hon-
ours,
Shall say against their hearts, "We thank the
gods

Our **Rome** hath such a soldier."
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast, 25
Having fully din'd before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the
pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison.
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more. My mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have
done 30

As you have done, that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been, that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be 35
The grave of your deserving; **Rome** must know
The value of her own. 'T were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest; therefore, I beseech
you — 40

In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done — before our army hear
me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart

To hear themselves rememb'ed.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 45
And tent themselves with death, Of all the
horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of
all

The treasure in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution, at 35
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

[A long flourish. They all cry,
"Marcius! Marcius!" cast
up their caps and lances. Co-
minius and Lartius stand bare.]

May these same instruments, which you pro-
fane,

Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall

T' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing!

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk, 45

Let him be made a coverture for the wars!

No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd

My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile
wretch,—

Which, without note, here's many else have
done,—

You shout me forth 50

In acclamations hyperbolical,

As if I lov'd my little should be dieted

In fancies sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;

More cruel to your good report than grateful

To us that give you truly. By your patience, 55

If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put

you,

Like one that means his proper harm, in man-
acles,

Then reason safely with you. Therefore be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcus
Wears this war's garland; in token of the 60

which,

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,

With all his trim belonging; and from this
time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,

With all the applause and clamour of the host,

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS! Bear 65

The addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and
drums.]

All. Caius Marcus Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether I blush or no; howbeit, I thank
you. 70

I mean to stride your steed, and at all times

To undercrest your good addition

To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write

To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius, 75

Must to Corioli back, send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate

For their own good and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me, I, that

now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to
beg 80

Of my lord general.

Com. Take 't; 't is yours. What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay here in Corioli

At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly.

He cried to me,— I saw him prisoner,—

But then Aufidius was within my view, 85

And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request
you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should

Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcus, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter! forgot.

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. 90

Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time

It should be look'd to. Come. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE X. The camp of the Volsces.]

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three SOLDIERS.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

[1.] Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good
condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volscie, be that I am. Condition! 5

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Mar-
cius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou
beat me,

And wouldst do so, I think, should we en-
counter

As often as we eat. By the elements, 10

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's mine, or I am his. Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in 't it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some
way; 15

Or wrath or craft may get him.

[1.] Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My val-
our's poison'd

With only suff'ring stain by him; for him

Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep nor sanctu-
ary,

Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20

The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,

Embargements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcus. Where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even
there, 25

Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to
the city;

Learn how 't is held, and what they are that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

[1.] Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I
 pray you — 30
 'T is south the city mills — bring me word
 thither
 How the world goes, that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.
 [*L.*] *Sol.* I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[*SCENE I. Rome. A public place.*]

Enter MENENIUS, with the two Tribunes of the people, SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marc'us.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marc'us.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marc'us poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marc'us for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Both. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patri-

cian, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weas-men as you are — I cannot call you Lycurguses — if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectivities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs. You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a faucet-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing. All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying Marc'us is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships. More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius go aside.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, — and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler, — whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marc'us approaches. For the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marc'us coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, [*tosses it up*] and I thank thee. Hoo! Marcius coming home! 110
2 Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another, and, I think, there 's one at home for you. 120

Men. I will make my very house reel tonight. A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw 't. 134

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health, in which time I will make a lip at the physician. The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? He was wont to come home wounded. 131

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings 'a victory in his pocket? The wounds become him. 136

Vol. On 's brows. Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off. 141

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'll warrant him that. An he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the Senate possess'd of this? 146

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go. — Yes, yes, yes; the Senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly. 151

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing. 155

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded? 162

Vol. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm. There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body. 166

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, — there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 170

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark! the trumpets. [*A shout and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. 176

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nerry arm doth lie, Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the general, and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a HERALD.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates; where he hath won, 180
 With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
 In honour follows Coriolanus.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[Flourish.]
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart. 185

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
 For my prosperity! *[Kneels.]*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
 By deed achieving honour newly nam'd, — 190

What is it? — Coriolanus must I call thee? —
 But, O, thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,

That wew'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, 195

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? [*To Valeria.*] O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O, welcome home;

And welcome, general; and you're welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes! I

could weep 200

And I could laugh, I am light and heavy.
 Welcome!

A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
 That is not glad to see thee! You are three

That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith
 of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that
 will not 205

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors;

We call a nettle but a nettle and
 The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [*To Volumnia and Virgilia.*] Your hand, and yours. 210

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes 215
 And the buildings of my fancy; only

There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I had rather be their servant in my way Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacted to see him. Your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry While she chats him; the kitchen Malkin pins Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd

With variable complexions, all agreeing In earnestness to see him. Seld-shown flamens Do press among the popular throngs and puff To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask in Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses; — such a pother As if that whatsoever god who leads him Were silly crept into his human powers And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden, I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may, During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours

From where he should begin and end, but will Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they Upon their ancient malice will forget

With the least cause these his new honours, which

That he will give them make I as little question

As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear, Were he to stand for consul, never would he Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put The napless vesture of humility, Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is right.

Bru. It was his word. O, he would miss it rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him

And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better Than have him hold that purpose and to put it In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then as our good wills, A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out To him or our authorities for an end. We must suggest the people in what hatred He still hath held them; that to 's power he would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders and

Disproportioned their freedoms, holding them, In human action and capacity, Of no more soul nor fitness for the world Than camels in the war, who have their provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested At some time when his soaring insolence Shall touch the people — which time shall not want,

If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy As to set dogs on sheep — will be his fire To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Bru. What 's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought

That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and

The blind to hear him speak. Matrons flung gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,

Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended, As to Jove's statue, and the commons made

A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol; And carry with us ears and eyes for the time, But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same.*] *The Capitol.*

Enter two OFFICERS, to lay cushions.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say; but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* Faith, there hath been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt

doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing ⁵¹ undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. ⁵⁰

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their ⁵¹ estimation and report. But he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a ⁵² malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him; he's a worthy man. Make way, they are coming. ⁴⁰

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, SENATORS, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. Coriolanus stands.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service that Hath thus stood for his country; therefore, please you, ⁴⁵

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcins Coriolanus, whom ⁵⁰ We met here both to thank and to remember With honours like himself. [*Coriolanus sits.*]

1. *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think

Rather our state's defective for requital Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes.*]

Masters of the people, ⁵⁵ We do request your kindest ears, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts Inclinable to honour and advance ⁶⁰ The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather We shall be blest to do, if he remember A kinder value of the people than He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off; I would you rather had been silent. Please you ⁶⁵

To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly; But yet my caution was more pertinent Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak. [*Coriolanus rises and offers to go away.*] Nay, keep your place. ⁷⁰

1. *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon; I had rather have my wounds to heal again Than hear say how I got them. ⁷⁵

Bru. Sir, I hope My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet off, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words. ⁷⁸

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not; but your people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit ⁸⁰ To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit.*]

Men. Masters of the people, Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter — That's thousand to one good one — when you now see

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius. ⁸⁵

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held That valour is the chiefest virtue, and Most dignifies the haver; if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world ⁹⁰ Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought

Beyond the mark of others. Our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian chin he drove ⁹⁵ The bristled lips before him. He bestrid An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view Slew three opposers. Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene, ¹⁰⁰ He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his deed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-ent'red thus, he waxed like a sea, And in the brunt of seventeen battles since He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last, ¹⁰⁵

Before and in Corioli, let me say, I cannot speak him home. He stopp'd the fliers;

And by his rare example made the coward Turn terror into sport; as weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd ¹¹⁰ And fell below his stem. His sword, death's stamp,

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he ent'red The mortal gate of the city, which he painted ¹¹⁵ With shunless destiny; aidless came off,

Men. O sir, you are not right. Have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?
*I pray, sir, — Plague upon 't! I cannot bring*⁶⁶
My tongue to such a pace, — look, sir, my
wounds!

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that. You must desire
them⁶¹

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray
*you,*⁶⁵
In wholesome manner. [*Erit.*

Re-enter three of the CITIZENS.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. So, here comes a
brace. —

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
3. Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought
you to 't.⁷⁰

Cor. Mine own desert.

2. Cit. Your own desert!

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

3. Cit. How not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir, 'twas never my desire yet to
trouble the poor with begging.⁷⁶

3. Cit. You must think, if we give you any-
thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the
consulship?⁸⁰

1. Cit. The price is to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha' t. I
have wounds to show you, which shall be yours
in private. Your good voice, sir; what say
you?

2. Cit. You shall ha' it, worthy sir.⁸⁵

Cor. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy
voices begg'd. I have your alms; adieu.

3. Cit. But this is something odd.

2. Cit. An't were to give again, — but 't is no
matter. [*Exeunt [the three Citizens].*⁹⁰

Re-enter two other CITIZENS.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the
tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have
here the customary gown.

[*4. Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your
country, and you have not deserved nobly.⁹⁵

Cor. Your enigma?

[*4. Cit.* You have been a scourge to her ene-
mies, you have been a rod to her friends; you
have not indeed loved the common people.⁹⁹

Cor. You should account me the more virtu-
ous that I have not been common in my love.
I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people,
to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a wis-
dom they account gentle. And since the wis-
dom of their choice is rather to have my hat [¹⁰⁵

than my heart, I will practise the insinuating
nod and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that
is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of
some popular man and give it bountiful to the
desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be
consul.¹¹⁰

[*5. Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and
therefore give you our voices heartily.

[*4. Cit.* You have received many wounds
for your country.¹¹⁴

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with
showing them. I will make much of your voices,
and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,¹²⁰
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolless toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to 't.
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't.
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,¹²⁵
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. — I am half
through;¹³⁰
The one part suffered, the other will I do.

Re-enter three CITIZENS more.

Here come more voices. —

Your voices! For your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six¹³⁵
I have seen and heard of; for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more. Your
voices.

Indeed, I would be consul.

[*6. Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go
without any honest man's voice.¹⁴⁰

[*7. Cit.* Therefore let him be consul. The
gods give him joy, and make him good friend
to the people!

All Cit. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble
consul! [*Exeunt.*]¹⁴⁵

Cor. Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and Si-
CINIUS.*

Men. You have stood your limitation, and
the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have dis-
charg'd.¹⁵⁰

The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? At the Senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing
myself again,
Repair to the Senate-house.¹⁵⁵

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Ereunt Coriolanus and Menenius.*]

He has it now, and by his looks methinks

'T is warm at 's heart. 160

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.

Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter CITIZENS.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1. Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves. 165

2. Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3. Cit. Certainly

He flouted us downright.

1. Cit. No, 't is his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

2. Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says 170

He us'd us scornfully. He should have show'd

His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3. Cit. He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn, 175

"I would be consul," says he; "aged custom, But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore." When we granted that, Here was "I thank you for your voices; thank

you;

Your most sweet voices. Now you have left your voices, 180

I have no further with you." Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see 't, Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him As you were lesson'd: when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state, 186

He was your enemy, ever spake against Your liberties and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving

A place of potency and sway o' the state, 190

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the *plebeii*, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices and 196

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit

And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd 200

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage, 208

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive

He did solicit you in free contempt

When he did need your loves, and do you think

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you, 210

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your

bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues to

cry

Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic. Have you

Ere now deni'd the asker, and now again

Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow 215

Your sned-for tongues?

3. Cit. He 's not confirm'd; we may deny him yet.

2. Cit. And will deny him.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. Cit. I twice five hundred and their friends to piece 'em. 220

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them take

Their liberties, make them of no more voice

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking

As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble,

And on a safer judgement all revoke 225

Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,

And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble weed,

How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your

loves, 230

Thinking upon his services, took from you

The apprehension of his present portance,

Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes, that we la-

bour'd, 235

No impediment between, but that you must

Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment than as guided

By your own true affections, and that your

minds,

Pre-occupi'd with what you rather must do 240

Than what you should, made you against the

grain

To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,

How long continued, and what stock he springs

of, — 245

The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence

came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,

Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;

Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,

That our best water brought by conduits
hither; 250
[And Censorinus, nobly named so,
Twice being by the people chosen censor.]
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought 255
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Sealing his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't —
Harp on that still — but by our putting on; 260
And presently, when you have drawn your
number,

Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so. Almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard, 265
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come.
We will be there before the stream o' the
people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their 270
own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

[SCENE I. Rome. A street.]

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, all the
Gentry, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
SENATORS.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new
head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was
which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volscies stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make 275
road

Upon's again.

Com. They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did
curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely 280
Yielded the town. He is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? What?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword;

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his
fortunes 285

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 290

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribesmen of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do de-
spise them,

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that? 295

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on. No fur-
ther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the
common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

[*I.*] *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the
market-place. 300

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them
now

And straight disclaim their tongues? What
are your offices? 305

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by
plot,

To curb the will of the nobility.

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule 310
Nor ever will be ruled.

Bru. Call 't not a plot.

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness. 315

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yond
clouds, 320

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit, 325
Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd; set on. This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely 60
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again —
Men. Not now, not now.

[*L.*] *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler
friends,

I crave their pardons; 65
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd,
and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd num-
ber,

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

[*L.*] *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How I no more!
As for my country I have shed my blood, 75
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those
measles,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people
As if you were a god to punish, not 81
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well

We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep, 85
By Jove, 't would be my mind!

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark
you

His absolute "shall"?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. "Shall"!

O good but most unwise patricians! why, 91
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants not 95
spirit

To say he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then val your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are ple-
beians,

If they be senators; and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
trate,

And such a one as he, who puts his "shall," 106

His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove him-
self!

It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion 110
May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give
forth

The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was us'd
Sometime in Greece, —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more ab-
solute power, 116

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know
the corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assur'd
That ne'er did service for 't; being press'd to
the war.

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates. This kind of
service 124

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. The accusa-
tion

Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? 130
How shall this bisson multitude digest
The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words: "We did re-
quest it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear 134
They gave us our demands." Thus we debase
The nature of our seats and make the rabble
Call our cares fears; which will in time
Break open the locks o' the Senate and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more!
What may be sworn by, both divine and hu-
man, 141

Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other

Insult without all reason, where gentry, title,
wisdom,

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no 145
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it
falls

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech
you, —

You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't, that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it, at once pluck
out 155

The multitudinous tongue; let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishon-
our

Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become 't, 159
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. Has said enough.

Sic. Has spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald
tribunes? 165

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was
law,

Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? No!

Bru. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

— Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] in
whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator, 175
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge
thee,

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!
[*Senators, etc.*] We 'll surely him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake
thy bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens! 180

Enter a rabble of CITIZENS, with the ÆDILES.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all
your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles!

[*Citizens.*] Down with him! down with him!

2. *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons! 185

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus
[crying.]*]

Tribunes! Patricians! Citizens! What, ho!

Sicinius! Brutus! Coriolanus! Citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace! Stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? I am out of
breath;

Confusion 's near; I cannot speak. You, trib-
unes 190

To the people! Coriolanus, patience!

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; peace!

[*Citizens.*] Let 's hear our tribune; peace!

Speak, speak, speak!

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties.

Marcus would have all from you; Marcius, 195
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

[1.] *Sen.* To unbuild the city and to lay all
flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people?

[*Citizens.*] True, 200

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were estab-
lish'd

The people's magistrates.

[*Citizens.*] You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat,
To bring the roof to the foundation 205

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power 210
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him!

[*Citizens.*] Yield, Marcius, yield!

Men. Hear me one word;

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word. 215
Æd. Peace, peace!

Men. [*To Brutus.*] Be that you seem, truly
your country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways 220
That seem like prudent helps are very poison-
ous

Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon
him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No, I 'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*]

There 's some among you have beheld me fight-
ing;

Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen
me. 225

Men. Down with that sword! Tribunes,

withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Com. Help Marcius, help;

You that be noble, help him, young and old!
[*Citizens.*] Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the
Ædiles, and the People, are
beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; begone,
away! 230

All will be nought else.

2. *Sen.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

[1.] *Sen.* The gods forbid!

I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, beseech
you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians — as they
are,
Though in Rome litter'd — not Romans — as
they are not,

Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol!

[*Men.*] Begone!
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue; ²⁴¹
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the
two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands ²⁴⁶
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear?

Men. Pray you, begone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request ²⁵¹
With those that have but little. This must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius (and others).*]

A Patrician. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world; ²⁵⁵
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's
his mouth;

What his breast forges, that his tongue must
vent;

And, being angry, does forget that ever ²⁵⁹
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here 's goodly work!

A Patrician. I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber! What
the vengeance!

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes, —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock ²⁶⁰

With rigorous hands. He hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.

J. Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths, ²⁷¹
And we their hands.

[*Citizens.*] He shall, sure on 't.

Men. Sir, sir, —

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should
but hunt ²⁷⁵
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak.
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults, —

Sic. Consul! what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul! ²⁸⁰

[*Citizens.*] No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to dispatch ²⁸⁵
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid ²⁹⁰
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own! ²⁹⁴

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost —

Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he
hath, ³⁰⁰

By many an ounce — he dropp'd it for his country;

And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all that do 't and suffer it
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his
country, ³⁰⁵

It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was, —

Bru. We 'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, ³¹⁰
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to 's heels. Proceed by process,

Lest parties, as he is below'd, break out; ³¹⁵
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our adiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come.

Men. Consider this: he has been bred i' the
wars ³²⁰

Since 'a could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave;
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, ³²⁵
In peace, to his utmost peril.

I. Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way. The other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer. 330
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you there;

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
[To the Senators.] Let me desire your company.

He must come, 335
Or what is worst will follow.

[*I. Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.
[*Ereunt.*

[SCENE II. A room in Coriolanus's house.]

Enter CORIOLANUS, with NOBLES.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me

Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Noble. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. — I talk of you.

[*To Vol.*]
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

False to my nature? Rather say I play 15
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man
you are,

With striving less to be so. Lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang!
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS with the SENATORS.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough; 25

You must return and mend it.

[*I. Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,

But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but
that

The violent fit o' the time craves it as phisic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour
on, 34

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;

Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble, 40
But when extremities speak. I have heard you

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together. Grant that, and
tell me

In peace what each of them by the other lose
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem 45
The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both 50
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you,

But with such words that are but roted in 55
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all

Than to take in a town with gentle words,

Which else would put you to your fortune and
The hazard of much blood. 61

I would dissemble with my nature where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts 65
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
em

For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!

Come, go with us; speak fair. You may save 70
so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prithee now, my son,

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;

And thus far having stretch'd it — here be
with them —

Thy knee bussing the stones — for in such busi-
ness 75

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the igno-
rant

More learned than the ears — waving thy head,

Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling:—or say to
them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although I know thou hadst
rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter COMINIUS.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and,
sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence. All 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd
sconce? Must I

With my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie that it must bear? Well, I will do 't;

Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it

And throw 't against the wind. To the market-
place!

You have put me now to such a part which
never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast
said

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
turn'd,

Which choir'd with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an enunch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lull asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take
up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then.
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin! Let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me,
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content.
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their
loves,

Cog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going;
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.
[Exit.]

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you.
Arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is "mildly." Pray you, let
us go.

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly!

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an ÆDILE.

What, will he come?

Æd. He 's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither;
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be
it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,

If I say fine, cry "Fine!" if death, cry
"Death!"

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun
to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this
hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.
[Exit *Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth 25
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart, and that is there which
looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,
with others [SENATORS and Patricians].*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The hon-
our'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace, 30

And not our streets with war!

1. Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter ÆDILE, with CITIZENS.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience!
peace, I say! 40

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content 45
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content.

The warlike service he has done, consider;
think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show 50
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds, 55
But, as I say, such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,

I am so dishonour'd that the very hour
You take it off again? 60

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say, then; 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd
to take

From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical; 65
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the
people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in 71
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
"Thou liest" unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

[Citizens.] To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge. 75
What you have seen him do and heard him
speak,

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even
this, 80

So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome, —

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You? 85

Men. Is this the promise that you made your
mother?

Com. Know, I pray you, —

Cor. I'll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, faying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying "Good morrow."

Sic. For that he has,

As much as in him lies, from time to time
Envi'd against the people, seeking means 95
To pluck away their power, as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the pre-
sence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the
people

And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian never more

To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so. 105

[Citizens.] It shall be so, it shall be so. Let
him away!

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my com-
mon friends, —

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.
I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase
And treasure of my loins; then if I would 115
Speak that, —

Sic. We know your drift; speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd

As enemy to the people and his country.

It shall be so.

[*Citizens.*] It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath
I hate 120

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts! 125
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves, 130
Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere. 135

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius [Menenius, Senators, and Patricians].*
*They all shout, and throw up
their caps.*

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
[*Citizens.*] Our enemy is banish'd! he is
gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard 140
Attend us through the city.

[*Citizens.*] Come, come; let's see him out at
gates; come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

[*SCENE I. Rome. Before a gate of the city.*]

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, with the young Nobility
of Rome.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief fare-
well. The beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike 5
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle,
wounded, craves

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make me invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman, —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades
in Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to
say, 16

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my
mother; 20

I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menen-
ius,

Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft be-
held

Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad
women 25

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot
well

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly — though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen 30
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen —
your son

Will or exceed the common or be caught

With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while; determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance 35
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with
thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of
us

And we of thee; so if the time thrust forth 40
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool

I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well!

Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one 45
That's yet unbruised. Bring me but out at
gate.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall 51
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.

If I could shake off but one seven years 55
From these old arms and legs, by the good
gods,

I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:
Come. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *The same. A street near the gate.*]

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further,

The nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided

In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home. *Sic.* Bid them home. *Sic.* Bid them home.
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*]

Here comes his mother.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us; keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods

Require your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear, —

Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To Brutus.*]

Will you be gone?

Vir. [*To Sicinius.*] You shall stay too. I would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wise words,

And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what: — yet go.

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: — I would my son

Were in Arabia and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards and all!

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country

As he began, and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. "I would he had"! 'T was you in-

crease'd the rabble;

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth

As I can of those mysteries which heaven will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let's go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone;

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed the meanest house in Rome, so far my son —

This lady's husband here, this, do you see? — Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited with one that wants her wits?

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

Vol. Take my prayers with you. I would the gods had nothing else to do

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em But once a-day, it would unclug my heart Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home; And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself, And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's go.

[*To Virgilia.*] Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,

In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exit.*]

[SCENE III. *A highway between Rome and Antium.*]

Enter a ROMAN and a VOLSCE [meeting].

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me. Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vols. It is so, sir. Truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vols. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vols. Hath been! Is it ended, then? Our state thinks not so. They are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vols. Coriolanus banish'd!

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vols. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vols. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius's house.]

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium. City, 'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan and drop. Then know-me

not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a CITIZEN.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity; so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke

their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me;

My birthplace hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. I'll enter. If he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. *[Exit.]*

[SCENE V. The same. A hall in Aufidius's house.]

Music within. Enter a SERVINGMAN.

1. *Serv.* Wine; wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. *[Exit.]*

Enter a second SERVINGMAN.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! *[Exit.]*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house! The feast smells well, but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first SERVINGMAN.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you; pray, go to the door. *[Exit.]*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second SERVINGMAN.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! *[Exit.]*

2. *Serv.* Away! get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third SERVINGMAN. The first meets him.

3. *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on; I cannot get him out o' th' house. Prithee, call my master to him. *[Retires.]*

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. *[Pushes him away from him.]*

3. *Serv.* What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall. *[Exit.]*

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. Serv. How, sir! do you meddle with my master? 51

Cor. Ay; 't is an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[Beats him away. [Exit third Serv-
ingman.]

Enter AUFIDIUS *with the* [second] *SERVINGMAN.*

Auf. Where is this fellow? 55

2. Serv. Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

[Retires.]

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus [unmuffling], not yet thou 60
know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face 65
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not. Thy name? 70

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly and to all the Volscies
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood 75
Shed for my thankless country are required
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name
remains.

The cruelty and envy of the people, 80
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of
hope — 85

Mistake me not — to save my life, for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee, but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast 90
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs and stop those
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn. So use it
That my revengeful services may prove 95
As benefits to thee, for I will fight
Against my cank'red country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
fortunes

Thou 'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am 100
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn tunns of blood out of thy country's
breast, 105

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless

It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from
my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter

Should from yond cloud speak divine things, 110
And say "'T is true," I'd not believe them
more

Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, whereagainst
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters. Here I
clip 115

The anvil of my sword, and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love

As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man 120

Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I
tell thee, 125

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me
out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly
since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;

We have been down together in my sleep, 130

Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

From twelve to seventy, and pouring war 135

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,

And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who am prepar'd against your territories, 140
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take

The one half of my commission; and set
down —

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, — thine,
own ways; 145

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come in;
Let me commend the first to those that shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes! 151

And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand;
most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*
The two Servingmen [come forward].

1. *Serv.* Here 's a strange alteration! 154

2. *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1. *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top. 161

2. *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, sir, a kind of face, methought, — I cannot tell how to term it.

1. *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were — would I were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think. 167

2. *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1. *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he you wot one. 171

2. *Serv.* Who? My master?

1. *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1. *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier. 176

2. *Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that. For the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too. 180

Re-enter third SERVINGMAN.

3. *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news, — news, you rascals!

1. and 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? Let 's partake.

3. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man. 186

1. and 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, "thwack our general"? 191

3. *Serv.* I do not say, "thwack our general"; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself. 196

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on 't. Before Corioli he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been canniball given, he might have boil'd and eaten him too. 201

1. *Serv.* But more of thy news.

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question ask'd him by [205] any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'

the middle and but one half of what he was [210] yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd. 215

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do 't! he will do 't; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude. 222

1. *Serv.* Directitude! What 's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him. 227

1. *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3. *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips. 239

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers. 235

1. *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war 's a destroyer of men. 241

2. *Serv.* 'Tis so; and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another. 246

3. *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money! I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. — They are rising, they are rising. 250

1. and 2. *Serv.* In, in, in, in! [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. Rome. A public place.]

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame. The present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends Blush that the world goes well, who rather had, 5

Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold

Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Br. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius? 10

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown most kind of late.

Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus
Is not much miss'd, but with his friends,
The commonwealth doth stand, and so would
do,

Were he more angry at it. 15
Men. All's well; and might have been much
better, if

He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and
his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four CITIZENS.

[*Citizens.*] The gods preserve you both!

Sic. God-den, our neighbours. 20

Bru. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

I. Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on
our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours! We wish'd
Coriolanus 24

Had lov'd you as we did.

[*Citizens.*] Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, 30
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-
ing,

Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamenta-
tion,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so. 35

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Rome

Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an ÆDILE.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volscies with two several powers 40
Are ent'red in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for
Rome, 45

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It can-
not be

The Volscies dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like hath been 50
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,

Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your informa-
tion

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me! 55

I know this cannot be.

Bru.

Not possible.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are
going

All to the Senate-house; some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave, —
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes, — his
raising; 60

Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many
mouths —

How probable I do not know — that Marcius, 65
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst
Rome,

And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may
wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't. 71

Men. This is unlikely.
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter [a second] MESSENGER.

[2.] *Mess.* You are sent for to the Senate. 72

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took

What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters and 81

To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses, —

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement,
and 85

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news? —

You have made fair work, I fear me. — Pray,
your news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians, —
Com. If!

He is their god. He leads them like a thing. 90
Made by some other deity than nature,

That shapes man better; and they follow him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so
much 96

Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made
fair work! 100

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame
him? 105

Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the
people

Deserve such pity of him as his wolf 110
Does of the shepherds. For his best friends, if
they

Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true.
If he were putting to my house the brand 115
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease." You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts! You have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

[*Both Tri.* Say not we brought it. 120
Men. How! Was 't we? We lov'd him; but,
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius, 125
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of CITIZENS.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him? You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you
cast 130

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip. As many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down, 135
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;

If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

[*Citizens.*] Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity. 140

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth,
so did very many of us. That we did, we did
for the best; and though we willingly con-
sented to his banishment, yet it was against
our will. 145

Com. You're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! Shall 's to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt Cominius and Menenius.*
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dis-
may'd. 150

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, mas-
ters, let 's home. I ever said we were i' the
wrong when we banish'd him. 155

2. *Cit.* So did we all. But, come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my
wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let 's go.
[*Exeunt.*

[*SCENE VII. A camp, at a small distance from
Rome.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS with his LIEUTENANT.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in
him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are dark'ned in this action, sir, 5
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proud-
lier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his na-
ture 10

In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir, —
I mean for your particular, — you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Have borne the action of yourself, or else 15
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows
not

What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent. 20

To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,

When'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Ant. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of Rome are his.

The senators and patricians love him too;
The tribunes are no soldiers, and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even. Whether 't was pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but command-

ing peace
Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war; but one of these, —
As he hath spices of them all — not all, —

For I dare so far free him, — made him fear'd;
So, hated; and so, banish'd: but he has a merit

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;

And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;

Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths
do fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
thine,

Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou
mine. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V

[SCENE I. Rome. A public place.]

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, with others.

Men. No, I'll not go. You hear what he
hath said

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father;
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him;

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd

To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name,

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops

That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have wreck'd fair
Rome

To make coals cheap! A noble memory!

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to par-
don

When it was less expected; he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state

To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well;

Could he say less?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For 's private friends; his answer to me was,

He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said 't was folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two!
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains.
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon; we must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient. If you refuse
your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if

you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No, I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can

do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With his unkindness? Say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the

measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake 't.
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip

And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd.

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We put upon the morning, are unapt

To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll

watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kind-
ness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-
ledge

Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him; '65
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise"; dismiss'd
me

Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would
do,

He sent in writing after me, what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions;
So that all hope is vain, 70
Unless his noble mother and his wife, —
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's
hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Ezeunt.

[SCENE II. Entrance of the Volscian camp be-
fore Rome.] The WATCH on guard.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. Watch. Stay! Whence are you?

2. Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 't is well; but,
by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus.

1. Watch. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1. Watch. You may not pass, you must re-
turn; our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2. Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd
with fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, 10
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menen-
ius.

1. Watch. Be it so; go back. The virtue of
your name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover. I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

His fame unparallel'd haply amplified;
For I have ever magnified my friends, 15
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that
verity

Would without lapsing suffer; nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his
praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1. Watch. Faith, sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf as you have uttered words
in your own, you should not pass here; no,

though it were as virtuous to lie as to live
chastely. Therefore, go back. 28

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of
your general. 31

2. Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar,
as you say you have, I am one that, telling true
under him, must say you cannot pass. There-
fore, go back. 35

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I
would not speak with him till after dinner.

1. Watch. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is. 39

1. Watch. Then you should hate Rome, as
he does. Can you, when you have push'd out
your gates the very defender of them, and, in a
violent popular ignorance, given your enemy
your shield, think to front his revenges with
the easy groans of old women, the virginal 45
palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you
seem to be? Can you think to blow out the in-
tended fire your city is ready to flame in, with
such weak breath as this? No, you are de- 50
ceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare
for your execution. You are condemn'd, our
general has sworn you out of reprieve and par-
don. 54

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,
he would use me with estimation.

1. Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general. 58

1. Watch. My general cares not for you.
Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint
of blood. Back, that's the utmost of your hav-
ing; back!

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS with AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter? 64

Men. Now, your companion, I'll say an errand
for you. You shall know now that I am in
estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack
guardant cannot office me from my son Corio-
lanus. Guess but by my entertainment with
him if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging,
or of some death more long in spectatorship, 70
and crueller in suffering; behold now presently,
and swoon for what's to come upon thee. [To
Cor.] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod
about thy particular prosperity, and love thee
no worse than thy old father Menenius does! 75
O my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for
us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was
hardly moved to come to thee; but being as-
sured none but myself could move thee, I have
been blown out of our gates with sighs; and 80
conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petition-
ary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy
wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet
here, — this, who, like a block, hath denied my
access to thee. 85

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My
affairs

Are servanted to others; though I owe

My revenge properly, my remission lies 90
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, begone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved
thee, 95

Take this along. I writ it for thy sake,
[*Gives a letter.*]
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st!
Auf. You keep a constant temper. 100

[*Exeunt [Coriolanus and Aufidius].*]

1. Watch. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
2. Watch. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much
power. You know the way home again.

1. Watch. Do you hear how we are shent for
keeping your greatness back? 105

2. Watch. What cause do you think I have
to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your
general; for such things as you, I can scarce
think there's any, you're so slight. He that
hath a will to die by himself fears it not from 110
another. Let your general do his worst. For
you, be that you are, long; and your misery
increase with your age! I say to you, as I was
said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1. Watch. A noble fellow, I warrant him. 115

2. Watch. The worthy fellow is our general.
He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. *The tent of Coriolanus.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS [and others].

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host. My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords, how
plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against's
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to
Rome,

Lov'd me above the measure of a father; 120
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more
offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept. To grace him only 125

That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, here-
after

Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 't is made? I will not.

Enter [in mourning habits] VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA [leading] young MARCIUS, Valeria, with Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her
hand

The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break! 25
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.

What is that curtsy worth? or those doves'
eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and
am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother
bows,

As if Olympus to a molehill should 30
In supplication nod; and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession which
Great nature cries, "Deny not." Let the
Voices

Plough Rome and harrow Italy, I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand 35

As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in
Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now 40
I have forgot my part, and I am out.

Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say

For that, "Forgive our Romans." O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! 45

Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip

Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world

Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[*Kneels.*]

Of thy deep duty more impression show 51
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

I kneel before thee; and unproperly 55
Show duty, as mistaken all this while

Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*]

Cor. [*Instantly raising her.*] What 's this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
Murd'ring impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle 65

That's curdled by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours.

Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform ⁷¹
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou mayst
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy! ⁷⁵

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,

Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me ⁸¹
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics; tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural; desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with ⁸⁵
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already. Yet we will ask,
That, if you fail in our request, the blame ⁹⁰
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear
us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsees, mark; for
we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. Your re-
quest?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our
raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life ⁹⁵
We have led since thy exile. Think with thy-
self

How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight,
which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and
sorrow; ¹⁰⁰

Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital. Thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort ¹⁰⁵
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas, how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy vic-
tory,

Whereto we are bound? Alack, or we must
lose

The country, our dear nurse, or else thy per-
son, ¹¹⁰

Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else ¹¹⁵
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely shed

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine. If I cannot persuade
thee ¹²⁰

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread —
Trust to't, thou shalt not — on thy mother's

womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name ¹²⁵

Living to time.

Young Mar. 'A shall not tread on me.
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see, ¹³⁰
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

The Volsees whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour. No; our suit ¹³⁵
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsees
May say, "This mercy we have show'd"; the
Romans,

"This we receiv'd"; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blest
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st,
great son, ¹⁴⁰

The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ: "The man was
noble, ¹⁴⁵

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me,
son.

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods; ¹⁵⁰
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the
air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak
you; ¹⁵⁵

He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou,
boy;

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the
world

More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks. — Thou hast never in
thy life ¹⁶⁰

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but if it be not so, ¹⁶⁵

Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away. Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees. To his surname Coriolanus longs more pride 170 Than pity to our prayers. Down! an end; This is the last. So we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold's!

This boy, that cannot tell what he would have, But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship, 175 Does reason our petition with more strength Than thou hast to deny 't. — Come, let us go. This fellow had a Volseian to his mother; His wife is in Corioli, and his child Like him by chance. — Yet give us our dis- patch. 180

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,

And then I'll speak a little.

[He holds her by the hand, silent.]

Cor. O mother, mother! What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O! 185 You have won a happy victory to Rome; But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it, Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd, If not most mortal to him. But, let it come. Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190 I'll find convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were; And, sir, it is no little thing to make 195 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part, I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you, Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

[Speaks apart with them.]

Auf. *[Aside.]* I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour 200 At difference in thee. Out of that I'll work Myself a former fortune.

Cor. *[To Volumnia, Virgilia, etc.]* Ay, by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall bear A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd. 205 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you. All the swords In Italy, and her confederate arms, Could not have made this peace. *[Exeunt.]*

[SCENE IV. — Rome. A public place.]

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the [5

ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't; our throats are sentenc'd and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man? 14

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly. 15

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes; when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his [20 eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in. 25

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you. 32

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us. 37

Enter a MESSENGER.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house.

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune And hale him up and down, all swearing, if 40 The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second MESSENGER.

Sic. What's the news?

[2.] Mess. Good news, good news! The ladies have prevail'd, The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone. A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, 45 No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? Is 't most certain?

[2.] Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire.

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, 50

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[A shout within.]

Men. This is good news ;
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia ⁶⁵
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well
to-day.

This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they
joy ! [*Sound still, with the shouts.* ⁶⁰

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tid-
ings ; next,

Accept my thankfulness.

[*2.* *Mess.* Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

[*2.* *Mess.* Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Exeunt.* ⁶⁵

[SCENE V. *The same. A street near the gate.*]

Enter two SENATORS with Ladies [Volumnia,
Virgilia, Valeria, etc.], *passing over the stage,*
with other Lords.

[*1.* *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of
Rome !

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ! Strew flowers
before them !

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius !
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ; ⁵
Cry, "Welcome, ladies, welcome !"]

All. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome ! [*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Corioli. A public place.*]

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here ;
Deliver them this paper. Having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears, ⁵
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of Aufidius'
faction.

Most welcome !

1. Con. How is it with our general ?
Auf. Even so ¹⁰
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2. Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell. ¹⁵
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3. Con. The people will remain uncertain
whilst

'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits ²⁰
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth ; who being so height-
en'd,

He watered his new plants with dews of flat-
tery,

Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before ²⁵
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoke of. ³⁰
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat. I took him ;
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his design-
ments ³⁵

In mine own person ; help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his, and took some pride
To do myself this wrong ; till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if ⁴⁰
I had been mercenary.

1. Con. So he did, my lord.
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory, —

Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon
him. ⁴⁵

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action. Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !
[*Drums and trumpets sound, with
great shouts of the People.*

1. Con. Your native town you enter'd like a
post, ⁵⁰

And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear

With giving him glory.

3. Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people ⁵⁵
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more. ⁶⁰
Here come the lords.

Enter the LORDS of the city.

All the Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1. Lord. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines ; but there to
end ⁶⁵

Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, — this admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him. 70

Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colours; Commoners being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and 75
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have
brought home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made
peace

With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,

Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree 85
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. "Traitor!" How now!

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. "Marcius!"

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost
thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen
name,

Coriolanus, in Corioli? 90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given
up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say "your city," to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like 95
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. "Boy!" O
slave!

Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that
ever 105

I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie; and his own no-
tion —

Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him,
that

Must bear my beating to his grave — shall join
To thrust the lie unto him. 110

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies; men and
lads,
Stain all your edges on me. "Boy!" False
hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I 115
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. "Boy!"

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-
gart, 120

'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consps. Let him die for 't.

All the people. Tear him to pieces! Do it
presently! — He kill'd my son! — My daughter!
— He kill'd my cousin Marcus! — He kill'd my
father!

2. *Lord.* Peace, ho! no outrage: peace! 125
The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Consps. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[Both the Conspirators draw, and
kill Coriolanus, who falls: Au-
fidius stands on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. *Lord.* O Tullus!

2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat
valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him. Masters all,
be quiet; 135

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know — as in
this rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot — the great dan-
ger

Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re-
joice

That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver 141

Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body;
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded

As the most noble corse that ever herald 145
Did follow to his urn.

2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.

Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be
one. 150

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully.
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he

Hath widowed and unchild'd many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory. 155

Assist. [Exeunt, bearing the body of Cori-
olanus. A dead march sounded.]

POEMS

VENUS AND ADONIS

THIS poem, the first product of Shakespeare's pen to issue from the press, was printed in 1593 by his fellow-townsmen, Richard Field. It seems to have become popular at once; and by the middle of the seventeenth century at least twelve editions had appeared. The dedication indicates that it was published with Shakespeare's consent, and it is to be presumed that it was printed from the author's manuscript. The first edition is the sole authority for the text.

Of the date of composition the only additional evidence lies in the words of the dedication, "the first heir of my invention." Since, according to the received chronology, Shakespeare had by this time written several plays, it is necessary to suppose either that he used this phrase in a sense which excluded drama, or that the poem had at least been sketched some years before the date of publication. This second and more plausible hypothesis does not preclude the possibility of polishing and revision down to the date of entry in the Stationers' Register, April 18, 1593.

Venus and Adonis belongs to a somewhat large class of Elizabethan poems in which classical legends were re-told with the luxuriant decoration characteristic of the spirit of the Renaissance. Ovid was the most frequent source of these themes, and in the present instance we find borrowings from several of the poems of the *Metamorphoses*: the reluctance of the hero from the legend of Hermaphroditus in Book iv; the boar from that of Meleager in Book viii; and other details from the account of Adonis in Book x. A large number of poetical treatments of the myth, going back to Theocritus as well as to Ovid, are found in the works of sixteenth-century poets in Italy, France, and Spain; and traces of their influence are supposed to be discernible in the present poem. The essential feature of the reluctance of Adonis, however, is not explicitly stated in any of the Continental versions, classical or Renaissance. It is present in incidental treatments of the theme by Greene and Marlowe; and Thomas Lodge, in his ornate re-telling of the Ovidian tale of *Glaucus and Scilla* (1589), had described a situation similar to that in Shakespeare's poem, by reversing, probably under the influence of Ovid's *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, the parts played by the hero and heroine. Lodge also treated in passing the story of Adonis; and the verse-form he employed is that used by Shakespeare. These indications, corroborated by the presence of numerous similarities in detail, point to Lodge's poem as the most important immediate source of Shakespeare's inspiration.

Villâ miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolish'd lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden; only if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather; and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto
him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy
life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit, where never serpent
hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good.
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimble she fastens;—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove.
Backward she push'd him, as she would be
thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in
lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips.
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,

And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never
open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her
tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his
cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss:
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and
bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his
chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Fore'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of
flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling
showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fast'n'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him
fret,

Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale.
Being red, she loves him best; and being
white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks
all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless
debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,

Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way. 90

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink than she for this good
 turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
 "O, pity," can she cry, "flint-hearted boy ! 95
 'Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

"I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes in every jar ; 100
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd
 shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batt'rd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
 dance, 105
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest,
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I overswayed,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain ; 110
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
 obeyed,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of
 fight !

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of
 thine, — 115
 Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red, —
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
 What seest thou in the ground ? Hold up thy
 head ;
 Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies ;
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in
 eyes ? 120

"Art thou asham'd to kiss ? Then wink again,
 And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but
 twain ;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight ;
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean 125
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe ; yet mayst thou well be
 tasted.
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted. 130
 Fair flowers that are not gath'rd in their
 prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,

O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold, 135
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were
 not for thee ;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
 Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in
 turning ; 140
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burn-
 ing ;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy
 hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green, 145
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen.
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire. 150

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees sup-
 port me ;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through
 the sky
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport
 me.

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be 155
 That thou should think it heavy unto thee ?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face af-
 fected ?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
 Narcissus so himself himself forsook, 160
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to
 bear ; 165
 Things growing to themselves are growth's
 abuse.
 Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth
 beauty ;
 Thou wast begot ; to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou
 feed,
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ? 170
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live when thou thyself art
 dead ;
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat, 175
 For where they lay the shadow had forsook
 them,
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of
love!"

The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so un-
kind?"

What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun: 180
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my
tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but
warm,

And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee; 194
The heat I have from thence doth little harm.
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth
me;

And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relent-
eth?" 200

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love torment-
eth?"

O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died un-
kind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me
this?" 205

Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be
mute.

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again, 209
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!

Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plexion, 215
For men will kiss even by their own direc-
tion."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue,

And swelling passion doth provoke a pause.
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her
wrong;

Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak, 221

And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head and then his
hand,

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;

Sometimes her arms infold him like a band: 225
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be
gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, "Since I have hemm'd
thee here

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, 230
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough, 235
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and
rough,

To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand
bark." 240

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple.
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie, 245
Why, there Love liv'd and there he could
not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting
pits,

Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second strik-
ing?" 250

Poor Queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? What shall
she say?

Her words are done, her woes the more increas-
ing;

The time is spent, her object will away, 255
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.

"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some re-
morse!"

Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud, 260
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud.

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a
tree,

Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes
he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds, 265
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he
wounds,

Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's
thunder;

The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with, 270

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send ;
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire, 275
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is
tried, 280
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla," or his "Stand, I say" ?
What cares he now for curb or pricking
spur ? 285

For rich caparisons or trappings gay ?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportioned steed, 290
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed ;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and
long, 295
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril
wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and pass-
ing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender
hide :
Look, what a horse should have he did not
lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And wh'er he run or fly they know not
whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high wind
sings, 305
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath' red
wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her ;
She answers him as if she knew his mind ;
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo
her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems un-
kind, 310
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he
feels ;
Beating his kind embracements with her
heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ; 315
He stamps and bites the poor flies in his fume.

His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 320
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.

As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly
them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits, 325
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast ;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the
tongue. 330

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage ;
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
But when the heart's attorney once is
mute, 335
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind, 340
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
To note the fighting conflict of her hue, 345
How white and red each other did destroy !
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the
sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ; 350
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's
print
As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between
them ! 355
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen
them ;
Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdain'd the
wooing :
And all this dumb play had his acts made
plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did
rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe.

This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my
wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure
thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would
cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou
feel it?"

"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou
shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine
hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me
go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so.
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire;
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd,
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath
none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be
gone."

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending
crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast."

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?"

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings
teach thee.
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not
know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;

'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a
breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and un-
finish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing
worth.
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being
young,
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong."

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us
part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat;
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate;
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no bat-
tery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast
thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double
wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bear-
ing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-
sounding,
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep
sore wounding."

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would
move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee."

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor
touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling:
Comes breath perfum'd that breedeth love by
smelling."

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the
feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,

Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds, 455
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisably she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 460
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown; 465
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it
red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 470
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the
cheeks, 475
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she by her good will
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky, 485
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrowed all their
shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine; 490
But hers, which through the crystal tears
gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or
heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even? 495
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me; kill me once again.
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of
thine, 500
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such dis-
dain
That they have murd' red this poor heart of
mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their
queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear! 506
And as they last, their verdure still endure
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips im-
printed, 511
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of
slips 515
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one,
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520
Say, for non-payment that the debt should
double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe
me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me: 525
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears;
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks
fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter with weary gait
His day's hot task hath ended in the west; 530
The owl, night's herald, shrieks; 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's
light
Do summon us to part and bid good-night.

"Now let me say 'Good-night,' and so say you;
Before I will say so, you shall have a kiss." 536
"Good-night," quoth she, and, ere he says
"Adieu,"

The honey fee of parting tend' red is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to
face; 540

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward
drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth.
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with
dearth, 545
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding
prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willet; 550
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price
so high
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
 boil, 555
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's
 wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embrac-
 ing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much
 handling, 560
 Or as the fleet-foot roe that 's tir'd with chas-
 ing,
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she list-
 eth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tem-
 p'ring, 565
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with ven-
 t'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commis-
 sion:
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best when most his choice is
 froward. 570

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis
 pluck'd.
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through and picks them all
 at last. 575

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her
 heart, 580
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste
 in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to
 watch.
 Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-
 morrow? 585
 Say, shall we? shall we? Wilt thou make the
 match?"
 He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden
 pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing
 rose, 590
 Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love, 595
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount
 her;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium and to lack her joy. 600

Even so poor birds, deceiv'd with painted
 grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw;
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
 The warm effects which she in him finds
 missing, 605
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be.
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not
 lov'd. 610
 "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
 You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet
 boy, ere this,
 But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt
 the boar.
 O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is 615
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth
 still,
 Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 620
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth
 fret;
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his
 way,
 And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
 Are better proof than thy spear's point can
 enter; 625
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture.
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part, through whom he
 rushes. 630

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
 To which Love's eyes pays tributary gazes;
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
 But having thee at vantage, — wondrous
 dread! — 635
 Would root these beauties as he roots the
 mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
 Come not within his danger by thy will;
 They that thrive well take counsel of their
 friends. 640

When thou didst name the bear, not to dis-
semble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did
tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not
white?

Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?⁶⁴⁵
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no
rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;⁶⁵⁰
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill!'
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,⁶⁵⁵
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine
ear
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye⁶⁶¹
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being
shed⁶⁶⁵
Doth make them droop with grief and hang
the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:⁶⁷⁰
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,⁶⁷⁵
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind
hare,⁶⁷⁹
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles.
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,⁶⁸⁵
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
smell,

And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;—
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear;—

"For there his smell with others being min-
gled,⁶⁹¹
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have
singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo re-
plies,⁶⁹⁵
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;⁷⁰⁰
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled
wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth
scratch,⁷⁰⁵
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And, being low, never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise.⁷¹⁰
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where,"
quoth he;⁷¹⁵
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends;
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?"
quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of
all."⁷²⁰

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy
lips⁷²⁵
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the rea-
son:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason
For stealing moulds from heaven that were di-
vine;⁷³⁰
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's
despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities, ⁷³⁵
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wild, ⁷⁴⁰
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd
despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so
fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies ⁷⁴⁵
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under;
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday
sun. ⁷⁵⁰

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night ⁷⁵⁵
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must
have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity? ⁷⁶⁰
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do
slay, ⁷⁶⁵
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use more gold be-
gets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall
again ⁷⁷⁰
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-fac'd Night, Desire's foul
nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and
worse. ⁷⁷⁴

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your
own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine
ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there, ⁷⁸⁰

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan, ⁷⁸⁵
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse, ⁷⁹¹
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed ⁷⁹⁵
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon be-
reaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun; ⁸⁰⁰
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say; ⁸⁰⁵
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet em-
brace, ⁸¹¹
Of those fair arms which bound him to her
breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs
apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the
sky, ⁸¹⁵
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds con-
tend; ⁸²⁰
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are, ⁸²⁵
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming
troubled, ⁸³⁰
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled;

"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times;
 "Woe, woe!"
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them begins a wailing note ⁸³⁵
 And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
 How love makes young men thrall and old men
 dote;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty.
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so. ⁸⁴⁰

Her song was tedious and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming
 short;
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, de-
 light
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
 Their copious stories oftentimes begun ⁸⁴⁵
 End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal
 But idle sounds resembling parasites,
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every
 call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits? ⁸⁵⁰
 She says, "T is so:" they answer all,
 "T is so;"
 And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver
 breast ⁸⁵⁵
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so glorious behold
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-mor-
 row:
 "O thou clear god, and patron of all light, ⁸⁶⁰
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth
 borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son that suck'd an earthly
 mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to
 other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove, ⁸⁶⁵
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
 She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn;
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry. ⁸⁷⁰

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do
 ache, ⁸⁷⁵
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some
 brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder

Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and
 shudder; ⁸⁸⁰
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appalls her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place, ⁸⁸⁵
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud.
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him
 first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her
 heart; ⁸⁹⁰
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling
 part.
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth
 yield,
 They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy; ⁸⁹⁵
 Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
 She tells them 't is a causeless fantasy
 And childish error that they are afraid;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
 more:—
 And with that word she spied the hunted
 boar, ⁹⁰⁰

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both to-
 gether,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not
 whither:
 This way she runs, and now she will no fur-
 ther, ⁹⁰⁵
 But back retires to rate the boar for mur-
 ther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
 She treads the path that she untreads again;
 Her more than haste is mated with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, ⁹¹⁰
 Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;
 In hand with all things, nought at all effect-
 ing.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master,
 And there another licking of his wound, ⁹¹⁵
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plas-
 ter;
 And here she meets another sadly scowl-
 ing,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with
 howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and
 grim, ⁹²⁰
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
 Another and another answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground be-
low,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they
go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies, 926
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have
gazed,

Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on Death. 930

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love," — thus chides she
Death, —

"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost
thou mean

To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty
set 935

Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead, — O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it:
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940

Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's
heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had
spoke,

And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke; 945
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a
flower.

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him
dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st
such weeping?"

What may a heavy groan advantage thee? 950
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy
rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair, 955
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;

But through the flood-gates breaks the silver
rain,

And with his strong course opens them
again. 960

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's
sorrow.

Sorrow that kindly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
again. 965

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, 970
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hallo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well.
The dire imagination she did follow 975
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass; 980
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should
pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth
drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems 985
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:

The one doth flatter thee in thoughts un-
likely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee
quickly. 990

Now she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought;

Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;

She clepes him king of graves and grave for
kings, 995
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but
jest;

Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe; 1000

Then, gentle shadow, — truth I must con-
fess, —

I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault; the boar provok'd my
tongue;

Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee
wrong; 1005

I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's
wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate; 1010
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and
stories.
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind ¹⁰¹⁶
To wail his death who lives and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos come
again. ¹⁰²⁰

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art as full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking
grieves."

Even at this word she hears a merry horn, ¹⁰²⁵
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair de-
light; ¹⁰³⁰

Which seen, her eyes, as murd'red with the
view,

Like stars asham'd of day, themselves with-
drew;

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smoth'ed up, in shade doth
sit, ¹⁰³⁵

Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain; ¹⁰⁴⁰
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;

Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes; ¹⁰⁴⁵
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-
found.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap
her eyes; ¹⁰⁵⁰

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had
trench'd

In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd.

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
weed, ¹⁰⁵⁵

But stole his blood and seem'd with him to
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead. ¹⁰⁶⁰

Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till
now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
three;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye, ¹⁰⁶⁵
That makes more gashes where no breach
should be.

His face seems twain, each several limb is
doubled;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being
troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons
dead! ¹⁰⁷⁰

My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red
fire!

So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou
lost! ¹⁰⁷⁵

What face remains alive that's worth the
viewing?

Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou
boast

Of things long since, or anything ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh
and trim;

But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with
him. ¹⁰⁸⁰

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss
you:

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air ¹⁰⁸⁵
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his
fair.

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years, ¹⁰⁹¹
They both would strive who first should dry
his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
him;

To recreate himself when he hath sung, ¹⁰⁹⁵
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his
prey

And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills; ¹¹⁰⁰
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their
bills

Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red
cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with
berries. 1104

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him
so. 1110

"'T is true, 't is true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd unaware the tusk in his soft
groat. 1116

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst." 1120
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale, 1125
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect; 1130
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect.

"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my
spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be
light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy: 1135
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his
woe. 1140

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most
weak, 1145
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to
speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-
sures; 1150

It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mis-
trust;
It shall be merciful and too severe, 1155
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most to-
ward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire; 1160
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not en-
joy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd 1165
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, check'd red with
white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the
blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness
stood. 1170

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to
smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is left from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach ap-
pears 1175
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to
tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy
father's guise—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
And so 't is him; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy
right.
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest, 1185
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and
night;
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's
flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift
aid 1190
Their mistress mounted through the empty
skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their
queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

THE first edition of *Lucrece*, the source of all succeeding texts, was printed in 1594 for John Harrison by Richard Field, the original publisher of *Venus and Adonis*. If it is assumed that it represents the "graver labour" promised in the dedication of the earlier poem, the date of composition must have been 1593-94. Eight editions are known to have been issued by 1655.

The story of *Lucrece* was so widely familiar, and had been so often the theme of various kinds of artistic effort, that it is impossible to state accurately and exhaustively the sources from which Shakespeare drew his knowledge of it. The versions of Ovid and Livy, either in the original or in the translations of Golding and Painter, and that of Chaucer in the *Legend of Good Women*, seem certainly to have been known to him; and for the ornaments and digressions he seems to have laid under contribution many of his contemporaries. The apostrophe to Time is a commonplace, of which that to Opportunity is a Shakespearean variation. The description of the painting of the fall of Troy derives many details from Virgil's *Æneid*, Books i and ii. Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1592) seems to bear to *Lucrece* somewhat the same relation as Lodge's *Glaucois and Scilla* does to *Venus and Adonis*. It is written in the seven-lined stanza used here, and in the remorse of *Rosamond* it treats a theme closely parallel in tone and method to the laments of *Lucrece*.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still length'n'd with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murd'rd, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea: during which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravish'd her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatia bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire ⁵
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let ¹⁰
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
 beauties,

With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent, ¹⁵
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him
 lent

In the possession of his beauteous mate;
 Reck'ning his fortune at such high proud
 rate,

That kings might be espoused to more
 fame, ²⁰

But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!

And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
 As is the morning's silver melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun! ²⁵

An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:

Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator; ³⁰
 What needeth then apology be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher

Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own? ³⁵

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king,
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be;
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting ⁴⁰
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
 should vaunt
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all too timeless speed, if none of those.
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state, ⁴⁵
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows
 old!

When at Collatia this false lord arrived, ⁵⁰
 Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
 Which of them both should underprop her
 fame.
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
 shame;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite ⁵⁵
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver
 white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair
 field;

Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild ⁶⁰
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their
 shield;

Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence
 the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white; ⁶⁵
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right:
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
 The sovereignty of either being so great
 That oft they interchange each other's
 seat. ⁷⁰

Their silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
 Where, lest between them both it should be
 kill'd,

The coward captive vanquished doth yield ⁷⁵
 To those two armies that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow
 tongue,—
 The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,—
 In that high task hath done her beauty
 wrong, ⁸⁰
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show;
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil, ⁸⁵
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on
 evil;

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely
 guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye, 95
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for
 more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling
 looks,
 Nor read the subtle shining secrecies 100
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books.
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
 hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame, 105
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory. 110
 Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth ex-
 press,
 And, wordless, so greets Heaven for his suc-
 cess.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there.
 No cloudy show of stormy blust'ring weather 115
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
 Intending weariness with heavy spright ;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night.
 Now laden slumber with life's strength doth
 fight ;
 And every one to rest themselves betake, 125
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
 that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
 staining. 130
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
 And when great treasure is the meed pro-
 posed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death
 supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
 That what they have not, that which they pos-
 sess, 135

They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
 gain. 140

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife
 That one for all, or all for one, we gage,
 As life for honour in fell battle's rage, 145
 Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth
 cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be
 The things we are for that which we expect ;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity, 150
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make, 155
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
 And for himself himself he must forsake :
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful
 days ? 161

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes.
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding
 cries ; 165
 Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and
 still,
 While lust and murder wakes to stain and
 kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ; 170
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
 The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth
 harm ;
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
 charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire. 175

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly ;
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly : 180
 " As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
 And in his inward mind he doth debate 185
 What following sorrow may on this arise.
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise

His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine ; 191
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine ;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
Let fair humanity abhor the deed 195
That spots and stains love's modest snow-
white weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
O impious act, including all foul harms !
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave ! 200
True valour still a true respect should have ;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ; 205
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin,
To wish that I their father had not been. 210

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
Or sells eternity to get a toy ? 214
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down ?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ? 220
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

"O, what excuse can my invention make, 225
When thou shalt charge me with so black a
deed ?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart
bleed ?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still ex-
ceed ;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, 230
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife, 235
As in revenge or quittal of such strife ;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is ; ay, if the fact be known :
Hateful it is ; there is no hate in loving : 240

I'll beg her love ; but she is not her own :
The worst is but denial and reproving.
My will is strong, past reason's weak remov-
ing.

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe." 245

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill 250
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike
band, 255

Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear ! 261
Which struck her sad, and then it faster lock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood, 265
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
dreadeth ; 270
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age ! 275
My heart shall never countermand mine eye.
Sad pause and deep regard beseeem the sage ;
My part is youth, and beats these from the
stage.
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure
lies ? 280

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open list'ning ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust ;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust, 285
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine.
That eye which looks on her confounds his
wits ; 290
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worse part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers, 295
 Who, flatt'ring by their leader's jocund show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
 But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some re-
 gard. 305
 The threshold grates the door to have him
 heard:
 Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him
 there;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the
 place 310
 The wind wars with his torch to make him
 stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
 scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch.

And being lighted, by the light he spies 315
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks.
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
 And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;
 As who should say, "This glove to wanton
 tricks 320
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
 Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are
 chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay
 him;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay
 him, 325
 He takes for accidental things of trial;
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the
 time, 330
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the
 spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
 shelves and sands, 335
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he
 lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he
 sought. 340

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power 345
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair
 fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
 Even there he starts: quoth he, "I must de-
 flower:

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act? 350

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my
 guide!

My will is back'd with resolution.
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be
 tried:

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night 355
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide.
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will
 catch; 360

Thus treason works ere traitors be esp'd.
 Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks, 365
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head.
 By their high treason is his heart misled;
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full
 soon 370
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light: 375
 Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
 posed;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves en-
 closed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
 Then had they seen the period of their ill; 380
 Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
 In his clear bed might have repos'd still:
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, 385
 Coz'ning the pillow of a lawful kiss;
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
 Between whose hills her head entombed is: 390
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies;
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallo'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass, 395
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their
light,

And canopi'd in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath; 400

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.

Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,

As if between them twain there were no
strife, 405

But that life liv'd in death, and death in
life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured: 410

These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;

Who, like a foul usurper, went about

From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?

What did he note but strongly he desired? 415

What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,

And in his will his wilful eye he tired.

With more than admiration he admired

Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,

Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled
chin. 420

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,

Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,

So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,

His rage of lust by gazing qualified;

Slack'd, not suppress'd: for standing by her
side, 425

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,

Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins.

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage
fighting,

Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,

In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430

Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans re-
specting,

Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.

Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,

Gives the hot charge and bids them do their
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning
eye, 435

His eye commends the leading to his hand;

His hand, as proud of such a dignity,

Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his
stand

On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;

Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did
scale, 440

Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, must'ring to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,

Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,

And fright her with confusion of their cries, 445

She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up
eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,

Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and con-
troll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night

From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy wak-
ing, 450

That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly
sprite,

Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;

What terror 't is! but she in worsè taking,

From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view

The sight which makes supposed terror
true. 455

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,

Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;

She dares not look; yet, winking, there ap-
pears

Quick-shifting anties, ugly in her eyes.

Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their
lights, 461

In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast, —

Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall! —

May feel her heart — poor citizen! — dis-
tress'd, 465

Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,

Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.

This moves in him more rage and lesser pity

To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470

To sound a parley to his heartless foe;

Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,

The reason of this rash alarm to know,

Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;

But she with vehement prayers urgeth still 475

Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face,

That even for anger makes the lily pale,

And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,

Shall plead for me and tell my loving tale. 480

Under that colour am I come to scale

Thy never-conquered fort. The fault is thine,

For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:

Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night, 485

Where thou with patience must my will abide;

My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,

Which I to conquer sought with all my might;

But as reproof and reason beat it dead,

By thy bright beauty was it newly bred. 490

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;

I know what thorns the growing rose defends;

I think the honey guarded with a sting :
 All this beforehand counsel comprehends ;
 But Will is deaf and hears no heedful
 friends ; 495
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
 duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
 breed ;
 But nothing can affection's course control, 500
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade, 505
 Which, like a falcon tow'ring in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount, he
 dies :

So under his insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells 510
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
 bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must en-
 joy thee.

If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll
 slay, 515
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place
 him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace
 him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye ; 520
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy ;
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times, 525

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
 A little harm done to a great good end
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometime is compacted 530
 In a pure compound ; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's
 sake,

Tender my suit ; bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can
 take, 535

The blemish that will never be forgot,
 Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot ;
 For marks descri'd in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540
 He rouseth up himself and makes a pause ;

While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp
 claws,

Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle
 right, 545
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
 threaten,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth
 get,

Which blow these pitchy vapours from their
 bidding, 550

Hind'ring their present fall by this dividing ;
 So his unallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse
 panteth. 555

Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart
 granteth

No penetrable entrance to her plaining ;
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
 raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place ; 565
 And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin ere once she
 speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
 oath ;

By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of
 both,

That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality 575
 With such black payment as thou hast pre-
 tended ;

Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
 End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended ;
 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend ; for his sake spare
 me :

Thyself art mighty ; for thine own sake leave
 me :

Myself a weakling ; do not then ensnare me :
 Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive
 me. 585

My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to
 heave thee.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my
groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion; 591
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate. 595

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the
same, 600
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a
king;
For kings like gods should govern every-
thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thou put'st thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage, 605
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a
king?

O, be rememb'rd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for
fear; 610
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove.
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the
book, 615
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do
look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame, 620
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living
laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? By him that gave it
thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will; 625
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may
say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
way! 630

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they
smother:

This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother. 635
O, how are they wrapt in with infanies
That from their own misdeeds askance their
eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal; 640
Let him return, and flatt'ring thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting
eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled
tide 645
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires
abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret.
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls'
haste 650
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign
king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood.
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood, 655
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignifi'd; 660
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride.
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root. 665

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy
state, —
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not
hear thee.
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night, 675
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb
cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice con-
troll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold.

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof could weeping purify, 685
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again ;
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain, 690
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain ;
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight, 695
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight ;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devour-
 ing. 700

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation 705
 Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
 pace,

Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek, 710
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case.
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
 Grace,

For there it revels ; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome, 715
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands dis-
 graced :

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of
 cares, 720
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjec-
 tion

Her immortality, and made her thrall 725
 To living death and pain perpetual ;
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their
 will.

Even in this thought through the dark night
 he stealeth,

A captive victor that hath lost in gain ; 730
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,

The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind. 735

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
 He scowls and hates himself for his offence ;
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth
 tear ;

He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ; 740
 She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd de-
 light.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;
 She there remains a hopeless castaway ;
 He in his speed looks for the morning light ; 745
 She prays she never may behold the day,
 "For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth
 open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see 750
 The same disgrace which they themselves be-
 hold ;

And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in
 steel, 755

Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may
 find 760

Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
 Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth
 her spite
 Against the unseen secrecy of night :

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !
 Dim register and notary of shame ! 765
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
 Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
 Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator
 With close-tongu'd Treason and the rav-
 isher ! 770

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night !
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time ;
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb 775
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make
 sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair, 780
 Ere he arrive his weary neon-tide prick ;
 And let thy musty vapours march so thick,

That in their smoky ranks his smoth' red light
May set at noon and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's
child, 785

The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep
again:

So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage, 790
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrim-
age:

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with
mine,

To mask their brows and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine, 796
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,

Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!

Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are
made

May likewise be sepulchr'd in thy shade! 805

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow;
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my
looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name;

The orator, to deck his oratory, 815
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine. 819

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain of mine 825
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, 830
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them
knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft. 835
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft.

In thy weak hive a wand'ring wasp hath
crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee
kept. 840

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him.
Besides, of weariness he did complain him, 845
And talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden
bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud? 850
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold 855
Is plagu'd with cramps and gout and painful
fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be mast' red by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it.
Their father was too weak, and they too
strong, 865
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed
sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers; 870
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours.
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality. 875

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason.
Thou sets the wolf where he the lamb may
get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the sea-
son;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at
reason; 880
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy
him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by
him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is
 thaw'd;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murd'rest
 troth;
 Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
 Thou plantest scandal and displace land.
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, 990
 Thy private feasting to a public fast,
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
 Thy sug'red tongue to bitter wormwood taste;
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity, 995
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
 friend
 And bring him where his suit may be ob-
 tained?
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to
 end?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
 chained? 900
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out
 for thee;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds; 905
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds.
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
 rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their
 pages. 910

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with
 thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
 They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said. 915
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by
 thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
 Guilty of perjury and subornation,
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift, 920
 Guilty of incest, that abomination;
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night, 925
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
 snare;
 Thou nurset all and murd'rest all that are.
 O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time! 930
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes? 935
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes,
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things, 940
 To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,
 To rinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glitt'ring golden
 towers; 945

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs, 950
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's
 wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her
 daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter, 955
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful
 crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-
 drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrim-
 age, 960
 Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
 One poor retiring minute in an age
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
 friends,
 Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
 O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour
 come back, 965
 I could prevent this storm and shun thy
 wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his
 flight.
 Devise extremes beyond extremity, 970
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night.
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans; 975
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances
 To make him moan, but pity not his moans;
 Stone him with hard'ned hearts, harder than
 stones;
 And let mild women to him lose their mild-
 ness,
 Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair, 981
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave, 985
 And time to see one that by alms doth live
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort;
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short 991
 His time of folly and his time of sport;
 And ever let his unrecalling crime
 Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad, 995
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this
 ill!

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood
 should spill;

For who so base would such an office have 1000
 As slanderous deathsmen to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him
 hate; 1005

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
 mire,
 And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away; 1010
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
 day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
 But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye. 1015

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
 To trembling clients be you mediators. 1020
 For me, I force not argument a straw,
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy, 1025
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
 This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
 The remedy indeed to do me good
 Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this de-
 cree? 1030

Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
 For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
 But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame.
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,

And wast afraid to scratch her wicked
 foe, 1035
 Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she
 starteth,

To find some desperate instrument of death:
 But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
 To make more vent for passage of her
 breath; 1040

Which, thronging through her lips, so vanish-
 eth

As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in
 vain

Some happy mean to end a hapless life. 1045
 I fear'd by Tarquin's fashion to be slain,
 Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;
 But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife:
 So an I now: O no, that cannot be;
 Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me, 1050

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give
 A badge of fame to slander's livery,
 A dying life to living infamy. 1055
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not
 know

The stained taste of violated troth;
 I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth.
 He shall not boast who did thy stock pol-
 lute

That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret
 thought, 1065

Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not
 bought

Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy
 gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
 And with my trespass never will dispense, 1070
 Till life to death acquit my fore'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attainit,
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses, 1075
 My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like
 sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
 tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sor-
 row, 1080
 And solemn night with slow sad gait descended

To ugly hell ; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will bor-
row ;

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night' would cloist' red
be. 1085

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits
weeping ;

To whom she sobbing speaks : " O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window ? Leave
thy peeping ;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
sleeping ; 1090

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing
light,

For day hath nought to do what 's done by
night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees.

True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought
agrees. 1095

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
Continuance tames the one ; the other wild ;

Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of
skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
No object but her passion's strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues.

Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no
words ; 1105

Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody ;

For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy,
Sad souls are slain in merry company ; 1110

Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society ;
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd

When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food ; 1115

To see the salve doth make the wound ache
more ;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it
good ;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks
o'erflows ;

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows. 1120

" You mocking birds," quoth she, " your tunes
entomb

Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb ;

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests. 1125

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with
tears.

" Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair :
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear, 1131
And with deep groans the diapason bear ;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

" And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy
part 1135

To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart

Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye ;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument, 1140
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-
ment.

" And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the
day,

As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,

That knows not parching heat nor freezing
cold, 1145

Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their
kinds ;

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly, 1150

Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;

So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,

When life is sham'd, and death reproach's
debtor. 1155

" To kill myself," quoth she, " alack, what
were it,

But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it

Than they whose whole is swallowed in con-
fusion.

That mother tries a merciless conclusion 1160
Who, having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,

Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

" My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine ?

Whose love of either to myself was nearer, 1165
When both were kept for Heaven and Colla-
tine ?

Ay me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay ;

So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

" Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ; 1171

Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring impiety :

Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole 1175

Through which I may convey this troubled
soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my
breath. 1180

My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him bespent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured. 1185
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead;
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-
born. 1190

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me: 1195
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my
wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of
me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will; 1205
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free
it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be
it:'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer
thee: 1210
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors
be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright
eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her
maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies; 1215
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-mor-
row,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of mod-
esty, 1220
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with
woe: 1225

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moist'ned like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, 1230
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand 1235
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling.
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others'
smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break
their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds, 1240
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted
evil 1245
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign
plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep. 1250
Through crystal walls each little mote will
peep;
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults'
books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd; 1255
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hid
Poor women's faults, that they are so ful-
fill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to
blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their
shame. 1260

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong.
Such danger to resistance did belong, 1265
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:

"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion
break 1270
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks
are raining?"

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood;
If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there
she stay'd 1275
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from
hence?"

"Madam, ere I was up," repli'd the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence.
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away."

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece:—"if it should be
told,
The repetition cannot make it less; 1285
For more it is than I can well express,
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell."

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen;
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. —
What should I say?—One of my husband's
men 1291
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear.
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be
writ." 1295

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with ill;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: 1300
Much like a press of people at a door,
Through her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! Next vouchsafe to af-
ford— 1305

If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are
brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality.
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd ex-
cuse. 1315

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;

When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
From that suspicion which the world might bear
her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the
letter

With words, till action might become them
better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them
told;

For then the eye interprets to the ear 1325
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow
fords,

And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of
words. 1330

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast, 1335
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems:

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curtsies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no, 1340
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
shame,

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect 1345
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely;
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age 1350
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's
lust, 1355

And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed;
The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-
plenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan.
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plants a little while doth stay,
Paising for means to mourn some newer
way. 1365

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy; 1370
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets
bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear, 1375
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife;
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's
strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy
lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring plover 1380
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would ap-
pear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust.
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look
sad. 1386

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces 1390
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well re-
semble,
That one would swear he saw them quake
and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold! 1395
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Showed deep regard and smiling govern-
ment. 1400

There pleading might you see grave Nestor
stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguill'd attention, charm'd the sight.
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did
fly 1406
Thin winding breath, which purld up to the
sky.

About him was a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice, 1411
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's
ear; 1416
Here one being throng'd bears back, all-boll'n
and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they
bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420
It seem'd they would debate with angry
swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Gripp'd in an armed hand; himself, behind, 1425
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A-hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd
to field, 1430
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons
wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to ap-
pear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy
fear. 1436

And from the strand of Dardan, where they
fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the blood sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join and shoot their foam at Simois'
banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is steel'd. 1444
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and colour dwell'd
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot
lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd 1450
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's
reign.
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-
guis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain.
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes
had fed, 1456
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes; 1460
The painter was no god to lend her those.

And therefore Lucrece swears he did her
wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a
sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted
wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so
long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry
eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies. 1470

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth
bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here; 1475
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter
die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone 1480
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies, 1485
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus wounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with
fire." 1491

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful
knell. 1495

So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament. 1500
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he
goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his
woes. 1505

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,

A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so 1510
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming-just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil, 1515
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like
forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image
drew 1520
For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after saw;
Whose words like wildfire burnt the shining
glory
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed
places, 1525
When their glass fell wherein they view'd
their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill. 1530
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she
spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much
guile"—
She would have said, "can lurk in such a
look;" 1535
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the
while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "can-
not" took:
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked
mind: 1540

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed to begild
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd 1545
With inward vice. As Priam him did cher-
ish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how list'ning Priam wets his
eyes,
To see those borrowed tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise? 1550
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move
thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy
city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ; 1555

For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold

Only to flatter fools and make them bold :
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth
flatter, 1560

That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest 1565
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest.

At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;
" Fool, fool ! " quoth she, " his wounds will
not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complain-
ing. 1570

She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remain-
ing.

Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sus-
taining ;

Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
And they that watch see time how slow it
creeps : 1575

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent ;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment,
Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580

It easeth some, though none it ever cures,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company,
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
And round about her tear-distained eye 1585

Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element

Foretell new storms to those already spent :

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazed in her sad face he stares : 1591
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and
raw,

Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares.

Both stood, like old acquaintance in a
trance, 1595

Met far from home, wond'ring each other's
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins : " What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling
stand ?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour
spent ? 1600

Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?

Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow
fire,

Ere once she can discharge one word of woe.
At length address'd to answer his desire, 1605

She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;

While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest 1611
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending ;

" Few words," quoth she, " shall fit the tres-
pass best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amend-
ing.

In me moe woes than words are now depend-
ing ; 1615

And my laments would be drawn out too
long,

To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

" Then be this all the task it hath to say :
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed

A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;

And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,

From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

" For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came 1625

A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, ' Awake, thou Roman dame,

And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict, 1630

If thou my love's desire do contradict.

" ' For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,'
quoth he,

' Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter
thee

And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill 1635

The lechers in their deed. This act will be
My fame and thy perpetual infamy.'

" With this, I did begin to start and cry ;
And then against my heart he set his sword,

Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641
I should not live to speak another word ;

So should my shame still rest upon record,

And never be forgot in mighty Rome

The adulterate death of Lucrece and her
groom. 1645

" Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear.

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there.

His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes ;

And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner
dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !
 Or at the least this refuge let me find ;
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this
 abuse, 1655
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
 That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
 To accessory yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss, 1660
 With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with
 woe,
 With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 The grief away that stops his answer so :
 But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
 What he breathes out his breath drinks up
 again. 1665

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride 1669
 Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
 To push grief on and back the same grief
 draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attend-
 eth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh : 1675
 "Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee
 so 1681
 For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own : suppose thou dost de-
 fend me
 From what is past : the help that thou shalt
 lend me 1685
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die,
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
 "Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of
 mine ; 1691
 For 't is a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms.
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor
 ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition 1695
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth
 she, 1700
 "How may this forced stain be wip'd from
 me ?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?
 May my pure mind with the foul act dis-
 pense, 1705
 My low-declined honour to advance ?
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
 The poisoned fountain clears itself again ;
 And why not I from this compelled stain ?

With this, they all at once began to say,
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
 While with a joyless smile she turns away 1711
 The face, that map which deep impression
 bears
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
 "No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter
 living, 1714
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he,"
 she says,
 But more than "he" her poor tongue could
 not speak ;
 Till after many accents and delays, 1719
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
 She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 't is
 he,
 That guides this hand to give this wound to
 me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-
 sheathed.
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest 1725
 Of that polluted prison where it breathed.
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
 doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed, 1730
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
 Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaught'ed body threw ;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and, as it left the
 place, 1735
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood 1740
 Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red re-
 main'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tar-
 quin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood a watery rigol goes, 1745
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place ;
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrid'd. 1750

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
 "That life was mine which thou hast here deprived."

If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children pre-decease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn.
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was!

"O Time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should survive.
 Shall rotten Death make conquest of the stronger

And leave the falt'ring feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again and see

Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,

And counterfeits to die with her a space;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,

That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced plain,

But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"

Replies her husband: "do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say

He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
 "Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,

I ow'd her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd."
 "My daughter!" and "My wife!" with clamours fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, "My daughter!" and "My wife!"

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
 For sportive words and utt'ring foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
 "Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he,
 "arise.

Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations;
 But kneel with me and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
 We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
 And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow:

And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
 Who, wond'ring at him, did his words allow.
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they
 bow; 1840
 And that deep vow, which Brutus made be-
 fore,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
 To show her bleeding body thorough Rome, 1851
 And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
 Which being done with speedy diligence,
 The Romans plausibly did give consent
 To Tarquin's everlasting banishment. 1855

SONNETS

THE first collective edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets was published by Thomas Thorpe in 1609. It is manifest that the copy was surreptitiously obtained, and the volume issued without the author's consent. The Sonnets were not again reprinted till they appeared with much miscellaneous matter in an edition published in 1640. Thorpe's edition is the basis of the present text.

The date of composition is a matter of dispute. It is recognized that the period during which they were written must have included several years, but which years is not agreed. The chief external evidence is the reference in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598) to his "sugred Sonnets among his private friends," a phrase which implies that some were then in private circulation. This is strengthened by the printing of Sonnets 138 and 144 in the *Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599.

There is nothing but internal evidence to tell us whether the order in which they appear in the edition of 1609 is due to the poet. A certain amount of reason in the present arrangement is admitted by all. A large number of the Sonnets 1 to 126 are addressed to a man; many of those after 126 to a woman. But many in both divisions have no indication of the sex of the person addressed; and not a few are generalized utterances addressed to no one in particular.

Viewed in the light of the vast contemporary sonnet literature, many of these poems belong to well-recognized literary conventions. The pleading with a beautiful youth to marry; the power of verse to bestow immortality; the analysis of amorous emotion; the vituperation of the lady; the adulation of a noble patron; — these and other themes belong to the traditions of the form which were well established before Shakespeare essayed it. But after this is recognized, the question remains whether, in re-working these ideas with unexampled brilliance and intensity, Shakespeare was prompted by mere professional emulation, or by actual personal experiences for which the current conventions gave a suitable form of utterance, or by such an imaginative impulse as lies behind the living utterances of his dramatic creations. It must be admitted that some sonnets are so artificial as to make plausible for them the first explanation; others, especially those expressing the uncommon situation in which his friend wins his lady away from him, while the poet retains his passion for both, and those referring to the indignity of the actor's profession, may have reference to real incidents in his life; but the splendor of the poems as a whole is mainly due to the same cause as gave supreme distinction to his dramatic productions, — the intensity of the imaginative fervor of an essentially poetic mind. From this point of view it will be seen that attempts to decide the question of "sincerity" by historical identifications are bound to be futile and misleading, implying as they do a misconception of the nature of artistic emotion.

As to the personages involved, one party identifies the fair youth with William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and finds confirmation in the "Mr. W. H." to whom Thorpe dedicated the volume. But it is possible that the "onlie begetter" was merely the publisher's friend who procured the manuscript. The Pembroke theory implies the later dating of the majority of the poems (1598–1601), and is usually, though not necessarily, held to imply the identification of the "dark lady" with the blond Mistress Mary Fitton. Another finds in the young nobleman Shakespeare's early patron, the Earl of Southampton; and this view implies that most of the personal sonnets belong to the years 1594–98. As to the rival poet or poets alluded to in Sonnets 78–86, Chapman, Drayton, Jonson, Barnes, and others have been proposed; but on this point we have not, nor are likely to have, anything approaching assurance.

SONNETS

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .

THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .

MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .

AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED .

BY .

OUR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .

THE . WELL-WISHING

ADVENTURER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T.

1

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial
fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring, ¹⁰
Within thine own buduriest thy content
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggard-
ing.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and
thee.

2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held. ⁵
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's
use

If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of
mine ¹⁰
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession time!

This were to be new made when thou art
old,

And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold.

3

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some
mother.

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb ⁵
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime; ¹⁰
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.

But if thou live, rememb'ed not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

4

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give? ⁶
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive. ¹⁰
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives the executor to be.

5

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;

For never-resting time leads summer on 5
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Sap cheek'd with frost and lusty leaves quite
gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness everywhere;
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass, 10
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,

Leese but their show; their substance still
lives sweet.

6

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some
place

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury 5

Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee: 10
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst
depart,

Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms
thine heir.

7

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill, 5
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highest pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day, 10
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

8

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
gladly,

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds, 5

By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering, 10
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing;

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming
one,

Sings this to thee: "Thou single wilt prove
none."

9

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep 5
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in
mind.

Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys
it; 10

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame com-
mits.

10

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art lov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-
spire, 5

Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.

O, change thy thought, that I may change my
mind!

Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind, 11
Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:

Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

11

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou depart-
est;

And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-
stow'st

Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth
convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase; 5
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay.

If all were minded so, the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world
away.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for
store,

Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the
more; 11

Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
cherish.

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant
thereby

Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy
die.

12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves 5
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves for-
 sake 11
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
 defence
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee
 hence.

13

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live:
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination; then you were 6
 Yourself again after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should
 bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold 10
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O, none but unthriffs! Dear my love, you
 know
 You had a father: let your son say so.

14

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, 5
 'Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art 10
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and
 date.

15

When I consider everything that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but
 shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase, 5
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same
 sky,
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height de-
 crease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight, 10
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay.
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;
 And all in war with Time for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

16

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren
 rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours, 5
 And many maiden gardens yet unset
 With virtuous wish would bear your living
 flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen, 10
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet
 skill.

17

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life and shows not half your
 parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes 5
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
 faces."
 So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than
 tongue, 10
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage
 And stretched metre of an antique song:
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, 5
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course un-
 trimm'd:
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; 10
 Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his
 shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

19

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet
 brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's
 jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets, 5
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:

O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy
wrong,

My love shall in my verse ever live young.

20

A woman's face with Nature's own hand
painted

Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion;

A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
rolling,

Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;

A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,

Which steals men's eyes and women's souls
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;

Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated

By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's
pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their
treasure.

21

So is it not with me as with that Muse,

Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,

Who heaven itself for ornament doth use

And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,

Making a couplement of proud compare

With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things
rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

O let me, true in love, but truly write,

And then believe me, my love is as fair

As any mother's child, though not so bright

As these gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;

I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

22

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,

So long as youth and thou are of one date;

But when in thee time's furrows I behold,

Then look I death my days should expiate.

For all that beauty that doth cover thee

Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,

Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:

How can I then be elder than thou art?

O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary

As I, not for myself, but for thee will;

Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary

As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;

Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage

Who with his fear is put besides his part,

Or some fierce thing replete with too much
rage,

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
heart,

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say

The perfect ceremony of love's rite,

And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's
might.

O, let my books be then the eloquence

And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,

Who plead for love and look for recompense

More than that tongue that more hath more
express'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:

To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

24

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath
steel'd

Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;

My body is the frame wherein 't is held,

And perspective it is best painter's art.

For through the painter must you see his skill

To find where your true image pictur'd lies;

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,

That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.

Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have
done:

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for
me

Are windows to my breast, wherethrough the
sun

Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;

They draw but what they see, know not the
heart.

25

Let those who are in favour with their stars

Of public honour and proud titles boast,

Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,

Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves

spread

But as the marigold at the sun's eye,

And in themselves their pride lies buried,

For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior famoused for fight,

After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Is from the book of honour razed quite,

And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.

Then happy I, that love and am beloved

Where I may not remove nor be removed.

26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage

Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

To thee I send this written ambassador,

To witness duty, not to show my wit;

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine

May make seem bare, in wanting words to show
it,

But that I hope some good conceit of thine

In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;

Till whatsoever star that guides my moving

Points on me graciously with fair aspect,

And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst
prove me.

27

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired;
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face
new.

Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my
mind,

For thee and for myself no quiet find.

28

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debar'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven;

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st
the even:

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length
seem stronger.

29

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,

And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends poss-
sess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee; and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's
gate;

For thy sweet love rememb' red such wealth
brings

That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

31

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving
parts,

And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone.

Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this grow-
ing age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage;

But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his
love."

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region-cloud hath mask'd him from me
now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's
sun staineth.

34

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou
break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the dis-
grace.

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

35

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast
done:

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,

Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense —
Thy adverse party is thy advocate —
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate

That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from
me.

36

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's de-
light.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:

But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in their parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance
give

That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

38

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my
verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in
worth

Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the
praise.

39

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self
bring?

And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give

That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth de-
ceive,

And that thou teachest how to make one
twain,

By praising him here who doth hence remain!

40

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst be-
fore?

No love, my love, that thou mayst true love
call;

All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou ushest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.

I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes

41

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart.

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art and therefore to be won;
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
 Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there;
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

42

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief.
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I
 love her:

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffring my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both tway,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross.

But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

43

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unexpected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,

How would thy shadow's form form happy
 show

To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth
 stay!

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights bright days when dreams do
 show thee me.

44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But, ah! thought kills me that I am not
 thought,

To leap large lengths of miles when thou art
 gone,

But that so much of earth and water wrought
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

45

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-
 choly;

Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:

This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again and straight grow
 sad.

46

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would
 bar,

My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
 A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes;
 But the defendant doth that plea deny
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To side this title is impanneled

A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's
 part;

As thus: mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of
 heart.

47

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other.
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth
 smother,

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart.
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part.
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
 move,

And I am still with them and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

48

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou
 art.

Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part;

And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advi'sd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely
pass

5

And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert, 10
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:

To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
laws,

Since why to love I can allege no cause.

50

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy
friend!"

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe, 5
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from
thee.

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide; 10
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;

For that same groan doth put this in my
mind;

My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

51

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me
thence?

Till I return, of posting is no need.

O, what excuse will my poor beast then find, 5
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the
wind;

In blinding speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race; 11
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;

Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to
go.

52

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare, 5
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide, 10
To make some special instant special blest
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives
scope,

Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

53

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend. 5
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show, 10
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant
heart.

54

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live. 5
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
closes:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwood'd and unprotected fade, 10
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours
made:

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distills your
truth.

55

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these con-
tents

Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish
time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn, 5
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
room 10

Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom,
So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

56

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharp'n'd in his former might.
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with full-
ness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted
new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

57

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make
those.

So true a fool is love that in your will
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

58

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of
pleasure,

Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each
check,

Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

59

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes be-
fore,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crook'd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift con-
found.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow;
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

61

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake.

For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else-
where,

From me far off, with others all too near.

62

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all words surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'T is thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

63

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-
worn;

When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd
his brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful
morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;

For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife, 10
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

64

When I have seen by Time's fell hand de-
faced

The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain 5
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay; 10
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot
choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
sea,

But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out 5
Against the wreckful siege of batt'ring days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie 10
hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine
bright.

66

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd, 5
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority, 10
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be
gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

67

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?

Why should false painting imitate his cheek 5
And steal dead seeming of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his, 11
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she
had

In days long since, before these last so bad.

68

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead, 5
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
In him those holy antique hours are seen, 10
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

69

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth
view

Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
mend;

All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that
due,

Utt'ring bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is 5
crown'd;

But those same tongues that give thee so thine
own

In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their 11
eyes were kind,

To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

70

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve 5
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of Time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young 10
days,

Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd; 10
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
owe.

Category data

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,¹⁰
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

72

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love,
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,⁵
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,¹⁰
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing
 worth.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the
 cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds
 sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day⁵
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,¹⁰
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
 more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere
 long.

74

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review⁵
 The very part was consecrate to thee:
 The earth can have but earth, which is his
 due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,¹⁰

The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

75

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon⁵
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my plea-
 sure;
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look;¹⁰
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds
 strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,⁵
 And keep invention in a noted weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth and where they did pro-
 ceed?
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;¹⁰
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

77

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show⁵
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
 find¹⁰
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

78

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse
 And found such fair assistance in my verse
 As every alien pen hath got my use
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to
 sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing
 And given grace a double majesty.

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine and born of thee: 10
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

79

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
And my sick Muse doth give another place. 5
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue and he stole that word 10
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth
say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost
pay.

80

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your
fame!

But since your worth, wide as the ocean is, 5
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride:
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat, 11
He of tall building and of goodly pride.

Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this: my love was my decay.

81

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten. 4
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse, 10
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my
pen —

Where breath most breathes, even in the
mouths of men.

82

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attainit o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book. 5
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,

And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend, 10
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is
abus'd.

83

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt,
And therefore have I slept in your report, 5
That you yourself being extant well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth
grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb; 10
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

84

Who is it that says most? Which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell 5
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear, 10
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your
praises worse.

85

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly com-
pil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts whilst other write good
words, 5
And like unlettered clerk still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords.
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'T is so, 't is true,"
And to the most of praise add something
more; 10
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,

That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they
grew?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

87

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate.
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistak-
ing;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement mak-
ing.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flat-
ter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

88

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-
sworn.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou in losing me shall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

89

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.

Thou canst not love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost
hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to
cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this
sorrow,

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might,

And other strains of woe, which now seem
woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies'
force,

Some in their garments, though new-fangled
ill,

Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
horse;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'
cost,

Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast;
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away and me most wretched make.

92

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.

I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend;
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!

But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

93

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles
strange;

But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings
be, 11
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

94

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces 5
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet, 10
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their
deeds;

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

95

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the
shame

Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days, 5
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee, 10
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair that eyes can see!

Take heed, take heart, of this large privilege;

The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and
less;

Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen 5
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things
deem'd.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray
If like a lamb he could his looks translate! 10
How many gazers mightst thou lead away
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy
state!

But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days
seen!

What old December's bareness everywhere!

And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase, 5
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease.
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit; 10
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
near.

98

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him. 5
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew;

Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose; 10
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

99

The forward violet thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd. 5
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both 10
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

100

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so
long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy
might?

Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects
light?

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem 5
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If time have any wrinkle graven there; 10
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes
life;

So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked
knife.

101

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd"?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows
now.

102

My love is strength'n'd, though more weak in
seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new and then but in the spring
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
night,

But that wild music burdens every bough
And sweets grown common lose their dear de-
light.

Therefore like her I sometime hold my
tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

103

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can
sit

Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

104

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters
cold

Have from the forests shook three summers'
pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
turn'd

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,

Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,

Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age un-
bred;

Ere you were born was beauty's summer
dead.

105

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference:
"Fair, kind, and true" is all my argument,
"Fair, kind, and true" varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope

affords,
"Fair, kind, and true," have often liv'd
alone,

Which three till now never kept seat in one.

106

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to
praise.

107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me sub-
scribes,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
spent.

108

What's in the brain that ink may character
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?

Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers
divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it
dead.

109

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
That is my home of love; if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

110

Alas, 't is true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

111

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

112

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;

For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all the world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your
tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides me thinks you're
dead.

113

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth
latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your
feature.

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine [eye]
untrue.

114

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with
you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is
'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

115

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you
dearer;
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn
clear,
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows and change decrees of
kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharpest intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of alt'ring
things;
Alas, why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"

When I was certain o'er incertainty, 11
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth
grow ?

116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark 5
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ; 10
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

117

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown 5
minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd
right ;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your
sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate ; 10
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate,
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

118

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge,
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge ;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet- 5
ness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meet-
ness
To be diseas'd ere that there was true need-
ing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured, 10
And brought to medicine a healthful state
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured :
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

119

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeck's fowl as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win !

What wretched errors hath my heart com-
mitted, 5
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever !
O benefit of ill ! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better ; 10
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ills thrice more than I have
spent.

120

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken 5
As I by yours, you 've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remem-
b' red
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits, 10
And soon to you, as you to me, then tend' red
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
me.

121

'T is better to be vile than vile esteemed
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost which is so deemed
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes 5
Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think
good ?
No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own ; 10
I may be straight, though they themselves be
bevel ;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
shown ;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

122

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain
Beyond all date, even to eternity ;
Or at the least, so long as brain and heart 5
Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ; 10
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more.
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

123

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change.

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

124

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls;
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-numb'rd
hours,

But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of Time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for
crime.

125

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which proves more short than waste or ruin-
ing?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no
art,

But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! A true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy
control.

126

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's neckle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May Time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.

Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her trea-
sure;
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

127

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's
power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Sland'ring creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of thy woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

128

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently
sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none
knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this
hell.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are
dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white, 5
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound ; 10
 I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
 ground :

And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she bel'i'd with false compare.

131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them
 cruel ;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold 5
 Thy face hath not the power to make love
 groan :

To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face, 10
 One on another's neck, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.

In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds.
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

132

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
 Have put on black and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven 5
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
 O, let it then as well besem thy heart 10
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
 grace,

And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

133

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to
 groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and
 me !

Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must
 be ?

Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken, 5
 And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart 10
 bail ;

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :

And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in
 thee,

Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still.
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free, 5
 For thou art covetous and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use, 10
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and
 me :

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus ;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious, 5
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still
 And in abundance addeth to his store ; 10
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more
 Let not unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

136

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
 Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none ;
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must 10
 be ;

For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee.

Make but my name thy love and love that
 still,

And then thou lov'st me, for my name is *Will*.

137

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
 eyes,

That they behold, and see not what they see ?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
 If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks 5
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied ?
 Why should my heart think that a several
 plot

Which my heart knows the wide world's com-
 mon place ?

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?

In things right true my heart and eyes have
erred,
And to this false plague are they now trans-
ferred.

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties,
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore says not I that I am old? 10
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

139

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy
tongue,
Use power with power and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere, but in my sight, 5
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning when
thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies, 10
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain.

140

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much dis-
dain,
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were, 5
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians
know;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee; 10
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou beli'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
heart go wide.

141

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-
lighted, 5
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited

To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee, 10
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to
be:

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

142

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine, 5
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune
thee: 10

Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost
hide,

By self-example mayst thou be deny'd!

143

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dis-
patch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from
thee,

Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind; 10
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy
Will,

If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

144

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worse spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride,
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend 10
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,

Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus anew to greet:
 "I hate" she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away;
 "I hate" from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life, saying "not you."

146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 [Thrall to] these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
 men,
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying
 then.

147

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee
 bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

148

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
 blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should
 find.

149

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I against myself with thee partake?

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

150

O, from what power hast thou this powerful
 might
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the
 day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrant of skill
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee
 more
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

151

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience holds it that I call
 Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and
 fall.

152

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-
 ing:
 In yet thy bad-vow broke and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost,
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
 ness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

153

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep.
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love 5
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-
 fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desired, 11
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' 15
 eyes.

154

The little Love-god lying once asleep
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
 keep
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire 5
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual, 10
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I
 prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

THIS poem is appended to the *Sonnets* in the edition of 1609, and is there ascribed to Shakespeare. No external evidence of date of composition exists, and no contemporary allusion confirms the ascription of authorship. But there is nothing in the style of this literary pastoral to make it difficult to believe it the work of the author of *Venus and Adonis*, at a period not far removed from the date of that poem.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story from a sist'ring vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale, 5
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it
 saw 10
 The carcass of a beauty spent and done.
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell
 rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd
 age.

Off did she heave her napkin to her eyne, 15
 Which on it had conceited characters,
 Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
 That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe 20
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend;
 Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
 To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do ex-
 tend 25
 Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
 To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride; 30
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd
 hat,
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And true to bondage would not break from
 thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence. 35

A thousand favours from a maund she drew,
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margin she was set,
 Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40
 Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty
 fall
 Where want cries some, but where excess begs
 all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
 flood;
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone, 45
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
 Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided silk feat and affectedly
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes, 50
 And often kiss'd, and often gan to tear:
 Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
 Ink would have seem'd more black and
 damned here!"

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents, 55
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh —
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew — 60
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side; 65
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught appli'd
Which may her suffering ecstacy assuage,
'T is promis'd in the charity of age. 70

"Father," she says, "though in me you be-
hold

The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.
I might as yet have been a spreading flower, 75
Fresh to myself, if I had self-appli'd
Love to myself and to no love beside.

"But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit — it was to gain my grace —
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
place;

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly deifi'd.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind 86
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find.
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn 90
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to 95
wear;

Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form, 99
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they
be.

His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did lively falseness in a pride of truth. 106

"Well could he ride, and often men would
say,

'That horse his mettle from his rider takes.
Proof of subjection, noble by the sway,

What rounds, what bounds, what course, what
stop he makes!'

And controversy hence a question takes, 110
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed:

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament, 115
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep.
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill, 125
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted.
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say, 132
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills
obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind; 135
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought
assign'd;

And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe 140
them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art, 145
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid, 150
With safest distance I mine honour shielded.
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent 155
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or fore'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen 160
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;

To be forbad the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof. 165
 O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,'
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards
 grew, 171
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
 Thought characters and words merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart. 175

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid.
 That's to ye sworn to none was ever said; 180
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

"All my offences that abroad you see
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
 Love made them not; with acture they may
 be, 185
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind.
 They sought their shame that so their shame
 did find;
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as
 warmed, 191
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
 Or any of my leasures ever charmed.
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
 harmed;
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy. 195

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
 sent me,
 Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent
 me
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd, 205
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
 Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond, — why, 't was beautiful and
 hard, 211
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
 The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend

With objects manifold: each several stone, 214
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some
 moan.

"Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them
 not,
 But yield them up where I myself mus'
 render, 221
 That is, to you, my origin and end;
 For these, of force, must your oblations be.
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O, then, advance of yours that phraseless
 hand, 225
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
 praise;
 Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallowed with sighs that burning lungs did
 raise;
 What me, your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you; and to your audit comes 230
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
 Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms
 dote; 235
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove
 To spend her living in eternal love.

"But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
 The thing we have not, mast'ring what not
 strives, 240
 Playing the place which did no form receive,
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,
 The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
 And makes her absence valiant, not her
 might. 245

"O, pardon me, in that my boast is true.
 The accident which brought me to her eye
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the caged cloister fly.
 Religious love put out Religion's eye. 250
 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
 And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.

"How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
 The broken bosoms that to me belong
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
 And mine I pour your ocean all among. 255
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congeat,
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
 Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, 261
 Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place.
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine, 265
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts worth

Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame! 270
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame,

And sweetens, in the suff'ring pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine de-
pend,

Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
pine; 275

And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst
mine,

Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.' 280

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace! 285
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue
encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes 290
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinture
hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft, 295
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;

There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference
bore, 300
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives, 305
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would
maim.

Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid; and prais'd cold chas-
tity. 315

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd? 320

Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly, 325
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid! 330

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

THE volume entitled "*The Passionate Pilgrim*. By William Shakespeare" is a small piratical publication printed for W. Jaggard in 1599. Of the second edition, no copy is known to survive. A third edition, also ascribed to Shakespeare, appeared in 1612, with unacknowledged additions from Thomas Heywood. Heywood, claiming to speak for Shakespeare as well as himself, protested against the theft, and a new title-page was printed without Shakespeare's name. In 1640 the contents were again re-printed, along with Shakespeare's Sonnets and other miscellaneous poems. The whole of the first edition is here reprinted; but, of its twenty poems, only five are certainly by Shakespeare. Of these, I and II appeared later as Sonnets 138 and 144 in the edition of 1609; III, V, and XVI are from *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 96-109, IV. iii. 58-71, and IV. iii. 99-118. The authorship of four others is definitely known: VIII, XX (and probably XVII) are by Richard Barnefield; XI appears as the third sonnet in Bartholomew Griffin's *Fidessa*; XIX is by Marlowe, and its last stanza, "Love's Answer," is ascribed by Walton to Raleigh. Of the authorship of the remaining ten nothing is known, the probability of Shakespeare's authorship depending on evidences of style which vary from poem to poem, but which are in no case strong. Some critics accept IV and VI; fewer, VII, IX, XII, XVIII; while X, XIII, XIV, and XV are usually rejected. "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music" is merely the title of the second part of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

I

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,

I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,⁶
I, smiling, credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.

But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?¹⁰

O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,

Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,¹⁵
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,²⁰
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.

But whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;

For being both to me, both to each friend,²⁵
I guess one angel in another's hell.

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
ment,³⁰

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;³⁵
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,

Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine;⁴⁰

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath to win a paradise?

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,⁴⁵
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there, —

Touches so soft still conquer chastity.⁵⁰

But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer.

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:⁵⁵

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too forward!

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll con-
stant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bowed.⁶⁰
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can com-
prehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder;⁶⁵
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire.
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet
fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that
wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue.⁷⁰

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for
shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarrance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,⁷⁵
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green
brim.⁸⁰
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounce'd in whereas he stood.
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a
flood?"

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;⁸⁵
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brit-
tle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.⁹⁰

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swear-
ing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fear-
ing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,⁹⁵
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire
flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-
burneth;

She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the
framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?¹⁰¹
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

[VIII]

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and
me,¹⁰⁵
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.¹¹⁰
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;¹¹⁵
One knight loves both, and both in thee re-
main.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and
wild;¹²⁰
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good
will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those
grounds.
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet
youth¹²⁵
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the
sore."
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than
one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.¹³⁰

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,¹³⁵
And falls, through wind, before the fall
should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will;
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave,
For why I craved nothing of thee still.¹⁴⁰
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

[XI]

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him.

She told the youngling how god Mars did try
 her, 145
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god em-
 brac'd me."
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
 "Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god un-
 lac'd me."
 As if the boy should use like loving charms; 150
 "Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her plea-
 sure.
 Ah, that I had my lady at this bay, 155
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
 Youth is full of plesance, age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn, age like winter
 weather;
 Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; 161
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee; 165
 O, my love, my love is young!
 Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie
 thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly; 170
 A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
 A brittle glass that 's broken presently:
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
 And as goods lost are sold or never found, 175
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead lie withered on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost. 180

XIV

Good-night, good rest. Ah, neither be my
 share!
 She bade good-night that kept my rest away;
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 "Farewell," quoth she, "and come again
 to-morrow." 185
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sor-
 row.
 Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether.
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither: 190
 "Wander," a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain but cannot pluck the
 pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
 My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
 rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest. 195
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and
 mark,
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark:
 For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dreaming night. 200
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished
 sight;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, and solace mix'd
 with sorrow;
 For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-
 morrow.
 Were I with her, the night would post too
 soon; 205
 But now are minutes added to the hours;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
 Pack night, peep day; good day, of night
 now borrow:
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-
 morrow. 210

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

[xv]

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of
 three,
 That liked of her master as well as might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that
 eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a-turning.
 Long was the combat doubtful that love with
 love did fight, 215
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
 knight:
 To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel!

But one must be refused; more mickle was
 the pain
 That nothing could be used to turn them both
 to gain, 220
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
 with disdain:
 Alas, she could not help it!
 Thus art with arms contending was victor of
 the day,
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
 away.
 Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the
 lady gay; 225
 For now my song is ended.

XVI

On a day, alack the day !
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air. 230
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 " Air," quoth he, " thy cheeks may blow ; 235
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alas ! my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ;
 Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet. 240
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiop were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love."

[XVII]

My flocks feed not, 245
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss ;
 Love is dying.
 Faith 's defying, 250
 Heart 's renying,
 Causar of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot.
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love, 255
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
 For now I see 260
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me, 265
 Living in thrall ;
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding,
 Fraughted with gall. 270
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ;
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 With sighs so deep 275
 Procures to weep,
 In howling wise, to see my doleful
 plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
 fight ! 280

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye ;
 Herds stand weeping, 285
 Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully.
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains, 290
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
 Farawell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my
 moan. 295
 Poor Corydon
 Must live alone ;
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVIII

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst
 strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame, 301
 As well as fancy, partial like.
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young nor yet unweid.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
 Lest she some subtle practice smell, —
 A cripple soon can find a halt ; —
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set thy person forth to sell. 310

What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;
 And then too late she will repent
 That thus dissembled her delight ;
 And twice desire, ere it be day, 315
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say : 320
 " Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
 Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
 Where thy desert may merit praise, 325
 By ringing in thy lady's ear.
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,
 The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
 And in thy suit be humble true ;
 Unless thy lady prove unjust, 330
 Press never thou to choose a new.
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
 Dissembled with an outward show,
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
 The cock that treads them shall not know.
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought ? 340

Think women seek to strive with men
 To sin, and never for to saint :

Here is no heaven ; they holy then
 Begin, when age doth them attain.
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

345

But, soft ! enough ; too much, I fear,
 Lest that my mistress hear my song ;
 She will not stick to wring my ear,
 To teach my tongue to be so long.
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

350

XIX

Live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountains yields.

355

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

360

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

365

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs ;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER

If that the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

370

XX

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone.

380

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the doleful'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity.

" Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry ;

385

" Tereu, tereu ! " by and by ;

That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;

For her griefs, so lively shown,

Made me think upon mine own.

390

Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !

None takes pity on thy pain.

Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;

Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee.

395

King Pandion he is dead ;

All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;

All thy fellow birds do sing,

Careless of thy sorrowing.

[Even so, poor bird, like thee,

None alive will pity me.]

400

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,

Thou and I were both beguil'd.

Every one that flatters thee

Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy, like the wind ;

405

Faithful friends are hard to find :

Every man will be thy friend

Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend .

But if store of crowns be scant,

No man will supply thy want.

410

If that one be prodigal,

Bountiful they will him call,

And with such-like flattering,

" Pity but he were a king ! "

If he be addict to vice,

415

Quickly him they will entice :

If to women he be bent,

They have at commandment :

But if Fortune once do frown,

Then farewell his great renown ;

420

They that fawn'd on him before

Use his company no more.

He that is thy friend indeed,

He will help thee in thy need :

If thou sorrow, he will weep ;

425

If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;

Thus of every grief in heart

He with thee doth bear a part.

These are certain signs to know

Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

430

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

THIS poem, with Shakespeare's name attached, appeared in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*. Besides Chester's own work, the volume contained verses on the Phœnix and the Turtle attributed to Shakespeare, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, and "Ignoto." The ascription to Shakespeare is generally, though not universally, accepted, such scepticism as exists being usually based upon the absence among his acknowledged works of anything with precisely the same characteristics. The poem exhibits the influence of a number of literary conventions, such as the congress of birds, the metaphysical quibbling on unity in duality, Platonic affection, the debate between Love and Reason, and the emblematic signification of the Phœnix and the Turtle-dove as typifying Rarity and Constancy, or Beauty and Truth. There is no difficulty in conceiving Shakespeare as joining with a group of his fellows to exercise his ingenuity on such themes. No valid evidence exists either for or against the poem's having an historical or personal reference.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feath' red king;
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Least the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and Constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But in them, it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, "How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, Reason none,
If what parts can so remain."

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, Truth, and Rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd, in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest;

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and Beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

~~1. The first of these is the~~

~~2. The second is the~~

~~3. The third is the~~

~~4. The fourth is the~~

~~5. The fifth is the~~

~~6. The sixth is the~~

~~7. The seventh is the~~

~~8. The eighth is the~~

~~9. The ninth is the~~

~~10. The tenth is the~~

TEXTUAL NOTES

IN the following notes are recorded the more important variations of the text from the readings of the edition chosen as a basis in each case.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

Text based on Q₁

- I. i. 62. feast] fast Q Ff. i. 184. tharborough] Farborough Q. ii. 106. blushing] F₂; blush-in Q F₁. ii. 150. [Dull] Clo. Q.
- II. i. 88. unpeopled] Ff; unpeeled Q. i. 115, etc. Kath.] Q; Rosa. Ff. i. 193. [Exit] Exit. Enter Dumaine Q Ff. i. 195. [Katherine] Rosalin Q Ff; i. 219. Kath.] Q; La. Ma. Ff. i. 221, 222, 224. Kath.] La. Q Ff. i. 254. Ros.] Ff; Lad. Q. i. 255. Mar.] Ff; Lad. 2. Q. i. 256. Kath.] Lad. 3. Q; Lad. 2. Ff. i. 257. Ros.] Lad. Q; La. 1. Ff. i. 258. Mar.] Lad. Q; Lad. 2. Ff.
- III. i. 1. Song] Ff; om. Q. i. 1-67. For Arm., Moth, and Cost., in speech tags, Ff read Brag., Boy, and Clow.
- IV. i. 1, etc. Prin.] Quee. Q; Qu. Ff. ii. 67, 80, 85, 89, 95, 107, 135. Hol.] Nath. Q Ff. ii. 75, 106, 152. Nath.] Holo. Q Ff. ii. 80. ingenious; ingenous Q. ii. 95. Fauste . . . pecus omne] Facile . . . pecas omnia Q. ii. 99, 100. Venetia, etc.] vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche Q F₁. ii. 123, 154. Hol.] Pedan. Q Ff. ii. 125-132. Given to Nath. Q Ff. ii. 140 Sir Nathaniel] Ped. Sir Holofernes Q; Per. Sir Holofernes Ff. iii. 176. to me . . . by you] by mee . . . to you Q Ff. iii. 299-304. These lines, substantially repeated at 320, 350-352, are supposed to be a survival of the earlier form of the play.
- V. i. 27. insanie] infamie Q Ff. i. 30. bone] bene Q Ff. i. 31. Bone . . . Priscian] Bome boon for boon prescian Q Ff. i. 56. third] last Q Ff. i. 125. [Nathaniel] Holofernes Q Ff. ii. 28. cure . . . care] care . . . cure Q Ff. ii. 67. pedant-like] perttaunt-like Q. ii. 407. affection] affection Q Ff. ii. 517. least] Ff; best Q. ii. 598. [Moth retires] Exit Boy Q Ff. ii. 773. strange] straying Q Ff. ii. 826. ever] Ff; herrite Q. ii. 834. A wife?] This begins Katherine's speech in Q Ff. ii. 905, 906. Transposed in Q Ff. ii. 926. foul] full Q. ii. 940-1. You . . . this way] Ff; om. Q.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 55. meaner] meane F₁; poor meane F₂ 3 4. ii. 1. ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse] Antipholis Erotos Ff.

- II. i. 1. ADRIANA] Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus Ff. i. 64. home] om. Ff. i. 107. alone, alone] F₂; alone, aloue F₁. i. 110, 111. and tho' . . . yet] yet the . . . and Ff. i. 112. Wear] where F₁. ii. 99. tiring] trying Ff. ii. 188. offer'd] free'd Ff. ii. 197. not I] I not Ff.
- III. ii. 1. LUCIANA] F₂; Juliana F₁. ii. 4. ruinous] ruinate Ff. ii. 21 but] not Ff. ii. 49. bed] F₂; bud F₂. them] thee Ff.
- IV. i. 17 her] their Ff. ii. 61. 'a] I Ff. iii. 24. bob] sob Ff. iv. 1. the OFFICER] a Jailer Ff. iv. 45. to prophesy] the prophesie Ff. iv. 149. again] again. Runne all out Ff.
- V. 195. Æge] Mar Fat. F₁. i. 356-361. Inserted after 345 in Ff. i. 402. ne'er] are Ff.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 65. leave] love Ff.
- II. iii. 41, 42, 44, 57. tied] tide Ff. iv. 196. Is . . . praise] It is mine, or Valentine's praise F₁. v. 2. Milan] Padua Ff.
- III. i. 326. [kiss'd] om. Ff.
- V. ii. 7. [Julia. Aside] Pro. Ff. ii. 13 [Julia. Aside] Thu. Ff.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Text based on Q₁ (Fisher's)

- I. i. 10. New-bent] Now bent Q. i. 136. low] loue Q. i. 187. Yours would] Your words Q. i. 216. sweet] sweld Q. i. 219. stranger companies] strange companions Q.
- II. i. 101. cheer] heere Q. i. 109. thin] chinne Q. i. 247. Re-enter . . .] Enter Puck (after 247) Q. ii. 77. kill-courtesy] this kill-courtesy Q.
- III. i. 85. Odorous, odorous] Odours, odorous Qq; Odours, odours Ff. ii. 48. knee-deep] the deep Q. ii. 57. dread] dead Q. ii. 80. so] om. Q. ii. 215. rend] rent Q. ii. 250. prayers] praise Q. ii. 257. [but] om. Q; Sir, Ff. ii. 279. doubt] of doubt Q.
- V. i. 127. Enter . . .] Tawyer Ff. i. 193. up in thee] Ff; now againe Q. i. 209. moon used] morall downe Ff. i. 279. gleams] beames Q. i. 330. moans] means Q. i. 379. behowls] beholds Q.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Text based on Q₁ (Roberts's) and Q₂ (Heyes's)

- I. i. 89. cream] Q₂; dreame Q₁. ii. 36. who you] Q₂; who Q₁. ii. 83. Scottish] Qq; other Ff. iii. 65-6. Is . . . would] Q₂; Are you resolv'd, How much he would have Q₁.
- II. i. 35. page] rage Qq. ii. 23. well] Q₂; ill Q₁. ii. 23. incarnation] Q₂; incarnall Q₁. ii. 33. commandment] Q₂; command Q₁. ii. 39. confusions] Q₂; conclusions Q₁. ii. 85. in the end] Q₂; at the length Q₁. vi. 51. Gentle] Q₁; gentle Q₂. vii. 69. tombs] timber Qq.
- III. ii. 106. plainness] paleness Qq. iii. 1. Enter SHYLOCK, 43. SALARINO] Enter the Jew, and Salerio Q₂ (Salarino, Q₁; Solanio F₁). iv. 21. misery] Q₁; cruelty Q₂. iv. 49. [Padua] Mantua Qq. iv. 53. traject] Tranect Qq. iv. 63. accoutred] Q₂; apparreld Q₁. v. 75. far'st] Q₁; cherst Q₂. v. 82-3. mean it, then In] Q₁; mean it, it In Q₂.
- IV. i. 281. instantly] Q₂; presently Q₁. i. 326. tak'st] Q₂; outst Q₁. i. 434. depends . . . on] Q₂; then this depends upon Q₁.
- V. i. 114. welfare] Q₂; health Q₁.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Text based on F₁

- Ind. i. 88. A Player] Sincklo F₁.
- I. ii. 18. masters] mistris F₁. ii. 267. feat] seeke F₁.
- II. i. 3. gawds] good F₁.
- III. i. 48-51 to Luc., 52-3 to Bian., 54-8 to Hort., F₁. i. 81. change] F₂; charge F₁. odd] old F₁. ii. 30. [old news] om. Ff. ii. 130. to her love] sir, Love F₁.
- IV. iii. 63. [Hab.] Fel. F₁.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Text based on F₁. Passages in brackets from Q₁

- I. i. 45. George] Thomas F. iii. 54. well] Q₁; will F. iii. 104-5. Page . . . Ford] Ford . . . Page F.
- II. i. 63. Hundredth Psalm] hundred Psalms F. i. 226. Brook] Q₁; Broome F (and so throughout). i. 228. Mypheers] An-heires F.
- III. v. 5-6. and . . . offal] Q₁; like a . . . offal, and to be thrown in the Thames F. v. 90. [By the Lord] Q₁; Yes F.
- IV. i. 122. ging] F₂; gin F₁. ii. 194. hag] Q₁; rag F₁. iv. 43. [Disguis'd . . .] Malone, adapted from Q₁; om. F. iv. 83. Quickly] quickly F.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Text based on Q

- I. i. 1. Enter LEONATO] Enter Leonato . . . In-nogen his wife Q Ff. Pedro] Peter Q.

II. i. 1. Enter LEONATO] Enter Leonato . . . his wife Q Ff. iii. 39. Music [within] Musicke Q; and Iacke Wilson Ff.

III. ii. 28. can] cannot Q. iii. 84. statues] F₁; statutes Q.

IV. ii. 1. Dog.] Keeper Q. ii. 2, 5, etc. Verg.] Cowley Q. ii. 4. Dog.] Andrew Q. ii. 13, 17, etc. Dog.] Kemp. Q. ii. 53, etc. Verg.] Const. Q. ii. 69. etc. Dog.] Const. Q. ii. 70-1. Verg. . . . coxcomb!] Cowley. Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe Q.

V. iv. 98. [Bene.] Leon. Q.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Text based on F₁

- I. ii. 4. I were] were F. ii. 55. perceiving] perceiveith F. ii. 88. Cel.] Ros. F.
- II. iv. 1. weary] merry F. iv. 44. thy wound] they would F. vii. 73. wearer's] wearie F.
- III. ii. 163. pulpiter] Jupiter F.
- IV. i. 19. my] by F.
- V. iii. 31-4. F places after 22. This order is taken from an early 17th century MS. iv. 120. her] his F.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Text based on F₁

- I. ii. 40-1. company And sight] sight And company F. iii. 105. curl by] coole my F. iii. 144. damn'd] dam'd F. v. 177. VIOLE] Violenta F.
- II. ii. 33. made of,] made, if F. v. 157. born] become F.
- III. i. 75. wise men, folly-fallen] wisemens folly falne F. iv. 77. tang] F₂; langer F₁.
- V. i. 207. pavin] F₂; pany n F₁.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Text based on F₁

- Prol. 19. spar] stirre F.
- I. i. 37. a storm] a-scorne F. ii. 92. wit] will F. ii. 260. money] an eye Q. iii. 54. Retorts] Retyses Q F. iii. 228. bid] Q; on F. iii. 293. host] Q; mould F.
- II. i. 15. unsalted] Q; whinid'st F. ii. 48. hare] Q; hard F. ii. 70. soil'd] Q; spoyl'd F. ii. 104. eld] elders Q; old F. ii. 126. brach] brooch F. iii. 86. shent] sate Q; sent F. iii. 109. composure] Q; counsell that F. iii. 115. flexure] Q; flight F. iii. 232. He's . . . warm] Continued to Ajax Q F.
- III. i. 172 [Par.] Q; om. F. ii. 23. repured] Q; reputed F. ii. 25. tun'd] Q; and F. ii. 216. whose] which Q F. iii. 43. bent] bent? why turn'd Q F. iii. 137. fasting] Q; feasting F. iii. 162. rear] neere F. iii. 178. give] goe Q F. iii. 225. air] ayrie ayre F.
- IV. ii. 10. joys] Q; eyes F. ii. 13. tediously]

Q; hidiously F. ii. 76. *Re-enter*] *Enter Pandarus* and F. iii. 9. own] Q; om. F. iv. 4. violenteth] Q; no lesse F. iv. 9. dross] Q; crosse F. iv. 26. strain'd] Q; strange F. iv. 124. zeal] seale Q F. to thee] Q; towards F. iv. 146. *Dei*] *Dio* F. v. 96. knight] knight; they call him Troylus F.

V. ii. 10-11. sing . . . cliff] Q; finde . . . life F. ii. 43. all hell's] Q; hell F. ii. 81. Nay . . . me] *To Dio*. Q F. ii. 82. doth take] Q; rakes F. ii. 103. you] Q; me F. iii. 21. give . . . use] count give much to as F. iii. 27. brave] deere Q F. iii. 114. broker] brother F. iii. 113-115. om. Q. Cf. x. 32-34. vii. 6. aims] arme F. viii. 20. bait] Q; bed F.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Text based on F₁

I. ii. 56. Thus] This F. iii. 118. [Diana no] om. F.

II. i. 64. fee] see F. i. 147. fits] shifts F. i. 176. nay] ne F. i. 195. heaven] helpe F. iii. 68. *After father F inserts* [She addresses her to a Lord. iii. 309. detested] detected F. v. 29. End] And F. v. 94. Ber.] om. F.

III. i. 9. 1. Lord] French EF. i. 17. 2. Lord] *Fren. G F.* ii. 9. sold.] F₃; hold F₁ 2. ii. 20. E'en] In F. ii. 47, etc. 1. Lord] French EF. ii. 49, etc. 2. Lord] French G F. ii. 65. 1. Lord] 1 GF. vi. 1, etc. 1. Lord] Cap. EF. vi. 3, etc. 2. Lord] Cap. G F. vi. 40. ore] ours F.

IV. i. 1. 1. Lord] 1. Lord EF. i. 10, etc. 1. Lord] Lord EF. ii. 38. *Hopelessly corrupt.* iii. 1, etc. 2. Lord] Cap. GF. iii. 2, etc. 1. Lord] Cap. EF. iii. 158. All's one to him] Continued to Par. F. iii. 222. lordship] Lord F. v. 19. [salad] om. F.

V. ii. 25. similes] smiles F. iii. 27. 1. Lord] Gent. F. iii. 158. DIANA] Diana and Parolles F. iii. 216. infinite cunning] insuite comming F.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Text based on F₁

I. i. 9. *Hopelessly corrupt.* ii. 120. F marks a new scene here. ii. 138. morality] mortality F. iii. 20. steeds] weeds F. iii. 21. nineteen] fourteen F. Cf. I. ii. 172. iii. 42-3. sight . . . it] fight . . . in F. iv. 52. in hope] and hope F.

II. i. 39. vice] ice F. i. 255. day] bay F. ii. 25. God save] Save F. iii. 11. flames] flaws F. iii. 40. law] love F. iv. 9. sear'd] fear'd F. iv. 123. this] thy F.

III. ii. 41. Free] F₂; om. F₁. ii. 193. say't] say F. ii. 237. and] as F.

IV. i. 76. tilth] tithe F. ii. 47. If] Clo. If F. ii. 103. This] Duke. This F. ii. 104. [Duke] Pro. F. ii. 218. here] om. F. iii. 93. the

under] yond F. iv. 6. redeliver] re-liver F. iv. 29. bears] bears of F. v. 8. Valentinus] Valencius F.

V. i. 428. confiscation] F₂; confutation F₁.

PERICLES

Text based on Q₁

I. 21. fere] Peere Q. ii. 3. Be my] By me Q. ii. 25. ostent] stint Q. ii. 30. am] once Q. ii. 41. blast] sparke Q. iii. 28. ears it] seas Q. iv. 13-14. do . . . do] to . . . to Q. iv. 74. him's] himmes Q. iv. 77-8. fear? The] leave our Q₁; feare, the Q₄.

II. i. 86. holidays] all day Q. i. 140. father's gift] Father gave Q. i. 171. equal] a goal Q. ii. 14. interpret] entertaine Q. iv. 55. thus] us Q. iv. 56. us] om. Q.

III. 46. fortune's mood] fortune mov'd Q. i. 53. custom] easterne Q. i. 53-4 for . . . straight] *After meet in* 55. Q. i. 61. the ooze] oare Q. i. 63. And aye] The aye Q. ii. 48. ne'er decay] never Q. iii. 7. wanderingly] wondringly Q. iv. 6. eaning] F₃; learning Q.

IV. 10. her . . . heart] hie . . . art Q. 17. ripe . . . rite] right . . . sight Q. i. 5. inflaming, etc.] in flaming, thy love bosome Q. i. 20. like] Q₄; om. Q₁. i. 27. Near . . . margent] ere . . . marre it Q. ii. 1. Enter, etc.] Enter the three Bowdes Q. ii. 80. like] om. Q. iii. 12. fact] face Q. iii. 27. prime] prince Q. iii. 28. sources] courses Q.

V. 13. lost] left Q. i. 1 [Tyr.] 1. Q. i. 7. [Tyr.] 2. Q. i. 11. [Tyr. Sail.] Hell. Q. i. 70. bounty] beantie Q. i. 72. feat] fate Q. i. 247. life] like Q. iii. 89. preserv'd] preferd Q.

CYMBELINE

Text based on F₁

I. i. 29. gain] ioyne F. i. 70. F. begins Sc. 1. here. i. 116. cere] seare F. iv. 50. [not] om. F. iv. 80. [but] om. F. iv. 146. afraid] a Friend F. vi. 108. lie] by F. vi. 109. illustrious] illustrious F.

II. ii. 51. [Goes, etc.] Exit. F. iv. 37. [Phi.] Post. F. v. 16. German one] Iarmen on F. v. 27. may be nam'd] F₂; name F₁.

III. i. 19. ribbed and paled] ribb'd and pal'd F. i. 20. rocks] Oakes F. ii. 80. nor there] not heere F. iii. 2. Stoop] Sleepe F. iii. 23. bribe] babe F. iv. 81. afore't] a-foot F. v. 56. thou, that stands] thou that stand'st F. vi. 28. F. begins Sc. vii. here. vi. 71. I'd] I do F.

IV. i. 19. her] thy F. ii. 57. him] them F. ii. 112. cease] cause F.

V. iii. 42. stoop'd] stopt F. v. 262. lock] rock F. v. 334. mere] reere F.

THE WINTER'S TALE

Text based on *F*₁

- I. ii. 70. no] *F*₂; *om.* *F*₁. ii. 337. forsealing] for sealing *F*.
 II. i. 90. fedary] federarie *F*. ii. 148. beseech] beseech' *F*.
 III. ii. 172. [dark] *F*₂; *om.* *F*₁.
 IV. iii. 10. [with heigh!] *F*₂; *om.* *F*₁. iv. 759. or touse] at toaze *F*.
 V. i. 60. Begin, "And] And begin *F*. iii. 18. Lonely] Louely *F*.

THE TEMPEST

Text based on *F*₁

- I. i. 71. furze] firrs *F*. ii. 141. set] nor set *F*. ii. 351. [Pros.] Mira. *F*.
 II. i. 36. Antonio] Ant. *F* (as speech-tag).
 IV. i. 13. gift] guest *F*. i. 123. wise] Some copies of *F*₁ are said to read wife. i. 128. winding] windring *F*.

KING JOHN

Text based on *F*₁

- I. i. 50. Bast.] Philip *F*. But usually *F* calls Philip Bastard.
 II. i. *F* begins I. ii. here. i. 149. Philip] Lewis *F*. i. 215. Confronts your] Comfort yours *F*. i. 325. Cit.] Hubert *F* (and throughout this scene except 368.). i. 335. run] rome *F*. i. 368. Cit.] Fra. *F*. i. 424. niece] neere *F*.
 III. 1. *F* begins II. i. here. i. 75. *F* begins III. i. here. i. 259. chafed] cased *F*. i. 271. most] not *F*. iii. 26. time] tune *F*. iii. 39. ear] race *F*. iv. 44. not] *F*₄; *om.* *F*₁.
 IV. ii. 42. when] then *F*. ii. 117. care] *F* doubtful; perhaps eare. iii. 71. head] hand *F*. iii. 155. cincture] center *F*.
 V. i. *F* begins IV. i. here. ii. 36. grapple] cripple *F*. ii. 133. unhair'd] un-heard *F*. vi. 12. eyeless] endless *F*. vii. mind] winde *F*.

RICHARD II

Text based on *Q*₁ (for IV. i. 154-318 on *F*₁)

- I. iii. 193. far] *F*₄; fare *Q*. iv. 20. cousin, cousin] *F*₂; coosens coosin *Q*. iv. 23. [Bagot ... Greene] *Q*₅; *om.* *Q*₁. iv. 53. [Bushy, what news?] *F*₂; *om.* *Q*. iv. 65. All.] *om.* *Q*.
 II. i. 102. incaged] *F*₁; intraged *Q*. i. 280. Substantially from Holinshed; *om.* *Q*₁ *F*₂.
 III. ii. 134. offence] *F*₂; *om.* *Q*. iii. 13. with you] *F*₂; *om.* *Q*. iv. 11. joy] grief *Q*. iv. 57. We] *om.* *Q*.
 IV. i. 154-318. *om.* *Q*₁ 2.

V. i. 84. North.] *F*₂. King *Q*. iii. 106. shall] *F*₂; still *Q*. vi. 43. the] *Q*₂ *F*₂; *om.* *Q*₁.

1 HENRY IV

Text based on *Q*₁

- I. i. 76-7. In faith, It is] Continued to King *Q*₁ *F*₂. ii. 177. thou] the *Q*. ii. 181. [Bardolph, Peto] Harvey, Rossill *Q*₁ *F*₂. iii. 108. base] *F*₂; bare *Q*. iii. 201. Hot.] *om.* *Q*. iii. 256. for] *F*₂; *om.* *Q*.
 II. i. 4. The] *F*₂; *om.* *Q*. ii. 118. [fat] In a fragment of *Q*₁. The rest omit. iv. 36. precedent] present *Q*; president *F*₂. iv. 135. sun] *Q*₃ *F*₁ sonnes *Q*₁. iv. 192. Prince] *F*₂; Gad. *Q*. iv. 193, 195, 199. Gads.] *F*₂; Ross *Q*. iv. 434. tristful] trustfull *Q*₁ *F*₂. iv. 441. yet] *F*₂; so *Q*.
 III. iii. 66. tithe] tight *Q*.
 IV. i. 127. yet] *F*₂; it *Q*.
 V. i. 1. Enter ... Sir] Enter ... Earle of Westmerland, Sir *Q*₁ *F*₂. i. 2. busky] *F*₂; bulky *Q*. i. 25. do] *F*₂; *om.* *Q*. ii. 3. undone] *Q*₅; under one *Q*₁. iv. 77. [and exit ... falls] the Prince killeth Percie *Q*₁ *F*₂.

2 HENRY IV

Text based on *Q*₁. Passages in brackets from *F*₁

- Ind. 35. hold] hole *Q*.
 I. i. 161. Tra.] Umfr. *Q*. ii. 55. Where's Bardolph?] After through it in 53. *Q*. ii. 111. hath ... age] *F*₂; have ... an ague *Q*. ii. 137. [Fal.] *F*₂; Old. *Q*. ii. 163. slenderer] *F*₂; slender *Q*. iii. 37. Needed] Indeed *F*. iii. 79. To] *om.* *Q*.
 II. i. 182. [Basingstoke] *F*₂; Billingsgate *Q*. ii. 1. POINS] Poynes, Sir Iohn Russel, with other *Q*. ii. 17. viz.] *F*₂; with *Q*. ii. 126. borrower's] borrowed *Q*. iv. 1, 11. 1. Draw.] *F*₂; Francis *Q*. iv. 14. Dispatch] Dra. Dispatch *Q*. iv. 16, 23. 2. Draw.] *F*₂; Francis *Q*. iv. 20. word] word. Enter Will *Q*.
 III. i. 27. sea-boy] *F*₂; season *Q*. i. 32. SURREY] Surry, and Sir Iohn Blunt *Q*. ii. 121. Fal. Prick him] *F*₂; Iohn prickes him *Q*. ii. 160. [Fal.] Shal. *Q*.
 IV. i. 34. rags] rage *Q*. i. 94-5. Hopelessly corrupt. ii. 24. Employ] *F*₂; Imply *Q*. ii. 69. [Hast.] *F*₂; Prince *Q*. iii. 45. Rome] *F*₂; Rome, there cosin *Q*. iv. 32. melting] *F*₂; meeting *Q*. iv. 104. write ... letters] *F*₂; wet ... termes *Q*. v. 13. alter'd] vttered *Q* (Devonshire). v. 161. worst of] *F*₂; worse then *Q*. v. 205. [my] thy *Q*.
 V. iv. 1. Enter, etc.] Enter Sinclo and three or foure Officers *Q*. iv. 4, etc. 1. Bead.] Sinclo *Q*. iv. 8, etc. Dol.] *F*₂; Whooer *Q*. v. 16. [Shal.] *F*₂; Pist. *Q*. Epi. 35-6. And so ... Queen] After infinitely in 17. *Q*.

HENRY V

Text based on F₁

- Pro. Enter [CHORUS] Enter Prologue F.
 I. ii. 1. BEDFORD] *Bedford, Clarence F.*
 I. i. 110, 111. Qq; om. F. ii. 139. mark the]
 make thee F. ii. 148. [Henry] Qq; Thomas
 F. iii. 17. 'a babbled] a Table F. iii. 26.
 [and . . . stone] Qq; om. F. iii. 44. hell-fire]
 Q₁; Hell F. iv. 107. pining] Qq; priuy F.
 III. i. F begins Act II here. Pro. 4. [Hampton]
 Dover F. i. 32. Straining] Straying F. iii.
 32. heady] F₃; headdy F₂; headly F₁. iii.
 35. Defile] Desire F. v. 1. the DUKE OF
 BOURBON] *Bourbon Q*; om. F. v. 10, 32.
Bour.] *Brit.* F. v. 46. knights] Kings F. vii.
 13. pasterns] F₂; postures F₁.
 IV. i. 96. Thomas] John F. i. 308. reckoning,
 if] reck'ning of F. ii. 47. drooping] F₂;
 dropping F₁. iii. 13, 14. After 11 in F. iii.
 44. live . . . see] see . . . live F. iii. 48. Qq;
 om. F. vii. 1. F. begins Act IV here.
 V. ii. 12. England] F₂; Ireland F₁. ii. 275.
d'une] d'une nostre Seigneur F.

1 HENRY VI

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 49. moist] F₂; moistned F₁. i. 50. marish]
 nourish F. i. 92, etc. Dauphin] Dolphin F.
 i. 131, etc. Fastolfe] Falstaffe F. i. 176.
 steal] send F. iv. 33. vile] pil'd F.
 II. iv. 1, etc. Plan.] *Yorke F.* iv. 76. faction]
 fashion F.
 III. i. 52. [Som.] om. F. i. 53. [War.] Som. F.
 i. 54. Som.] om. F.
 IV. i. 180. wist] wish F. iii. 17, etc. [Lucy] 2.
Mes. F. iv. 16. legions] Regions F.

2 HENRY VI

Text based on F₁

- II. i. 47-8. Are . . . you] *Continued to Glou. F.*
 i. 91. Simpeox] Symon F. i. 131. his] it F.
 ii. 45-6. was son To . . . son] was to . . .
 Sonnes Sonne F.
 III. i. 140. suspect] suspence F. ii. 26. [Meg]
 Nell F. ii. 79, 100, 120. [Margaret] Elianor
 F. ii. 116. witch] watch F. ii. 146. [Re-enter,
 etc.] *Bed put forth F*; *Warwicke draws the*
curtaines and shoves Duke Humphrey in his
bed Qq. ii. 366. to] no F.
 IV. i. 48. Qq; om. F. i. 70. [Lieue . . . Pole!]
 Qq; om. Ff. i. 117. Gelidus] Pine gelidus
 F. vii. 75. But] Kent F.
 V. i. 109. these] thee F. i. 201. household]
 Qq; housed F.

3 HENRY VI

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 268. coast] cost F. ii. 48, etc. a MESSEN-

GER] *Gabriel F.* iv. 50. buckle] Qq; buckler
 F.

- II. i. 113. Qq; om. F. i. 131. an idle] Qq; a
 lazy F. ii. 89. Since] F₂; *Cla.* Since F₁. ii.
 133. Rich.] Qq; War. F. v. 55. [dragging,
 etc.] *at one doore: and a Father that hath*
kill'd his Sonne at another doore F. v. 119.
 E'en] Men F. vi. 8. Qq; om. Ff.
 III. i. 1, etc. two KEEPERS] Qq; *Sinklo and*
Humfrey F. i. 24. thes, sour Adversity]
 the sower adversaries F. ii. 18, etc. [L. Grey]
 Wid. F.
 V. ii. 44. clamour] Qq; cannon F. iv. 27.
 ragged] raged F.

RICHARD III

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 75. to her for his] Qq; for her F. ii. 79.
 For] Qq; of F. ii. 202. [Glou.] Qq; om. F.
 ii. 203. Qq; om. F. ii. 226. [Glou. . . corse.]
 Qq; om. F. iii. 114. Q₁; om. F. iii. 342, 350,
 356. 1. Murd.] Vil. F. iv. 129. 'Zounds] Qq;
 Come F. iv. 137. [it is . . . thing] Qq; om.
 F. iv. 148. 'Zounds] Qq; om. F. iv. 148-
 150. 'tis] I. 'Tis F. iv. 151, 156, 162, 164. [I.]
 Murd.] 2. Qq Ff. iv. 154, 159, 163. [2.]
 Murd.] 1. Qq Ff. iv. 165, 170, 172, 174. [2.]
 Murd.] Qq; 1. Ff. iv. 167. [I.] Murd.] Qq;
 2. Ff. iv. 194-5. [to . . . sins] Qq; for any
 goodnesse F. iv. 243. Qq; om. Ff. iv. 264-5.
 After 273 in F. iv. 270-2. Before 274 in F.
 II. i. 1. HASTINGS] *Hastings, Catesby F.* i. 7.
 Hastings and Rivers] Dorset and Rivers F;
 Rivers and Hastings Q. i. 56. unwittingly]
 Qq; unwillingly F. ii. 84-5 [and . . . weep]
 Qq; om. F. ii. 142, 154. Ludlow] Qq; Lon-
 don F. ii. 145. Qq; om. F. iv. 1, 2. North-
 ampton . . . Stratford] Qq; Stony Stratford,
 And at Northampton F.
 III. i. 97. dread] Q₁; deare F. iii. 1. Qq; om.
 F. iv. 10. [Who . . . lord] Qq; om. F. iv. 32,
 33. Qq; My Lord of Ely F. iv. 57. likeli-
 hood] Qq; livelyhood F. iv. 60. Qq; om. F.
 v. 50. I] Qq; Buck. I F. v. 52. Glou.] Q₄;
 continued to Buck. F. v. 69. But] Qq; Which
 F. v. 108. notice] Qq; order F. vii. 43. Qq;
 om. F. vii. 158. my right] Q₂; the ripe F;
 my ripe Q₁. vii. 220. Qq; om. F.
 IV. ii. 84, 85. Qq; om. F. ii. 101-121. [perhaps,
 . . . tut] Qq; Buck. May it please you to
 resolve me in my suit. Rich. F. iii. 31. at]
 Qq; and F. iv. 10. unblown] Qq; unblowed
 F. iv. 39. Qq; om. F. iv. 41. Harry] Richard
 Qq; Husband F. iv. 52, 53. Transposed in F;
 om. Qq. iv. 100, 101, Qq; transposed in F. iv.
 102, 104. one] Qq; she F. iv. 103. one] she
 F. iv. 128. intestate] Qq; intestine F. iv.
 323. loan] Loue F. iv. 324. Of ten] Often F.
 iv. 376. Qq; after 373 in F. thyself misuseth]
 Qq; is self misus'd F. iv. 377. God . . .

God's] Qq; Heaven . . . Heavens F. iv. 396.
o'erpast] Qq; repast F. iv. 443 [Ratcliff]
Catesby F.

- V. iii. 58-9. Catesby! *Cate.*] Ratcliffe. *Rat.* F;
Catesby! *Rat.* Qq. iii. 82. loving] Q₁; noble
F. iii. 104. thoughts] Qq; noise F. iii. 125.
deadly] Q₁; om. F. iii. 196. Q₁; F omits
second perjury. iii. 208. ['Zounds!] Qq; om.
F. iii. 212-14. [O . . . lord] Qq; om. F. iii.
255. sweat] Q₁; swear F. iii. 293. out all]
Q₁; om. F. iii. 319. ventures] adventures F.
iii. 338. Fight] Q₁; Right F. bold] Q₁;
boldly F. v. 11. if . . . now] Qq; if you
please we may F.

HENRY VIII

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 42. All] *Buc.* All F. i. 47. as] F₄; *Nor.*
As F₁. i. 167. rinsing] wrenching F. i. 219.
chancellor] counsellour F. i. 221. [Nicholas]
from *Holinshed*; Michael F. ii. 164. confes-
sion's] from *Holinshed*; commissions F.
II. i. 53. [William] from *Holinshed*; Walter
F. i. 86. mark] make F. ii. 63. [*Norfolk*]
. . . King] and the King draws the Curtaine
and sits F. iii. 61. of you] of you, to you F.
III. ii. 171. fill'd] fill'd F. ii. 343. Chattels]
Castles F.
V. iii. 85, 87. [*Chan.*] *Cham.* F. iii. 125. bare]
base F. iii. 133. this] his F.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

*Text based on Q₂. Readings from Q₁ are derived from
the collation published in the Shakespeare-Jahrbuch,
XLI, 211-15*

- I. i. 35-6. In coffins . . . And now] Q₂; In
coffins from the field, and at this day/To
the Monument of that Andronic/ Done
sacrifice of expiation/And slaine the Noblest
prisoner of the Gothes/And now Q₁. i. 122.
your] Q₁; you Q₂. i. 131. never . . . barbar-
ous] Q₁; ever . . . barbarous? Q₂. i. 162.
the] Q₂; this Q₁. i. 214. friends] Q₁; friend
Q₂. i. 219. you] Q₂; yee Q₁. i. 224. your]
Q₂; our Q₁. i. 304. there none else] F₂;
none Q₁. i. 316. Phebe] F₂; Thebe Q₁. i.
398. Ff; om. Qq. i. 477. I do] Q₂; do I Q₁.
i. 495. *Flourish* . . . Act II . . . Enter AARON
Exeunt, sound trumpets, Manet Moore Qq; *Exe-*
unt, Actus Secunda. Flourish. Enter Aaron
alone F₁.
II. i. 110. than] this Qq. ii. 1. morn] Moone Q₂.
iii. 20. yelping] Ff; yellowing Q₂. iii. 72.
swarth] Ff; swartie Q₂. iii. 85. note] notice
Q₂. iii. 88. have I] F₂; I have Q₂. iii. 147.
woman's] Q₁; woman Q₂. iii. 222. embred]
here] Q₂; hereand in blood Q₁. iv. 9. case]

cause Q₂. iv. 21. have] half Q₂. iv. 27. him]
them Q₂. iv. 30. three] theyr Q₂.

- III. i. 17. urns] ruins Q₂. i. 125. as] like Q₁;
in Q₂. i. 146. with his] F₄; with her Q₂. i.
210. would] Q₂; wouldst Q₁. i. 226. do
blow] F₂; doth flow Q₁; do flow Q₂. i. 282.
things] Ff; Armes Q₂. i. 292. leaves] loves
Q₂. ii. *This scene is omitted in Qq. Text is
based on F₁. ii. 38. mash'd] mesh'd Ff.*

- IV. i. 10. [*Marc.*] om. Qq Ff. i. 106. your] F₁;
our Q₁; you Q₂. i. 109. bad] Q₂; base Q₁.
i. 117. my] Q₁; thy Q₂. ii. 152. Multi lives]
Multiteus Q₂. iv. 5. [as know] om. Qq Ff.
iv. 93. feed] Q₃; seede Q₂; Foode F₁.

- V. i. 1. [*colours*] *Souldiers* Qq Ff. i. 27. dam]
Q₂; dame Q₁. i. 53. Get] *Aron.* Get Qq Ff.
i. 96. that] Q₂; which Q₁. i. 107. the letter]
Q₂; that letter Q₁. ii. 18. it action] Ff; that
accord Q₂. ii. 52. murderers] murder Qq Ff.
ii. 71. fits] Q₂; humors Q₁. ii. 106. mayst]
Q₂; shalt Q₁. ii. 137. abide] Q₁; bide Q₂.
ii. 142. know . . . suppose] Q₂; knew . . .
supposd Q₁. ii. 157. Rape] Q₂; and Rape
Q₁. iii. 73. Lest] *Roman Lord.* Let Q₂; *Goth.*
Let Ff. iii. 93-97. Lending . . . Demetrius]
Q₂; And force you to commiseration, / Her's
Romes young Captaine let him tell the tale, /
While I stand by and weepe to heare him
speake. / *Lucius.* Then gratious auditorie
be it knowne to you, / That Chiron and the
damnd Demetrius, Q₁. iii. 125. cause] F₄;
course Q₂. iii. 130. now] Q₂; pleading Q₁.
iii. 132. cast us down] Q₂; hurle our selves
Q₁. iii. 141, 146. [*All*] *Marcus* Q₂. iii. 164.
matter] Q₂; storie Q₁. iii. 165-170. Q₂; And
bid thee bare his prettie tales in minde, /
And talke of them when he was dead and
gone. / *Marcus.* How manie thousand times
hath these poore lips, / When they were
living wardm them selves on thine, / Oh now
sweete boy give them their latest kisse, / Bid
him farewell commit him to the grave, Q₁.
iii. 171. him . . . him] them . . . them Q₂. iii.
195. ravenous] Q₁; hainous Q₂. iii. 196.
weeds] Q₂; weede Q₁. iii. 200. Q₂; And
being dead let birds on her take pittie Q₁.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Text based on Q₂

- I. i. 27. cruel] Q₄; civil Q₂. i. 70. swashing]
Q₄; washing Q₂. i. 159. sun] same Qq Ff.
i. 183. create] Q₁; created Q₂. i. 198. lovers']
a lovers Q₁; loving Q₂. i. 203. left] lost
Qq Ff. i. 217. unharm'd] Q₁; uncharmd
Q₂. ii. 18. An she agree] And she agreed
Q₂. ii. 29. female] Q₁; fennell Q₂. ii. 32.
on] Q₄; one Q₂. iii. 66, 67. honour] Q₁;
houre Q₂. iv. 7, 8. Q₁ om. Q₂. iv. 39. done]
Q₁; dum Q₂; dun Q₃. iv. 42. Of this sir-
reverence] Q₁; Or save your reverence Q₂.

- iv. 66. maid] Q₁; man Q₂. iv. 103. face] Q₁; side Q₂. iv. 113. sail] Q₁; sute Q₂. v. 19. walk a bout] have about Q₁; walke about Q₂. v. 96. fine] sin Q₂.
- II. i. 6. Mer.] Q₁; om. Q₂. i. 13. trim] Q₁; true Q₂. i. 33. *et cetera* Q₁; or Q₂. ii. 31. pacing] Q₁; puffing Q₂. ii. 41. nor . . . part] Q₁; om. Q₂. ii. 42. O . . . name] After face in 41, Q₂. ii. 101. more cunning] Q₁; coying Q₂. ii. 152. suit] Q₄; strife Q₂. ii. 164. [Romeo's name] Q₁; om. Q₂. ii. 168. dear] Q₄; Neece Q₂. ii. 188. After rest, Q₂ inserts iii. 1-4. iii. 4. fiery] Q₁; burning Q₂. iv. 4. Ah] Q₁; Why Q₂. iv. 30. fantasticoes] Q₁; phantacies Q₂. v. 16. marry,] many Q₄ Ff.
- III. i. 94. o' both your] on your Q₁; a both Q₂. i. 127. Alive] Q₁; He gan Q₂. i. 171. agile] Q₁; aged Q₂. i. 193. hate's] Q₁; hearts Q₂. ii. 6-8. wink . . . Lovers] wincke, and Romeo Leape to these armes, untalkt of and unseene, Lovers Q₂. ii. 76. Dove . . . lamb] Ravenous dovefeatherd Raven, wolvishravening lamb Q₂. iii. 40-44. In Q₂ the order is 41, 43, 40, (41), 42. iii. 143. misbehav'd] Q₁; mishaved Q₂. iii. 144. pont'st upon] Q₅; puts up Q₂. v. 102. [Tybalt] F₂; om. Q₂. v. 127. air] Q₄; earth Q₂. v. 182. train'd] Q₁; liand Q₂; allied Q₃.
- IV. i. 81. shut] Q₁; hide Q₂. i. 85. shroud] Q₄; grave F₁; om. Q₂. i. 100. paly] Q₄; many Q₂. i. 110. bier] beere, Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave Q₂. iii. 58. Romeo . . . thee] Q₁; Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drink, I drinke to thee Q₂. v. 82. fond] F₂; some Q₂. v. 100. *I. Mus.*] *Fid. Q₂*. v. 102. Enter PETER] Q₄; Enter Will Kemp Q₂. v. 107. of woo] Q₄; om. Q₂. v. 109. *I. Mus.*] Minstrels Q₂. v. 129. Q₁; om. Q₂. v. 135, 138. Pretty] Q₁; Prates Q₂.
- V. i. 15. fares my] Q₁; doth my Lady Q₂. i. 24. defy] Q₁; denie Q₂. iii. 3. yew] Ew Q₁; young Q₂. iii. 22. Enter . . . BALTHASAR] Q₁; Enter . . . Peter Q₂. iii. 68. conjurations] Q₁; commiration Q₂. iii. 107. After night, Q₂ inserts, Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme, / Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in. / O true Apothecarie! / Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die. iii. 137. yew] yong Q₂. iii. 209. more early] Q₁; now earling Q₂.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Text based on F₁

- I. ii. 3, etc. Antonius'] Antonio's F. ii. 72. laughter] laughter F. ii. 155. walls] walkes F.
- II. i. 40. ides] first F. ii. 23. did] do F. ii. 46. are] heare F.

- III. i. 39. law] lane F. ii. 11. Brutus . . . pulpit] Before line 1 in F. ii. 208. [All.] om. F. ii. 225. wit] F₂; writ F₁.
- IV. i. 37. abjects, orts] Obiects; Arts F. ii. 50. [Lucius] Lucilius F. ii. 52. [Lucilius] Let Lucius F. iii. 1. [Enter] Manet F (with no division of scene).
- V. iii. 104. Thassos] Tharsus F.

HAMLET

Text based on F₁. Passages in brackets from Q₂

- I. i. 65. jump] Q₂; just F. i. 94. design'd] F₂; designe F₁. i. 150. morn] Q₂; day F. ii. 150, etc. God] Q₂; Heaven F. ii. 198. waste] vast Q₁; wast Q₂ F. ii. 204. distill'd] Q₂; bestil'd F. ii. 248. tenable] Q₂; treble F. iii. 8. forward] Q₂; froward F. iii. 16. will] Q₂; feare F. iii. 21. sanity] safty Q₂; sanctity F. iii. 26. particular act and place] Q₂; peculiar Sect and force F. iii. 34. you in] Q₂; within F. iii. 74. Are . . . in that] Are of a . . . cheff in that F; Or of a . . . chiefs in that Q₂. iii. 109. Running] Roaming F; wrong Q₂. iii. 114. almost . . . holy] Q₂; all the F. iii. 117. Lends] Q₂; Gives F. iii. 128. that dye] Q₂; the eye F. iii. 130. bawds] bonds Q₄ Ff. iv. 37. often dout] of a doubt Q₂. v. 29. Haste] Q₂; Hast, hast F. I] om. F. v. 33. roots] Q₂; rots F. v. 71. bark'd] Q₂; bak'd F. v. 114. Ham.] Q₂; Mar. F. v. 115. Mar.] Q₂; Hor. F. v. 133. whirling] whurling Q₂; hurling F. v. 162. earth] Q₂; ground F. v. 167. our] F; your Q₂.
- II. i. 111. heed] Q₂; speed F. i. 114. By heaven] Q₂; It seemes F. ii. 10. dream] Q₂; deeme F. ii. 45. and] Q₂; one F. ii. 308. heavily] Q₂; heavenly F. ii. 312. firmament] Q₂; om. F. ii. 338. tickle] tickled F. ii. 438. pious] Q₂; pons F. ii. 442. valanc'd] Q₂; valiant F. ii. 479. total] Q₂; to take F. ii. 525, 526. mobled] Q₂; inobled F. ii. 579. own] Q₂; whole F. ii. 580. wann'd] Q₂; warm'd F. ii. 604. [S'wounds] Q₂; Why F. ii. 612. a dear father] Q₄; the Deere F.
- III. i. 71. proud] Q₂; poore F. i. 76. fardels] Q₂; these fardels F. i. 86. pith] F; pitch Q₂. i. 87. awry] Q₂; away F. i. 97. I] F; you Q₂. i. 99. Their . . . lost] Q₂; then . . . left F. i. 136. nowhere] Q₂; no way F. i. 148. paintings] Q₂; pratings F. i. 149. face] Q₂; pace F. ii. 35. nor man] Q₂; or Norman F. ii. 89. heedful] Q₂; needfull F. ii. 151. Enter PROLOGUE] after fellow, Q₂; after 158, F. this fellow] Q₂; these fellows F. ii. 171, etc. P. Queen] Bap. F. ii. 262. your] Q₂; om. F. ii. 351. surely . . . upon] Q₂; freely . . . of F. iii. 81. flush] Q₂; fresh F. iv. 12. a wicked] Q₂; an idle F. iv. 65. brother] Q₂; breath F. iv. 169. either

- [master] either Q₂; Maister Q₄. iv. 182. bloat] blowt Q₂; blunt F.
- IV. i. 40. [so, haply slander] *om.* Q_q Ff. ii. 19. as . . . nuts] Q₁; like an ape F; like an apple Q₂. iii. 47. is] Q₂; at F. v. 1-20. *So Q₂; F has no Gent. in the scene, and 2-8, 4-13 are given to Hor., the rest to Queen.* v. 146. pelican] Q₂; Politician F. vii. 27. Whose worth] Q₂; Who was F. vii. 85. can] Q₂; ran F. vii. 143. that, but dip] Q₂; I but dipt F.
- V. i. 80. claw'd] Q₂; caught F. i. 87. now o'er-reaches] Q₂; o're Offices F. i. 88. would] Q₂; could F. i. 211. grinning] Q₂; leering F. i. 255. rites] F; crants Q₂. i. 288-9. [*All. Gentlemen, — Hor.*] Q₂; Gen. F. i. 297. ['Swounds] Q₂; Come F. i. 307. [*Queen.*] Q₂; Kin. F. ii. 9. deep] Q₂; deare F. ii. 58. defeat] Q₂; debate F. ii. 91. lordship] Q₂; friendship F. ii. 132. do 't] Q₃; too 't Q₂. ii. 174. laid on] Q₂; one F. ii. 175. nine] Q₂; mine F. ii. 192. turn] Q₂; tongue F. ii. 196. has . . . many] Q₂; had . . . mine F. ii. 255. brother] Q₂; Mother F. ii. 299. Here . . . napkin] Q₂; Heere 's a napkin F. ii. 369. silence] Q₂; silence. O, o, o, o F.

OTHELLO

Text based on F₁

- I. i. 1. Tush!] Q_q; *om.* F. i. 4. 'Sblood] Q₁; *om.* F (and so frequently with oaths). i. 25. toged] Q₁; tongued F. i. 72. changes] Q_q; chances F. i. 100. bravery] Q_q; knaverie F. i. 183. night] Q₁; might F. iii. 139. travel's] Q_q; travellours F. iii. 145. Do grow . . . These] Q₂; Grew . . . These things F. iii. 155. intently] Q_q; instinctively F. iii. 159. sighs] Q_q; kisses F. iii. 225 a] Q_q; a more F. iii. 240-1. If . . . father's] Q_q; Why at her Fathers? F. iii. 242. Des. Nor . . . not] Q_q; Des. Nor would I F. iii. 258. which] Q_q; why F. iii. 300. worldly matters] Q_q; wordly matter F. iii. 330. balance] Q_q; braine F.
- II. i. 25-6. in. A Veronese] in: A Veronessa Q_q; in: A Verenessa F. i. 65. ingener] Ingeniuer F. i. 105. list] Q₁; leave F. i. 230. again] Q₁; a game F. i. 267. mutualities] Q_q; mutabilities F. i. 312. I trash] I trace F. i. 315. rank] Q_q; right F. iii. 66. etc. God] Q₁; Heaven F. iii. 149. [*Cry . . . help!*] Q_q; *om.* F. iii. 161. hold] Q_q; *om.* F. iii. 322. denotement] Q₂; denotement F. iii. 391. the while] a while F.
- III. i. 22. mine] me, mine F; my Q_q. i. 27. general's wife] Q_q; General F. iii. 67. their] her Q_q Ff. iii. 106. By . . . me] Alas, thou echos't me F. iii. 138-9. a . . . But some] Q_q; that . . . Wherein F. iii. 147. oft] Q_q; of F. iii. 148. yet] Q₂; *om.* F.

- iii. 180. once] Q_q; *om.* F. iii. 259. qualities] Q; quantities F. iii. 386. Her] Q_q; My F. iii. 395. supervisor] Q₁; supervision F. iv. 188. sweet] Q_q; neither F
- IV. i. 21. infected] Q_q; infectious F. i. 78. unsuiting] Q₁; resulting F; unfitting Q₂. i. 99. refrain] Q_q; restraine F. i. 102. construe] conster Q_q; conserve F. i. 108. power] Q_q; doure F. i. 134. beckons] Q_q; becomes F. ii. 64. Ay, there] I here Q_q Ff. iii. 41. sighing] Q₂; singing F.
- V. i. 1. bulk] Q_q; Barke F. i. 35. Forth] Q_q; For F. ii. 13. the rose] Q_q; thy rose F. ii. 15. it on] Q_q; thee on F. ii. 236. [*He runs, etc.*] Before Are in 234, Q_q; *om.* F. ii. 347. Indian] Q_q; Iudean F. ii. 351. medicinal] Q_q; Medicinable F.

KING LEAR

Text based on F₁. Passages in brackets from Q₁

- I. i. 70. Speak] Q_q; *om.* F. i. 76. possesses] Q_q; professes F. i. 112. mysteries] F₂; miseries F₁; mistress Q_q. i. 228. well] Q_q; will F. i. 284. shame them] Q_q; with shame F. i. 292. not] Q_q; *om.* F. i. 308. hit] Q_q; sit F. ii. 21. top] tooth' Q_{1,2}; to' th' F. ii. 24. subscrib'd] Q_q; Prescrib'd F. ii. 145-6. Edgar—and] Q_q; *om.* F. iv. 110. Q_q; Lear. Why my Boy F. iv. 125. Lady the] Ladie oth'e Q_q; the Lady F.
- II. i. 78. spurs] Q_q; spirits F. i. 80. I . . . him] Q_q; said he? F. i. 122. poise] Q₁; prize F. ii. 83. Bring] Q_q; Being F. ii. 84. Reneg] F₂; Revenge F₁; Reneag Q_q. ii. 128. That 't] That F; that That Q_q. ii. 150. Contemned'st] temnest Q_q. ii. 152. King] Q_q; King his master needs F. ii. 158. Come, my good] Q₁; Corn. Come, my F. iv. 103. her] Q_q; tends F. iv. 170. blast her pride] Q_q; blister F.
- III. iv. 53. foord] foord Q_q; sword F. iv. 83. word justly] words justly Q; words Iustice F. iv. 121. till the] Q_q; at F. v. 26. dearer] Q_q; deere F. vi. 23. justicer] iustice Q_q. vi. 27. bourn] broome Q_q. vi. 72. lym] Hym F.
- IV. ii. 57. to threat] thereat Q₁; threats Q₂. ii. 79. justicers] Q₁; Justices F. iii. *om.* F. iii. 13. Ay, sir] I say Q_q. iii. 18. strove] streme Q_q. iii. 33. moistened] moistened her Q_q. iv. 1. DOCTOR.] Q_q; Gentlemen F. iv. 6. sentry] Centery F; centurie Q₁. iv. 11. Doct.] Q_q; Gent. F. iv. 18. distress] Q_q; desires F. iv. 26. importune] importund' F. vi. 41. thee well] F; thee well. *He falls Q_q. vi. 71. enridged] Q_q; enraged F. vi. 83. coining] Q_q; crying F. vi. 209. one] Q_q; a F. vi. 256. English] F; British Q_q. vii. 1. etc. DOCTOR] Q_q; Gentleman F. vii. 21. Gent.] F; Doct. Q_q. vii. 23.*

Doct.] *Gent.* Q₁; *Kent.* Q₂; *om.* F. vii. 24. not] Q_q; *om.* F. vii. 32. warring] Q_q; iarring F.

V. iii. 93. prove] Q_q; make F. iii. 128. the] my privilege, The F. iii. 213. him] me Q_q. iii. 322. *Edg.*] F; *Duke* Q_q.

MACBETH

Text based on F₁

I. i. 10. [2. *Witch*] *All* F. ii. 14. quarrel] quarry F. ii. 26. break] *om.* F. iii. 97. hail] tale F. v. 48. it] F₃; hit F₁. vi. 4. martlet] Barlet F. vi. 5. masonry] man-soury F. vi. 9. most] must F. vii. 6. shoal] schoole F.

II. i. 55. strides] sides F. i. 57. way they] they may F. ii. 37. sleeve] sleeve F.

III. ii. 13. scotch'd] scorch'd F. vi. 24. son] Sonnes F.

IV. i. 59. germens] Germaine F. i. 97. Rebellion's head] Rebellious dead F. i. 112. *A shew . . .*] *A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand* F. iii. 15. deserve] discern F. iii. 107. accurs'd] accurst F₂; accust F₁. iii. 235. tune] time F.

V. iii. 55. senna] F₄; Cyme F₁. viii. 34. *Alarums*] *Alarums. Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine* F.

TIMON OF ATHENS

Text based on F₁

I. i. 1. others] Mercer F. i. 21. gum, which oozes] gowne, which uses F. i. 25. chafes] chases F. i. 40. man] men F. i. 87. slip] sit F. i. 241. my angry will] no angry wit F. i. 256-7. there! Aches] their Aches F. ii. 29. ever] verie F. ii. 120. [*Tucket within*] *Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with, etc. (as at 137)* F. ii. 128. *Enter Cupid*] *Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies* F. ii. 131. The ear] there F. ii. 132. and smell] all F. ii. 157 [*Lady*] *Lord* F.

II. i. 35. in compt] in. Come F. ii. 1, etc. [*Flav.*] *Steward* F. ii. 38. date-broke] debt, broken F. ii. 194. [*Flaminius*] *Flavius* F.

III. iii. 20. I] *Ed.*; it F. iv. 113. [*Ventidius*] *Vllorxa* F. v. 22. behave] behoove F. v. 49. felon] fellow F. v. 63. I . . . he has] Why . . . ha's F. vi. 36. harshly. O] harshly o' F. vi. 89. foes] fees F. vi. 90. lag] legge F.

IV. i. 21. let] yet F. iii. 12. rother's] Brothers F. iii. 116. bars] Barne F. iii. 185. doth] do F. iii. 223. moss'd] moyst F. iii. 383. son and sire] Sunne and fire F. iii. 398. Moe] *Apem.* Moe F. iii. 499. mild] wilde F. iii. 437. villainy] Villaine F.

V. i. 150. sense] since F. i. 223. sour] fourre F. iii. 4. rear'd] reade F. iv. 55. Descend] Defend F. iv. 62. render'd] remedied F.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Text based on F₁

I. i. 50. whose] F₂; who F₁. ii. 5. charge] change F. ii. 39. fertile] foretell F. ii. 64. Alexas] *Alexas.* F. ii. 114. minds] windes F. ii. 186. leave] love F. iv. 3. our] one F. iv. 44. dear'd] fear'd F. iv. 46. lackeying] lacking F. iv. 56. wassails] Vassailes F.

II. i. 21. wan'd] wand F. i. 41. warr'd] wan'd F. ii. 53. not] *om.* F. v. 12. finn'd] fine F. vii. 118. bear] beate F.

III. v. 14. world, thou hast] would thou hadst F. v. 16. the one] *om.* F. vi. 61. obstruct] abstract F. vi. 88. make them] makes his F. vii. 36. Muleters] Muliters F. x. 10. ribaldred] ribaudred F. xii. 31, etc. Thy-reus] Thidias F. xiii. 74. this: in deputa-tion] this in desputation F. xiii. 165. dis-candying] discandering F.

IV. iii. 1. [*two*] *a Company of* F. iv. 3. mine] thine F. v. 1, 3, 6. [*Sold.*] *Eros* F. ix. 1. SENTRY] *Centerie* F. x. 7. [*Go we up*] *om.* F. xii. 4. augurers] Anguries F. xii. 9. [*Alarum, etc.*] *At end of xi.* F. xii. 21. span-iel'd] pannelled F. xv. 73. e'en] in F.

V. i. 28, 31. [*Agr.*] *Dol.* F. i. 36. lance] launch F. i. 59. live] leave F. ii. 81. O.] o F. ii. 87. autumn 't] Anthony it F. ii. 104. smites] suites F. ii. 317. vile] wilde F. ii. 321. awry] away F.

CORIOLANUS

Text based on F₁

I. i. 35. [2. *Cit.*] *All* F. i. 58. 2. *Cit.*] F. *Most modern editors change to 1. Cit. here and throughout the rest of the scene.* i. 95. stale] scale F. i. 119. crowned] crown'd F. iii. 46. contemning. Tell] Contenning, tell F. iv. 57. [*Cato's*] *From Plutarch. Calves* F. vi. 59. Antiaties] Antients F. vi. 76. of me?] of me: F. ix. 46. coverture] overture F. x. 22. embargements] embarquements F.

II. i. 61. can't] can F. i. 71. bisson] beesome F. i. 79. faucet] forset F. i. 181, etc. Caius Marcius] Martius Caius. i. 182. Coriolanus] Martius Caius Coriolanus F. i. 267. the] their F. i. 271. touch] teach F. ii. 85. one on's] F₃; on ones F₁₂. iii. 21. auburn] F₄; Abram F₁. iii. 122. woolless toge] Woluish tongue F₁; Woolvish gowne F₂. iii. 123. do] F₄; does F₁. iii. 163. CITIZENS] *the Plebeians* F. iii. 251-52. [*And . . . censor.*] *Globe Ed. after Plutarch;* *And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor, F.*

III. i. 91. good] God! F. i. 92. reckless] wreaklesse F. i. 129. motive] native F. i. 131. bisson multitude] Bosome-multiplied F. i. 143. Where one] Whereon F. i. 181. CITIZENS] *Plebeians* F. i. 184, etc. [*Citizens*]

All F. i. 237. [*Com.*] F₂; *Corio* F₁. i. 238.
 [*Cor.*] *Mene* Ff. i. 240. [*Men.*] *om.* Ff. ii.
 21. thwartings] things F. ii. 32. herd] heart
 F. ii. 113. choir'd] quier'd F. iii. 36.
 Throng] Through F. iii. 130. not] but F.
 IV. i. 4. extremity] F₂; extreamities F₁. iv.
 23. hate] have F. v. 237. spritely, waking]
 sprightly walking F. vi. 4. hurry, here do]
 hurry. Here do we F. vii. 23. yield] yeelds
 F. vii. 49. virtues] Vertue F. vii. 55. falter]
 fouler F.
 V. i. 16. wreck'd fair] wrack'd for F. ii. 17.
 magnified] verified F. ii. 80. our] F₄; your
 F₁. iii. 48. prate] pray F. iii. 63. holp]
 hope F. vi. 116. Flutter'd] F₃; Flatter'd
 F₁ 2.

VENUS AND ADONIS

Text based on Q₁

181. spright] sprite Q. 185. Souring] So
 wring Q. 366. Show'd] Showed Q. 498.
 died] dy'de Q. 546. glued] glewed. 749.
 thaw'd] thawed Q. 873. twine] twin'd Q.
 1031. as] Q₃; are Q₁ 2. 1054. was] had Q.
 1080. died] di'de Q.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

Text based on Q₁

4. Collatia] Colatium Q. 8. Haply . . . un-
 happily] Hap'ly . . . unhap'ly Q. 23. de-
 cay'd] Q₅; decayed Q₁. 64. Argu'd] Argued
 Q. 361. espi'd] espied Q. 398. canopi'd]
 canopied Q. 425. slack'd] slakt Q. 538.
 descri'd] discried Q. 782. musty] Q₁; mys-
 tie Q₃. 917. stay'd] staid Q. 1167, 1169.
 peel'd] pild Q. 1444. steel'd] steld Q. 1544.
 begild] beguild Q. 1803. ow'd] owed Q.

SONNETS

Text based on Q₁

12. 4. all] or Q. 19. 5. fleets] fleet'st Q. 20.
 7. hue . . . hues] hew . . . *Hews* Q. 25. 9.
 fight] worth Q. 26. 12; 27. 10; 35. 8 (twice);
 43. 11; 45. 12; 46. 3, 8, 13, 14; 69. 5; 70.
 6; 128. 11, 14. thy] their Q. 34. 12. cross]
 losse Q. 41. 8. she] he Q. 47. 10. art] are
 Q. 47. 11. not] nor Q. 51. 10. perfect'st]
 perfects Q. 54. 14. etc. fade] vade Q. 56.
 13. Or] As Q. 57. 13. will] Will Q. 65. 12.
 of] or Q. 69. 3. due] end Q. 69. 14. soil]
 solve Q. 76. 7. tell] fel Q. 102. 8. her] his
 Q. 106. 12. skill] still Q. 113. 6. latch]
 lack Q. 113. 14. [eye] *om.* Q. 125. 13. in-
 former] *Informer* Q. 127. 9. brows] eyes Q.
 132. 2. torments]. torment Q. 144. 6. side]
 Pass. Pil. sight Q. 146. 2. [Thrall to] My
 sinfull earth Q.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Text based on Q₁

51. gan] gaue Q. 118. Came] Can Q. 251.
 immur'd] enur'd Q. 260. nun] Sunne Q.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

Based on edition of 1599 (= Q in notes)

94. thereof] Ed. 1612; whereof Q. 146. so
 fell she] Griffin; she fell Q. 179. once 's]
 once Q. 207. moon] houre Q. 238. thorn]
 throne Q. 287. back] blacke Q. 293. lass]
 love Q. 295. moan] woe Q. 302. fancy,
 partial like] Early MS.; fancy (party all
 might) Q. 343. Here . . . they] Early MS.;
 There . . . by Q. 344. Begin, when age
 doth] Early MS.; When time with age doth
 Q. 349. Wring my ear] round me on th'
 are Q.

GLOSSARY



GLOSSARY

- A, on; in.
 'A, he.
 Abate, humble; diminish; blunt; deprecate; deduct; curtail.
 Abatement, diminution; depreciation.
 Abhor, refuse; horrify.
 Abide, meet in combat.
 Abjects, outcasts.
 Able, *vb.*, warrant.
 Abode, *vb.*, forebode.
 Abodements, forebodings.
 About, intent on. Go about, prepare to do.
 Abridgement, entertainment.
 Abroach, (to set) going.
 Abrook, endure.
 Abruption, breaking off.
 Absay-book, A B C book, primer.
 Absolute, positive, faultless.
 Abuse, disgrace; dishonor; corrupt; deceive.
 Abuser, corrupter.
 Aby, pay for.
 Accept, *sb.*, acceptance.
 Accepted, welcome, T. and C. III. iii. 30.
 Accite, cite.
 Accomplish, obtain; equip.
 Accountant, liable.
 Accuse, *sb.*, accusation.
 Acknowledged, acquainted.
 Acoutum, acointe.
 Acture, performance.
 Adamant, lodestone.
 Addition, inclination.
 Addition, title.
 Address, direct; prepare.
 Adhere, suit.
 Admiral, ship carrying the commander.
 Admiration, wonder.
 Admire, wonder.
 Admit, choose.
 Admittance, fashion. Of great a., admitted to the best society.
 Adoptious, given in adoption, not by right.
 Adulterate, adulterous, unchaste.
 Advance, raise.
 Advise, inform; counsel; attend.
 Advertisement, information; advice.
 Advice, deliberation.
 Advise, instruct; consider, deliberate.
 Advocation, pleading.
 Edile, a high official in Rome; in Cor. III. i. 173, etc., a police-officer.
 Aery, the brood of an eagle; brood (of child actors), Ham. II. ii. 354.
 Affect, *vb.*, love, like; aim at; resemble, imitate.
 Affect the letter, practise alliteration.
 Affected, disposed; in love.
 Affectedly, lovingly, fancifully.
 Affection, inclination; love; affection.
 Affectioned, full of affection.
 Affects, inclination.
 Affeer'd, sanctioned.
 Affiance, confidence.
 Affined, related; bound.
 Affinity, connections.
 Affray, frighten.
 Affront, encounter.
 Affy, trust; betroth.
 After-eye, look after.
 Against, just before, in expectation of, to meet.
 Agaz'd, looking with amazement.
 Aglet-baby, small figure on the point of a lace.
 Agnize, acknowledge.
 Agood, heartily.
 A-hold, close to the wind.
 Aidance, assistance.
 Aidant, helpful.
 Aim, guess. Cry aim, encourage.
 Air-drawn, imaginary.
 Alder-leifest, dearest of all.
 Ale, ale-house, T. Gent. II. v. 61.
 Allay, *sb.*, alleviation.
 Allayment, alleviation.
 All-building, on which everything is built.
 Allegiant, loyal.
 All-hallond, All Saints'.
 All-hallown, about All Saints' Day, late in the year.
 All-hid, hide-and-seek.
 Alligant, elegant (?), eloquent (?), M. Wives, II. ii. 69.
 Allottery, portion.
 Allow, license; approve; acknowledge; cause to be acknowledged.
 Allowance, permission, acknowledged.
 All-thing, every way.
 Alma-drink, the left-over liquor given to the poor.
 Along, at one's length.
 Alter, exchange.
 Amaze, confound.
 Amazement, utter bewilderment.
 Amerce, fine.
 Ames-ace, two aces, the lowest throw at dice.
 Amort, dejected.
 Amurath, name of Turkish sultans.
 An, if (usually printed "and" in old editions).
 Anatomy, skeleton; body.
 Anchor, anchorite, hermit.
 Anchorage, the anchor with its tackle.
 Ancient, *sb.*, standard; ensign, standard-bearer.
 Ancientry, old people; dignity of age.
 Andrew, name of a ship.
 Angel, gold coin worth ten shillings, stamped with the figure of the Archangel Michael.
 Anels, fishing-tackle.
 Annexions, additions.
 Annothize, anatomize, explain.
 Annoy, pain, hurt.
 Annoyance, injury.
 Anon, immediately; sometimes.
 Answer, *sb.*, account; retaliation.
 Answer, *vb.*, to profit by.
 Anthropophaginan, man-eater.
 Antic, *adj.*, fantastic; *sb.*, buffoon; grotesque representation; *vb.*, to make a buffoon of.
 Antre, cavern.
 Appaid, paid.
 Appalled, weakened; made pale.
 Appeach, impeach.
 Appeal, *vb.*, impeach; *sb.*, impeachment.
 Appellant, impeacher.
 Apperil, peril.
 Apple-john, a kind of winter apple, long kept.
 Appliance, remedy.
 Apply, put in practice; devote.
 Appoint, equip.
 Apprehension, sarcasm.
 Apprehensive, imaginative, capable of perception.
 Approbation, proof; probation.
 Approval, proof; approval.
 Appropriation, peculiar excellence.
 Approve, try; commend; justify.
 Apricock, apricot.
 Apron-man, mechanic.
 Arabian bird, the phoenix.
 Araise, to raise up.
 Arch, *sb.* and *adj.*, chief.
 Argal, Argo, corruptions of Lat. *ergo*, therefore.
 Argentine, silvery.
 Argosy, a large merchantman.
 Argument, theme.
 Arm-gaunt, war-worn (?), gaunt with bearing armor (?), A. and C. I. v. 48.
 Armigero, for Lat. *armiger*, one entitled to bear arms.
 Armipotent, powerful in arms.
 Aroint thee, begone.
 Arrivance, people arriving.
 Arrive, reach, obtain.
 Arthur's show, an exhibition by a society of London archers who took the names of the Knights of the Round Table, 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 300.
 Article (Of great), comprising many items, separate qualities, Ham. V. ii. 122.
 Articulate, specify; draw up articles.
 Artificial, artistically produced.
 Artist, scholar.
 Arts-man, scholar.
 Asinego, Span. *asnico*, a little ass.
 Aspersion, sprinkling.
 Aspic, asp.
 Aspire, ascend.
 Assemblance, general appearance.
 Assigns, appendages.

- Associate, *vb.*, accompany; *sb.*, companion.
 Asubjugate, degrade.
 Assured, affianced.
 At, for. At friend, friendly. At help, helping.
 Atomy, atom; anatomy, 2 Hen. IV, V. iv. 43.
 Atone, reconcile; agree.
 Attach, seize; arrest.
 Attainder, stain.
 Attaint, stain, disgrace; conviction.
 Attainture, disgrace.
 Attasked, blamed.
 Attent, attentive.
 Attribute, reputation.
 Audible, quick of hearing.
 Augures, augur or augury, Macb. III. iv. 124.
 Auld, old.
 Aunt, an old woman; a loose woman, W. T. IV. iii. 11.
 Avised, informed.
 Avoid, leave; get rid of.
 Aweless, fearless; inspiring no fear.
 Awful, filled with awe.
 Baby, doll (?), Macb. III. iv. 106.
 Baccare, go back.
 Backsword man, a single-stick player.
 Back-trick, a caper backwards in dancing.
 Baffle, disgrace.
 Baked-meats, pastry.
 Balk logic, dispute, T. of S. I. i. 34.
 Balked, piled up.
 Ballow, cudgel.
 Ban, curse.
 Ban-dogs, fierce dogs kept chained.
 Bandy, strike to and fro; contend.
 Bane, poison; destruction.
 Bank, to land on or sail along the banks of, K. John, V. ii. 104.
 Banquet, dessert.
 Barbed, armed (of a horse).
 Bare, *vb.*, shave.
 Barful, full of hindrances.
 Barn, child.
 Barnacle, a shell-fish supposed to grow on trees and turn into a goose.
 Bartholomew boar-pig. Roast pig was an attraction at Bartholomew Fair, held annually in London on Aug. 24th.
 Base, a rustic game.
 Base court, lower court.
 Bases, a kind of skirt worn by knights on horseback.
 Basilisco-like, given to repetition, like Basilisco, a foolish knight in *Soliman and Perseda*.
 Basilisk, a fabulous serpent that killed by its look; a large cannon.
Basta (Ital.), enough.
 Bastard, a sweet Spanish wine.
 Bat, a heavy stick.
 Bate, *sb.*, quarrel.
 Bate, *vb.*, flutter; weaken, remit.
 Bate-breeding, causing quarrels.
 Bateless, not to be blunted.
 Bat-fowling, catching birds with sticks.
 Batlet, a flat stick for beating linen in washing.
 Batten, to feed.
 Battle, division of an army (in order of battle).
 Bauble, a trifle; a fool's staff.
 Bavin, brushwood.
 Bawcock, dear fellow.
 Beadsman, one hired to pray for another.
 Bear. Bear a brain, have sense: Bear hard, dislike, bear a grudge. Bear in hand, deceive.
 Bear-'ard, bear-herd, a keeper of bears.
 Bearing-cloth, the mantle in which a child was carried to be christened.
 Beaver, the visor of a helmet; a helmet.
 Became, fitting.
 Bedlam, *sb.*, a madhouse; a madman; *adj.*, mad.
 Bed-swerver, adulteress.
 Beg us, apply for the guardianship of us as idiots, L. L. V. ii. 490.
 Being, *sb.*, habit of life; residence; *adv.*, when, since.
 Be-lee'd, forced to lee of the wind.
 Belied, slandered; full of lies.
 Bemad, madden.
 Bemoiled, bedraggled.
 Bend, *sb.*, look, glance; *vb.*, direct, incline.
 Bent, tension; inclination; look.
Ben venuto, welcome.
 Berattle, cry down.
 Bergomask, a rustic dance after the manner of Bergamo, in N. Italy.
 Bermoothes, Bermudas.
 Beseeming, appearance, Cym. V. v. 409.
 Beshrew, curse (used playfully).
 Besonian, base fellow.
 Besort, *vb.*, suit; *sb.*, convenience.
 Bespeak, address.
 Bested, situated.
 Bestraught, distracted.
 Beteem, grant, allow.
 Bewray, reveal.
 Bias, awry; puffed out, swelled (as a bowl is on the bias side) (?), T. and C. I. iii. 15.
 Biddy, a chicken-call.
 Bide, endure.
 Biding, abode.
 Bigamy, marrying a widow, Rich. III, III. vii. 189.
 Biggen, nightcap.
 Bilbo, a Spanish blade (from Bilboa).
 Bilboes, a kind of fetters used at sea.
 Bill, a halberd.
 Bill, note; notice, proclamation.
 Bird-bolt, a blunt-headed arrow.
 Birding, fowling.
 Birth-child, a child adopted because of its being born within a certain domain.
 Bisson, dim-sighted.
 Bite the thumb, a gesture of contempt.
 Bitumed, smeared with bitumen.
 Black, dark-complexioned, as opposed to fair.
 Black-cornered, hiding things in dark corners (?), T. of A. V. i. 47.
 Black Monday, Easter Monday, named from a storm from which the English forces in France suffered on that day, 1360.
 Blacks, suit of mourning.
 Blank, *sb.*, the white mark in the centre of a target; *vb.*, to make pale.
 Blanks, charters sealed but not filled in.
 Blaze, publish.
 Blench, *vb.*, to start, flinch, be inconstant; *sb.*, inconstancy.
 Blistered, puffed, Hen. VIII, I. iii. 31.
 Blood-boltered, clotted with blood.
 Blow, to deposit eggs (of the flesh-fly).
 Blouse, a coarse beauty.
 Blue, used of the dark color about the eyes, A. Y. L. III. ii. 393.
 Blue-cap, a Scot.
 Blurtd, sneered.
 Board, accost, woo.
 Bob, *vb.*, to beat; cheat; *sb.*, a cutting jest.
 Bodkin, a dagger.
 Bodykins, a disguised oath (originally, by the sacramental wafer).
 Boggle, swerve, hesitate.
 Boggler, an inconstant person.
 Bolins, bowlines.
 Bollen, swollen.
 Bolt, sift, refine.
 Bolting-hutch, box for sifting.
 Bombard, a leathern vessel for liquor.
 Bombast, *sb.*, padding of cotton wool; *adj.*, fustian.
 Bona-roba, a light woman.
 Bonnet, to take off the bonnet in courtesy.
 Bonny, pretty, handsome; big.
 Boot, booty; profit.
 Boots, a method of torture.
 Bore, over-reach.
 Bosky, shrubby.
 Botch, patch.
 Bots, worms in horses.
 Bottled, swollen, Rich. III, I. iii. 242.
 Bottom, *sb.*, a ball of thread; *vb.*, to wind.
 Bottom, a valley.
 Bound, to make to leap, Hen. V, V. ii. 146.
 Bound, hindered, stopped, J. Cæs. IV. iii. 221.
 Bourn, boundary; stream.
 Bow, *sb.*, yoke.
 Bow-hand, left hand.
 Boy, *vb.*, act the part, being a boy (referring to the acting of female parts by boys), A. and C. V. ii. 220.
 Brabble, broil.
 Brace, armor for the arm; state of defence.
 Brach, a female hound.
 Braid, *adj.*, deceitful; *vb.*, upbraid.
 Bruin, *vb.*, understand, Cym. V. iv. 147.
 Brainish, headstrong.
 Brain-pan, skull.
 Brain-sick, mad.
 Brave, *adj.*, fine, splendid; *vb.*, to make fine, to swagger, to defy.
 Bravery, finery; bravado.
 Brawl, a French dance, L. L. L. III. i. 9.
 Brawn, muscle (esp. of the arm); a boar.
 Breach of the sea, surf.
 Breast, singing voice.
 Breath, gentle exercise.
 Breathe, to take exercise.
 Breathed, exercised, in (good) wind.

Breed-bate, one who stirs up strife.
 Breeze, gadfly.
 Brib'd buck, stolen buck (?), buck given away in bribery (?), *M. Wives*, V. v. 27.
 Bride, bridegroom, *R. and J.* III. v. 148.
 Brief, a letter; a short summary.
 Briefly, lately.
 Bring out, disconcert, *L. L. L.* V. ii. 172.
 Broach, transfix; to tap, shed.
 Brock, badger.
 Brogue, a rude shoe (usually of untanned hide).
 Broke, act as a go-between.
 Broken (music), arranged for different instruments, concerted.
 Brooch, *sb.* and *vb.*, ornament.
 Brooded, having a brood to watch (?), (perhaps a corruption for "broad-eyed.") *K. John*, III. iii. 52.
 Brownist, Independent (of the sect founded by Robert Brown about 1581).
 Bubukles, pimples.
 Buck, *sb.*, linen to be washed; *vb.*, to wash.
 Buck-basket, a laundry-basket.
 Bucket, a pole or yoke (?), 2 *Hen.* IV, III. ii. 282.
 Buckle, to bow; to join in close combat.
 Buckler, protect.
 Bucklersbury, a street in London, chiefly inhabited by druggists.
 Bug, bugbear.
 Bugle, a black glass bead.
 Bug, body; projecting part of a building.
 Bully, a fine fellow; a swaggerer.
 Bully-rook, a swaggering cheat.
 Bum-bailly, a warrant officer.
 Bung, pickpocket.
 Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet.
 Burn (sack), to boil to mitigate its strength.
 Bush, a vintner's sign.
 Busky, shrubby.
 Bussa, kisa.
 Buttery, provision room.
 Button, bud. In his buttons, in his power to succeed (?), *M. Wives*, III. ii. 71.
 Butt-shaft, a blunt arrow, used for shooting at a target.
 By-drinkings, drinkings between meals.
 By-room, adjoining room.
 Cacodemon, devil.
 Caddis, worsted tape.
 Cade, cask.
 Cadent, falling.
 Caduceus, Mercury's rod.
 Cage, prison.
 Cain-coloured, red, the color of Cain's hair.
 Cake. Our cake is dough, our plans are spoiled, *T. of S.* I. i. 110.
 Calliver, a kind of light musket.
 Callet, a drab.
 Calm, Quickly's corruption of "qualm," 2 *Hen.* IV. II. iv. 40.
 Cambyases' vein, ranting (in allusion to Preston's *Cambyases*).
 Camlet, a garment of camlet cloth.

Can, to be able, to be skilful in.
 Can = gan, began or did, *Per.* III. Pro. 36.
 Canakin, little can.
 Canary, a lively dance.
 Candle-mine, store of tallow.
 Candle-waster, one who sits up late (to study or, less probably, to revel).
 Canker, the wild-rose; a worm that eats blossoms.
 Canstick, candlestick.
 Cantle, piece, slice.
 Canton, song.
 Canvass, to shake and toss (as in a sheet).
 Canzonet, a little song.
 Capable, capacious; susceptible; able, qualified.
 Capitulate, to make an agreement, combine.
 Capocchia, fem. of Ital. *capocchio*, simple, foolish.
 Capriccio, caprice.
 Capitious, capacious, *All's Well*, I. iii. 208.
 Captivate, take captive.
 Carack, a large merchant vessel.
 Caraways, confections made with caraway seeds.
 Carbonado, *sb.*, meat slashed across for broiling; *vb.*, to cut across.
 Carcanet, necklace.
 Card, *sb.*, chart. Cooling card, a term from some game, applied to anything that checks one's enthusiasm.
 Card, *vb.*, to mix.
 Cardinal, a mistake for "carnally," *M. for M.* II. i. 81.
 Carduus Benedictus, blessed thistle, a medicinal herb.
 Career (To pass a), to run a short gallop at full speed.
 Carl, rustic.
 Carlot, rustic.
 Carnal, eating flesh, *Rich.* III, IV. iv. 56.
 Carpet consideration, reasons of courtiership rather than services in war.
 Carpets, table or floor coverings.
 Carpet-mongers, carpet knights.
 Carriage, tenor, *Ham.* I. i. 94.
 Carry coals, endure insult.
 Carry out my side, play my game successfully.
 Carve, to make courteous or inviting gesture, *M. Wives*, I. iii. 49.
 Case, *sb.*, skin; set.
 Case, *vb.*, mask; surround; flay.
 Cast, *vb.*, dismiss; inspect (water).
 Cast, *adj.*, discarded.
 Cataian, Chinese.
 Cater-cousins, good friends.
 Catlings, cat-gut for fiddle-strings.
 Cautel, deceit.
 Cautelous, deceitful.
 Cease, decease.
 Censure, *sb.*, opinion, judgement; *vb.*, to judge.
 Cerecloth, cerements, waxed linen used for a shroud.
 Cerns, concerns.
 Cess (Out of all), excessively.
 Chaces, a term in tennis.
 Chafe, *sb.*, anger.

Chamber, a small cannon. In *Rich.* III, III. i. 1, chamber is a translation of *camera regis*, i. e., London.
 Chamberer, a man accomplished in the arts of peace, as opposed to a soldier.
 Changeable, varying in color.
 Channel, *sb.*, gutter; *vb.*, to furrow.
 Chanson, song.
 Chape, metal point of a scabbard.
 Chapeless, without a chape.
 Chapless, without a jaw.
 Chaps, jaws; clefts in the skin.
 Character, *sb.*, handwriting; *vb.*, write.
 Charactery, writing.
 Chare, a bit of work, job.
 Charge, load, weight; expense.
 Chargeful, expensive.
 Charge-house, schoolhouse.
 Charneco, a kind of wine.
 Chaudron, entrais.
 Che, I (dialect).
 Cheapen, to offer to buy.
 Cheater, escheator, an officer of the Exchequer.
 Chequin, an Italian gold coin.
 Cherry-pit, the game of pitching cherry-stones into a small hole.
 Cheveril, a soft, easily stretched leather.
 Chewet, a chough, daw; a kind of mince-meat.
 Childing, fruitful.
 Chill, I will (dialect).
 Chirurgeonly, surgeon-like.
 Chopine, a high-soled shoe or clog.
 Chough, jackdaw.
 Christom, for *chrisom*, christening robe. A chrisom child was a child in its first month, still wearing the white cloth put on at baptism; so, an innocent child.
 Chud, I would (dialect).
 Chuff, a wealthy churl.
 Cinque-pace, a stately dance.
 Cipher, decipher.
 Circummur'd, walled round.
 Circumstance, detail; formal phrases.
 Cital, recital.
 Cite, incite.
 Citizen, *adj.*, town-bred.
 Cittern, guitar.
 Civil, grave. Civil doctor, a doctor of civil law.
 Clack-dish, a beggar's dish with a movable cover with which a noise was made.
 Clamour, to silence, *W. T.* IV. iv. 250.
 Clap, pledge by clasping hands.
 Clap i' the clout, hit the bull's eye.
 Clapper-claw, thrash.
 Clearness, freedom from suspicion.
 Clepe, to call.
 Cliff, clef, the key in music.
 Climate, *sb.*, region (of the earth or sky).
 Climate, *vb.*, reside.
 Climates, regions or dwellers in a region (?), *Ham.* I. i. 125.
 Cling, shrivel.
 Clingnap, glittering.
 Clip, embrace, enclose.
 Cloistress, a nun.
 Close, *adj.*, secret.

- Close, *vb.*, enclose; join; come to an agreement.
 Closure, enclosure; conclusion.
 Clothier's yard, cloth-yard shaft, the old English arrow.
 Clout, the bull's eye.
 Cloy, to stroke with the claw.
 Coast, advance gropingly; attack, 3 Hen. VI. i. 1. 268.
 Cobloaf, a mishapen loaf.
 Cock, cockboat, Lear, IV. vi. 19.
 Cock, corruption of "God."
 Cockney, a city-bred person.
 Cockshut time, twilight.
 Codding, lustful.
 Codling, an unripe apple.
 Coffin, the crust of a pie.
 Cog, cheat.
 Cognizance, badge.
 Coign, corner-stone.
 Coil, turmoil, entanglement.
 Collect, infer.
 Collection, inference.
 Collied, blackened.
 Coloquintida, colocynth.
 Colour, excuse, pretence.
 Colourable, specious.
 Colt, befool.
 Combine, contracted.
 Come off, pay. Come tardy off, done without alacrity.
 Comfortable, consoling.
 Coming-in, income.
 Coming-on, *adj.*, complaisant; *sb.*, future; attack.
 Commend, recommendation; greeting.
 Comment, power of observation.
 Commodity, convenience; profit; parcel.
 Commoner, prostitute.
 Comonty, a blunder for "comedy," T. of S. Ind. ii. 140.
 Compact, made up of.
 Companion, fellow (in bad sense).
 Comparative, *adj.*, quick at comparisons; *sb.*, a dealer in comparisons (?), or, perhaps, one who regards himself as an equal, 1 Hen. IV. III. ii. 67.
 Compassed, round, arched.
 Compassionate, moving pity.
 Compeer, equal.
 Competitor, partner.
 Complement, outward form; accomplishment.
 Complexion, temperament; external appearance.
 Complices, accomplices.
 Comply, use ceremony.
 Compose, come to an agreement.
 Compost, manure.
 Composture, manure.
 Composure, composition; combination.
 Compt, reckoning; the judgement-day, Oth. V. ii. 273.
 Comptible, sensitive.
 Con, learn by heart. Con thanks, be thankful.
 Conceit, *sb.*, imagination, thought; fanciful idea; *vb.*, judge.
 Conceited, possessed with an idea; fanciful.
 Conceitless, stupid.
 Conceptious, apt to conceive.
 Concern, to import.
- Concernancy, import.
 Concerning, affair.
 Conclusion, experiment. Conclusions passed the careers, things took their course.
 Condition, rank; character; quality.
 Condole, lament for.
 Confidence, blunder for "conference," M. Wives, I. iv. 172.
 Confiners, borderers.
 Confirmity, blunder for "infirmity," 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 64.
 Confound, waste, destroy.
 Congest, heap together.
 Congied, taken leave.
 Congreeing, agreeing.
 Congreet, greet.
 Conscience, consciousness, thought.
 Conscionable, conscientious.
 Conserve, preserve.
 Consider, pay.
 Considered, fit for deliberation.
 Consiat, insist.
 Consort, company.
 Conspicuity, sight.
 Constancy, consistency.
 Constant, logical.
 Constringed, compressed.
 Contagious, pernicious.
 Contemptible, contemptuous.
 Contemptuous, contemptible.
 Content, *adj.*, restrained.
 Continent, *sb.*, that which contains; an abstract.
 Contraction, marriage-contract.
 Contrive, plot; spend.
 Contriver, schemer.
 Convent, *vb.*, summon; be convenient.
 Conversation, intercourse; behavior.
 Convertite, convert.
 Convey, carry or carry on secretly; steal; pass off, Hen. V. I. ii. 74.
 Conveyance, trickery.
 Convicted, defeated.
 Convince, overcome, convict.
 Conville, feast together.
 Cony-catch, cheat.
 Copatrain, high-crowned.
 Cope, *sb.*, the heavens.
 Cope, *vb.*, to encounter, requite.
 Copesmate, companion.
 Copped, peaked.
 Copulative, one desiring to be married.
 Copy, theme; lease, tenure.
 Coram, corruption of "quorum," from the Latin commission naming Justices.
 Coranto, a quick dance.
 Corinthian, a fast fellow.
 Cornuto, cuckold.
 Corporal, corporeal.
 Correspondent, obedient.
 Corrosive or corsive, a painful biting remedy.
 Corslet, cuirass.
 Costard, an apple; the head.
 Cote, to overtake and pass.
 Cot-quean, a man who meddles with women's affairs.
 Countenance, authority, favor.
 Counter, in the wrong direction.
 Counter-gate, gate of a prison called the Counter.
 Counterpoint, counterpane, coverlet.
 Countervail, outweigh.
- Course, the attack of the dogs in bear-baiting; a point on the compass, Temp. I. i. 53.
 Court-cupboard, an open sideboard.
 Court holy-water, flattery.
 Court-hand, elegant penmanship.
 Courtship, elegant manners.
 Cousin, any relative not of one's immediate family.
 Covent, convent.
 Cover, lay the table.
 Cowish, cowardly.
 Cowl-staff, a pole on which a burden is borne between two persons.
 Cox my passion! Corruption for "God's passion!"
 Coy, *vb.*, to disdain; to caress.
 Coystrill, a base groom.
 Cozen, cheat.
 Cozier, cobbler.
 Crack, *sb.*, a small boy.
 Crack, *vb.*, to boast.
 Crack-hemp, a fellow deserving to be hanged.
 Crank, *sb.*, winding; *vb.*, to wind.
 Crants, garlands (Q. reading for Ff. "rites" in Ham. V. i. 255).
 Cressive, growing.
 Cresset, a fire-basket, suspended as a beacon.
 Crisp, curled, wavy.
 Crispin's Day, October 25.
 Cross, a coin stamped with a cross.
 Cross-row, the alphabet.
 Crudy, raw.
 Cruel, in Lear, II. iv. 7, a pun on *cruel*, worsted.
 Crusado, a Portuguese coin.
 Cruish (a cup), drink.
 Cry, a pack; a troop; a rumor.
 Cry aim. See Aim.
 Cry on, shout, Ham. V. ii. 375.
 Cubiculo, chamber.
 Cullion, a lout.
 Culverin, a kind of cannon.
 Curiosity, fastidiousness.
 Curious, elegant; scrupulous; elaborate.
 Currance, current.
 Cursory, cursory, haste.
 Curtal, with a docked tail.
 Curtle-axe, cutlass.
 Custalorum = *Custos Rotulorum*, Keeper of the Rolls.
 Custard-coffin, the crust of a custard.
 Customer, prostitute.
 Cut, a common name for a horse; used contemptuously of a man.
 Cutlie, swaggerer.
 Cypress, crape.
- Daff, put off.
 Dainty (To make), to be affectingly fastidious.
 Dan, lord, master.
 Danger, power.
 Danskere, Dane.
 Dareful, defiant.
 Darkling, *adv.*, in the dark.
 Darraign, set in order.
 Dash, mark of disgrace, Lucr. 206.
 Daubery, imposture.
 Day-bed, sofa.
 Day-woman, dairy-woman.
 Deal on lieutenant, act by deputy.
 Dear, coming home to one intimately, intense, grievous.

- Death-practised, whose death is planned.
- Death-tokens, spots indicating the approaching death of a plague-smitten person.
- Decern, blunder for "concern," M. Ado, III. v. 4.
- Deck, pack of cards.
- Deem, *sb.*, opinion.
- Deep-fet, deep-fetched.
- Deer, animals.
- Defeat, *vb.*, destroy, disfigure, disguise; *sb.*, destruction.
- Defeature, disfigurement.
- Defence, swordplay.
- Defend, forbid.
- Deformed, apt to deform.
- Defunction, death.
- Defunctive, funeral.
- Defuse, render uncouth.
- Delated, offered, conveyed.
- Delation, information, accusation.
- Delicate, ingenious.
- Delicula surgere*, Lat. *diluculo surgere*, to rise at dawn (is most healthy).
- Delighted, capable of delight.
- Demerits, deserts.
- Demise, hand over.
- Demure, to look soberly.
- Denay, *vb.*, deny; *sb.*, denial.
- Denier, a very small coin.
- Denounce, declare.
- Denunciation, formal declaration.
- Depart, to part.
- Depend, to lean; to impend.
- Depose, to take or make a deposition.
- Depravation, detraction.
- Deprave, detract.
- Deprive, take away.
- Deputation, office of deputy.
- Deracinate, uproot.
- Dern, secret.
- Derogate, *vb.*, debase oneself; *part.*, corrupt.
- Descant, variations upon an air.
- Deserved, deserving, Cor. III. i. 292.
- Design, designate, point out.
- Designment, enterprise.
- Despised, despicable.
- Detect, reveal.
- Determinate, bring to an end.
- Determination, limit.
- Determine, to end.
- Detest, blunder for "protest," M. Wives, I. iv. 160.
- Devesting, undressing.
- Devote, consecrate.
- Dexterity, celerity.
- Diable (Span.), devil.
- Dich, do it (?), T. of A. I. ii. 73.
- Difference, a mark of distinction in heraldry.
- Diffidence, suspicion.
- Diffused, irregular, wild, uncouth.
- Digress, transgress.
- Dig-you-den, give you good-even.
- Dildo, refrain of a song.
- Diminutives, very small coins.
- Direction, skill in command.
- Directitude, a word coined or corrupted by a servant, Cor. IV. v. 222.
- Directive, able to be directed.
- Directly, clearly, Oth. II. i. 221.
- Disable, disparage.
- Disanimate, discourage.
- Disappointed, unprepared.
- Disaster, adverse influence of heavenly bodies.
- Disaster, disfigure.
- Disbench, drive from a seat.
- Disbandy, melt.
- Discase, undress, unmask.
- Discharge, perform.
- Disclaim in, disown.
- Disclose, hatch.
- Discontenting, displeased.
- Discourse, reasoning. Discourse of reason, reasoning power.
- Discover, recognize; reveal.
- Discoverer, scout.
- Disdained, disdainful.
- Disease, trouble.
- Diesede, satiate.
- Disfurnish, deprive of means.
- Disgracious, not finding favor.
- Dishabit, dislodge.
- Dishonest, unchaste.
- Dishonoured, dishonorable.
- Dislike, disapprove; displease.
- Disminn, blot out.
- Dismay, be dismayed.
- Disme, tenth.
- Disnatured, unnatural.
- Disorbed, thrown from its sphere.
- Dispark, destroy the enclosures of.
- Dispatched, bereaved.
- Dispiteous, pitiless.
- Sponge, discharge.
- Dispose, *sb.*, disposal; disposition; *vb.*, make terms.
- Disposer (My —), one who disposes of (me).
- Diaproperty, take away.
- Dispurse, disburse.
- Disputable, argumentative.
- Dispute, discuss.
- Disquantity, reduce.
- Disseat, unseat.
- Dissemble, blunder for "assembly," M. Ado, IV. ii. 1.
- Distain, defile.
- Distance, hostility.
- Distaste, to be, make, or find distasteful.
- Distemper, disturb (in mind or body).
- Distilled, melted.
- Distinctly, separately.
- Distract, divide, vary.
- Distractions, divisions.
- Distrain, seize.
- Distressful, got by distressing labor.
- Disvouch, contradict.
- Dive-dapper, a small water-fowl.
- Divideable, separated.
- Dividant, different.
- Division, variation, modulation.
- Divulged (Well —), of (good) repute.
- Do him dead, kill him. Do me right, a challenge to fight or drink. Do withal, help it.
- Document, instruction.
- Dogged, malicious.
- Doit, half a farthing.
- Dole, sorrow.
- Doom, decide, judge.
- Dotant, dotard.
- Double-fatal, fatal in two ways (of the yew, the leaves of which are poisonous, and the wood used for bows).
- Doubt, fear.
- Dout, put out.
- Dowias, coarse linen.
- Dowle, a particle of down.
- Down-gyved, hanging round the ankles like gyves or fetters.
- Down-roping, hanging in strings.
- Down-sleeves, hanging sleeves.
- Doxy, a mistress.
- Drabbing, following loose women.
- Draft, refuse.
- Draught, privy.
- Draw, withdraw; track; empty.
- Drawer, waiter in a tavern.
- Dress, prepare.
- Dribbling, poorly shot.
- Drollery, a puppet-show; a comic painting.
- Drovier, drover.
- Drum. John Drum's entertainment, a beating.
- Drumle, to be sluggish.
- Dry, thirsty; stupid, insipid.
- Dry-beat, thrash.
- Dry-foot (To draw —), to hunt game by the mere scent of the foot.
- Dudgeon, handle of a dagger.
- Due, endure.
- Duello, the duelling code.
- Dumb, to silence.
- Dump, a melancholy tune.
- Dun. In R. and J. I. iv. 41, there are references to two proverbial phrases: Dun's the mouse, which is unexplained; and Dun (a horse) is in the mire, the name of an old game, and a phrase meaning that things are at a standstill.
- Dup, do up, open.
- Durance, imprisonment.
- Eager, sour; biting.
- Eale, evil (?).
- Ean, yeon, bring forth young.
- Eanling, a new-born lamb.
- Ear, to plough.
- Earth, *vb.*, bury.
- Easy, slight.
- Eche, eke (to rime with speech), Per. III. Pro. 13.
- Ecstasy, being beside oneself.
- Effect, manifestation, accomplishment of a purpose.
- Effectually, in effect, Sonn. 113. 4.
- Effgies, likeness.
- Effuse, *sb.*, effusion; *vb.*, to shed.
- Eftest, quickest.
- Eftsoons, at once.
- Egal, equal.
- Egally, equally.
- Eggs for money? (Will you take) Will you be imposed on?
- Egma, blunder for "enigma," L. L. L. III. i. 73.
- Eisel, vinegar.
- Elbow, *vb.*, stand close to, haunt.
- Element, the sky.
- Elf, *vb.*, to entangle.
- Elf-locks, hair matted together, supposedly by fairies.
- Elvish-marked, marked by elves or fairies.
- Emballing, being invested with the ball (and sceptre) at coronation.
- Embargement, placing under embargo, hindrance.
- Embayed, land-locked.
- Emboss, to drive to extremity.
- Embossed, foaming at the mouth; swollen.

Embowed, enclosed.
 Embowelled, emptied.
 Embrace, embrace.
 Embued, steeped in blood.
 Emmew, to coop up, keep from flying abroad.
 Empale, enircle.
 Empery, empire.
 Empiricist, empirical.
 Emulate, *adj.*, envious, given to rivalry.
 Enact, action.
 Enacture, action.
 Enave, to hide.
 Enchantingly, as if by charms.
 Encompassment, circumvention.
 Encounter, encounterer, L. L. L. V. ii. 82.
 Encumbered, folded.
 End, to harvest, Cor. V. vi. 37.
 End. Still an end, continually.
 Endear, bound.
 Enfeoff, to hand over as a fief, surrender.
 Enforce, urge, press hard.
 Enfranchised, freed.
 Engage, pledge; give as a hostage.
 Engine, contrivance (of war, torture, etc.).
 Englut, swallow up.
 Engrafted, firmly fixed.
 Engross, to fatten; take wholesale.
 Engrossment, accumulation.
 Enlard, fatten.
 Enlarge, set at liberty.
 Enlargement, liberty.
 Enormous, monstrous, Lear, II. ii. 76.
 Eupatron, be the patron saint of.
 Enseamed, filthy.
 Ensear, dry up.
 Entertain, take into one's service.
 Entertainment, service.
 Entitled, having a title or claim.
 Entreat, *vb.*, treat; negotiate; *sb.*, entreaty.
 Entreatment, invitation.
 Envious, malicious.
 Envy, malice, spite.
 Enwheel, surround.
 Ephesian, jolly companion.
 Epileptic, distorted with grinning, like the face of one in a fit, Lear, II. ii. 87.
 Epithet, phrase.
 Epitheton, epithet.
 Equal, *adj.*, just; *vb.*, match.
 Eracles, Hercules.
 Erection, blunder for "direction," M. Wives, III. v. 41.
 Eringo, sea-holly, the root of which was supposed to be a provocative.
 Erring, roaming.
 Error, mistaken identity.
 Escape, freak, error, transgression.
 Escapen, escape.
 Escot, pay for.
 Esperance, hope.
 Espial, spy.
 Estate, *sb.*, rank; *vb.*, bestow.
 Estimate, estimation, estimate.
 Estimable, valuable; admiring.
 Estimation, supposition.
 Estridge, ostridge.
 Eternal, sometimes regarded as = infernal, Oth. IV. ii. 120.
 Eterne, eternal.
 Eternize, immortalize.

Even, *vb.*, smooth over in his memory, Lear, IV. vii. 80; keep pace with.
 Even Christian, fellow Christian.
 Even-pleached, smoothly interwoven.
 Ever among, perhaps a corruption of ever anon, continually.
 Evil, disease; especially the King's evil, *i. e.* scrofula. In M. for M. II. ii. 172, apparently a privy.
 Evitate, avoid.
 Examine, question, doubt.
 Exceed, to be preëminent, surpassing
 Except, *vb.*, to object, make a reservation. Except before excepted, a legal phrase used in contracts.
 Excitement, encouragement, impulse.
 Exclaim, *sb.*, outcry.
 Excrement, hair.
 Executor, executioner.
 Exempt, *vb.*, remove; *adj.*, remote.
 Exequies, funeral rites.
 Exhalation, meteor.
 Exhale, draw out (used of a sword by Pistol).
 Exhaust, draw forth.
 Exhibition, allowance. In M. Ado, IV. ii. 5, used blunderingly.
 Exigent, *sb.*, exigence, decisive moment; end.
 Exion, blunder for "action," 2 Hen. IV. ii. 32.
 Exorciser, exorcist, necromancer.
 Exorcism, conjuration for raising spirits.
 Expect, await.
 Expectance, wondering.
 Expectancy, hope.
 Expedience, haste; expedition.
 Expedient, quick.
 Expense, spending; loss.
 Expiate, terminate; terminated.
 Exploit, fighting.
 Expostulate, discuss.
 Expostulation, discussion.
 Exposure, exposure.
 Express, *adj.*, expressive; exactly fitting its purpose; *vb.*, reveal.
 Expressive, open, demonstrative.
 Expressly, distinctly.
 Expressure, expression; impression.
 Expulse, expel.
 Ext-sufflicate, puffed out, empty.
 Extant, present.
 Extend, increase, magnify; seize upon; show, use.
 Extent, seizure; attack; friendly conduct; display.
 Extenuate, lessen, mitigate, depreciate.
 Exterminate, destroy.
 Extern, outward.
 Extinct, extinguished, extinguished.
 Extincture, extinction.
 Extrip, root out.
 Extracting, absorbing, distracting.
 Extraught, derived.
 Extravagance, aimless wandering.
 Extravagant, wandering.
 Eyas, a nestling.
 Eyas-musket, a young male sparrowhawk.
 Eye, *sb.*, tinge of color; presence; *vb.*, to appear.
 Eyne, eyes.

Face, *vb.*, bully, brazen; trim. To face it with a card of ten, a term from primero, = to bluff on a ten.
 Facinerosus, facinorous, wicked.
 Fact, crime.
 Factionary, taking sides.
 Factious, taking sides.
 Factor, agent, deputy.
 Faculty, power, essential quality.
 Fadge, agree, fit, work well.
 Fading, burden of a song.
 Fail, failure.
 Fain, glad; obliged.
 Faining, longing; affectionate, M. N. D. I. i. 81.
 Fair, *sb.*, beauty; a beautiful person; *vb.*, to make beautiful.
 Fairing, present bought at a fair.
 Faithed, believed.
 Faithless, unbelieving.
 Faitor, evil-doer.
 Fall, *sb.*, cadence; ebb; *vb.*, to fall away; let fall; bring forth, be brought forth; to begin.
 Fall away (or from or off), desert, revolt.
 Fallow, yellowish brown.
 False, *vb.*, to be untrue; *sb.*, falsehood.
 False fire, a flash in the pan.
 Falsing, deceptive.
 Fame, make famous.
 Familiar, *sb.*, attendant spirit.
 Famoused, made famous.
 Fancy, love. Fancies and Good-nights in 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 342, means little songs.
 Fang, seize.
 Fangled, given to fanciful fashions.
 Fantastic, imaginary; prodigious.
 Fantastical, imaginary; imaginative; fantastic.
 Fantastico, a fantastic fop.
 Fantasy, love.
 Fap, drunk.
 Far, farther, W. T. IV. iv. 442.
 Speak far, praise highly.
 Farced, stuffed, bombastic.
 Fardel, burden.
 Far-fet, far-fetched, ingenious.
 Farrow, pigs of a litter.
 Farthingale, hoop-petticoat.
 Fartuous, blunder for "virtuous," M. Wives, II. ii. 100.
 Fashions (Fr. *farcins*), a skin disease in horses.
 Fastened, confirmed, stubborn.
 Fat, vat.
 Fatigate, fatigued.
 Faucet-seller, one who sells faucets or taps.
 Fault, loss of scent; ill-fortune.
 Favour, aspect; feature.
 Fay, faith.
 Fear, *sb.*, object of fear; *vb.*, frighten; fear for.
 Fearful, afraid; terrible.
 Feast, *adj.*, neat, handy; *vb.*, help to make admirable (?), Cym. I. i. 49.
 Feature, shape, general appearance.
 Feaz'd, frayed, 1 Hen. IV, IV. ii. 33.
 Fedary, confederate.
 Fee, value.
 Feeder, servant; parasite.
 Feeding, pasture.
 Fee-farm, tenure unlimited in duration.

- Fee-grief, a peculiar sorrow.
 Fee-simple, absolute ownership.
 Felicitate, made happy.
 Fellies, sections of the rim of a wheel.
 Fellow, *sb.* and *vb.*, equal.
 Fellowly, sympathetic.
 Fere, spouse.
 Festinate, hasty.
 Fet, fetched.
 Fetch, device, stratagem.
 Fettle, prepare.
 Few. In few, in short.
 Fico (Span.), a fig.
 Fielded, in the battlefield.
 Fifteenth, tax of one fifteenth of a man's property.
 Fig, to make an insulting gesture. See *Fig*.
 Fights, cloths hung round a ship to hide the fighting men.
 Figo, an insulting gesture made by thrusting the thumb through between the first two fingers.
 Figure, idea, imagination.
 File, *sb.*, list; *vb.*, to polish; defile; keep pace with.
 Fill, shaft.
 Fill-horse, shaft horse.
 Filth, used of persons as a term of contempt, esp. of prostitutes.
 Find, detect; provide.
 Fine, *sb.* and *vb.*, end; to fix as the sum to be paid; to refine.
 Fineless, infinite.
 Firago, apparently for "virago."
 Fire-drake, fiery dragon.
 Fire-new, fresh from the mint, brand new.
 Firk, beat.
 Fismomy, physiognomy.
 Fit, division of a poem.
 Fitchew, a pole-cat; used contemptuously of a wanton woman.
 Fittment, equipment, duty.
 Fitted, distorted as by a fit.
 Five for one, a reference to a method of gambling on travelers' risks, by which the traveler on his safe return received five pounds for every one he put up before leaving.
 Fives, inflammation of the parotid glands of horses.
 Fixture, stability.
 Flap-dragon, a small body, such as a raisin, set on fire and floating on liquor, to be swallowed flaming.
 Flap-jack, pancake.
 Flask, powder-horn.
 Flatlong, on the flat side, not the edge.
 Flaunts, finery.
 Flaw, *sb.*, gust of wind; sudden disturbance of mind; misfortune; blade of ice, 2 Hen. IV, IV. iv. 35; to rend, crack.
 Fleer, sneer.
 Fleet, a debtors' prison in London.
 Fleet, *vb.*, to float; to pass rapidly.
 Fleeting, inconstant, unstable.
 Fleshment, encouragement from a first encounter.
 Flewed, with large, hanging chaps.
 Flexure, bending.
 Flight, a long, light-feathered arrow.
 Flighty, swift.
 Flirt-gill, a light woman.
 Float, wave, Temp. I. ii. 234.
 Flourish, *vb.*, color; *sb.*, ornament.
 Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lis.
 Flush, in full vigor.
 Flushing, redness (?) or filling full (?), Ham. I. ii. 155.
 Fluxive, flowing.
 Fly, to let a hawk fly after prey.
 Fob, cheat, delude. Fob off, put off.
 Foll, *sb.*, something played under a jewel to increase its lustre; defeat; *vb.*, to mar.
 Foin, thrust in fencing.
 Foison, abundance.
 Folly, wantonness.
 Folly-fallen, grown foolish.
 Fond, *adj.*, foolish, trivial; *vb.*, dote.
 Fool, a term of endearment.
 Fool-begged, stupid, "so foolish that the guardianship of it might well be begged" (Nares), C. of E. II. i. 41.
 Foot, *vb.*, strike with the foot.
 Foot-cloth, housings of a horse.
 Footed, landed.
 Foot land-rakers, vagrants, tramps.
 Fop, to dupe.
 Foppery, folly; trickery.
 Foppish, foolish.
 For why, because.
 Forage, *sb.* and *vb.*, prey.
 Forbid, accursed, Macb. I. iii. 21.
 Forbiddingly, illicitly.
 Force, *vb.*, reinforce; violate; urge; regard; stuff. Of force = of necessity; of weight. Force perforce = in spite of opposition.
 Fordo, destroy; exhaust.
 Forehand, *sb.*, advantage; leader; *adj.*, anticipated. Forehand shaft = "an arrow for shooting point-blank."
 Forehorse, the first horse in a team; in All's Well, II. i. 30, = one acting as a squire of ladies.
 Forestall, deprive of value by anticipating.
 Foreward, vanguard.
 Forfend, forbid.
 Forgetive, inventive.
 Fork, the forked tongue of a snake; barbed arrow-head; horned head-dress (?), Lear, IV. vi. 121.
 Forked, barbed; horned, like a cuckold.
 Forlorn, lost, Cym. V. v. 405.
 Formal, rational; ordinary.
 Former, foremost, J. Cæs. V. i. 80.
 Forslow, delay.
 Forspeak, speak against.
 Forspent, exhausted.
 Forted, fortified.
 Forthcoming, in custody.
 Forthright, a straight path.
 Fortune, *vb.*, happen; regulate one's fortune.
 Foul, plain-looking, ugly.
 Found (Well-), of acknowledged excellence (?) or well-furnished (?), All's Well, II. i. 105.
 Foutra, an expression of contempt.
 Fox, a broadsword.
 Foxship, cunning.
 Fracted, broken.
 Fraction, discord.
 Frame, *sb.*, form; devising; order; *vb.*, manage; resort.
 Frampold, quarrelsomeness.
 Franchise, *sb.*, liberty; *vb.*, free.
 Frank, sty.
 Franklin, freeholder.
 Fraught, *sb.*, load, cargo; *vb.*, to load; laden, charged.
 Fraughtage, cargo.
 Fray, frighten.
 Free, innocent, sound; voluntary; generous, noble; free from care, happy.
 Freeness, generosity.
 French crown, baldness produced by venereal disease.
 Frequent, intimate, addicted.
 Fresh, a spring of fresh water.
 Fret, *vb.*, eat away; decorate.
 Frets, pieces of wire on guitars, etc., on which the finger presses the strings.
 Frizzly, old clothes shop.
 From, opposed to, departing from.
 Frontlet, a band worn on the forehead; used figuratively = scowl, Lear, I. iv. 208.
 Fruitful, bounteous, copious.
 Frush, bruise, smash.
 Frutify, blunder for "certify" or "notify," M. of V. II. ii. 142.
 Fubbed off, put off.
 Fullam, a kind of false dice.
 Fulsome, lustful.
 Fumiter, the plant fumitory.
 Fust, to grow mouldy.
 Fustliarian, a term of abuse.
 Gaberdine, a loose outer garment.
 Gad, a steel point. Upon the gad, upon the spur of the moment.
 Gage, *sb.* and *vb.*, pledge.
 Gain-giving, misgiving.
 Gait, way; proceeding.
 Galled, full of gall.
 Gallian, Gaulish, French.
 Galliard, a lively dance.
 Gallias, a large galley.
 Gallimaufry, a jumble, hotch-potch.
 Gallow, frighten.
 Gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot-soldiers from Ireland and the Hebrides.
 Gallows, rascal.
 Gamster, a merry fellow; one who plays a game; a prostitute.
 Gan, *pret.* of gin, to begin.
 Garboll, tumult.
 Gaskins, loose breeches.
 Gasted, frightened.
 Gastness, terror.
 Gawd, bauble, trifling ornament.
 Gaze, object of attention.
 Gear, affair, business.
 Geck, dupe.
 Gemini, a pair.
 Gender, *sb.*, race, kind; *vb.*, breed.
 General, the common people.
 Generation, offspring.
 Generosity, nobility.
 Generous, of noble birth.
 Genius, the spirit (good or evil) supposed to govern men's conduct.
 Gennet, a Spanish horse.
 Gentility, good birth.
 Gentle, *adj.*, well-born; *vb.*, to ennoble; *sb.*, a well-born person.
 Gentry, inherited rank; courtesy.
 George, the figure of St. George worn by Knights of the Garter.

German, akin ; a near relation.
 Germens, germs, seeds.
 Gest, halting place, or time spent at a halting place, in a royal journey.
 Gest, exploit.
 Ghosted, haunted.
 Gi', give.
 Gib, an old tom-cat.
 Gibbet, to hang.
 Gig, a top.
 Giglot, wanton.
 Gild, to make red ; to make drunk.
 Gill, in T. of S. IV. i. 40, a pun on gill, a measure, and Gill, Gillian.
 Gillyvors, gillyflowers.
 Gimmel, double, *or* made of double rings.
 Gimmors, device.
 Ging, gang.
 Gird, taunt, jest.
 Girdle. To turn the girdle, to change one's humor (?) ; to challenge to a wrestling bout (?) , M. Ado, V. i. 143.
 Gis, a corruption of Jesus.
 Give, to show as armorial bearings ; to call, as scribe, represent.
 Give out, resign ; report, represent.
 Glance, hint.
 Glaz'd, stared.
 Gleeke, scoff.
 Glib, to gild.
 Gloze, comment ; flatter ; talk idly.
 Glut, swallow.
 Gnarling, snarling.
 Gobbet, a piece.
 God, *vb.*, deify, idolize.
 God-den, Good-den, good even
 Gogs-wouns, corruption of "God's wounds," T. of S. III. ii. 162.
 Good, of substantial means, M. of V. I. iii. 12.
 Good cheap, cheap.
 Good deed, indeed.
 Good life, with good life, dutifully (?) , Temp. III. iii. 86. A song of good life, a moral song.
 Good lord or master, a patron.
 Good lady, patroness.
 Good-nights, serenades.
 Good time. In good time, happily, luckily.
 Good-years, supposed to be a venereal disease, from Fr. *goujère*. What the good-year, a petty curse.
 Gorbelled, with a large paunch.
 Gorge, throat, stomach.
 Gorget, throat armor.
 Gosselled, obedient to the teaching of the Gospels.
 Gossip, *sb.*, a sponsor in baptism ; an old woman who frequents christenings and lyings-in ; a female acquaintance (esp. in vocative) ; *vb.*, to stand sponsor for.
 Gourd, a kind of false dice.
 Gout, a drop.
 Government, self-control.
 Graceful, favorable, virtuous.
 Gracious, finding favor ; holy, virtuous ; attractive.
 Graft, graft.
 Grafter, the tree from which a graft is cut.
 Grain. In grain, fast in color ; orig., dyed with dye from a seed-like insect.
 Grained, ingrained ; close-grained.

Gramercy, great thanks.
 Grange, a farm-house.
 Grate on, annoy.
 Gratify, reward.
 Gratillity, corruption of "gratuity," Tw. N. II. iii. 27.
 Gratulate, *vb.*, to congratulate ; *adj.*, gratifying.
 Grave, to bury ; to engrave.
 Greek, a merry fellow.
 Greenly, foolishly, like an inexperienced person.
 Grief-shot, sorrow-stricken.
 Gripe, griffin.
 Grize, step.
 Groat, a coin worth fourpence.
 Gross, palpable, obvious.
 Ground, tune used as a basis for variations.
 Groundlings, spectators standing on the ground immediately round the stage, the cheapest part of the Elizabethan theatre.
 Grow, accrue.
 Grow to, in M. of V. II. ii. 18, usually explained as = to have a strong taste, like burnt milk that has stuck to the pan in boiling ; but perhaps merely = have a tendency.
 Guard, *vb.*, to trim ; *sb.*, ornament.
 Guardage, guard, protection.
 Guardant, guard.
 Guiled, treacherous.
 Guinea hen, prostitute.
 Gules, heraldic term for red.
 Gulf, whirlpool ; gullet.
 Gull, an unfledged nestling ; a dupe ; a trick.
 Gun-stones, cannon-balls of stone.
 Gust, *vb.*, taste, perceive ; *sb.*, taste, relish.
 Gyve, *sb.* and *vb.*, fetter.
 Habit, behavior.
 Habitude, bodily form and bearing.
 Hack, to become common (?) , *or* disreputable (?) , M. Wives, II. i. 52.
 Haggard, *sb.*, a wild untrained hawk ; *adj.*, wanton.
 Haggled, hacked.
 Hag-seed, child of a hag.
 Hai (Ital.), you have it ! a hit ! a term in fencing.
 Hair, grain, texture, character.
 Halcyon, kingfisher. In Lear, II. ii. 84, the reference is to the practice of hanging up the dead body of a kingfisher to show the direction of the wind.
 Half-caps, slight salutations.
 Half-cheek, profile.
 Half-faced, showing the face in profile ; (sun) with face half hidden.
 Half-kirtle, either the jacket or the skirt of a kirtle.
 Halfpence, small fragments, M. Ado, II. iii. 147.
 Half-sword. At half-sword, in close conflict.
 Halidom, holiness.
 Hall. A hall ! clear a space !
 Hallowmas, All Saints' Day.
 Hand. At or in any hand, at any rate. Out of hand, at once.
 Hands, applause. Of all hands, at all events. A tall fellow of his hands, a stout fellow.

Handfast, betrothal ; custody.
 Handsaw, in Ham. II. ii. 397, often interpreted as a corruption of "heronshaw," a heron.
 Handy-dandy, a child's game in which one has to guess in which hand an object is hidden.
 Hangers, the straps attaching a sword to the girdle.
 Hangman, executioner. In T. Gent. IV. iv. 60, perhaps = rascally.
 Happily, haply, perhaps.
 Happy, accomplished.
 Hardiment, hardness, brave deeds.
 Hardness, hardship.
 Harlot, a base or lewd person, of either sex.
 Harlotry, harlot, silly wench.
 Harp, to touch, strike (as a musical note), Macb. IV. i. 74.
 Harry, use roughly.
 Harry ten shillings, ten-shilling pieces, really coined by Henry VII, not Henry IV.
 Hatch, a half door.
 Hatched, engraved, adorned.
 Hatchment, escutcheon.
 Hateful, malignant.
 Haught, haughty.
 Haunch, rear, latter part.
 Have, understand, Ham. II. i. 68.
 Have (*imperative*) at, to, with, after, used idiomatically in the sense of Let us begin, go, follow, etc.
 Having, possessions.
 Haviour, behavior.
 Havoc, *vb.*, to destroy. Cry havoc, give the signal for no quarter.
 Hawking, hawk-like.
 Hay, a round dance.
 Hazard, a recess in the wall of a tennis-court.
 Head-stall, part of a bridle.
 Health, safety, well-being.
 Heap, body, Per. I. i. 33.
 Hearted, seated in the heart.
 Heat, to run a certain course.
 Heave, deep sigh.
 Heaviness, sorrow ; drowsiness.
 Heaving, deep sigh.
 Hebenon, an unknown poison, perhaps the juice of the yew, or of henebane, *or* of ebony.
 Hectic, fever.
 Hedge, skulk, swerve.
 Hedge-pig, hedge-hog.
 Hefts, heavings, rethings.
 Hell, the lowest dungeon, C. of E. IV. ii. 40.
 Helm, to steer.
 Helpless, affording no help.
 Hence, henceforth.
 Rent, *vb.*, take, pass ; *sb.*, hold, occasion of being seized.
 Herb-grace, herb of grace, rue.
 Hereby. That's hereby, that's as it falls out.
 Hermit, one bound to pray for another.
 Heat, command.
 Hey-day, sportive passion.
 Hide fox and all after, a children's game like hide-and-seek.
 Hiems, Winter.
 High-, used in compounds as an intensive.

- High and low, two kinds of false dice.
- High-battled, commanding proud battalions.
- High-blown, inflated.
- High-lone, erect without assistance.
- High-repented, repented to the height, deeply.
- High-sighted, supercilious.
- High-stomached, haughty.
- Hight, is called.
- Hild, held, Lucr. 1257.
- Hilding, menial.
- Hind, a farm servant, a menial.
- Hint, opportunity, cause, occasion (not necessarily given consciously).
- Hip. On the hip, at disadvantage.
- Hipped, with a dislocated hip.
- History, to record.
- Hit, to agree.
- Hitherto, to this point.
- Hoar, to make white (as with leprosy); to become mouldy.
- Hobby-horse, a figure in the morris-dance; a silly or loose person.
- Hob, nob, have or have not.
- Hodge-pudding, a pudding of unknown ingredients.
- Hoise, hoist, heave up.
- Hold, endure; refrain; prove true.
- Hold in, to keep counsel.
- Holding, burden of a song.
- Holidame, halidom, holiness.
- Holland, Dutch linen.
- Holp, helped.
- Home, *adv.*, to the utmost, to the quick.
- Honest, chaste.
- Honesty, chastity; decency; generosity.
- Honey-seed, blunder for "homicide," 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 57.
- Honey-suckle, blunder for "homicidal," 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 56.
- Hood, to cover the eyes, as was done with a falcon before it was let fly at game.
- Hoodman, the one blinded in blind-man's-buff.
- Hoodman-blind, blindman's-buff.
- Hoodwink, blindfold; conceal.
- Hope, expect.
- Horn, *sb.*, the symbol of a cuckold; *vb.*, to cuckold.
- Horn-mad, stark mad, used frequently of the jealous anger of a cuckold.
- Horologe, a clock.
- Hose, breeches, or breeches and stockings in one.
- Host, to lodge.
- Hot-house, a bagnio, a brothel.
- Hox, to hamstring.
- Hoy, a small vessel.
- Hugger-mugger, secrecy.
- Hull, to float, drift with the waves.
- Humorous, damp; capricious, whimsical, affected.
- Humour, characteristic mood; whim; affectation.
- Humphrey hour. Unexplained.
- Hungerly, hungrily, sparsely.
- Hunt, the game hunted.
- Hunt's-up, morning music.
- Hurricane, a water-spout.
- Hurtle, to clash violently.
- Husband, housekeeper.
- Husbandry, economy.
- Hush, silent.
- Hyen, hyena.
- Hyperion, the sun-god.
- I, the common spelling of "Ay" in the old editions, often used in quibbles, R. and J. III. ii. 45.
- Ice-brook's temper, the temper of steel produced by plunging it red-hot into ice-cold water.
- Iceland dog, a white, long-haired, sharp-eared lap-dog.
- Idle, useless, barren; trifling, frivolous; crazy.
- 'Ield, yield, grant.
- I' fecks, in faith.
- Ignomy, ignominy.
- Ignorant, producing ignorance or unconsciousness, Temp. V. i. 67.
- 'Id, yield, grant.
- Il-erected, built to an evil end.
- Il-inhabited, inappropriately lodged.
- Illness, wickedness, Macb. I. v. 21.
- Il-nurtured, ill-bred, rude.
- Il-ta'en, misconceived.
- Illume, illumine.
- Illustrate, illustrious.
- Illustrious, lustreless.
- Ill-wresting, twisting to a bad sense.
- Imaginary, imaginative.
- Imagined, belonging to the imagination.
- Imbar. It is doubtful whether this means to bar out, exclude, or to bar in, secure, Hen. V, I. ii. 94.
- Immanity, ferocity.
- Immask, disguise.
- Immediacy, close position, direct relation.
- Immature, of no moment.
- Immures, walls, fortifications.
- Imp, *sb.*, off-spring, youngling; *vb.*, to graft, to mend the feathers of a hawk.
- Impair, inferior, T. and C. IV. v. 103.
- Impale, to encircle.
- Impart, offer, afford.
- Impartiment, communication.
- Impasted, made into a paste.
- Impeach, *sb.*, impeachment; *vb.*, expose to reproach.
- Impeachment, hindrance, Hen. V, III. iv. 151.
- Imperceivable, dull, undiscerning.
- Imperious, imperial.
- Impetuous, a coined word, perhaps = to pocket, Tw. N. II. iii. 27.
- Implicated, interwoven.
- Implorators, solicitors.
- Impone, to bet.
- Importance, import; importunity; matter, question.
- Importancy, importance.
- Important, importunate.
- Importless, insignificant.
- Importune, importunate, Lear, IV. iv. 26.
- Impose, *sb.* and *vb.*, command.
- Imposition, command; penalty.
- Impostume, abscess.
- Imprese, a device with a motto.
- Impress, force into military service.
- Impugn, oppose.
- Imputation, reputation; inference.
- In, on; into; *vb.*, to get in, harvest, All's Well, I. iii. 45.
- Incapable, unable to receive or perceive.
- Incardinate, blunder for "incarnate," Tw. N. V. i. 185.
- Incarnadine, to stain red.
- Incarnal, blunder for "incarnate," M. of V. II. ii. 29.
- Incese, inform, Hen. VIII, V. i. 43.
- Inch-meal, an inch at a time, gradually.
- Incidency, liability.
- Incision, blood-letting.
- Inclining, *adj.*, favorably disposed; *sb.*, party.
- Inclip, embrace.
- Include, conclude, T. Gent. V. iv. 160.
- Inclusive, latent, potential.
- Income, cost of acquiring, Lucr. 334.
- Incontinent, immediate.
- Incony, apparently = fine, dainty, L. L. L. III. i. 136.
- Incorporeal, immaterial.
- Incorporsed, made one body.
- Incorrect, unsubdued, contumacious.
- Incredulous, incredible, Tw. N. III. iv. 88.
- Ind, or Inde, India.
- Indent, to bargain, make a contract.
- Index, table of contents, and so introduction, beginning.
- Indifferency, moderate size; impartiality.
- Indifferent, *adj.*, impartial; ordinary; *adv.*, tolerably.
- Indigest, *sb.*, formless mass; *adj.*, formless.
- Indign, unworthy.
- Indirect, unfair, unjust.
- Indirection, wrongful means; round-about method.
- Indistinguishable, of no recognizable kind, mongrel.
- Indite, blunder for "invite," 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 30.
- Individable, not violating unity of place.
- Indubitate, undoubted.
- Induction, beginning; in T. of S., an introductory play forming a setting for the main play; in 2 Hen. IV, a prologue.
- Indue, endow, fit; affect sympathetically with, Oth. III. iv. 146.
- Indurance, imprisonment (?) delay (?), suffering (?), Hen. VIII, V. i. 121.
- Inequality, improbability, M. for M. V. i. 65.
- Inexorable, not to be sufficiently execrated.
- Infamozize, disgrace.
- Infection, blunder for "affection," M. of V. II. ii. 133.
- Infer, allege; prove.
- Infest, vex.
- Inform, take shape. Inform with nobleness, make noble.
- Informal, insane.
- Information, informer.
- Infusion, essential quality.
- Ingenious, highly sensitive; intellectual.
- Ingenuously, ingenuously.
- Inhabit, clothe oneself in, Macb. III. iv. 105.
- Inhabitable, uninhabitable.

Inherit, possess; put in possession.
 Inheritor, owner.
 Inhooped, enclosed in the hoop with-
 in which birds were made to fight.
 Initiate, belonging to a novice.
 Injoint, join.
 Injurious, insulting.
 Injury, insult.
 Inkhorn mate, a bookish man.
 Inkle, a kind of tape.
 Inland, opposed to outlandish, civil-
 ized, refined.
 Inly, *adj.*, inward; *adv.*, inwardly,
 intimately.
 Innocent, *sb.*, fool, idiot, simpleton.
 Inquisitive, seeking.
 Insane, causing insanity.
 Insane, madness.
 Insculp, carve.
 Insculpture, carved inscription.
 Inseparate, indivisible.
 Insinewed, joined as by sinews.
 Insinuate, ingratiate oneself.
 Insinuation, ingratiating; meddling.
 Insisture, constancy.
 Instance, motive; proof, token;
 maxim; example.
 Insult, exult.
 Insuppressive, insuppressible.
 Intellect, signature (?), L. L. L. IV.
 ii. 137.
 Intelligent, bearing intelligence.
 Intend, tend; direct; mean; pre-
 tend.
 Intendment, aim; intention.
 Intenable, incapable of retaining.
 Intention, aim; intensity, concentra-
 tion, W. T. I. ii. 138.
 Intently, attentively.
 Interest'd, interested.
 Intermission, delay, interruption.
 Intermisive, interrupted.
 Interrogatory, question asked on
 oath.
 Interlissued, interwoven.
 Intervallum, interval.
 Intil, into.
 Into, unto, to.
 Intrenchant, not to be cut.
 Intrinsic, intricately knotted.
 Intrinsicate, intricate.
 Inurned, entombed (Q_2 reads "in-
 terred").
 Invasive, invading.
 Invectively, abusively.
 Invinible, invisible, 2 Hen. IV, III.
 ii. 337.
 Invised, invisible (?), Compl. 212.
 Inward, *adj.*, secret; confidential;
sb., inside; intimate.
 Inwardness, intimacy.
 Irregular, lawless.
 Issued, descended, Temp. I, ii. 59.
 It, its.
 Iterance, repetition.
 Iwas or I wis, certainly.

Jack, the small bowl aimed at in the
 game of bowls; the key of a virginal;
 a knave, rogue; the auto-
 matic figure which struck the bell
 in old clocks; a drinking vessel
 (used punningly), T. of S. IV. i.
 51.
 Jack-a-lent, a puppet, thrown at in
 Lent.
 Jack-an-apes, a monkey.

Jacksauce, a saucy fellow.
 Jade, to play a jade's tricks with,
 run away with, Tw. N. II. v. 179;
 to treat contemptuously; to drive
 hard.
 Jar, *sb.* and *vb.*, tick (of the clock).
 Jaunce, *sb.*, gadding about; *vb.*, to
 prance.
 Jay, a loose woman.
 Jennet, a Spanish horse.
 Jerkin, jacket.
 Jesses, straps on a falcon's legs.
 Jest, take part in a play, Rich. II, I.
 iii. 95.
 Jet, to strut; to encroach.
 Jig, *sb.*, a merry ballad, or the dance
 accompanying it; *vb.*, to sing or
 write a jig; to walk affectedly.
 Joinder, joining.
 Joined-stool, joint-stool, folding
 stool.
 Jointress, dowager, or, perhaps, fe-
 male partner, consort, Ham. I. ii. 9.
 Joint-ring, a split ring used as a love-
 token.
 Jordan, chamber-pot.
 Journal, *adj.*, daily.
 Journey-bated, tired with traveling.
 Jowl, *vb.*, to dash.
 Joy, *vb.*, to make happy; be happy,
 enjoy.
 Judicious, judicial.
 Jump, *sb.*, chance; *vb.*, risk; agree;
adv., exactly.
 Junks, sweetmeats, dainties.
 Justicer, justice, judge.
 Jutty, *sb.*, projection; *vb.*, project.
 Juvenal, a youth.

Kam, crooked.
 Kecksies, dry hollow stems of hem-
 lock, etc.
 Keech, a round lump of tallow.
 Keel, skim (?), or cool (?).
 Keep, *sb.*, custody; *vb.*, dwell; re-
 strain; guard; remain with, Rich.
 III, V. iii. 29.
 Keeping, maintenance.
 Keisar, emperor.
 Ken, *sb.*, know; descry; *sb.*, view,
 sight.
 Kennel, sink, gutter.
 Kern, a light-armed foot-soldier from
 Ireland or the Scottish Highlands.
 Kersey, coarse woollen cloth.
 Kettle, kettle-drum.
 Key, tuning-key, Temp. I. ii. 83.
 Kibe, chibblain.
 Kickshaws, trifles.
 Kicky-wicky, darling, mistress.
 Kid-fox, young fox.
 Kill! an ancient English battle-cry.
 Killen, kill.
 Kind, *sb.*, nature; *adj.*, natural.
 Kindle, to incite; to bring forth.
 Kindless, unnatural.
 Kindly, natural, seasonable.
 Kingdomed, like a kingdom (?).
 Kirtle, a jacket with skirt attached.
 Kissing-comfits, sweatmeats for per-
 fuming the breath.
 Kitchen, to entertain in the kitchen.
 Knap, nibble; rap, strike sharply.
 Knave, a lad; a servant.
 Knoll, to ring, toll.
 Knot, garden-plot.
 Knotty-pated, blockheaded.

Know, *sb.*, knowledge.
 Knowing, experience; knowledge.
 Label, the slip attached to a deed,
 bearing the seal.
 Labras, lips.
 Lace, to adorn.
 Laced mutton, often used for prosti-
 tute, but in T. Gent. I. i. 102, ap-
 parently for a fine lady.
 Lade, drain.
 Lag, *sb.*, the crowd, the lower classes;
adv., late. Lag of, later than.
 Lag-end, latter end.
 Lakin, Ladykin, little Lady, the Vir-
 gin.
 Lame, to make to appear inferior, to
 surpass, Cym. V. v. 163.
 Lampass, a swelling of the palate in
 horses.
 Land, lawn (?), Temp. IV. i. 130.
 Land-damn, said to be a term used
 for the public denunciation of slan-
 derers or adulterers, W. T. II.
 i. 143.
 Land-rakers, vagabonds.
 Languish, lingering disease.
 Langu, to grow thin.
 Lantern. In R. and J. V. iii. 84, some-
 times interpreted as a turret full
 of windows by which a church may
 be lighted.
 Lap, to wrap.
 Lapee, *sb.*, error; *vb.*, to slip, fall
 away.
 Lapsed, *pp.*, caught, Tw. N. III. iii.
 36; having been dilatory, Ham.
 III. iv. 107.
 Lard, to enrich, fatten; to garnish.
 Large, broad, unrestrained; licen-
 tious.
 Laron, robber.
 Latch, to catch; to strike, Lear, II. i.
 54; in M. N. D. III. ii. 36, per-
 haps = to smear.
 Late, recent; lately appointed, lately
 sent, &c.
 Lated, belated.
 Latten, a mixed metal, made of cop-
 per and calamine.
 Laund, lawn; clear space in a forest.
 Lavish, unrestrained, licentious.
 Lavolt, Lavolta, a whirling, bounding
 dance by two persons.
 Law of writ and the liberty, probably,
 following the words as written,
 and improvising, Ham. II. ii. 421.
 Lay, stake, wager.
 Lay, to waylay, beset.
 Lay by, stand.
 Lay for, strive to win.
 Lay up, fold and put away.
 Lazer, leper.
 Lead apes in hell, the proverbial oc-
 cupation of old maids in the next
 world.
 Leading, command; generalship.
 Leaguer, camp.
 Leash, a group of three (hounds be-
 ing usually leashed in threes).
 Leasing, lying.
 Leather-coats, golden russets, a kind
 of apple.
 Leave, *vb.*, to cease; to give away;
sb., licence.
 Leech, physician.
 Leer, complexion.

- Leese, to lose.
 Leet, a manor court; the date of such a court.
 Leg, an obeisance.
 Leges, alleges.
 Legerity, nimbleness.
 Leiger, ambassador.
 Leisure, use of my time, M. for M. III. ii. 261.
 Leman, lover, paramour.
 Lendings, external appurtenances, Lear, III. iv. 113.
 Length, delay.
 Lenten, spare, scanty, like fare in Lent.
 Let, *sb.*, hindrance; *vb.*, hinder; detain; forbear.
 Let-alone, hindering.
 Lethe, oblivion; in J. Cæs. III. i. 206, usually interpreted as death, but by Capell explained as the blood of a stricken deer.
 Level, *sb.*, range, aim, *adj.*, straight; equal; *vb.*, to aim; to guess; to be equal.
 Lewd, base.
 Lewdster, lascivious fellow.
 Liable, subject; fit.
 Libbard, leopard.
 Liberal, licentious, free-spoken. Of liberal conceit, rich in fanciful ornament.
 Liberty, licence. Liberties of sin, wicked libertines, C. of E. I. ii. 102.
 Lie, lodge.
 Lief, dear. As lief, as soon.
 Lieger, ambassador.
 Lieutenantry (On —), (by) proxy
 Life. O' life, on my life.
 Lifter, a thief.
 Light, *pp.*, lighted, fallen.
 Lightly, readily; usually.
 Light o' love, the name of a well-known tune.
 Like, to compare, resemble; to please. Like well, to be in good condition of body, thrive.
 Likelihood, indication.
 Liking, bodily condition.
 Limbeck, alembic, still.
 Limb-meal, limb by limb.
 Limbo, the borders of hell. Limbo Patrum, the place where the souls of the Old Testament saints remained till Christ descended into hell.
 Lime, *sb.*, birdlime; *vb.*, to put lime into sack; to smear with birdlime; to catch with birdlime; to cement as with lime.
 Limit, *sb.*, fixed time. Strength of limit, the limited amount of strength acquired by a woman before she goes out after child-bearing; *vb.*, to appoint.
 Line, *sb.*, caprice, fit of temper, M. Wives, IV. ii. 22; T. and C. II. iii. 139.
 Line, *vb.*, to draw or paint; to strengthen.
 Lineal, due by right of birth.
 Line-grove, grove of lime-trees.
 Link, a torch.
 Linsey-woolsey, mixed stuff, jargon.
 Linatock, stick to hold the gunner's match.
 Lip, *vb.*, to kiss.
 Lipsbury pinfold. Unexplained.
 Lear, II. ii. 9.
 Liquor, to smear with tallow to keep out water.
 List, *sb.*, desire; limit, boundary; *vb.*, desire; please.
 Lither, flexible, yielding.
 Little (In —), in miniature. In a little, briefly.
 Livelihood, animation.
 Lively, living; life-like.
 Liver, considered the seat of the passions.
 Liver-vein, the style of men in love.
 Livery, *sb.*, delivering of an inheritance to the heir; *vb.*, to dress.
 Living, property, income.
 Loach, a small fish.
 Lob, *sb.*, lout; *vb.*, to droop.
 Lockram, a kind of cheap linen.
 Lodge-star, pole-star.
 Lodge, beat down.
 Loggats, small logs used in a game in which they are thrown at a mark.
 Long, to belong.
 Long of, on account of.
 Longly, longingly.
 Loof, luff, bring close to the wind.
 Look, look for, search out.
 Loon, rascal; clown.
 Loop, loop-hole.
 Looped, full of openings.
 Loose, discharge (of an arrow).
 Loosely, wantonly.
 Lop, faggots cut from a tree.
 Lord's sake (For the —), the supplication of imprisoned debtors to the passers-by.
 Lord's tokens, plague-spots on the body.
 Lose, to forget; to cause to be lost.
 Loos, desertion, W. T. II. iii. 192.
 Lots, the tickets in a lottery.
 Lots to blanks, more than likely.
 Lottery, prize in a lottery.
 Lout, *vb.*, mock.
 Love-day, a day for settling quarrels.
 Love-in-idleness, the pansy, heartsease.
 Lover, mistress; friend.
 Loves (Of all —), for love's sake, by all means.
 Love-springs, shoots or buds of love.
 Lower chair, easy-chair.
 Lown, a base fellow.
 Lozel, a worthless fellow.
 Lubber, blunder for "libbard," *i. e.* leopard, 2 Hen. IV, II. i. 30.
 Luce, pike.
 Lud's town, London.
 Lumpish, dull.
 Lumes, fits of madness, W. T. II. ii. 30.
 Lurch, to lurk; to win easily a complete victory.
 Lure, something used to attract a falcon, a call, or decoy.
 Lush, juicy.
 Lust-breathed, animated by lust.
 Lusthood, bodily vigor.
 Luxurious, lustful.
 Luxury, lust.
 Lym, a bloodhound.
 Maculate, stained, impure.
 Maculation, stain.
 Made-up, complete.
 Maggot-pie, magpie.
 Magnifico, a grandee of Venice.
 Maid Marian, Robin Hood's sweetheart; later, a character in the morris-dance.
 Mail, *sb.*, wallet, L. L. L. III. i. 74; *vb.*, to wrap (as with a cloth round a hawk's wings), 2 Hen. VI, II. iv. 31.
 Main, mainland; chief power; stake in gambling.
 Main-course, main-sail.
 Maintenance, power of defence.
 Major, first proposition of a syllogism (punning on "Mayor," probably).
 Make, *vb.*, to fasten, bar; make the fortune of; do; move, go; to be have (see Nice, Dainty, etc.).
 Make, *sb.*, mate, husband or wife.
 Makeless, mateless, widowed.
 Malapert, saucy.
 Male, father, 3 Hen. VI, V. vi. 15.
 Malkin, a coarse wench.
 Mallard, a wild drake.
 Mallecho (Span. *malhecho*), mischief.
 Malmsey, a sweet wine.
 Malt-horse, a brewer's horse.
 Malt-worm, a beer tippler.
 Mammering, hesitating.
 Mammet, a doll.
 Mammock, tear in pieces.
 Man, *vb.*, to tame (a hawk); to furnish with a man, or a servant.
 Manage, *sb.*, training; government, direction; course in the lists; *vb.*, train; wield.
 Mandragora, mandrake, a soporific.
 Mandrake, the plant *Atropa mandragora*, the root of which was thought to resemble the figure of a man, and which was supposed, when pulled up, to utter shrieks which drove the hearer mad.
 Man-entered, entered into manhood.
 Mankind, *adj.*, masculine.
 Manner (With the —), in the fact.
 Man-queller, manslayer.
 Mantle, *sb.*, scum on the surface of stagnant water; *vb.*, to form such a scum.
 Manure, to till.
 Mappery, study of maps (used contemptuously as being bookish, theoretical).
 Marches, border-country.
 Marchpane, a kind of sweet cake, with almonds, etc.
 Mare, nightmare. To ride the wild mare, to play at see-saw.
 Margent, margin, border, edge. The margin of books was often used for comment, cf. Ham. V. ii. 162.
 Marish, marsh. (Old edd. read "nourish.") 1 Hen. VI, I. i. 50.
 Mark, thirteen shillings and fourpence.
 Mark, race. God bless the mark, a common phrase used to avert evil omen or as a slight apology.
 Market. He ended the market, L. L. L. III. i. 111, an allusion to the saying, "Three women and a goose make a market."
 Marmoset, a kind of monkey.
 Marry, by (the Virgin) Mary.

- Mart, market; bargain.
 Martin, like Mars, Cym. IV. ii. 310.
 Martin's summer (St. —), fine weather about St. Martin's Day (Nov. 11), after winter has begun.
 Martlemas, Martinmas. *See above.*
 In 2 Hen. IV. II. ii. 110, usually interpreted as referring to Falstaff's being youthful in the autumn of life; but perhaps the allusion is to the fat ox killed at Martinmas for the winter's provision.
 Martyr, maltreat, disfigure.
 Mary-buds, marigold buds.
 Master of fence, one who has taken the master's degree in fencing.
 Masterly, *adj.*, of great proficiency.
 Mastic, stopped with mastic gum, used for filling decayed teeth.
 Match, appointment; compact.
 Mate, *sb.*, fellow; *vb.*, marry; match; confound.
 Material, full of matter, A. Y. L. III. iii. 32.
 Matin, morning.
 Maugre, in spite of.
 Maund, basket.
 Maw, stomach.
 Mazzard, head.
 Meacock, spiritless, effeminate.
 Mealed, mingled.
 Mean, *sb.*, means; in music, the intermediate part between treble and tenor; *vb.*, to enjoy moderately.
 Measles, lepers, scurvy fellows.
 Measurable, appropriate.
 Measure, a stately dance, or the music for it.
 Medicinable, medicinal.
 Medicine, *sb.*, a physician, All's Well, II. i. 75; *vb.*, to heal, restore.
 Meed, merit.
 Meet, *adj.*, even, quits; *vb.*, meet with, check.
 Meetly, proper, fitting.
 Meiny, retinue.
 Mell, meddle, have to do.
 Memorize, make memorable.
 Memory, memorial.
 Mends, remedy (?), T. and C. I. i. 68.
 Mercatante (Ital.), merchant.
 Merchant, fellow; merchantman.
 Mercy. By mercy, by your leave (?), T. of A. III. v. 55.
 Mere, absolute, entire.
 Mered, sole, entire.
 Merely, absolutely, entirely.
 Merit, reward.
 Mermidons, in Tw. N. II. iii. 29, the Fool's form of "Myrmidons," the followers of Achilles.
 Mervallous, a nonsense-word of Pistol's.
 Meshed, mashed.
 Mess, a party of four. Lower messes, inferior classes.
 Metaphysical, supernatural.
 Mete, measure. Mete-at, judge in aiming.
 Mete-yard, measuring yard.
 Metheglin, a drink made from honey and other ingredients.
 Mew, shut up.
 Micher, truant.
 Miching, sneaking, skulking.
 Mickle, great.
 Middle-earth, the terrestrial world.
 Milch, giving milk; figuratively, shedding tears.
 Mill-sixpences, coins, first minted in the coining-mill in 1561.
 Mince, to affect; to walk, talk, or act affectedly.
 Mind, to intend, be disposed; to remember; to remind.
 Mineral, a mine.
 Mingle, *sb.*, mixture, union.
 Minikin, little.
 Minin, originally, the shortest note in music; a very short period.
 Minimus, a very small thing.
 Minion, darling; a spoiled favorite, a saucy person.
 Minstrelsy, function of a minstrel, who narrated entertaining tales.
 Minute-jacks, time-servers.
 Mirable, admirable.
 Miscreate, illegitimate.
 Miser, wretch.
 Misprize, undervalue; mistake.
 Misprision, mistake, undervaluing.
 Misprout, viciously proud.
 Miss, *sb.*, misconduct, error; feeling the want of; *vb.*, dispense with.
 Missingly, regretfully.
 Missive, messenger.
 Mistaken, misjudged, Hen. VIII. I. i. 195.
 Mistempered, ill-tempered, wrathful. In R. and J. I. i. 94, sometimes interpreted = tempered to an evil purpose.
 Mistreadings, sins.
 Mistress, the jack or small ball at which aim is taken in bowling.
 Mistrustful, begetting suspicion.
 Misuse, *sb.*, offence; *vb.*, deceive; revile.
 Mobbed, with the head muffled.
 Mold, mould; copy. In Rich. II. V. i. 11, perhaps = plot.
 Modern, trite, ordinary.
 Modest, moderate.
 Modesty, moderation; decency.
 Module, image, form.
 Moe, more.
 Moiety, portion.
 Moldwarp, mole.
 Molestation, turmoil.
 Mome, blockhead.
 Momentary, momentary.
 Monarcho, a mad Italian of the time of Elizabeth, who thought himself sovereign of the world.
 Monster, *vb.*, to make monstrous.
 Monstruosity, extraordinary nature.
 Montant, an upright thrust in fencing.
 Month's mind, strong desire.
 Monumental, memorial.
 Mood, anger; grief; expression.
 Moon-calf, abortion.
 Moonish, inconstant.
 Moon's men, highwaymen.
 Mop, grimace.
 Mope, to drowse, be dazed.
 Moral, *sb.*, hidden meaning, *adj.*, moralizing *vb.*, to moralize.
 More and less, great and small.
 Morisco, morris-dancer.
 Morris-pike, Moorish pike.
 Mort, the notes on the horn blown at the death of the deer.
 Mortal, deadly; excessive.
 Mortified, insensible; ascetic.
 Mortise, *sb.*, the hole cut in one piece of wood to receive the corresponding projection on another; *vb.*, to join with a mortise.
 Mose in the chine, a disease in horses.
 Mot, motto, sentence.
 Mother, the disease *hysterica passio*.
 Motion, *sb.*, proposal; motive, attempt to move; impulse, emotion; sense, perception; a puppet-show; a puppet; *vb.*, to propose.
 Motive, agent, instrument; member.
 Motley, a fool's parti-colored dress; a fool.
 Mought, might.
 Mould, earth. Men of mould, mortal men.
 Moulten, having cast its feathers.
 Mountant, lifted.
 Mouse, *sb.*, a term of endearment; *vb.*, to tear, as a cat does a mouse.
 Mouse-hunt, a petticoat-hunter (?).
 Mouthed, gaping.
 Mow, grimace.
 Moy, a coin (?); a measure of corn (?).
 Muleter, muleteer.
 Mull'd, dulled, insipid.
 Multipotent, very powerful.
 Mum. To play at mumbudget, to keep silent.
 Mummer, masquerader.
 Mummy, a medicine, supposed to have magical qualities, made from dead bodies.
 Muniments, war-supplies.
 Murdering-piece, a kind of cannon, sometimes loaded with case- or grape-shot.
 Mure, wall.
 Murk, darkness.
 Murrain, infected with the murrain, a disease among cattle.
 Muscadell, a sweet wine.
 Muse, to wonder; to wonder at.
 Muset, the hole in a hedge through which a hare is accustomed to go.
 Muss, scramble.
 Mutine, *sb.*, mutineer; *vb.*, mutiny, rebel.
 Mutiner, mutineer, rebel.
 Mutton, slang for courtesan.
 Mynheers, gentlemen, M. Wives, II. i. 228.
 Mystery, trade, profession; professional skill.
 Napkin, handkerchief.
 Native, at home, domestic; natural.
 Natural, *sb.*, idiot.
 Naught, lost. Be naught a while, Devil take you.
 Naughty, wicked.
 Nave, navel.
 Nayward, tendency to contradict.
 Nayword, watchword; by-word.
 Ne, nor.
 Neaf, fist.
 Near, nearer.
 Near-legged, knock-kneed.
 Neb, bill (of a bird).
 Needful, important; being in need.
 Needless, having no need.
 Needy, necessarily.
 Needle, needle.
 Neeze, sneeze.
 Neglection, neglect.

Neighbourhood, friendly terms.

Nephew, cousin; grandchild.

Nerve, sinew.

Nether-stocks, stockings.

Next, nearest.

Nice, fine; scrupulous; trifling; precarious; precise; prudish. To make nice, to be scrupulous.

Nicholas. St. Nicholas' clerks, highwaymen.

Nick, *sb.*, a notch made on a tally-stick, hence, out of all nick = out of all reckoning; *vb.*, to cut the hair in notches like a fool's; to mark with folly. In the nick, at the right moment.

Niece, grand-daughter.

Nighted, dark.

Night-rule, revelry.

Nil, will not.

Nine-fold. Unexplained. "Nine foals" and "nine familiars" have been suggested; Lear, III. iv. 126.

Nine men's morris, a game somewhat resembling draughts, often played on the turf by rustics.

Nit, the egg of a louse.

Noble, a gold coin worth six shillings and eightpence.

Noblesse, nobility.

Nod. "To give the nod was a term in the game at cards called Noddy. The word also signifies a silly fellow. Cressid means to call Pandarus a noddy, and says he shall by more nods be made more significantly a fool." (Singer.) T. and C. I. ii. 211.

Noddy, a fool.

Noise, a band of musicians.

Nole, noddle, head.

Nonage, minority.

Noncome, blunder for "non-plus," M. Ado, III. v. 67.

Nook-shotten, full of nooks, running out into capes, etc., or shot into a corner, remote, Hen. V. III. v. 14.

Nose-herbs, sweet-smelling flowers.

Not, not only.

Note, observation; stigma; list, writing; distinction; remark.

Notedly, precisely.

Nothing-gift, gift of no value.

Not-pated, with the hair close cropped.

Nousle, nurse.

Novum, a game at dice, properly "no-ven quinqué."

Noynance, injury.

Nuncio, messenger.

Nuncle, uncle, the usual address of a fool to his master.

Nurture, cultivation.

Nut-hook, catchpole.

O' of; on.

Oathable, capable of taking an oath. Ob., abbreviation for *obolus*, half-penny.

Obliged, bound by contract.

Oblivious, causing forgetfulness.

Obsequious, concerned with funeral ceremonies.

Observance, observation; ceremony; homage.

Observant, obsequious follower.

Observation, ceremony, M. N. D. IV. i. 109.

Observe, to show respectful attention to.

Obstacle, blunder for "obstinate," 1 Hen. VI. v. 17.

Obstruct, obstacle, A. and C. III. vi. 61. (Ff. read "abstract.")

Occulted, hidden.

Occupation, trade.

Occupy, engage (in Shakespeare's time with the additional sense of) in licentious activities.

Occurrences, happenings.

Odd, at odds, T. and C. IV. v. 265.

Odd-even, time between midnight and one in the morning (?), Oth. I. i. 124.

Odda, discord; advantage allowed.

Odorous, blunder for "odious," M. Ado, III. v. 18.

'Ods, corruption of "God's" in various oaths.

Oellades, amorous glances.

O'erblow, blow away, disperse.

O'ercount, outnumber; overreach(?), A. and C. II. vi. 27.

O'ercrow, triumph over, overcome.

O'ergreen, cover with green.

O'ergrown, covered with hair; superannuated.

O'erlook, bewitch.

O'erparted, having too difficult a part assigned.

O'erpost, get quickly over.

O'erraght, overtook; cheated.

O'ersized, smeared with something glumous.

O'erteamed, exhausted by child-bearing.

O'erwatched, worn out with watching.

O'erwrested, over-strained.

Of, on; by; from; during; in.

Off, beside the mark.

Offer, to attack; to try.

Office, *vb.*, to perform domestic or other service; to hinder officiously.

Offices, apartments used for domestic service.

Officious, ready to help.

Old, plentiful, great, or merely as a vague intensive, Temp. I. ii. 369; Macb. II. iii. 2.

'Old, wild.

Omen, event preceded by portents.

On, of.

Once, sometime; once for all.

Oneyer, perhaps one with suffix *-yer*, as in lawyer, 1 Hen. IV. II. i. 84.

Open, to give tongue (as a hound on finding the trail).

Opener, revealer.

Operant, active.

Opinion, reputation; arrogance, conceit.

Opinioned, blunder for "pinioned," M. Ado, IV. ii. 69.

Opposite, *sb.*, adversary; *adj.*, adverse.

Oppress, suppress.

Oppugnancy, opposition.

Or, before.

Orb, orbit; circle; the earth.

Order. Take order, adopt measures.

Ordinance, rank; ordnance.

Ordinant, controlling.

Ordinary, a dinner where each man pays the same, a *table d'hôte*.

Orgillous, haughty.

Original, origin, source.

Orphan, without parents, of supernatural origin, M. Wives, V. v. 43.

Ort, leaving, scrap.

Ostent, external show.

Ostentation, show, spectacle.

Othergates, in another way.

Ottomite, Ottoman, Turk.

Ouches, ornaments, jewels.

Ought, owed, 1 Hen. IV. III. iii. 152.

Ouphes, elves.

Ousel, blackbird.

Out, at a loss; at odds; in rags; in the field; at an end; quite, fully; on the wrong scent; out of.

Outbrave, to excel in beauty or in bravery.

Outlook, to face down.

Outpeer, surpass.

Outrage, outburst of rage.

Outspeak, indicate as excessive.

Outvied, beaten by a higher card.

Outward, uninitiated, All's Well, III. i. 11.

Overgone, overpowered.

Overhold, over-estimate.

Over-red, redder.

Overseutched, over-whipped (?), worn with too much service (?), 2 Hen. IV. III. ii. 340.

Over-swear, swear again.

Overture, disclosure.

Owe, own.

Oxlip, a kind of cowslip.

Oyes! Hear ye! the usual beginning of an announcement by the public crier.

Pace, to train (a horse).

Pack, *vb.*, to conspire; *sb.*, a group of conspirators.

Paddock, toad.

Page, follow like a page.

Pain, penalty.

Painted cloth, cloth painted with scenes, figures, moral sentences, etc., and used as hangings for rooms.

Pajock, peacock.

Palabras (Span.), words.

Palate, *vb.*, to taste, to taste of.

Pale, paleness; enclosure.

Palisadoes, palisades, stakes used for defence.

Pall, to wrap up.

Palliamment, robe.

Panderly, like panders or procurers.

Pantaloon, an old fool, a stock character from Italian comedy.

Pantler, servant in charge of the pantry.

Paper, to set down in the paper or list (?), Hen. VIII. I. i. 80.

Paragon, *vb.*, to serve as pattern for; to compare.

Parcel, *sb.*, a party; a party; *vb.*, to particularize; in A. and C. V. ii. 163, apparently, to increase, make up into larger bulk; *adv.*, partly, as in "parcel-gilt."

Pard, leopard.

Pardon, excuse.

Parfect, blunder for "present" or "perform," L. L. L. V. ii. 503.

Parish-top, a large top used for exercise by the peasants in cold weather.

- 'Paritor, apparitor or summoner of the Bishop's Court.
- Parle, *sb.*, parley, conference; *vb.*, to speak.
- Parlous, corruption of "perilous," often used merely as intensive.
- Parmaceti, corruption of "spermaceti."
- Part, *vb.*, to leave, depart; *sb.*, party.
- Partake, take sides; impart.
- Partaker, partner.
- Parted, gifted, T. and C. III. iii. 96.
- Partial slander, reproach of partiality.
- Partialize, to make partial.
- Participate, participating.
- Particular, *sb.*, private concern.
- Particularly, with a single person, T. of A. I. i. 46.
- Partisan, a kind of halberd.
- Partlet, the name of the hen in Reynard the Fox.
- Party, part.
- Party-verdict, a share in the verdict.
- Pash, *sb.*, head; *vb.*, smash.
- Pass, *vb.*, pass belief; die; pass sentence; regard; disregard; perform; give; *sb.*, reputation; trick; passage. Pass upon, impose upon.
- Pass of fate, sally of wit. Pass of practice, secret thrust.
- Passable, sufficient to procure admission; that may be passed through.
- Passado, a forward motion in fencing.
- Passage, coming and going; travel; occurrence; passing away, death; course; action; carrying off a dead body. Passages of grossness, gross impositions.
- Passant, walking.
- Passing, exceeding; exceedingly.
- Passion, *sb.*, any strong emotional disturbance; suffering, grief; disease; *vb.*, to feel; to grieve; to express feeling, especially grief.
- Passionate, *adj.*, sorrowful; expressing strong emotion; *vb.*, to express strong emotion.
- Passy measures pavin, corruption of "passamezzo pavin," a slow and stately dance. If it means anything in Tw. N. V. i. 207, it probably implies that the surgeon is a solemn fool.
- Past-proportion, excess.
- Pastry, room in which the pastry is made.
- Patch, fool.
- Patched, parti-colored, like a fool's dress.
- Patchery, trickery.
- Path, go (?), J. Cæs. II. i. 83.
- Pathetical, used in a purposely affected way, with only a vague intensive force, L. L. L. IV. i. 150.
- Patient, *vb.*, to compose oneself.
- Patine, plate of metal.
- Patronage, *vb.*, to patronize, protect.
- Pattern, masterpiece; example; imitation.
- Pauca, for (Lat.) *pauca verba*, few words.
- Paucas pallabris*, (Span.) *pocas palabras*, few words.
- Faunch, *vb.*, to rip up the belly.
- Faved, laid with stones.
- Pawn, pledge.
- Pax, a small tablet with a sacred design on it offered to the laity to be kissed during mass. In Hen. V. III. vi. 42, it is probably a mistake for "pyx," the casket in which the consecrated wafer was kept, as we read in Holinshed, "a souldier tooke a pix out of a church."
- Pay, beat, punish, requite.
- Peace-parted, having died in peace, not by violent means.
- Peach, impeach, accuse.
- Peak, grow emaciated; sneak, mope.
- Peat, darning.
- Pock, pich.
- Pedant, schoolmaster.
- Pedascul, pedant.
- Peeled, shaven, tonsured.
- Peer, to appear, to let appear.
- Peevish, childish, trifling, silly; fretful.
- Peg-a-Ramsey, name of an old song.
- Peise, to balance; to weigh down; to retard.
- Pelt, to clamor, shout abuse.
- Pelting, paltry.
- Penitent, doing penance.
- Pensioner, a member of the sovereign's body-guard of Gentlemen Pensioners.
- Pent-house, a lean-to.
- Penurious, necessitous.
- Perch, a measure of length.
- Perdu, a soldier sent on a forlorn hope.
- Perdurable, lasting.
- Perdy (Fr. *par Dieu*), by God, truly.
- Peregrinate, foreign.
- Peremptory, bold; determined.
- Perfect, *adj.*, well-informed; fully prepared; *vb.*, to instruct fully.
- Perforce, by violence; of necessity. Force perforce, of necessity.
- Periapt, amulet.
- Period, end.
- Perishen, to perish.
- Perjure, *sb.*, perjurer; *vb.*, to cause to commit perjury, corrupt.
- Perpend, consider.
- Perplex, bewilder, confound.
- Persever, persevere.
- Persistive, persistent.
- Personage, external appearance.
- Personate, represent.
- Perspective, a glass which produced optical illusions.
- Perspectively, as through a perspective.
- Persuade, to try to persuade. Persuade of, to have a good opinion of.
- Pert, lively, saucy.
- Pervert, avert, turn aside.
- Pester, infest.
- Petar, a kind of bomb.
- Pew-fellow, companion, partner.
- Phantasme, a fantastic.
- Phantasma, a vision.
- Pheezar, a word coined by the host in M. Wives, I. iii. 10.
- Pheeze, to trouble, annoy, torment.
- Philip, a name for a sparrow.
- Philip and Jacob, May 1st.
- Philippian, used at the battle of Philippi.
- Phraseless, indescribable.
- Physical, wholesome.
- Pia mater*, membrane covering the brain, and so the brain itself.
- Pick, pich.
- Picked, refined, affected.
- Pickers, thieves, t. c., fingers.
- Picking, insignificant.
- Pick-thank, a toady.
- Pickt-hatch, a disreputable quarter of London.
- Piece, cask of wine.
- Pight, piched.
- Pig-nuts, earth-nuts.
- Pilcher, scabbard.
- Piled, a quibble on piled = peeled, bald (from the French disease) and piled = a quality of velvet, M. for M. I. ii. 35.
- Pill, to plunder.
- Pincock, a term of endearment.
- Pin, the centre of the target.
- Pin and web, cataract (of the eye).
- Pin-buttock, a thin buttock.
- Pinched, destroyed (?), discolored (?), T. Gent. IV. iv. 160.
- Pinfold, a pound.
- Pink eyne, small, half-shut eyes.
- Pinked, decorated with small holes.
- Pioned, channelled (?), or, more probably, overgrown with the peony or marsh-marigold, Temp. IV. i. 64.
- Pioneer, pioneer.
- Pip, a spot on cards.
- Pipe-wine, wine from the pipe or cask, with pun on pipe, the musical instrument, M. Wives, III. ii. 90.
- Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars.
- Pittikins, diminutive of "pity," used in the oath, 'Ods pittikins = God's pity.
- Place, dwelling-place; pitch of a falcon; precedence.
- Placket, some part of or opening in a woman's dress, not definitely determined; a woman.
- Plain, explain; complain.
- Plain-dealer, simpleton.
- Plain-dealing, honesty.
- Plain-song, simple melody.
- Planchd, made of planks.
- Plant, sole of the foot.
- Plantage, vegetation.
- Plantain, a herb used for healing.
- Plantation, colonization.
- Flash, pool.
- Plate, *sb.*, coin; *vb.*, to clothe in plate-armor.
- Platform, scheme.
- Plausibly, by acclamation.
- Plausive, plausible, pleasing.
- Play, play for.
- Pleached, interwoven.
- Pleaseman, flatterer.
- Pliant, yielding occasion.
- Plighted, folded, involved.
- Plume up, rank up, gratify.
- Plurisy, plethora, excess (of blood).
- Point, a tagged lace. To point, exactly. At point. At a point, completely, fully prepared. At ample point, in perfection. Point-device or Point-devise, precise, exact.
- Point, Point of war, set of notes on a trumpet. In Cor. IV. vi. 125, points = commands (as if given by trumpet).

- Pointing-stock, laughing-stock.
Poise, weight.
Poke, pouch.
Poking-stick, instrument for ironing the plaits of ruffs.
Polack, a Pole.
Pole, standard; sometimes interpreted as pole-star, A. and C. IV. xv. 65.
Pole-clipt, in which the poles are clipt or twined about by the vines.
Policy, cunning, stratagem.
Politic, dealing with statecraft, Tw. N. II. v. 174.
Polled, cleared, bared.
Pollusion, blunder for "allusion," L. L. L. IV. ii. 46.
Pomander, a perfume-ball.
Pomewater, a kind of apple.
Pomegranet, (probably) pomegranate.
Poop, overwhelm, like a heavy sea breaking over the poop of a vessel.
Poor-John, hake salted and dried.
Poperin, a kind of pear.
Popinjay, parrot.
Popular, vulgar.
Popularity, vulgarity.
Populous, numerous.
Porentine, porcupine.
Porringer, a bowl; a bowl-shaped cap.
Port, bearing; gate.
Portable, tolerable.
Portage, port-holes; harbor-dues.
Portance, conduct.
Portly, of good deportment, handsome.
Possess, inform; give possession of.
Possession, madness.
Posset, curdle, thicken.
Possible, blunder for "positively," M. Wives, I. i. 244.
Post off, put off carelessly.
Poster, swift traveler.
Posy, motto.
Pot. To the pot, to destruction.
Potable, drinkable.
Potch, thrust.
Pother, ado, turmoil.
Potting, drinking.
Pottle, a drinking vessel holding two quarts.
Poulter, poulterer.
Pounce-box, a perfume-box with a perforated lid.
Powder, to salt.
Powdering-tub, salting-tub; used especially of the hot bath for the cure of venereal disease.
Practice, artifice, device; conspiracy, treachery.
Practisant, fellow-conspirator.
Practise, to use stratagems; to conspire, plot.
Praise, appraise, Tw. N. I. v. 268.
Pray in aid, to call in to help.
Precedent, *adj.*, former; *sb.*, original draft; presage, indication.
Precept, warrant, summons.
Preceptal, consisting of precepts.
Precursor, forerunner.
Predict, prediction.
Prefer, present; advance; recommend.
Pregnancy, ready wit.
Pregnant, clever; ready, quick; clear, obvious.
Premised, sent before their time.
Prenominate, forename.
Prenzie, precise (?), demure (?), M. for M. III. i. 94, 97.
Preposterous, blunder for "prosperous," W. T. V. ii. 159.
Prescript, *sb.*, order; *adj.*, prescriptive.
Presence, person; room of state.
Present, *sb.*, present time, occasion, discussion, possession; *vb.*, represent.
Presentation, semblance, pretence.
Presently, immediately.
Presentment, representation; presentation.
Press, *sb.*, commission to enrol soldiers by compulsion; *vb.*, to force into military service.
Press-money, money given to impressed soldiers.
Pressure, impression.
Prest, ready.
Prestre John, a fabulous eastern king.
Presuppose, impose.
Pretence, intention.
Pretend, intend, mean; allege.
Prevail, avail.
Previrement, power.
Prevent, anticipate.
Prick, *sb.*, point on a dial; centre of a target; a skewer, prickle; *vb.*, to mark (by means of a puncture); to stick.
Pricket, a buck of the second year.
Prick-song, music sung from notes, written harmony.
Pride, sexual desire, Lucr. 438.
Prig, thief.
Prime, *sb.*, spring; *adj.*, chief; lustful.
Primers, a game at cards.
Primy, early, in the spring.
Prince, *vb.*, to play the prince.
Principality, an angel of a high order.
Principals, the main timbers of a building.
Princox, a pert youth.
Print. In print, accurately, exactly.
Priser, prizefighter.
Private, *sb.*, privacy; personal communication.
Prize, *sb.*, contest for a prize; privilege; estimate; *vb.*, repute, estimate.
Prizer, appraiser, T. and C. II. ii. 56.
Probal, probable.
Probation, proof, test.
Process, summons; manner of hap-pening, story.
Procreant, for producing offspring.
Procurator, substitute, proxy.
Procure, act as procurer; cause to come.
Prodigiously, by monstrous births.
Proditor, traitor.
Proface, much good may it do you.
Professed, full of professions, Lear, I. i. 275.
Progeny, descent, ancestry.
Progress, royal journey.
Project, set forth.
Projection, plan.
Proligious, wearisome.
Prolong, defer.
Prompture, instigation.
Proof, *sb.*, armor proved impenetrable; impenetrability; experience, a matter proved by experience; *adj.*, impenetrable.
Propagate, to increase.
Propagation, increase.
Propend, incline.
Propension, inclination.
Proper, one's own, peculiar; fine, handsome.
Proper-false, handsome and false.
Property, *sb.*, a thing, chattel; individuality; *vb.*, to use, make a tool of; to endow with qualities.
Proportion, estimated number; portion.
Propose, *vb.*, converse, imagine, contemplate; *sb.*, conversation.
Proposer, one who proposes or administers an oath.
Propriety, individuality, identity.
Propugnation, defence.
Prorogue, defer; prolong; weaken by postponing action.
Protest, proclaim.
Protractive, long drawn out.
Provand, provender.
Provincial, belonging to an ecclesiastical province. P. roses, rosettes.
Provision, foresight.
Provoke, call forth; impel; instigate.
Prune, to arrange the plumage.
Puck, an elf, goblin.
Pudder, turmoil.
Pudency, modesty.
Pugging, thieving.
Puisny, unskilful, like a novice.
Puke, to vomit.
Puke-stocking, a dark-colored stocking (?), 1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 78.
Pulpiter, preacher (Ff. reads "Jupiter"), A. Y. L. III. ii. 163.
Pulsidge, blunder for "pulse," 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 25.
Pun, to pound, smash.
Punk, a strumpet.
Punto, a thrust (in fencing). Punto reverso (Ital. *punta riversa*), a back-handed stroke.
Purchase, *sb.*, gain, acquisition; booty; *vb.*, to acquire; to get by unfair means.
Purl, curl.
Purple, the purple orchis (*orchis mascula*).
Push, *sb.*, push! Used as *sb.* in M. Ado, V. i. 38.
Push-pin, a children's game.
Put, with infinitive, to make, as in "put to know," etc. Put on, to instigate. Put on or upon, impart; impose on. Put over, refer. Put in, intercede; make a claim.
Putter-out, investor, speculator.
Puttock, a kite.
Puzzel, a drab.
Pyramid, pyramid.
Quail, *vb.*, to overpower; to faint, slacken; *sb.*, a loose woman.
Quaint, ingenious, clever; fine, dainty.
Qualification, appeasing.
Qualify, moderate, weaken.
Quality, profession, especially that of acting.

Quarrel, occasion of dispute. In Hen. VIII. II. iii. 14, perhaps = arrow, perhaps = quarreller.
 Quarrelsome, quarrelsome.
 Quarry, hunted game; heap of dead.
Quart d'écu, a quarter of a French crown.
 Quarter, allotted post; good terms.
 Quartered, belonging to the different quarters of an army.
 Quat, pimple.
 Quatch-buttock, a flat buttock.
 Quean, wench.
 Queasiness, nausea.
 Queasy, squeamish; nauseated; delicate.
 Quell, murder.
 Quench, grow cool.
 Quern, a hand-mill.
 Quest, inquest.
 Questant, aspirant.
 Question, *sb.*, conversation, discussion; subject of dispute, point; *vb.*, to discuss, converse.
 Questionable, inviting discussion.
 Questrists, seekers.
 Quick, alive; lively; fresh; pregnant.
 Quicken, make alive; revive.
 Quiddity, legal subtlety.
 Quietus, settlement.
 Quill. In the quill, written out in order (?), all together (?), 2 Hen. VI. I. iii. 4.
 Quillet, legal quibble.
 Quintain, a wooden block used to tilt at.
 Quire, *vb.*, to sing in concert; *sb.*, company; chorus, choir.
 Quit, to set free; to requite, avenge; to remit; to acquit.
 Quittal, requital.
 Quittance, *sb.*, discharge; requital; *vb.*, to requite.
 Quiver, nimble.
 Quoif, a cap, hood.
 Quote, observe.
 Rabato, a kind of ruff.
 Rabbit-sucker, a sucking rabbit.
 Race, root; breed; herd; temperament.
 Rack, *sb.*, cloud; *vb.*, to float like clouds; strain.
 Raged, enraged.
 Ragged, rough; beggarly.
 Raging wood, raging mad.
 Rake, cover, Lear, IV. vi. 281.
 Ramp, strumpet (?), Cym. I. vi. 134.
 Rampallian, a term of abuse for a woman.
 Rampired, barricaded.
 Range, *vb.*, to arrange in order; to be arranged in order, to be ranked; *sb.*, rank.
 Rank, *sb.*, row; in A. Y. L. III. ii. 103, perhaps the jog-trot of a row of market-women; *adj.*, strong, excessive, luxuriant; gross, foul; lustful; strong-smelling.
 Rankle, to poison.
 Rankness, exuberance, insolence.
 Rap, to enrapture.
 Rapt, carried away by feeling; lost in thought.
 Rapture, a fit, Cor. II. i. 223; violence, Per. II. i. 161.
 Rascal, a deer not in condition.

Rash, sudden, quick.
 Rashly, hastily.
 Rate, *sb.*, estimate, value; rate of living; *vb.*, to estimate; to reckon on; to assign; to scold.
 Rato-lorum, blunder for "rotulorum," in M. Wives, I. i. 8.
 Raught, reached.
 Ravel, to entangle; to become entangled.
 Ravel out, to disentangle.
 Ravin, *vb.*, to devour greedily; *adj.*, ravenous.
 Ravin'd, ravenous.
 Rawly, without preparation or protection.
 Rawness, want of preparation and protection.
 Rayed, defiled; afflicted (?), T. of S. III. ii. 54.
 Raze, *sb.*, a root; *vb.*, to strike, slash; erase.
 Razure, erasure.
 Ready, dressed.
 Reason, *sb.*, conversation; *vb.*, to converse; to argue for. To do reason, to do right; give satisfaction.
 Reave, to bereave.
 Rebate, to dull.
 Rebused, blunder for "abused," T. of S. I. ii. 7.
 Receipt, something received; capacity; reception; receptacle.
 Receive, to believe, understand; to perceive.
 Receiving, apprehension.
 Recheat, certain notes on the hunting-horn to call the dogs off.
 Reclusive, retired.
 Recognizance, token; acknowledgment of a debt.
 Recomforture, new comfort.
 Record, to sing.
 Recordation, memorial; recollection.
 Recorder, a kind of flute or flageolet.
 Recountment, narrative.
 Recourse, frequent flowing.
 Recover, to get, win; save.
 Rederthship, government.
 Rede, advice.
 Redemption, ransom.
 Red-lattice, *adj.*, ale-house.
 Reduce, to bring back.
 Reechy, smoky; filthy.
 Reek, smoke, vapor.
 Reeky, filthy.
 Refelled, refused.
 Refer, to betake, have recourse.
 Reference, assignment; appeal.
 Reflex, *vb.*, to reflect; *sb.*, reflection.
 Reform, blunder for "inform," M. Ado, V. i. 262.
 Refrain, restrain.
 Refuge, to minimize, palliate.
 Refuse, to disown.
 Regard, look; view; respect.
 Regiment, government, authority.
 Region, sky, air.
 Regreet, *vb.*, to greet; to greet again; *sb.*, greeting.
 Reguerdon, reward.
 Rehearse, to recite; to pronounce.
 Rejoindre, meeting again.
 Rejourn, adjourn.
 Relapse, rebound.

Relation, account.
 Relative, conclusive, to the point.
 Relish, smack, flavor.
 Relume, to rekindle.
 Remain, *vb.*, dwell; *sb.*, remainder; stay.
 Remediate, restorative.
 Remember, to remind; to mention, recall; *reflex.*, to recall one's sins.
 To be remembered, to remember.
 Remonstrance, demonstration.
 Remorse, pity.
 Remorseful, compassionate.
 Remotion, removal, keeping aloof.
 Remove, the raising of a siege; stage of a journey.
 Removed, remote, secluded.
 Remoredness, retirement.
 Render, *vb.*, to describe, report; *sb.*, account; surrender.
 Renegado, apostate.
 Reneg, renounce, disown; deny.
 Rent, to rend.
 Renying, forswearing.
 Repair, *sb.*, restoration; resorting; *vb.*, to come.
 Repasture, food.
 Repeal, recall.
 Replenished, complete, accomplished.
 Replication, echo; reply.
 Report themselves, interpret themselves clearly, Cym. II. iv. 83.
 Reportingly, on hearsay.
 Reports, reporters.
 Reprehend, blunder for "represent," L. L. L. I. i. 184.
 Repraisal, prize.
 Reprobance, reprobation.
 Reproof, reputation.
 Reprove, to disprove.
 Repugn, to oppose.
 Repugnancy, resistance.
 Repugnant, refractory.
 Repured, refined.
 Reputing, boasting, 2 Hen. VI, III. I. 48.
 Requicken, to revive.
 Require, to ask.
 Rere-mice, bats.
 Resemblance, probability.
 Reserve, to guard.
 Resolutes, desperadoes.
 Resolution, certainty.
 Resolve, to satisfy, inform; to dissolve; to solve.
 Resolvedly, certainly.
 Respect, *sb.*, regard, consideration, esteem, respectability; *vb.*, to regard, consider.
 Respected, blunder for "suspected," M. for M. II. i. 169-172, etc.
 Respective, considerate; worthy of respect.
 Respectively, respectfully.
 Respite, period for which punishment is delayed, Rich. III. V. i. 19.
 Responsive, suitable, matching.
 Rest, *vb.*, to remain; to arrest; *sb.*, the highest stake one cares to venture. To set up one's rest, to take a firm or final resolution.
 Re-stem, to retrace (of a vessel).
 Restrain, to withhold; to draw tight.
 Resty, idle, torpid.
 Resume, to take.
 Retail, to relate.

- Retention, reserve; capacity; means of preserving impressions, *Sonn.* 122. 9.
- Retentive, restraining.
- Retire, retreat, repair.
- Return, to inform.
- Reverb, reverberate.
- Reverberate, reverberating, echoing.
- Reverse, a back-handed stroke in fencing.
- Revolt, *sb.*, rebel; *vb.*, to be faithless; to retire (?), 2 *Hen. VI.* IV. ii. 133.
- Re-word, to repeat in the same words; to echo.
- Rheum, catarrh, cold; humid discharge from the eyes, mouth, or nose.
- Rheumatic, rasping (?), 2 *Hen. IV.* II. iv. 62; lunatic (?), *Hen. V.* II. iii. 40.
- Rheumy, causing rheum.
- Rialto, the Venetian Exchange.
- Rib, to enclose.
- Ribaldred, lewd.
- Rid, to destroy.
- Riggish, wanton.
- Rigol, circle.
- Rim, midriff, entrails.
- Ripe, *vb.*, to ripen; *adj.*, ready, prepared; urgent; due; intoxicated.
- Ripely, urgently.
- Ripeness, preparedness.
- Rivage, shore.
- Rival, *sb.*, partner; *vb.*, to compete.
- Rivalry, equal partnership.
- Rive, to split, burst.
- Rivelled, wrinkled.
- Rivo, a Bacchanalian exclamation.
- Road, harbor; incursion; journey; a prostitute.
- Robustious, rough, sturdy.
- Rock, to tremble, *Lucr.* 282.
- Roguing, vagrant, roaming.
- Roguish, vagrant.
- Roisting, blustering.
- Romage, turmoil.
- Romish, Roman.
- Rondure, circle.
- Ronyon, a mangy creature.
- Rood, the cross, crucifix.
- Roofed, under one roof.
- Rook, or perch.
- Rooky, misty, gloomy (?), or frequented by rooks (?), *Macb.* III. ii. 51.
- Ropery, roguery.
- Ropes, All's Well, IV. ii. 38, unexplained.
- Rope-tricks, knavery.
- Roping, dripping, hanging down like ropes.
- Roted, learned, committed to memory.
- Rother, a horned beast.
- Round, *adj.*, plain-spoken, direct; *sb.*, circle; dance in a circle; *vb.*, to grow round; to surround; to whisper.
- Roundel, a dance in a circle.
- Roundly, directly, without ceremony.
- Roundure, circle.
- Rouse, a large draught, carouse.
- Route, rabble, mob; brawl.
- Row, line, verse.
- Royal, a gold coin worth ten shillings.
- Roynish, scurvy, mangy.
- Rub, *sb.*, impediment (in bowling); *vb.*, to hinder. Rub on, to proceed in spite of obstacles.
- Rubied, red as a ruby.
- Rubious, red as a ruby.
- Rudbeck, the robin redbreast.
- Rudesby, a rude fellow.
- Ruffle, *vb.*, to stir, to be boisterous; *sb.*, bustle.
- Rug-headed, shaggy-haired.
- Ruin, to bring to ruin.
- Rule, behavior, line of conduct.
- Rumour, confused noise.
- Rump-fed, fed on offal (?), fat-rumped (?), pampered (?), *Macb.* I. iii. 6.
- Runagate, vagabond, runaway, deserter.
- Running banquet, hasty refreshment.
- Rush aside, brush aside.
- Saba, the Queen of Sheba.
- Sables, fur used for trimming robes.
- Sack, a general name for wines of the type of sherry.
- Sackbut, a kind of trombone.
- Sacred, consecrated (of royal persons).
- Sacrificial, devout.
- Sacring-bell, the little bell rung during mass.
- Sad, serious.
- Safe, *vb.*, to conduct safely; to render safe.
- Safety, custody.
- Sagittary, a centaur; a building in Venice.
- Said. Well said, well done.
- Sain, said.
- Sale-work, work not done to order.
- Sallet, a close-fitting helmet; a salad; something to give a relish, something indecent, *Ham.* II. ii. 462.
- Salt, *sb.*, tears, *Lear.* IV. vi. 199; *adj.*, bitter; lecherous.
- Saltiers, satyrs.
- Samingo, San Domingo, a saint invoked by toppers.
- Sanctimonious, holy.
- Sanctimony, holiness; a holy thing.
- Sanctuarize, to give sanctuary to, protect.
- Sand-blind, dim-sighted.
- Sanded, sandy in color.
- Sans, without.
- Sarum, Salisbury.
- Satire, satirist.
- Saucy, wanton.
- Savage, uncultivated, *Hen. V.* III. v. 7.
- Savagery, wild growth.
- Saw, a maxim, saying.
- Sawn, sown.
- Say, *sb.*, a kind of silk; assay, flavor; *vb.*, to assay.
- 'Sblood, God's blood.
- Scaffoldage, the beams, etc., of the stage.
- Scald, scurvy.
- Scale, to weigh.
- Scall, corruption of "scald," *M. Wives.* III. i. 123.
- Scamble, to scramble, fight.
- Scamels, a doubtful word in *Temp.* II. ii. 176; sea-mews (?), limpets (?).
- Scan, to examine, consider.
- Scandal, to slander.
- Scandaled, scandalous.
- Scant, *adj.*, sparing; *adv.*, scarcely; *vb.*, to limit, give sparingly.
- Scantling, a small portion.
- Scantly, grudgingly, ungenerously.
- Scape, *sb.*, irregularity, escapade; *vb.*, to escape.
- Scarf, wrap as with a scarf; adorn with flags.
- Scathful, damaging.
- Sconce, a round fortification; protection for the head; the head.
- Scorn. To take or think scorn, to disdain.
- Scornful, inviting scorn.
- Scot and lot, taxes.
- Scotch, cut, gash.
- Scour, to run, hurry.
- Scrimer, fencer.
- Scrip, a writing list; a small bag.
- Scrippage, a word formed from scrip as bag from baggage, *A. Y. L.* III. ii. 171.
- Scrowl, write in the air (?), *T. And.* II. iv. 5.
- Soroyles, scurvy fellows.
- Scrubbed, scrubby, stunted.
- 'Scuse, excuse.
- Scut, tail.
- 'Sdeath, God's death.
- Seals, confirmation by action, *Ham.* III. ii. 417.
- Sealed, stamped with the official seal.
- Seam, grease, lard.
- Search, *sb.*, a body of searchers; *vb.*, to probe.
- Season, *vb.*, to temper, qualify; to ripen; to keep fresh (as by salting); to please with seasoning or flavor; *sb.*, seasoning, salt.
- Seconds, an inferior kind of flour.
- Sect, faction; class; scion; sex.
- Secure, *adj.*, careless, confident; *vb.*, to make careless.
- Securely, carelessly.
- Security, carelessness.
- Seedness, sowing.
- Seel, to close up (the eyes of a falcon).
- Seeming, *sb.*, fair appearance; hypocritical appearance; *adv.*, becomingly.
- Seen, skilled.
- Segregation, dispersion.
- Seized of, possessed of.
- Seld, seldom.
- Seldom when, rarely.
- Self, belonging to oneself; same.
- Self-abuse, self-deception.
- Self-admission, self-approval.
- Self-affected, self-loving.
- Self-assumption, conceit.
- Self-bounty, innate kindness.
- Self-breath, one's own words.
- Self-covered, having assumed an (evil) appearance of one's own accord.
- Self-figured, devised by oneself.
- Seemable, *adj.*, similar; *sb.*, resemblance.
- Semblative, like.
- Seniory, seniority.
- Sennet, a set of notes on the trumpet.
- Se'nnight, a week.
- Senoyas, Siennese, people of Sienna.

- Sense, sensual passion; perception; senses. To the sense, to the quick. Senses, common sense, prudence, *Hen. V. II. iii. 51.*
- Sensible, perceiving, feeling; acute in feeling; perceptible.
- Separable, of separation, separating.
- Septentrion, the north.
- Sequent, a follower.
- Sequester, *sb.*, separation, seclusion.
- Sequestration, separation.
- Sere, *adj.*, dry, withered; *sb.*, part of the mechanism of a gun-lock. *See* Tickle.
- Sergeant, a sheriff's officer.
- Serpigo, a skin-eruption.
- Servant, lover.
- Servanted, subjected.
- Sessa, an exclamation exhorting to speed.
- Set, to estimate; to set out; plant; stake.
- Setebos, a Patagonian deity.
- Setter, one who makes arrangements.
- Several, *adj.*, privately owned; particular.
- Severals, individuals; particulars.
- Sewer, a kind of chief waiter.
- 'Sfoot, God's foot.
- Shadow, *sb.*, a shady place; *vb.*, to shelter.
- Shag, shaggy.
- Shales, shells.
- Shard-borne, borne through the air on shards or wing-cases.
- Sharded, having shards.
- Shards, fragments of pottery; the horny wing-cases of beetles.
- Shark up, pick up indiscriminately.
- Sheared, shelled.
- Shearman, one who shears woollen cloth.
- Sheaved, made of straw.
- Sheen, *adj.*, shining; *sb.*, brightness.
- Sheep-biter, a vicious dog; an ill-natured fellow.
- Sheep-biting, malicious.
- Sheepcote, a shepherd's cottage.
- Sheer, pure.
- Shent, scolded, reproached.
- Sheriff's post, the post at the door of a sheriff's house, on which proclamations were fixed.
- Sherris, wine of Xeres in Spain.
- Shield, to forbid.
- Ship-tire, a kind of head-dress.
- Shive, slice.
- Shock, to meet force with force.
- Shog, to jog.
- Shoon, shoes.
- Shore, to set on land.
- Short, to shorten; to come short of, *Cym. I. vi. 200.*
- Shot, reckoning, charge.
- Shot-free, without having to pay.
- Shotten, having cast its spawn.
- Shough, a kind of rough-haired dog.
- Shoulder, to push in roughly, to supplant.
- Shoulder-shotten, with dislocated shoulder.
- Shove-groat, a kind of shovel-board.
- Shovel-board, a shilling used at the game of shovel-board.
- Show, painted figure, *Lucr. 1507.*
- Show, to beshrew, curse.
- Shrewd, wicked, mischievous.
- Shrewdly, wickedly, keenly. Used as a general intensive.
- Shrieve, sheriff.
- Shrift, confession or absolution or both.
- Shrill-gorged, shrill-throated.
- Shrive, to confess and absolve.
- Shriver, confessor.
- Shroud, to hide, shelter.
- Show, shrew.
- Shut up, *Macb. II. i. 16*, concluded (?), enclosed (?), summed up (?).
- Side, wide, hanging.
- Siege, seat; rank; stool.
- Sight, the opening for the eyes in a helmet.
- Sightless, invisible; unsightly.
- Sign, *vb.*, to mark, denote; to be token; *sb.*, ensign.
- Significant, sign; letter, *L. L. L. III. i. 131.*
- Sigory, principality; lordship, domain; aristocracy.
- Silly, harmless, inoffensive; simple, plain; weak.
- Simple, an ingredient in a medicine; a medicinal herb.
- Simpleness, folly.
- Simplicity, folly.
- Simular, *adj.*, counterfeited; *sb.*, simulator.
- Since, when.
- Sinew, *vb.*, to unite as by sinews; *sb.*, nerve.
- Single, weak; sincere.
- Single-soled, poor, mean.
- Singly, by a single person, *Cor. II. ii. 91.*
- Singularity, peculiarity; rarity.
- Singule, to separate.
- Sink, to cause to fall.
- Sinking-ripe, ready to sink.
- Sir, gentleman; lord; title given to a priest or to any one who had taken a bachelor's degree at the university.
- Sir-reverence, an apologetic phrase corrupted from "Save (your) reverence."
- Sith, since.
- Sithence, since.
- Sizes, allowances, *Lear, II. iv. 178.*
- Skains-mates, knavish companions.
- Skill, reason. It skills not, it matters not.
- Skillless, ignorant.
- Skillet, a pot.
- Skimble-skamble, nonsensical.
- Skipper, youngster.
- Skirr, to scour, run quickly.
- Slab, glutinous.
- Slack, to neglect; to flag.
- Slander, disgrace.
- Slanderous, disgraceful.
- Slave, *vb.*, to treat as a slave.
- Sleeve, floss silk.
- Sledged, using sledges.
- Sleeve-band, wrist-band.
- Sleeveless, useless.
- Sleed, untwisted.
- 'Slid, God's lid.
- 'Slight, God's light.
- Slight, to throw carelessly. Slighted off, dismissed contemptuously, *J. Cæs. IV. iii. 5.*
- Slip, counterfeit coin; a leash.
- Slipper, slipper.
- Sliver, to cut or break off a branch.
- Slobbery, wet and dirty, sloppy.
- Slops, loose trousers.
- Slubber, to soil; to perform carelessly.
- Sluggardize, to make lazy.
- Sluttery, sluttishness.
- Smatch, smack, tincture.
- Smatter, chatter.
- Smilet, little smile.
- Smoke, to detect, *All's Well, III. vi. 111.*
- Smooth, to flatter.
- Smother, thick suffocating smoke.
- Smug, neat, spruce.
- Smutch, to smudge.
- Sneak-cup, a shirker who does not drink fair.
- Sneap, *sb.*, reprimand; *vb.*, to nip, pinch, check.
- Sneck up! Go and hang yourself!
- Snipe, a silly fellow, simpleton.
- Snuff, offence-taking. To take in snuff, to take offence.
- Soil, solution, *Sonn. 69. 14.*
- Soiled, high-fed with green food, *Lear, IV. vi. 124.*
- Soilure, stain.
- Solace, to amuse; to be happy.
- Solicit, move, prompt.
- Soliciting, incitement; courtship.
- Solidare, a small coin.
- Sometime, sometimes.
- Sometimes, formerly.
- Sonance, sound.
- Sonties. By God's sonties, a petty oath of uncertain origin; saints (?), sanctity (?), *santé* (?).
- Sooth, truth; flattery, complaisance, *Rich. II. III. iii. 136.*
- Soothe, to humor; to flatter.
- Soothers, flatterers.
- Sop o' the moonshine, usually explained as an allusion to an old dish called "eggs in moonshine."
- Sophy, the Shah of Persia.
- Sore, a buck of the fourth year.
- Sorel, a buck of the third year.
- Sorrow-wreathen, folded in sorrow.
- Sorry, sad, dismal, sorrowful.
- Sort, *sb.*, rank; set, company; lot; manner, way; *vb.*, to rank, class; to choose, seek; to fit, suit; to fall out, happen; to dispose; to associate.
- Sortance, suitability.
- Sot, a fool.
- Soul-fearing, soul-terrifying.
- Souse, to swoop down on.
- Soused, pickled.
- Sowl, to lug, seize by the ear.
- Span-counter, a boys' game, in which the aim is to throw one's counter within a span of one's opponent's.
- Spaniel, to follow like a spaniel.
- Spar, to bar.
- Specialty, particular rights, *T. and C. I. iii. 78*; detailed article.
- Speciously, blunder for "especially," *M. Wives, III. iv. 113.*
- Speculation, faculty of vision; on-looking; a scout, spy.
- Speculative, visual.
- Sped, done for, having one's fate settled.
- Speed, *sb.*, success, fortune; helping power; *vb.*, to succeed.

- Spoken, to speak.
Spend their mouths, to bark.
Sphery, star-like.
Spicery, spices.
Spill, to destroy.
Spilth, spilling.
Spital, a hospital.
Splay, to castrate.
Spleen, impetuosity; hate; humor, caprice; fit of passion, laughter, etc.; fury; haste, rapid motion.
Spleeny, hot-tempered, headstrong.
Splentive, impetuous.
Splinter, to mend with splints.
Spot, to stain, pollute.
Sprag, quick, active.
Sprightly, full of spirit.
Spring, a beginning; a young shoot.
Springe, a snare.
Springhalt, a lameness in horses.
Sprinted, haunted.
Spritely, ghostly; lively.
Spurs, the lateral shoots of the roots of a tree.
Spy, observation (?), Macb. III. i. 130.
Squander, to scatter.
Squandering, random.
Square, *adj.*, just; *sb.*, squadron; the embroidered bosom of a smock; *vb.*, to quarrel. Square of sense, sensibility.
Squarer, quarreller.
Squash, an unripe peascod.
Squiny, to look askint.
Squire, square, rule.
Stablishment, government, kingdom.
Stage, to exhibit as in a theatre.
Stagger, to cause to stagger; to hesitate.
Staggers, a disease of horses; dizziness, perplexity.
Stain, *sb.*, tincture; something that throws others into the shade; *vb.*, to eclipse.
Stale, *sb.*, bait, decoy; stalking-horse; prostitute; a laughing-stock, dupe; urine of horses; *vb.*, to make cheap or common.
Stall, to enclose; to install.
Stamp, to mark as current and valid.
Stanch, to satiate.
Stanchless, insatiate.
Stand upon, to concern; to pride oneself on; to insist on.
Standing, duration; attitude, station.
Standing-bed, a bed raised on posts so that a truckle-bed could be wheeled under it.
Standing-bowl, a bowl with a foot.
Standing-tuck, a rapier standing on end.
Staniel, kestrel, a kind of falcon.
Star, pole-star; fortune; sphere, rank.
Star-blasting, evil influence of the stars.
Stare, to stand on end.
Starting-hole, place of refuge, subterfuge.
Start-up, upstart.
Starve, to be numb, paralyze; to kill with cold.
State, rank, fortune; person or group of persons of rank; bearing, pose; a canopied chair.
Station, attitude, pose.
Statist, a statesman, politician.
Statues, blunder for "statutes," M. Ado. III. iii. 85.
Statute, bond.
Statute-caps, woollen caps worn by citizens according to an Act of Parliament of 1571.
Stead, to benefit, help. Stead up, supply.
Stealth, going secretly; unseen movement; clandestine practice.
Steepe, steep.
Stelled, fixed.
Sternage. To sternage of, behind.
Stickler-like, like a stickler, who separated combatants when they had fought enough.
Stiff, hard, unpleasant, A. and C. I. ii. 104.
Stigmatic, *sb.*, one marked with a natural deformity.
Stigmatical, marked with a natural deformity.
Still, constant, constantly. Still an end, ever and anon.
Stillatory, a still, alembic.
Still-peering, that seems to be motionless (?). A doubtful word. All's Well, III. ii. 113.
Still-stand, a halt.
Still-vexed, constantly disturbed.
Stilly, gently.
Sting, sexual impulse.
Stint, to stop.
Stitchery, needlework.
Stithy, *sb.*, smithy; *vb.*, to forge.
Stoccard, Stoccarda, a thrust in fencing.
Stock, *sb.*, a thrust in fencing; a stocking; *vb.*, to set in the stocks.
Stock-fish, dried cod, which is beaten before boiling.
Stockish, dull, insensible.
Stock-punished, punished by being set in the stocks.
Stomach, *sb.*, appetite, inclination; courage; anger; pride; *vb.*, to be angry at; resent.
Stone, to harden.
Stone-bow, a cross-bow for shooting stones or bullets.
Stoop, to swoop down on prey.
Story, to give an account of.
Stoup, a drinking-vessel.
Scout, overbearing, proud, stubborn.
Stoutness, stubbornness.
Stover, fodder.
Straight, immediately, Ham. V. i. 4.
Straight-pight, straight-built.
Strain, *sb.*, stock, lineage; tendency, disposition; *vb.*, to force, constrain; to exert (oneself). Make no strain, make no difficulty or doubt, T. and C. I. iii. 326.
To strain courtesy, to decline to go first.
Strait, strict, stringent; niggardly.
Straited, at a loss.
Strange, alien, foreign; reserved, coy; unacquainted; unaccustomed, new, original. To make it strange, to treat as unusual or shocking.
Strangely, wonderfully; like a stranger.
Strangeness, reserve.
Strangered, estranged.
Strappado, a method of torture by which a man was drawn up by his arms strapped behind him, and then let fall with a jerk.
Stratagem, a dreadful deed; a calamity.
Strawy, like straw.
Stray, *sb.*, aberration; stragglers, 2 Hen. IV. IV. ii. 120; *vb.*, to lead astray.
Strewments, things strewed.
Stricture, strictness.
Stride, to overstep.
Strike, to lower sail; to blast, exert malign influence upon; to tap.
Striker, thief, highwayman.
Strong, determined.
Strossers, a kind of tight trousers.
Stroy, to destroy.
Stuck, a thrust in fencing.
Stuff, to make full, complete.
Sty, to pen up as in a sty.
Subject, people, subjects.
Subscribe, to vouch for; to yield; to admit.
Subscription, obedience.
Subtractor, detractor.
Subtle, smooth and deceptive.
Subtlety, illusion.
Succeeding, consequence, result.
Success, succession; issue, event.
Successfully, one after the other (?), T. And. IV. iv. 113.
Successive, hereditary.
Sudden, impetuous, violent, hasty.
Suddenly, at once.
Suffer, to be killed; to permit to continue.
Sufferance, pain; loss; forbearance; death by execution.
Suffigance, blunder for "sufficient," M. Ado. III. v. 56.
Suggest, to tempt, incite.
Suggestion, temptation; underground practice, Hen. VIII. IV. ii. 35.
Suit, *sb.*, attendance on a feudal superior; *vb.*, to dress; to accord; to arrange. Out of suits with, out of the service of.
Sullen, dismal.
Sulless, sulkiness.
Sunless, inestimable.
Summer-seeming, of a transitory heat.
Sumpter, a pack-horse.
Superfluous, having more than enough.
Superflux, superfluity.
Superpraise, to overpraise.
Superscript, superscription or direction of a letter.
Superserviceable, officious.
Supervise, sight, inspection.
Supervisor, spectator.
Suppliance, what fills up, pastime.
Supplyant, *adj.*, auxiliary.
Supplyment, continuance of supply.
Supposal, notion, opinion.
Suppose, supposition.
Supposed, blunder for "deposed," M. for M. II. i. 162.
Sur-addition, surname.
Surance, assurance.
Surcease, *sb.*, cessation; *vb.*, to stop.
Surety, confidence of safety.
Surprise, to seize.
Sur-reined, over-ridden.

Survey, to perceive, Mach. I. ii. 31.
 Suspect, suspicion. In M. Ado. IV. ii. 76, a blunder for "respect."
 Swabber, one who cleans the decks of a ship.
 Swag-bellied, having a large hanging belly.
 Swart, or Swarth, black, dark-complexioned.
 Swarth, swath.
 Swasher, swaggerer.
 Swashing, swaggering; smashing.
 Swath, a bandage for a new-born child; that which is cut by one sweep of a scythe.
 Sway, *sb.*, regular motion; that which controls; *vb.*, to incline; to move; to strain, T. of S. III. ii. 56.
 Swear, to swear by.
 Sweet and twenty, a term of endearment.
 Sweet mouth, sweet tooth.
 Sweeting, a kind of apple; a term of endearment.
 Swinge-buckler, a swaggerer.
 Switzers, body-guard of Swiss.
 Swoopstake, wholesale, indiscriminately.
 Sword-and-buckler, *adj.*, using the weapons of the vulgar.
 Swordsman, gladiator.
 Sworn brother, brother-in-arms, one sworn to share another's fortune.
 Sworn out, renounced.
 Swound, to swoon.
 'S wounds, God's wounds.
 Sympathize, to be of the same disposition; to express fitly; to correspond with.
 Sympathy, equality.

Table, *sb.*, the tablet on which something is written or painted; a notebook; the palm of the hand; *vb.*, to set down in writing. Tables, backgammon.
 Table-book, memorandum-book.
 Tabor, a small drum.
 Taborer, a player on the tabor.
 Tabourine, a drum.
 Tackled stair, a rope-ladder.
 Taffeta, silk.
 Tag, the rabble.
 Taint, discredit.
 Tainture, defilement.
 Take, to charm, captivate; to blast, bewitch, infect; to leap; to take refuge in; to understand. Take air, to become known. Take head, to take liberty. Take in, to subdue. Take me with you, let me understand you. Take off, to remove, kill. Take on, to grieve, rage; pretend. Take order, to adopt measures. Take out, to ask to dance; to copy. Take peace or truce, to make peace. Take scorn, to disdain. Take up, to trip; to settle; to obtain on credit; to levy; to rebuke; to encounter.
 Talents, "lockets consisting of hair platted and set in gold."
 Tall, stout, bold, fine.
 Tallow-catch, vessel filled with tallow.
 Tamed piece, a vessel of wine that has gone stale, T. and C. IV. i. 62.

Tang, *sb.*, a shrill sound; *vb.*, to ring out.
 Tanling, one tanned by the sun.
 Tardy, to delay.
 Tarre, a small shield.
 Tarro, to set on to fight.
 Tarriance, waiting.
 Tartar, Tartarus.
 Task, to occupy; to challenge; to tax. At task, blamed, Lear, I. iv. 366.
 Tasking, challenging.
 Tassel-gentle, tiercel-gentle, the male goshawk.
 Taste, *sb.*, test, specimen; *vb.*, to test. In some taste, in some degree.
 Tawdry-lace, a cheap kind of decoration worn by rustics.
 Tawny coats, the livery of ecclesiastical retainers.
 Tax, *sb.*, reproach; *vb.*, to reproach, satirize, accuse.
 Taxation, demand; satire.
 Teen, grief.
 Teeth. From his teeth, insincerely, not from the heart.
 Tell, to count.
 Temper, *sb.*, temperament; *vb.*, to mix; to mould, bring to a desired state by warmth, moisture, friction, etc.
 Temperality, blunder for "temper," 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 25.
 Temperance, temperature; moderation; chastity.
 Temperate, chaste.
 Temporary, taking to do with worldly things.
 Tenable, held, retained secretly.
 Tend, to attend; to tend to.
 Tendence, attendance; persons in attendance.
 Tender, *sb.* and *vb.*, regard; *adj.*, dear.
 Tender-hefted, gentle, tenderly disposed.
 Tent, *sb.*, a probe; *vb.*, to probe; to cure; to lodge.
 Tiercel, the male hawk.
 Termagant, an imaginary god of the Mohammedans, who was represented in the miracle-plays as a ranting character.
 Terminations, terms, words.
 Termless, beyond words to describe.
 Terrene, terrestrial.
 Tertian, a fever returning every third day.
 Tester, a sixpence.
 Testern, to give a sixpence.
 Testimonied, attested.
 Testril, a sixpence.
 Tetchy, touchy, peevish.
 Tetter, a skin disease, scurf.
 Than, then.
 Thane, an ancient Scottish title, nearly equivalent to earl.
 Tharborough, thirdborough, constable.
 That, often used instead of repeating another conjunction, such as "if," Mach. I. vii. 4.
 Theoric, theory.
 Thereafter, according.
 Thews, muscles; bodily vigor.
 Thick, quick, 2 Hen. IV. II. iii. 24.
 Thick-pleached, closely interwoven.

Thick-skin, a stupid fellow.
 Thievery, stolen goods.
 Think, to brood, indulge in sad thoughts. Think scorn, to disdain. Think'st thee? Seems it to thee?
 Thirdborough, constable.
 This, thus, V. and A. 205.
 Thought, sorrow, anxiety, brooding, care.
 Thoughten, having a thought, of the belief.
 Thought-executing, acting as quick as thought.
 Thought-sick, sick with sorrow or anxiety.
 Thrasonical, boastful.
 Three-farthings, K. John, I. i. 143.
 "An allusion to the three-farthing silver pieces of Queen Elizabeth, which were very thin, and had the profile of the sovereign with a rose at the back of her head." (Dyce.)
 Three-man beetle, an implement for driving piles, worked by three men.
 Three-pile, the richest kind of velvet.
 Three-piled, superfine.
 Threne, a dirge.
 Thrifty, saved by economy.
 Throe, to put in agony; to bring forth in agony.
 Through, thoroughly. To go through or to be through with, to do one's utmost, to complete a negotiation.
 Thoroughly, thoroughly.
 Throw, cast of dice, or of a bowl. At this throw, at this time, perhaps with quibble.
 Thrum, the tufted end of the warp.
 Thrummed, made of or adorned with thrums or tufts.
 Thunder-stone, thunderbolt.
 Thwart, perverse.
 'Tice, to entice.
 Tickle, unstable, precarious; easily set off (of a trigger). Tickle of the sere, easily provoked to laughter.
 Tickle-brain, a kind of strong liquor.
 Ticklish, wanton, easily excited.
 Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon; used in a wanton sense in M. for M. I. ii. 196.
 Tide, *sb.*, time; *vb.*, to betide. Tide of times, course of time.
 Tight, sound; able, adroit.
 Tightly, smartly.
 Tike, a dog, cur.
 Tilly-vally, or Tilly-fally, an exclamation of contempt.
 Tilth, husbandry, tillage; cultivated land.
 Timber, to build of wood.
 Time, the times.
 Timeless, untimely, unseasonable.
 Timely, early; welcome.
 Timely-parted ghost, a body newly dead (?), or dead from natural causes (?), 2 Hen. VI. III. ii. 161.
 Tinct, color; tincture.
 Tincture, color, stain.
 Tire, *sb.*, a head-dress; attire; *vb.*, to attire; to feed ravenously; to glut.
 Tire-valliant, a fanciful head-dress.
 Tiring-house, a dressing-room.
 Tirrits, (apparently) panics.
 Tisick, phthisic, a cough.
 Tithe-pig, a pig given to the priest as a church-rate.

- Tithing, a division of a county.
Tittle, a trifle.
To, compared with ; in addition to.
To-, as prefix, has an intensive force, as in To-bless, Per. IV. vi. 23.
Toasts-and-butter, effeminate fellows.
Tod, *sb.*, twenty-eight pounds of wool ; *vb.*, to yield a tod.
Tofore, before.
Toga, toga.
Toged, wearing a toga.
Tokened, plague-spotted.
Toll, to pay or collect toll ; to pay a tax for the liberty of selling, Ail's Well, V. iii. 149.
Tomboy, a strumpet.
Tongue, *vb.*, to speak ; to speak of, expose ; *sb.*, vote.
Top, to surpass ; to prune.
Topless, without a superior.
Torcher, torch-bearer.
Tortive, twisted.
Touch, *sb.*, touchstone, proof ; feat ; feeling, affection ; trait, smack ; fulfilment of a promise ; skill ; *vb.*, to test.
Touse, to pull, tear, draw.
Toward, willing, tractable ; at hand, in preparation.
Towardly, willing, docile.
Tower, to soar (as a hawk).
Toy, *sb.*, trifle, fancy ; *vb.*, to dally.
Trace, to follow ; to pace.
Tract, course ; track, trace.
Trade, traffic, resort ; general course ; business.
Traded, expert, practised.
Trade-fallen, out of employment.
Traducement, calumny.
Train, *sb.*, artifice, bait ; *vb.*, to entice.
Traject, ferry (?), M. of V. III. iv. 53.
Trammel, to tie up as in a net, and so prevent from following.
Transfix, to remove.
Translate, to transform.
Transport, to remove from this world.
Trash, to check the pace of a dog, to lop, crop.
Traverse, *vb.*, to march ; to parry ; to cross ; *adv.*, across.
Tray-trip, a game with dice.
Traitor, traitor.
Treatise, discourse ; tale.
Treble-dated, living as long as three generations of men.
Trench, to cut, furrow ; to change the course by digging a channel.
Trencher-friend, parasite.
Trencher-knight, a serving-man (?), a parasite (?), L. L. V. ii. 464.
Trey, a three at cards or dice.
Tribunal, platform. Tribunal plebs, blunder for "*tribunus plebis*," T. And. IV. iii. 92.
Trick, *sb.*, peculiarity, trait ; habit ; knack ; toy ; *vb.*, to deck out, dress up ; (heraldic) to draw.
Tricking, decoration.
Trickys, lively, sportive ; quaint.
Trifle, to make of no importance.
Trigon, a triangle. When Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn met in one of the fiery signs, Aries, Leo, or Sagittarius, they were said to form a fiery trigon.
Trill, to trickle.
Triple, third.
Triple-turned, thrice faithless.
Triplex, triple time in music.
Tristful, sad.
Triumph, trump card (?), A. and C. IV. iv. 20.
Triumvir, triumvirate, group of three.
Troll-my-dames, Fr. *trou madame*, a kind of bagatelle.
Troop, to march, walk, fly, in company.
Tropically, figuratively.
Trot, an old woman ; a bawd.
Troth, truth ; faith.
Trow, to think, believe ; to know ; to wonder (in the phrase "I trow").
Trojan or Trojan, used loosely sometimes as a term of contempt, sometimes = a good fellow.
Truckle-bed, a low bed that can be pushed under a standing-bed.
True, honest.
True-penny, honest fellow.
Truncheon, to cudgel.
Truncheonor, one armed with a club.
Trundle-tail, a dog with a long (or curling ?) tail.
Trunk sleeve, a large wide sleeve.
Try, a test To bring to try, to bring a ship close to the wind.
Tub-fast, the fasting prescribed along with the sweating-tub as a cure for venereal disease.
Tuck, a rapier.
Tucket, a set of notes on a trumpet.
Tuition, protection.
Tun-dish, a funnel.
Turk, the Sultan. Turk Gregory, Pope Gregory VII. Turn Turk, to change completely for the worse.
Turlygod, a mad beggar.
Turn, to change ; to return ; to modulate, A. Y. L. II. v. 3.
Turnbull Street, Turnmill Street in London, a resort of prostitutes.
Twelve-score, two hundred and forty yards.
Twiggen, cased in twigs or wicker-work.
Twiled, reedy (?), Temp. IV. i. 64.
Twink, twinkling.
Twire, to twinkle, shine.
Type, sign, badge, mark.
Tyranically, violently.
Tyranous, cruel, pitiless.
Umber, a brown pigment.
Unbered, browned.
Unbrage, shadow.
Unaccommodated, naked, unsupplied with conveniences.
Unadvised, unintentional ; rash.
Unaneled, without extreme unction.
Unapproved, unconfirmed.
Unattained, unprejudiced.
Unavoided, inevitable.
Unbarbed, bare (unshorn, — Dyce).
Unbated, unblunted.
Unbolted, unsifted, coarse.
Unbonneted, without a cap, Lear, III. i. 14 ; without taking off the cap (?), Oth. I. ii. 23.
Unbookish, unskilled.
Unbraced, with the dress loose, ungirt.
Unbraided, untarnished.
Unbreathed, unpractised.
Uncape, to let loose the dogs.
Uncase, to undress.
Uncharge, to acquit of blame.
Uncharged, unassailed.
Unchary, incautiously.
Unchecked, not contradicted.
Unchilded, deprived of children.
Unclew, to undo.
Uncoined, like a piece of metal unstamped, and so not liable to pass current from hand to hand.
Uncomprehensive, incomprehensible.
Unconfirmed, inexperienced.
Uncouth, unknown, strange ; wild.
Uncrossed, with the account not marked out as paid.
Undeuded, without having achieved any deed of arms.
Under generation, men beneath the sun.
Underbear, to endure ; to trim.
Undercrest, wear as a crest.
Undergo, to endure, sustain ; to undertake.
Under-skinker, under-waiter.
Undertake, to assume ; to have to do with, engage with ; to attempt, venture.
Undertaker, one who undertakes the business of others, or assumes responsibility for them ; a meddler.
Undervalue, to hold inferior to.
Underwrite, to submit to.
Underwrought, undetermined.
Undistinguished, incalculable.
Uneared, unpleached.
Uneath, hardly.
Unexperient, inexperienced.
Unexpressive, inexpressible.
Unfair, *vb.*, to deprive of fairness.
Unfolding star, the morning star which shows the time for unfolding the sheep.
Unfurnish, to deprive.
Unfurnished, unprovided with a companion, M. of V. III. ii. 126.
Ungeunited, sexually impotent.
Ungrid, to relax.
Unjured, uninjured.
Ungracious, wanting grace, wicked.
Unhaired, beardless.
Unhandsome, unbecoming ; ungenerous.
Unhappily, evilly.
Unhappiness, mischief.
Unhappy, wicked ; unlucky.
Unhatched, undisclosed ; unhacked.
Unheart, to discourage.
Unhoused, without having received the sacrament.
Unimproved, undisciplined.
Union, a fine pearl.
Unjust, dishonest, false.
Unkind, unnatural ; childless.
Unlived, deprived of life.
Unmanned, not tamed by man (of a hawk).
Unnerved, weak.
Unowed, having no owner.
Unparagoned, matchless.
Unpaved, having no stones, cast-rated.
Unpay, to undo by payment.
Unpinked, not pierced with eyelet holes.

- Unpitied, unmerciful.
 Unplausible, disapproving.
 Unpolicied, without policy or acuteness, stupid.
 Unpossessing, without possibility of inheritance.
 Unpregnant, unready to deal with.
 Unprevailing, unavailing.
 Unprizable, inestimable; valueless.
 Unprized, unvalued or priceless (perhaps intentionally ambiguous), Lear, I. i. 262.
 Unprofited, profitless.
 Unproper, not exclusively one's own.
 Unproportioned, inappropriate.
 Unprovide, to make unprepared.
 Unqualified, deprived of his faculties.
 Unquestionable, averse to discussion.
 Unraked, not made up for the night.
 Unready, undressed.
 Unrecalling, beyond recall.
 Unreclaimed, untamed.
 Unreconcilable, incompatible.
 Unrecurring, incurable.
 Unrespected, unnoticed.
 Unrespective, unthinking; containing things for which no one cares.
 Unreverend or Unreverent, irreverent.
 Unrolled, struck off the roll (of rogues).
 Unrough, beardless.
 Unscanned, unconsidered, headlong.
 Unseam, to rip open.
 Unseminared, deprived of virility.
 Unshape, to derange, confound.
 Unshifted, untried.
 Unsinewed, without force.
 Unsisiting, unresisting (?), M. for M. IV. ii. 92. Perhaps corrupt.
 Unsorted, unsuitable.
 Unsquare, unsuitable.
 Unstanch'd, insatiate; that cannot contain water.
 Unstate, to degrade; to undo.
 Untempering, unpersuasive.
 Untent, to bring out of a tent.
 Untented, too deep to be probed, incurable.
 Untraded, unhackneyed.
 Untried, unexamined.
 Untrimmed, disarrayed.
 Untrussing, unfastening the points of one's dress.
 Untucked, dishevelled.
 Unvalued, unimportant; invaluable.
 Unwares, unintentionally.
 Unwarly, unexpectedly.
 Unwit, to deprive of understanding.
 Unworthy, unjustified, Rich. III, I. ii. 88.
 Unyoke, to cease work.
 Unyoked, unrestrained.
 Up, up in arms; shut up. Up and down, exactly.
 Up-cast, a final shot at bowls.
 Upshoot, the decisive shot.
 Upspring, a wild German dance.
 Upstaring, standing on end.
 Upswarm, to raise in swarms.
 Up-till, up to.
 Urchin, a hedge-hog; an elf.
 Urchin-shows, visions of elves.
 Urchin-snouted, with a snout like a hedgehog.
 Urn, grave.
- Usance, interest.
 Use, *sb.*, interest; present possession; profit; usage; *vb.*, to make a practice of. Use oneself, to behave.
 Usuring, usurious.
 Utis, fun.
 Utter, to tell.
 Utterance, extremity. At utterance, at any cost.
 Vagrom, blunder for "vagrant," M. Ado, III. iii. 16.
 Vail, *vb.*, to lower; to bow; *sb.*, setting.
 Vails, perquisites.
 Vain, deceitful, C. of E. III. ii. 27. For vain, in vain, idly.
 Valanced, fringed (with a beard).
 Validity, strength; value.
 Valued, giving the values.
 Vantage, opportunity; profit; superiority. Of vantage, from a favorable position. To the vantage, to boot.
 Vantbrace, armor for the fore-arm.
 Vara, rustic pronunciation of "very."
 Varlet, servant; knave.
 Varletry, mob.
 Vary, variation.
 Vassalage, subjects.
 Vast, *sb.*, a great and desolate expanse.
 Vastity, immensity.
 Vastly, desolately.
 Vaultages, vaults.
 Vaunt, van, beginning.
 Vaunt-couriers, precursors.
 Vaward, van-guard; fore-part.
 Veal, in L. L. V. ii. 247, presumably meant for a Dutchman's pronunciation of "well."
 Vegetives, vegetables.
 Velure, velvet.
 Velvet-guards, trimmings of velvet, and so the women wearing them.
 Veney, or Venue, a bout, a hit (in fencing).
 Vengeance, mischief; a curse; used as an intensive adverb in Cor. II. ii. 6.
 Vent, *sb.*, a discharge. Full of vent, Cor. IV. v. 238, variously explained as = full of rumor, effervescent, or full of courage.
 Ventages, holes.
 Ventricle, a division of the brain.
 Verbal, verbose (?), Cym. II. iii. 111.
 Versal, universal.
 Via! away! forward!
 Vice, *sb.*, the buffoon in the Moralities; *vb.*, to screw.
 Vicious, wrong, or (perhaps) erring on the side of suspicion, Oth. III. iii. 145.
 Vie, to stake (at cards); to compete in.
 Viewless, invisible.
 Vigilant, blunder for "vigilant," M. Ado, III. iii. 100.
 Villain, bondman; rogue.
 Villago (Ital. *vigliacco*), a base rascal.
 Vindicative, vindictive.
 Viol-de-gamboys, a kind of base-viol.
 Violent, *vb.*, to rage.
 Virgin, *vb.*, to play the virgin.
- Virginal, playing with the fingers as upon the virginals (a kind of piano).
 Virtue, valor; essence.
 Virtuous, efficacious, beneficial.
 Visit, to afflict (with the plague); to attack.
 Visitings, fits, attacks.
 Vizaments, blunder for "advisements," considerations, M. Wives, I. i. 39.
 Vizard, mask.
 Voice, vote.
 Void, to quit; to emit.
 Voiding-lobby, ante-room.
 Volable, quick-witted.
 Volquessen, the Vexin, in France.
 Vulgar, *adj.*, common, ordinary; popular, public; *sb.*, the vernacular; the common people.
 Vulgarly, publicly.
- Waft, to beckon; to turn; to convey over the sea.
 Waftage, passage by water.
 Wafture, waving.
 Wag, to move; to go.
 Wage, to bet; to undertake, risk; to pay; to be equal to.
 Waggon, chariot.
 Wake, to revel at night.
 Wall-eyed, white-eyed, glaring.
 Wanlon, Unexplained. With a wanlon, with a vengeance.
 Wanton, *adj.*, undisciplined; luxuriant; loose, light, lustful; *sb.*, an effeminate person; *vb.*, to dally.
 Wantonness, sportiveness; lust; affectionation.
 Wappen'd, over-worn, stale.
 Ward, custody; guard (in fencing); a bolt; prison-cell; guardianship.
 Warden, a kind of pear for cooking.
 Warden, a truncheon.
 Warn, to summon.
 Warp, to change; to distort.
 Warranted, requiring a warrant.
 Warrantise, guarantee.
 Warrener, gamekeeper.
 Waste, seduction, M. Wives, IV. ii. 226.
 Wat, familiar name for a hare.
 Watch, *sb.*, wakefulness; a candle marked to measure time; a stated interval; *vb.*, to remain awake; to keep awake in order to tame (as a falcon).
 Watch-case, sentry-box.
 Water-gall, a secondary rainbow.
 Waterish, abounding in water.
 Water-rug, a rough-coated water-dog.
 Waters, For all waters, up to anything.
 Water-work, water-color painting.
 Wax, A man of wax, a perfectly modelled man.
 Waxen, *vb.*, grow; *adj.*, affixed by wax (?), easily effaced (?), Hen. V, I. ii. 233.
 Way, way of thinking.
 Weasmen, statesmen.
 Wealth, welfare, benefit.
 Wear, *sb.*, fashion; *vb.*, to be in fashion; to weary; to come gradually to fit; to wear out or away.
 Weather, the windward side, the advantage.

Weather-fend, to shelter from the weather.
 Web and pin, cataract (of the eye).
 Week. In by the week, ensnared.
 Weet, to know.
 Weigh out, to outweigh.
 Weird, belonging to fate, fatal.
 Welkin, *adj.*, heavenly, sky-blue.
 Well-a-near, alas!
 Well-breathed, well-exercised, in good training.
 Well-desired, much sought after.
 Well-found, accomplished.
 Well-graced, popular, favorite.
 Well-liking, in good condition.
 Well said! well done!
 Well seen, skilled, expert.
 Welsh hook, a bill with a curved blade.
 Westward ho! a cry of the Thames boatmen.
 Wezand, windpipe.
 What is he for a fool? What kind of a fool is he?
 Wheel, to go round; to wander.
 Wheeson, Whitsun.
 Wheelk, a pimple.
 Wheelked, twisted (?), covered with knobs (?), Lear, IV. vi. 71.
 When! an exclamation of impatience.
 Whenas, when; since.
 When? can you tell? a proverbial phrase expressing contempt.
 Whe'er, whether.
 Where, *adv.*, whereas; *sb.*, place.
 Whereas, where.
 Wherein, in what costume.
 Whiffer, one who goes in front of a procession.
 While, till.
 While-ere, not long ago, erewhile.
 Whiles, while; till.
 Whipping-cheer, a whipping for dinner.
 Whipster, a small boy (?), Oth. V. ii. 244.
 Whirring, hurrying, snatching.
 Whist, hurrying.
 White, the bull's eye.
 White-livered, cowardly.
 Whitely, pale.
 Whiting-time, bleaching-time.
 Whitster, a bleacher.
 Whoo-bub, hubbub, outcry.
 Whoreson, bastard; used as a general term of contempt, sometimes affectionately.
 Wide, far from the mark; astray.
 Widow, *vb.*, to endow with a widow's right; to become a widow to.
 Widowhood, rights as a widow.

Wight, person.
 Wild, *adj.*, rash; *sb.*, weald.
 Wilderness, wild growth.
 Wild-mare, see-saw.
 Wilful-blame, deliberately culpable.
 Will, pleasure; sexual desire.
 Wimpled, muffled.
 Winchester goose, a certain venereal sore. The stews in Southwark were in the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.
 Wind, to scent; to turn, twist; to insinuate.
 Wind-galls, swellings near the fetlocks of a horse.
 Windlasses, indirect methods.
 Window-bars, open embroidery worn over the bosom.
 Windowed, placed in a window; full of holes.
 Windy, windward.
 Wing-led, led in divisions, Cym. II. iv. 24.
 Winter-ground, to protect from frost.
 Wipe, a brand.
 Wish, to desire; to recommend.
 Wisp. A wisp of straw was the badge of a scold, 3 Hen. VI. II. ii. 144.
 Wist, knew.
 Wistly, wistfully, longingly.
 Wit, mind, intellectual powers; sense; wisdom, cleverness.
 Witch, wizard.
 With, by. Not with himself, beside himself.
 Without-door, external.
 Wittol, a complaisant cuckold.
 Witty, wise, cunning, ingenious.
 Woe, *adj.*, sorry.
 Woman, *vb.*, to make one show emotion like a woman. Womaned, accompanied by a woman.
 Woman-queller, one who kills women.
 Woman-tired, henpecked.
 Womb, *vb.*, to enclose.
 Womby, hollow.
 Wondered, able to perform wonders.
 Wonder-wounded, struck with wonder.
 Wood, mad.
 Woodbine, convolvulus.
 Woodman, forester; hunter.
 Woollen. In the woollen, between blankets.
 Woolward, wearing wool next the skin.
 Woo't, wilt thou.
 Word, *sb.*, watchword; motto; command; *vb.*, to represent; to say; to ply with words. At a word, as

good as my word, M. Wives, I. iii. 15.
 Work, a fortification.
 Working, mental or emotional activity; action.
 World. A woman of the w., a married woman. To go to the w., to be married. A w. to see, a wonder to see.
 Worm, a serpent; a creature.
 Worship, honor.
 Wort, a kind of vegetable; unfermented beer.
 Worth, wealth; full scope (?), Cor. III. iii. 26.
 Worthy, *vb.*, to dignify.
 Wot, know.
 Woundless, invulnerable.
 Wrack, the spelling of "wreck" in the old editions.
 Wrangler, opponent.
 Wrath, angry.
 Wreak, revenge.
 Wreakful, revengeful.
 Wrest, a tuning-key.
 Wretch, used sometimes as a term of endearment.
 Wretched, hateful.
 Wring, to writhes.
 Writ, scripture; document. Law of writ, sticking to the text.
 Write, to subscribe, use the title of; describe oneself, to claim.
 Writhled, wrinkled.
 Wroth, wrath.
 Wry, to go astray.
 Yare, ready, brisk, active.
 Yarely, actively.
 Yaw, to move unsteadily.
 Yclad, clad.
 Ycliped, or Ycliped, called.
 Yead, abbreviation of "Edward."
 Yearn, to grieve.
 Yedward, Edward.
 Yellowness, jealousy.
 Yellows, jaundice.
 Yeoman, bailiff's assistant.
 Yerk, to jerk, to strike or kick smartly.
 Yest, foam.
 Yesty, frothy.
 Yield, to reward.
 Young, early; recent.
 Youngly, early in life.
 Younker, a stripling; a novice.
 Y-ravish, to ravish.
 Y-slake, to quiet, put to rest.
 Zany, a buffoon who imitated the clown.

